

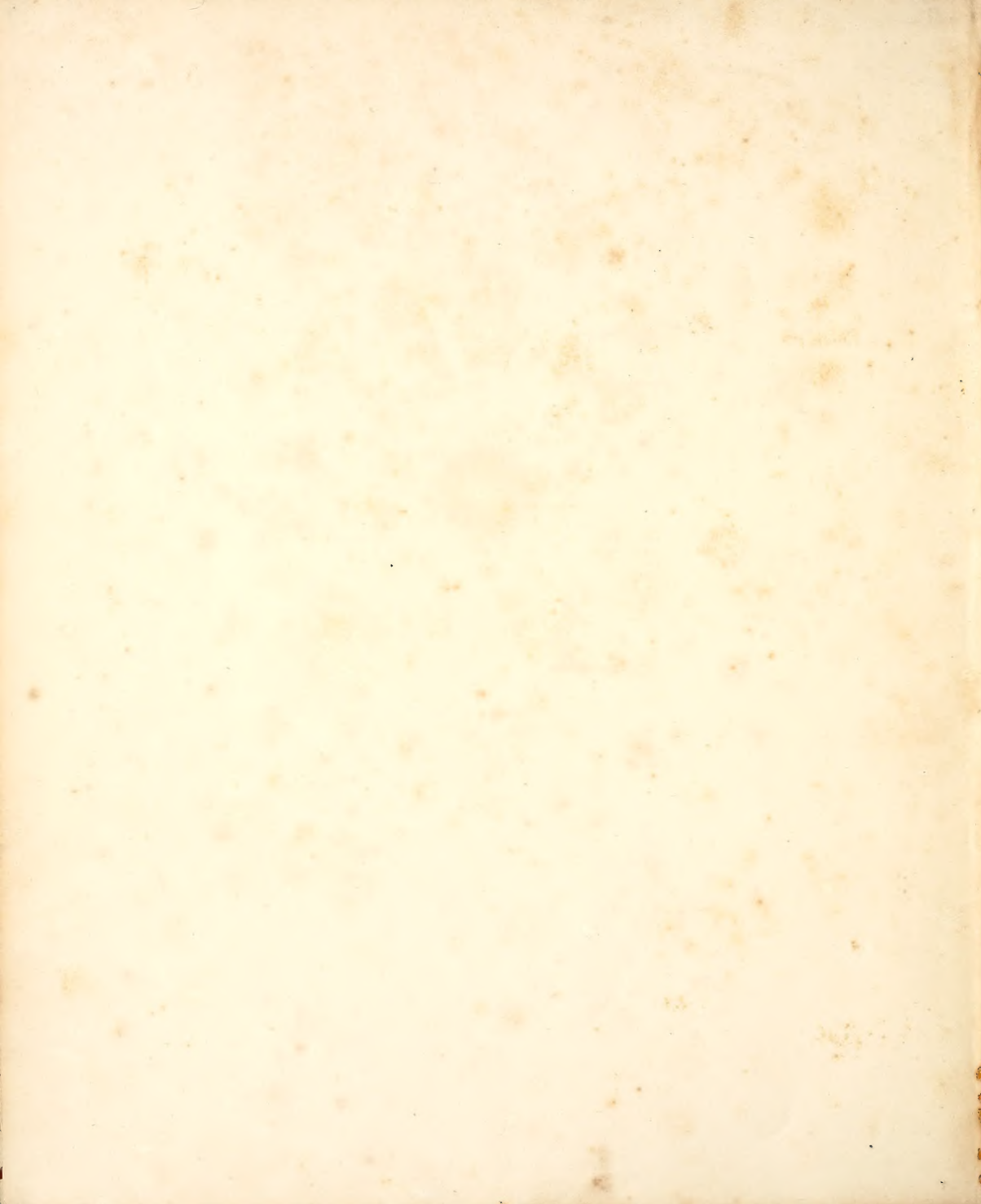




*John C. Barwell*



#05







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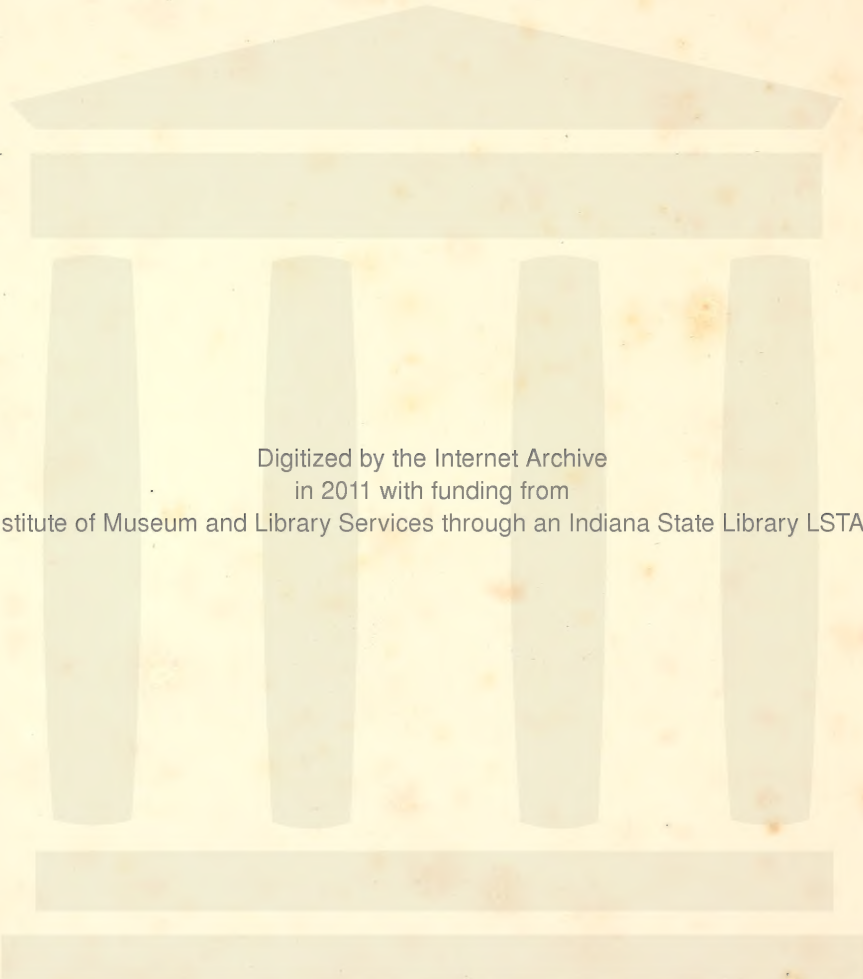


*Ann Conway*

AUTOGRAPH LEAVES OF OUR COUNTRY'S AUTHORS.



BALTIMORE,  
CUSHINGS & BAILEY  
1864.



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## Preface

It is not often that circumstances concur to produce a volume like this. Nothing less than the stimulus of some extraordinary impulse stirring the heart of the nation to a beneficent enterprise, could enlist the service of such a company as have contributed to the composition of this book. Here will be found pleasant specimens of Our Country's Authors generously and carefully furnished by themselves in the autograph manuscript of each.

The event which has brought to the public view a collection of papers so authentic and so rare, belongs to the history of these unhappy days of "the great rebellion". The havoc of this ferocious war, so madly hurled upon our peaceful land, has filled our hospitals with sick and wounded soldiers; and the pride of disappointed ambition still whets the rage of the enemy to prolong the strife, foreboding other bloody fields and renewal of suffering and sacrifice. Looking to this stricken host now languishing in pain, and warned of the wretchedness that must follow in the track of battle yet to be met, every community, within the boundary of the loyal states, has, with singular accord, addressed itself to the duty of the day, and is giving its

thoughts and its means to the dispensation of present and provision of future relief, with a generosity never surpassed, if it has been ever equalled, in the example of Christian nations.

When it was suggested to the authors of the country, that the compilation of a volume like the present would be esteemed an acceptable contribution to this charity, the response was made with prompt approval from every quarter and with abundant supply of the desired material.

The occasion for which the book was primarily intended was too near at hand to allow time for the production of a work large enough to embrace specimens of every class of our best writers. It was, therefore, determined to confine the present volume, as nearly as practicable, to those whose writings belong distinctly to the class of general literature, to the exclusion of writers in the several departments of science. A very few exceptions to this limitation will be found in the collection, and these are introduced from considerations which need not be explained.



In the rare instances of their occurrence, they will, perhaps, explain themselves.

So much in regard to living authors. It was desirable to add to these some memorials of those who, no longer amongst us, are yet as fondly familiar to the ear of the country as the best who survive them. In the quest of these it was necessary to invoke the aid of friends, and, through their kind and ready compliance, the collection has been enriched with some of its choicest specimens, consisting of manuscript remnants of formerly published works or letters of interest obtained from correspondents.

Thus, this volume has been composed, and now exhibits accurate autographs of every author in the list, executed with admirable fidelity to the originals, in fac simile, and, for the most part, presenting some characteristic passage from his published writings. In the poetical specimens the contributions are, chiefly,

complete pieces within a compass adapted to the space allowed by the arrangement of the volume, and are, with few exceptions, of the author's own selection. The public will recognize in these some gems of American poetry which have held a prominent place in popular esteem. The prose contributions are necessarily of a more fragmentary character, either containing some striking thought or serving to identify the author by something in the vein in which he is best known. The whole will be valued not only for the literary merits of the collection, but, still more, for the graphic picture it presents of the manual workmanship of our Country's Authors.

Baltimore April 19 1864.

John P. Kennedy

Alexander Bleif





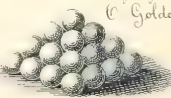
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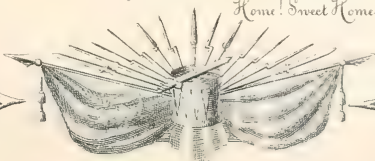


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The Star-spangled banner.

O say! can you see by the dawn's early light  
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the clouds of the fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming?  
And the rocket's red glare - the bomb bursting in air  
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there?  
O say, does that Star-spangled banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free & the home of the brave? -

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,  
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,  
What is that, which the breeze, o'er the towering steep  
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?  
Now it catches the gleam - of the morning's first beam,  
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream,  
'Tis the Star-spangled banner - O long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free & the home of the brave!

And where are the foes that so vauntingly swore  
That the havoc of war & the battle's confusion  
A home and a Country should leave us no more?  
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution.  
No refuge could save the hireling & slave  
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave,  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave  
O'er the land of the free & the home of the brave.

O! thus be it ever! when freemen shall stand  
Between their lov'd homes & the war's desolation,  
Blest with vict'ry & peace, may the heav'n-rescued land  
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.  
Then conquer we must - when our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto - in God is our trust -  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free & the home of the brave.

F. Key



Address delivered at the dedication of the  
Cemetery at Gettysburg.

Four score and seven years ago our fathers  
brought forth on this continent, a new na-  
tion, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated  
to the proposition that all men are cre-  
ated equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war,  
testing whether that nation, or any nation  
so conceived and so dedicated, can long  
endure. We are met on a great battle-field  
of that war. We have come to dedicate a  
portion of that field, as a final resting  
place for those who here gave their lives  
that that nation might live. It is alto-  
gether fitting and proper that we should  
do this.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedi-

cate — we can not consecrate — we can not hallow — this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion — that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain — that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom — and that government of the people,

Abraham Lincoln.

by the people, for the people, shall not per-  
ish from the earth.

Abraham Lincoln.

November 19, 1863.



I have always had an opinion that  
much good might be done by keeping  
mankind in good humour with one another.

I may be wrong in my philosophy,  
but I shall continue to practise it  
until convinced of its fallacy. When  
I discover the world to be all that it  
has been represented by sneering cynics  
and whining poets, I will turn to  
and abuse it also; in the mean while  
my reader, I hope you will not  
think lightly of me, because I  
cannot believe this to be so very  
bad a world as it is represented.

thine truly

Geoffrey Crayon.

A leaf from the manuscript of *Truettbridge Hall*, being  
the last page of the introductory epay. The page is unique  
in this tract in that it bears in Mr Irving's own  
handwriting his signature of Geoffrey Crayon.

Yours very truly

Wm M. Irving

Washington and Lee at the Battle of Monmouth  
from "THE LIFE OF WASHINGTON"

By this time he was thoroughly exasperated.  
"What is the meaning of all this, Sir?" demanded he in the sternest and even forced tone as Lee rode up to him.

Lee for a moment was disconcerted and hesitated in making a reply, for Washington's aspect, according to Lafayette, was terrible. "I desire to know the meaning of this disorder and confusion," was again demanded still more vehemently.

Lee stung by the manner more than the words of the demand made an angry reply ~~which~~ <sup>and</sup> provoked still sharper answers, ~~which~~ <sup>some</sup> which have been variously reported. He attempted a hurried explanation. His troops had been thrown into confusion by contradictory intelligence; by disobedience of orders, by meddling and brawling of individuals, and he had not felt disposed, he said, to beard the whole British Army with troops in such a situation.

"I have certain information," referred Washington, "that it was merely a strong covering party."

Washington Irving

Army Hymn.

O Lord of Hosts! Almighty King!  
Behold the sacrifice we bring!  
To every arm thy strength impart,  
Thy Spirit shed through every heart!  
Wake in our breasts the living fires,  
The holy faith that warmed our sires;  
Thy hand hath made our Nation free,  
To die for her is serving Thee!

Be Thou a pillared flame to show  
The midnight snare, the silent foe;  
And when the battle thunders loud,  
Still guide us in its moving cloud!

God of all Nations! Sovereign Lord!  
In Thy dread name we draw the sword,  
We lift the starry flag on high  
That fills with light our clouded sky.

No more its flaming emblems wave  
To bar from hope the trembling slave;  
No more its radiant glories shine  
To blast with woe one child of Thine!

From treason's seat, from murderer's stain  
Guard Thou its folds till Peace shall reign—  
Till fort and field, till shore and sea  
Join our loud anthems, Praise to Thee!

Oliver Wendell Holmes



They will be done!

We see not, know not; all our way  
Is dark:—with Thee alone is day;  
From out the torments troubled dim,  
Above the storm our prayer we lift,  
They will be done!

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint.  
But who are we to make complaint,  
Or dare to urge in times like these  
The weakness of our love of ease?—  
They will be done!

We take with solemn thankfulness  
Our burden up nor ask it less:  
Counting it joy that even we  
May suffer serve or wait for Thee.  
They will be done!

Though faint, as yet, in tint & line  
We dimly trace Thy wise design,  
And thank Thee that our age supplies  
Its dark relief of sacrifice.  
They will be done!

And if in our unworthiness  
Thy sacrificial wine we press,  
If from Thy ordeal's heated bars  
Our feet are scamed with crimson scars  
They will be done!

If for the age to come this hour  
Of trial hath vicarious power,  
And, blest by Thee, our present pain  
Be Liberty's eternal gain  
They will be done!

Strike, Thine the Master, use Thy keys,  
The anthem of the destinies! -  
The mina of Thy loftier strain,  
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain  
They will be done!

Amherst, Mass. 2<sup>nd</sup> Mo 1864

John F. Whittier

The Heavens seen by the naked eye.

---

Much as we are indebted to our observations, for elevating our conceptions of the heavenly bodies, they present, even to the unaided sight, scenes of glory, which words are too feeble to describe. I had occasion, a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston, & for this purpose I repaired to the Railroad Station at two o'clock in the morning. Every thing was wrapped in darkness and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed, at that hour, the unearthly clank and rush of the train.

It was a mild, serene, midsummer's night, — the sky was without a cloud, — the winds were whist. The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen



and the Stars shone with a spectral lustre, but little affected by her presence. Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day; the Pleiades, just above the horizon, shed their sweet influence in the East; Lyra, queen of the heavenly hosts, sparkled near the zenith; Andromeda veiled her newly discovered glories from the naked eye in the South; and the steady pointers, far beneath the pole, looked meekly up from the depths of the North to their sovereigns.

Such was the all-glorious spectacle, as I entered the train. As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the

smaller stars, like the little children  
went first to rest; the sister beams  
of the Pleiades soon melted together; but  
the bright constellations of the West  
& North remained unchanged. Stead-  
ily the wondrous transfigurations went  
on; hands as of angels, hidden from  
mortal eyes, shifted the scenery of the  
heavens; the glories of night dissolved  
into the glories of the dawn. The blue  
skies now turned more softly gray;  
the great watch stars shut up their  
holy eyes; the East began to kindle.  
Faint streaks of purple soon blushed  
along the sky; the whole celestial can-  
vase was filled with the inflowing tides  
of the morning light, which came pour-  
ing down from above in one great

ocean of radiance; till at length as we reached the blue hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy tear-drops of flower and of leaf into rubies & diamonds. In a few seconds, the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his state.

From a discourse at the Inauguration  
of the Dudley Observatory at Albany,  
28th of August 1856.

Edward Everett.

The Idols. —  
 From 'Factionous Life.'

Shape of the Infinite! I look away,  
 Over thy billows, & I cannot stay  
 My thoughts upon a resting-place, or make  
 A shore beyond my vision, where they break;  
 But on my spirit feathers till 't is pain  
 To think, then rests, & then jumps forth again.  
 Thou hold'st me by a spell; & on thy beach  
 I feel all soul; & thoughts unmeasured reach  
 Far back beyond all date. And, O, how old  
 Thou art to me! Through countless years there's t  
rolled

Before an ear could hear thee, thou didst mourn,  
 Prophet of sorrows, & a call unborn,  
 Waiting, thou mighty minister of death,  
 Lonely thy work, ere man had drawn his breath.  
 At last thou didst it well! The dread command  
 Gave, & thou sweep'st to scatter the breathing band;  
 And thou once more unto the silent heaven  
 Thy lone & melancholy voice was given.



And though the land is thronged again, O Sea,  
Strange sadness touches all that go with thee.  
The small birds' plaintive note, the wild, sharp yell,  
Thine own own spirit it is sadness all!  
How dark & stern upon the waves looks down  
Yonder tall Bluff! — he with the iron crown.  
And see! Those sable Pines along the steep  
Are come to join thy requiem, gloomy Deep!  
Like stolid monks they stand & chant the dirge  
Over the dead, with thy low-busting surge.

Richard H. Dana, Jr.

Boston, Feb<sup>y</sup> / 62

The Death of Washington.

From "Memoirs of Washington"  
published in 1858.

— Can that solemn hour ever be forgotten? Can the feeling which thrilled our millions, under whatever Skies, have passed away with the smoke of cannon, and the ebb of funeral eulogies, that sought to give it utterance? Did all this luxuriance of grief spring from no deep root of love and reverence in the nation's heart?

Forbid it, Heaven! Forbid it truth, wisdom, honor, gratitude! The people who burst into spontaneous tears for the loss of Washington, had hearts to appreciate him; and to be able to appreciate him bespoke qualities in some degree akin to his own. He was no melo-dramatic hero, no savior of war, no flimsy, popular idol for the worship of the vulgar. His character, his career, his personal qualities, mark the race from which they spring; — grave, high-toned, generous, resolute, devoted; and such alone must ever be his true admirers. His sincerity of the

public mourning is a pledge of the  
 future destiny of our country. The people  
 who know so well how to feel Washington's  
 loss, are not the people to forget his pre-  
 cepts or his example. The sentiments  
 which actuated him, the principles by which  
 he lived and died, are the palladium of  
 our liberty, our prosperity, our very existence.  
 We have a thousand times as knowledge that  
 in abiding by them we are safe and happy;  
 in forsaking or slighting them we renounce  
 our strength and give ourselves to be the  
 "football of foreign nations." Whatever be the  
 madness of the moment; whatever the storm  
 of passion or the folly of jealousy; however  
 demagogues may play upon our weakness for  
 their own selfish purposes, or timid hearts give  
 way under the pressure of insistent agitation, —  
 we are still the countrymen of Washington,  
 and, — let us fondly hope, — the partakers of  
 some portion, at least, of the magnanimous  
 patience, the divine self-control, the heaven-  
 born patriotism that never failed him. Defeat,  
 obloquy, provocation of every sort; ingratitude,  
 "sharper than traitors' swords"; — the revolt of friends,  
 the loud triumph of invidious foes; all these he  
 bore, and we can bear, for he has taught us.

Merely above is - disappointment, he had a  
sovereign contempt for that despairing spirit,  
which is a confession of impotence and in-  
resolution. Discouragements often beat him back,  
but it was only for one rallying moment. He,  
his children, have need to remember his example  
in this respect, and through all difficulties  
hold fast the glorious motto - "never despair  
of the Republic!"

Caroline M. Kirkland



Rhymes by the Croakers

To Ennai

Avant! arch enemy of fun,  
Gives night-mare of the mind;  
Which way, great Momus! shall I run  
a refuge safe to find?  
My puppy's dead - nays rumos breath  
I stoop for lack of news,  
And Fitz is almost hyp'd to death,  
And Lang has got the blues.

---

I've read friend Noah's book quite thro';  
Appendix, notes, and all;  
I've swallow'd Lady Morgan too  
I've blundered thro' Deftail;  
The Edinburgh Review - I've seen 't,  
The last that has been shift;  
I've read - in short - all books in print  
And some in Manuscript.

I'm sick of General Jackson's toast,  
Canals are naught to me;  
Nor do I care who rules the Coast  
Clinton - or John Targee!  
No stock in any Bank I own,  
I fear no Lottery Sharks;  
And if the Battery were gone  
I'd ramble in the Park.

---

Let gilded Guardsmen shake their toes,  
Let Altrog please the pit;  
Let W. Spooner "blow his nose,"  
and Spooner publish it;  
Insolvent Coney let Marshall break,  
Let dying Baldwin cavil;  
and let Fenth-Ward electors shake  
Committee to the devil!

---

In vain - for like a cruel cat  
Who fucks a child to death -  
Or like the Madagascan Bat  
Who poisons with his breath,  
The fiend - the fiend is on me still -  
Come Doctor - here you pay;  
What lotion, potion, plaster, pill,  
Will drive the beast away?

---

April 1<sup>st</sup> 1819

J. R. Dumas Drake  


Wit exists by antipathy; Humor  
 by sympathy. Wit laughs at things;  
 Humor laughs with them. Wit lashes  
 external peculiarities, or cunningly  
 exaggerates single foibles into character;  
 Humor glides into the heart of its object,  
 Looks lovingly on the infirmities it detects,  
 and represents the whole man. Wit is ab-  
 rupt, darting, scornful, and tosses its  
 analogies in your face; Humor is slow  
 and shy, insinuating its fun into  
 your heart.

E. P. Whipple.



## Miguella and Juanelita.

- Her sister Miguella  
Once chid little Jane;  
But the words that she spoke  
Gave a great deal of pain.
- "You went yesterday playing,  
A child like the rest;  
And now you come out  
More than other girls dressed.
- "You take pleasure in sighs,  
In sad music delight;  
With the downy you rise,  
Yet sit up half the night.
- "When you take up your work,  
You look absent and stare,  
And gaze on your sampler,  
But miss the stitch there.
- "You're in love, people say,  
Your actions all show it;  
New ways we shall have,  
When mother shall know it.
- "She'll nail up the windows,  
And lock up the door;  
Leave to frolic and dance  
She will give us no more.
- "Old aunt will be sent  
To take us to mass  
And stop all our talk  
With the girls as we pass.
- "And when we walk out  
She will bid the old shrew  
Keep a careful account  
Of what our eyes do,
- "And mark who goes by,  
If I keep through the blind,  
And be sure and detect us  
In looking behind.
- "Thus for your idle follies  
Must I suffer too  
And tho' nothing I've done,  
Be punished like you."
- "O sister Miguella,  
From chiding pray spare,  
That I've troubles you quest,  
But not what they are.
- "Young Pedro it is,  
Old Juan's fair youth,  
But he's gone to the war,  
And where is his truth?"

"I loved him sincerely,  
I loved all he said;  
But I fear he is fickle,  
I fear he is fled;

"For he's gone of free choice  
Without-summons or call,  
And 'tis foolish to love him,  
Or like him at all,"

"Nay rather do thou  
To God pray above,  
Lest Pedro return  
And still more you should love,"

(Said Miquela, in jest,  
As she answered poor Jane).—

"For when love has been bought  
At cost of such pain,

"What hope is there, sister,  
Unless the soul part,  
That the passion you cherish  
Should yield up your heart?"

"Your years will increase  
And your griefs many-fold,  
As well you may learn  
From that proverb of old:—

"If when but a child  
Loves power you own;  
Pray, what will you do,  
When you older are grown?"

Translated from the "Sexta Parte de Flor  
de Romances nuevas, Toledo, 1594. ff. 27-29.

Geo: Ticknor:

"Only a Year."

One year ago - a ringing voice  
A clear blue eye  
And clustering curls of sunny hair  
Too fair to die -

Only a year, no voice no smile.  
No glance of eye  
No clustering curls of golden hair  
Fair, but to die!

One year ago what loves, what schemes  
Dart into life  
What joyous hopes, what high resolves  
What generous strife,

The silent picture on the wall  
The burial stone  
Of all that beauty, life & joy  
Remain alone!

One year, one year, one little year  
 And so much gone  
 And yet the even flow of life  
 flows calmly on.

The grave grows green the flowers <sup>fair</sup> bloom  
 Above that head  
 No summer tint of leaf or spring  
 Says he is dead.

No praise or hush of merry birds  
 That sing above  
 Tells us how coldly sleeps below  
 The form we love.

When hast thou been the year beloved  
 What hast thou seen?  
 What visions fair, what glorious life?  
 Where hast thou been?

The veil! the veil so thin, so strong  
 To part us & thee!  
 The mystic veil, when shall it fall  
 That we may see!

Not dead, not sleeping, not in grave.  
But present still—  
And waiting for the coming hour  
Of God's sweet will.

Lord of the living and the dead  
Our Saviour dear  
We lay us silent at thy feet  
This sad, sad year.

H. B. Stowe

Andover July 9. 1858.



From "Earth's Holo-  
caust."  
(Written in 1844.)

It was now rumored among the spectators that all the weapons and munitions of war were to be thrown into the bonfire, with the exception of the world's stock of gunpowder, which, as the safest mode of disposing of it, had already been drowned in the sea. This intelligence seemed to awaken great diversity of opinion. The hopeful philanthropist esteemed it as a token that the millennium was already come; while persons of another stamp, whose view of mankind was a breed of bull-dogs, prophesied that all

the old stoutness, fervor, noble-  
ness, generosity, and magna-  
nimity of the race would dis-  
appear; these qualities, as they  
affirmed, requiring blood for  
their nourishment.

Be that as it might, seven-  
teenth great guns, whose thun-  
der had long been the voice of  
battle - the artillery of the Ar-  
mada, the battering-train of  
Maulborough, and the adverse  
cannon of Napoleon and Wel-  
lington - were trundled into the  
midst of the fire. It was wor-  
derful to behold how these  
terrible instruments of destruc-  
tion melted away like playthings  
of wax. Then the armies of the  
~~earth~~ <sup>earth</sup> wheeled around the ~~mighty~~  
mighty furnace, with their mil-  
itary music playing triumphant.

marches, and flung in their muskets and swords. And now the drums ~~were~~ <sup>were</sup> beaten and the trumpets brayed altogether, as a prelude to the proclamation of universal and eternal peace, announcing that glory was no longer to be won by blood, but that beneficence, in the future annals of man kind, would claim the praise of valor. These blessed tidings were accordingly promulgated, and caused infinite rejoicings among those who had stood aghast at the horror and absurdity of war.

But I saw a <sup>depressed</sup> smile pass over the ~~face~~ visage of a stately old commander in chief.

Wm. Hawthorne

February 16<sup>th</sup> 1864

Twilight on Sumter.

I.

Still and dark along the sea

Sumter lay:

A light was overhead,

As from burning cities shed,

And the clouds were battle-red,

Far away!

Not a solitary gun

Left to tell the fort had won,

Or lost the day!

Nothing but the tattered rag,

Of the drooping rebel flag,

And the sea-birds screaming round it in their play!

II.

How it woke one April morn

None shall tell;

As from Moultrie, close at hand,

And the batteries on the land,

Round its faint but fearful band

Shot and shell

Raining hid the doubtful light,  
But they fought the hopeless fight  
Long and well,  
(Their's the glory, ours the shame!)  
Till the walls were wrought in flames,  
Then our flag was proudly struck, and Sumter fell!

III.

Now—O look at Sumter now,  
In the gloom!  
Mark its scarred and shattered walls,  
(Hark! the ruined rampart falls!)  
There's a justice that affals  
In its doom:  
For this blest spot of earth  
Where Rebellion had its birth  
Is its tomb!  
And when Sumter sinks at last,  
From the heavens, that shrink aghast,  
Hell will rise in grim decision, and make room!  
R. H. Stoddard.



## From Life of Franklin

The strong and distinguishing features of Franklin's mind were sagacity, quickness of perception, and soundness of judgment. His imagination was lively without being extravagant.

He possessed a perfect mastery over the faculties of his understanding and over his passions; and, never being turned aside either by vanity, or selfishness, he was enabled to pursue his objects with a directness and constancy, that rarely failed to insure success.

Jared Sparks,

[ During the last war with Great Britain a British Frigate, or sloop of war, came up the Potomac as far as Alexandria, and, on the retiring of the British Army from Washington after its capture, redescended the River, firing a salute as she passed Mt. Vernon. ]

### The Salute.

By light of flaring roofs, in haste  
Her pious and banners seaward turned,  
And on Potomac's broadening waste  
A frigate's signals fearless burned.

Descending, she with proud disdain  
Anchored abreast a threatening fort;  
Then stormy poured her iron rain,  
That shook the shores with far report.

The fort's resistance quickly slept.  
Dark scornful on her downward path  
Again the frigate silent swept;  
Wrath that she could not slake her wrath.

Summer still warmed the autumn wind,  
And verdure shared with readening tints  
The leafy wealth, and breezes kind  
Shook on the water-tendered fruits,

As with her shade that westward swept,  
With spars and masts sail-crested all,  
The frowning brigate mutely crept,  
Like goblin through a festival.

"Whose house stands there?" And he, thus asked,  
Answered,—"M<sup>r</sup> Vernon." By the name  
The Captain's recollection tasked—  
"The home of Washington?"—"The same."

"And his he buried there?" The words  
Stood, laden with emotion's load.  
"Beneath those trees, where hymn the birds,  
There is the booby's still abode."

His eyes grow deeper. By degrees,  
As one with vast imaginings  
Possessed, who in high distance sees  
Resplendent forms of palmy things,

As earnest joy perfused his face:  
Unconsciously his cap he raised  
With a religious knightly grace,  
As, inward wrought, afar he gazed.—

"Beat to quarters?"— The order flew  
Swift to the hot impetuous drum,  
At whose loved voice upsprang the crew,  
Thinking another fight was come.

But soon 't was whispered 'mong the crew,  
When each stood brace'd beside his gun,  
That death was not their duty then,  
But calm salute to Washington.

By the strong cannon's measured speech  
Was tamed the roughness of their pride,  
As wrinkles on a wintry beach  
By sounding thro' from landward tide.

And when had passed the smoke away  
Passed too was hate and scorn and wrath:  
Within her breast for night was day  
As swam the frigate down her path.

His holy strength had conquered strife,  
Subduing hearts so stout and brave:  
A mighty conqueror in his life,  
A mightier is he in his grave.

1857.

G. H. Walcott.



The Explanation.

Charles, discoursing, rather freely,  
Of the unimportant part  
Which (he said) our brilliant women  
Play in Science and in Art—  
"Oh! the sex you undervalued,"  
Cried his haughty cousin Sam;  
"No, indeed," responded Charley;  
"Pray allow me to explain—  
Such a paragon is woman  
That, you see, it must be true  
She is always exactly better  
Than the best that she can do!"

Geo. F. Love.

Albany, N. Y. }  
Feb. 18, 1864 }

"If the inhabitants of the earth were required to select, to represent them in some celestial congress composed of the various orders of intelligent beings, a fair specimen of the human race; one who could present in his own character the largest amount of human worth with the least of human frailty, and in his own lot on earth the largest amount of happiness with the least of suffering; one whose character was estimable without being too exceptionally good, and his lot happy without being too generally unobtainable; one who could bear in his lot of evidence, with the greatest

truth

This is a man, and  
his life on earth was such  
as good men may live,

I know not who,  
 of the renowned of all a-  
 ges, we could more fit-  
 ly choose to represent us  
 in that high court of the  
 universe, than Benjamin  
 Franklin, printer, of  
 Philadelphia."

Last words of my  
 life and times of Benja-  
 min Franklin

Jas. Parton.

New York, Feb. 1844.

The Snow-Shower.

Stand here by my side and turn, I pray,  
 On the lake below thy gentle eyes,  
 The clouds hang over it heavy and gray  
 And dark and silent the water lies;  
 And out of that frozen mist the snow  
 In wavering flakes begins to flow;  
 Flake after flake,  
 They sink in the dark and silent lake.

See how in a living swarm they come  
 From the chambers beyond that misty veil,  
 Some hover awhile in air and some  
 Rush prone from the sky like summer hail:  
 All, dropping softly or settling slow,  
 Meet and are still in the depth below,  
 Flake after flake,  
 Dissolved in the dark and silent lake.

Here delicate snow-stars, out of the cloud,  
Come floating downward in airy play,  
Like sparkles dropped from the glistening cross  
That whitens by night the milky way.  
Then broader and bolder massed fall,  
The sullen water buries them all,  
Flake after flake,  
All drowned in the dark and silent lake.

And some, as on tender-wings they glide  
From their chilly birth clud, dim and gray,  
Are joined in their fall and, side by side,  
Come floating along their unsteady way,  
As friend with friend, or husband with wife,  
Shakes hand in hand the passage of life,  
Each mated flake  
Soon sinks in the dark and silent lake.



So, while we are gazing, in swifter haste  
I stream down the snows, till the air's white,  
As, myriads by myriads madly chafed,  
They fling themselves from their shadowy heights,  
The fair frail creatures of middle sky,  
What speed they make, with their grave so nigh!  
Flake after flake,  
To lie in the dark and silent lake.

I see in thy gentle eyes a tear,  
Thy look to me in sorrowful thought.  
Thou thinkest of friends, the good and dear,  
Who were for a time and now are not,  
Like these fair children of cloud and frost  
That glisten a moment and then are lost,  
Flake after flake,  
All lost in the dark and silent lake.

But look again, for the clouds divide,  
A gleam of blue on the water lies,  
And far away, on the mountain side,  
A sunbeam falls from the opening skies.  
But the hurrying host that flew between  
The cloud and the water no more is seen,  
Take after flake,  
As rest in the dark and silent lake.

William Allen Bryant.

From an Address delivered on  
Boston Common 27 August, 1862.

Let us remember  
that we are not engaged  
in a war of the North  
against the South, but in  
a war of the Nation against  
those who have risen up  
to destroy it. Let us keep  
our eyes & our hearts steadily  
fixed upon the old Flag of  
our Fathers, - the same to-day,  
as when it was first lifted in

triumph at Saratoga, or  
first struck down in  
madness at Sumter. That  
Flag tells our whole story.  
It has a star for every  
State. Let us resolve that  
there shall still be a State  
for every star!

Robt. C. Winthrop.

Boston  
1864.

## HOPE OF FAME.

To live beyond the grave — to leave a name,  
 That like a living sun, shall keep its way  
 Undimmed thro' ages — to be hailed hereafter,  
 As first among the Spirits, who have gifted  
 Their lagid with fame — to dwell amid the thoughts  
 Of all sublimer souls, as Deities  
 Are treasured in their shrines — to load the tongues  
 Of nations, and be uttered in the songs  
 And prayers of millions — He who bears ~~such~~ <sup>his</sup> hope  
 Fixed in his heart, and holds his lonely way  
 Chaced by this only, and yet keeps himself  
 Unwavering in the many tracks, that seek to  
 His purpose from its path — He was not cast  
 In nature's common mould — such hope itself  
 Is greatness.

Hypocritically



Fall of the Charter Oak.

at Hartford, Connecticut.

Woe for the mighty Tree! —  
 The monarch of the plain, —  
 The storm hath reft its noble heart,  
 It neer shall tower again,  
 In ruins far and wide  
 Its giant limbs are laid,  
 Like some fallen dynasty of earth  
 Whose nod the nations sway'd. —

Woe for the ancient Oak! —  
 Our Pilgrim-Fathers' pride,  
 That shook the centuries from its crown,  
 And flourish'd when they died;  
 The grass-flower at its feet  
 Shall quickening Spring restore,  
 O'er healing dews, or nesting bird  
 Previsit it no more. —

The roaming red Man pruzed  
 Its canopy of shade,  
 And blep'd it while his Council-fires  
 In eddying volume play'd,  
 He for its reaching sought  
 As to a Delphic shrine  
 Inquiring when to plant his corn,  
 And waiting for the sign\*.

O  
 You white-hair'd man sits down  
 Where its torn branches lie,  
 And tells the listening boy the tale  
 Of threatened Liberty,  
 How tyrant pomp and power  
 Once in the olden time  
 Came Brennus-like, with iron tramps  
 To crush our infant clime,

\*  
 The signal of the Indian to plant his corn, was when the leaf  
 of the Charter Oak had attained the size of the "ear of a maize."

And had that brave, old Oak  
 Stood fast a friend indeed,  
 And spread its Egis o'er our sires  
 In their extremest need,  
 And in its sacred breast  
 Their germ of freedom bore,  
 And hid their life-blood in its veins  
 Until the blast was o'er.

Throngs gathering round the wreck  
 Their mournful memories weave,  
 Even children in strange silence stand  
 Unconscious why they grieve,  
 Or for their casted seeds  
 Some relic-spray to glean,  
 A corn, - or verdant leaf, to press  
 Their Bible page between.

Was there no other prey  
 Oh Storm! - that hurled by,  
 Wreaking dark vengeance through the shroud  
 Of a wild midnight sky?  
 Was there no kingly Elm,  
 Majestic, broad and free  
 That thou must thus in mad rage smite  
 Our tutelary Tree?

Our beacon of the Past -  
 Our chronicles of Time,  
 Our Mexico, to whose greenwood glade  
 Came feet from every clime?  
 Hark! to the tolling bells  
 In echoes deep and slow,  
 While on the breeze our banner floats  
 Draped in the weeds of woe.

The fair ones of our Oak  
O'er its lost Guardian sigh -  
And Elders with prophetic dread  
Dark auguries decry,  
Patriots and Sages deign  
O'er the loved wreck to bend,  
And in the Funeral of the Oak  
Lament their Country's Friend.

L. Huntley Sigourney.

I must digress to say a word about Rip's head gear. He wears a non-descript skull-cap which, I conjecture from some equivocal songs, had once been a fur hat, but which must have taken a degree in fuff, other callings, for I see it daily employed in the most foreign services. Sometimes it is a drinking vessel, and then Rip pinches it up like a cocked hat; sometimes it is devoted to push-pin, and then it is cuffed cruelly on both sides; and sometimes it is turned into a basket to carry eggs from the hen-roost. It finds hard service at water-ball, where, like a plastic statesman, it is popular for its pliability. It is tossed in the air on all occasions of rejoicing, and, now and then, serves for a gauntlet and is flung, with energy upon the ground on the eve of a battle; and it is



kicked occasionally through the school-yard, after the fashion of a bladder. It wears a singular exterior, having a row of holes cut below the crown, or rather the apex (for it is pyramidal in shape) to make it cool, as Rip explains it, in hot weather. The only rest that it enjoys through the day, as far as I have been able to perceive, is during school hours, and then it is thrust between a desk and a bulkhead, three inches apart, where it generally envelopes in its folds a handful of hickory-nuts or marbles. This covering falls down - for it has no lining - like an extinguisher over Rip's head. To prevent the recurrence of this accident, he has tied it up with a hat-band of twine. —

A Leaf from Swallow Barn.

John P. Kennedy  
Feb. 18. 1864

The Brothers.

We are but Two ~ the others sleep  
Through death's untroubled night;  
We are but Two ~ O, let us keep  
The link that binds us bright!

Heart leaps to heart ~ the sacred blood  
That warms us is the same;  
That good old man ~ his honest blood  
Alike we fondly claim:

We in one mother's arms were locked ~  
Long be her love repaid;  
In the same cradle we were rocked,  
Round the same hearth we played.

Our boyish sports were all the same,  
Each little joy and woe:  
Let manhood keep alive the flame,  
Lit up so long ago.

<sup>24</sup>We are but Two - be that the band  
<sup>24</sup>To hold us till we die;  
Shoulder to shoulder let us stand,  
<sup>24</sup>Till side by side we lie.

Chas. Sprague,  
Boston.

<sup>24</sup>For the Union Fair of Maryland.

I confess that increasing years bring with them an increasing respect for men who do not succeed in life, as these words are commonly used. Heaven has been said to be a place for those who have not succeeded upon earth; and it is surely true that celestial graces do not best thrive and bloom in the hot blaze of worldly prosperity. Ill-success sometimes arises from a superabundance of qualities in themselves good; from a conscience too sensitive, a taste too fastidious, a self-forgetfulness too romantic, a modesty too retiring. I will not go so far as to say, with a living poet, that "the world knows nothing of its greatest men", but there are forms of greatness, or at least of excellence, which "die and make no sign"; there are martyrs that meet the palm but not the stake; heroes without the laurel, and conquerors without the triumph.

G. S. Hillard

Excelsior.

The shades of night were falling fast,  
As though an Alpine village nassed  
A youth who love mid snow and ice  
A banner with the strange device

Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath  
Gleamed like a falchion from its sheath,  
And like a silver clarion rung  
The accents of that unknown tongue

Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light  
 Of household fires gleams warm and bright;  
 Above the spectral glacièr shone,  
 And from his lips escaped a groan  
 Excelsior!

"Erg' not du pass!" the old man said,  
 "Dark lower the tempest overhead,  
 The waving torrent is deep and wide!"  
 And loud that clarion voice replied  
 Excelsior!

"O stay!" the maiden said, "and rest  
 Thy weary head upon this breast!"  
 A tear stood in his bright blue eye  
 But still he answered with a sigh  
 Excelsior!



"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!  
 Beware the awful avalanche!"  
 This was the peasant's last good-night;  
 A voice replied, far up the heights,  
 Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward  
 The pious monks of St. Bernard  
 Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,  
 A voice cried through the startled air  
 Excelsior!

A traveller by the faithful hound  
 Half-buried in the snow was found,  
 Still grasping in his hand of ice  
 That banner with the strange device  
 Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,  
Lifeless but beautiful he lay,  
And from the sky serene and far  
A voice fell like a falling star

Excelsior!

Henry W. Longfellow.

Translation of some lines of M de Chateaubriand upon  
the interment of the daughter of an old friend  
Julia M. Sands.

The bier descends, the spot left roses too,  
The Father's tribute in his saddest hours;  
Earth that didn't bear them both then had they due  
The fair young girl and flower!  
Give them not back unto a world again,  
Where sorrow, pain and agony have power,  
Where tempests blight and suns malignant  
reign,  
The fair young girl and flower,

Lightly they sleep, young & old, now,  
It is feared the oppressing heat nor killing shower,  
They both have perished in their morning glow,  
The fair young girl and flower!

But He, thy Sir, whose furrow'd cheek is pale  
Bends, lost in sorrow, o'er thy funeral bower  
Tears he thy rest, old tale! doth now  
aspire  
The fair young girl and flower!

R C Sands

Public Rumor. Rev. D. Grosvenor.

Extract from an argument in the defence of the Rev. D. S. Prescott, before an ecclesiastical council, in Massachusetts, charged with heretical teachings & uncanonical practices.

But the counsel for the prosecution says that if the Reverend Defendant has not been charged by evidence, he has been charged by public rumor. Public rumor! I was educated to despise it. A sound, well considered public opinion, on a subject on which public opinion can intelligently act, I regard with due respect; but mere rumor I should <sup>be ashamed to own</sup> ~~be ashamed to own~~ as a motive for one action of my life. When the counsel placed his enlog on the morning of the late Dr. Grosvenor, I could not but think what a rebuke his whole life was to public rumor.

If ever man was the destined victim of public  
 rumor, that man was Melvin Chase. Not  
 left to its low haunts, but elevated to the dignity  
 of Episcopal sanction, promulgated by Episcopal  
 proclamation (of the creed or canonical prohibitions  
 of which I do now come to speak), it charged  
 him with heretical teachings & uncanonical usages  
 'pulling the wool of our people'. But in patience  
 & confidence he loved it all down. He went  
 forward in the due discharge of his double duties,  
 in daily prayers, daily public service, daily  
 ministrations to the poor - one rich and afflicted,  
 - without much suffering from the relentless  
 attacks on his name & usefulness, - sufferings  
 which shortened his days on earth; and the  
 daily beauty of his life made ugly the countenance  
 of detraction & defamation. Public confidence,  
 a plant of slow growth, grew about him. Public  
 justice was rendered to him without a movement

of his own. He fell, at his post, with all his  
armor on. About the time of the evening sacrifice  
the angel touched him, and he was called away.  
He fell, with his face to the Altar, with the words  
of benediction on his lips, surrounded by an  
almost adoring congregation, mourned by an  
entire community. From the distinguished sector  
of St Paul's in his noble person from the words  
"My Father, My Father, the Church of France and the  
Liberators thereof", to the humblest orphan child  
in the obscure alley, who wiped his daily  
sweat, — all, all, with one accord, sent up their  
voices as incense to Heaven.

I had the honor and privilege to be one of the few  
who, seven days before that day, received him on  
his entrance into the city to take charge of his infant  
peril. I am proud & grateful to remember that I  
was one of those on whom, in his long struggle, in  
a measure, according to my ability, he leaned for



Support. And seven feet, almost, I believe quite to the very edge, I saw the melancholy privilege, with the same faithful company, of bearing his body up that aisle which he had so often ascended in his native dignity and to the beauty of holiness.

I should be an unworthy hearer, disciple, - I may say friend of his, if I allowed myself to defer a moment to public rumor, or a matter of character or principle. I should be profane of his example if I allowed any one to do so, who looked to me for counsel or direction. No, gentlemen, let us all, laymen or clergymen, call to mind his life & his death, & let public rumor blow past us as the idle wind, for a wind that may carry power to those that open their senses to receive it.

Richard H. Dana Jr

Hark! a Bugle echo cometh,  
 Hark! a fife is ringing,  
 Hark! the roll of far-off drums  
 Through the air is ringing.

Down it is thy music flows,  
 Wakening the brave-hearted,  
 Memory, body, a glorying crowd,  
 At its call have started.

Memory of our Sires of old,  
 O'er oppression-driven,  
 High their rainbow flag unrolled  
 To the sun and sky of heaven,

Memory of the true and brave,  
 O'er at Honor bidding,  
 Still their country's life to save,  
 So true as to their wedding,

Memory, of many a battle plain,  
 When, then, the feathered fowling,  
 Made green the grove, and fold the grain,  
 Above the granite mound, glowing;

Hope, that the children of their prayer,  
 With them in valor vieing,  
 Lay so as golden dust, as they,  
 In living and in dying;

And the keener children yet to come,  
 The hand of their by-matter,  
 The miser, and the peerless, home  
 Of happiness being, breaking

For them the warrior path be true,  
 The battle-path of duty,  
 An' change, for fields and forest bed,  
 Our bowers of love and beauty,

Music! bid thy instruments play  
Softly, gently, in a low,  
Let them cheer the living brave to day,  
They may wail the dead to morrow,  
Fitz Greene Halleck

Medway had three sisters, two Harriet & Mary like their brother & ten younger by five years. There was much resemblance in character & person, between himself & his younger sister, but he possessed few or no properties in common with the elder. Harriet was virtuous & Mary was simple but unfortunate. The parents dying in the childhood of their offspring, the girls were reared by their aunt, Mr. Philips, while the boy was taken by Mr. Ellen.

Mr. Philips was ignorant & full of prejudices. He knew nothing but to dress, talk, & pantle, & gad among his neighbours. His pupils imbibed his habits & follies.

Harriet & Mary married nearly about the same time; the first, an English officer, who carried her away with him; the second, a man adventurous, with whom she lived six years in New York, but without that was his name, was prodigal, luxurious & voluptuous, but cunning & addressful, thus long his arts supported him; he then absconded, leaving his wife & two girls, in indigence. The wife died of sorrow & the orphans were taken & provided for by Medway, who was then only eighteen years old. His younger sister Jane, then only eleven (thirteen years old) he took from under the care of Mr. Philips, & placed her under more profitable guardianship.

Since that period, they have received from him the most incessant & solicitous protection. Their subsistence this man derived from his own industry. At twenty years of age, he became exclusive occupant of an house. He placed in it his sister, two nieces, Sarah, a negro woman, about forty, her son, Alfred, about eighteen & her daughter, about twelve.

Sarah was honest, neat, industrious & intelligent. Previous to this she was Medway's laundress.

(1790) The house was built according to a plan of his own, & furnished agreeably to his peculiar system. It was not deficient in splendour but was studiously commodious & cheap. His ideas of building & accommodations were derived from accurate observation & diligent enquiry. There were few more conversant with this branch of knowledge than Medway. His mind was incessantly ingrafted, & pregnant with deductions & inferences.

C. B. Brown

The Flower of Liberty.

What flower is this that greets the morn,  
Its hues from Heaven so freshly born?  
With burning star and flaming brand  
It kindles all the sunset land:  
O tell us what its name may be,  
Is this the Flower of Liberty?  
It is the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty!

In Savage Nature's far abode  
Its tender seed our fathers sowed;  
The storm-winds rocked its swelling bud,  
Its opening leaves were streaked with blood,  
Till lo! earth's tyrants shook to see  
The full-blown Flower of Liberty!  
Then hail the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty!



Behold its streaming eyes unite,  
One mingling flood of braided light,-  
The red that fires the Southern rose,  
With spotless white from Northern snows,  
And, spangled over its azure, see  
The sister stars of Liberty!

Then hail the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty!

The blades of heroes fence its cord,  
Where'er it springs is holy ground;  
From towers and dome its glories spread,  
It waves where lonely sentinels head:  
It makes the land as ocean free,  
And plants an empire on the sea!

Then hail the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty!

The sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower,  
Shall ever float on dome and tower,  
To all their heavenly colors true  
To blackening frost or crimson dew,  
And God love us as we love thee,  
Thrice holy Flower of Liberty!  
Then hail the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty!

Oliver Wendell Holmes

## God in History

Philosophy comes after events, and gives the reason of them, and describes the nature of their results. The great mind of collective man may, one day, so improve in self-consciousness, as to interpret the present and foretell the future; but as yet the end of what is now happening, though we ourselves partake in it, seems to fall out by chance. All is nevertheless one whole; individuals, families, peoples, the race, march in accord with the Divine will; and when any part of the destiny of humanity is fulfilled, we see the ways of Providence vindicated. The antagonisms of imperfect matter and the perfect idea, of liberty and necessary law, become reconciled. What seemed irrational confusion, appears as the web woven by light, liberty, and love. But this is not perceived till a great act in the drama of life is finished. The prayer of the patriarch, when he desired to behold the Divinity face to face, was denied; but he was able to catch a glimpse of Jehovah, after he had passed by. And so it fares with our search for Him in the wrestlings of the world. It is when the hour of conflict is over, that history comes to a right understanding of the strife, and is ready to exclaim: "Lo! God is here and we knew it not." At the foot of every page in the annals of nations, may be written, "God reigns".

Events

George Bancroft

Events, as they pass away, "proclaim their Great Original"; and if you will but listen reverently, you may hear the receding centuries as they roll into the dim distances of departed time, perpetually chanting "Te Deum Laudamus", with all the choral voices of the countless congregations of the ages.

George Bancroft

New York  
November 20, 1854.

The Indian Summer.

Clasped with a misty zone  
 Autumn her harvest robe serenely weaves;  
 Now burns the sumach's cone  
 And gleams the amber maize between the sheaves.

In orchards gnawed by gales,  
 Thus through the umbrage crimson apples glow,  
 And clear the plaintive quails  
 Pipe the rude urchins from their nests below.

The creeper wide unfurls  
 Its scarlet banner as the zephyrs pass,  
 Snowberries strew their pearls,  
 And starry asters fleck the tangled grass.

The dogwoods purple bear,  
 The hickories topey in the sunset fire,  
 And oaks brown mantles wear,  
 While maples light between a sylvan pyre!

Amid the swampy mould,  
And on the mountain ash what rubies shine;  
And, like a vase of gold,  
The yellow gourd hangs on the withered vine.

Stately cicadas spring  
Along our path & loud the marsh frogs croak,  
And on insatiate wing  
The jettty crows poise o'er the stubble-smoke,

Immortelles incense breathe  
From the low meadows, in the dusk of noon  
The chestnut's prickly sheathe  
Clinks down upon the tub of its glossy boon.

In flickering beams how glint  
The amethystine grape & emerald pine,  
And ocean's cold gray tint  
Transmuted now to azure crystalline!

Lilies their speckled urns  
And balmy firs their drooping needles lift;  
Their sculptured edge the ferns,  
While slowly by the mistle-feathers drift.

The Columbine scarce nod  
Upon their slender stems & rocky ledge,  
Nor waves the golden rod,  
Nor hums the dragonfly around the sedge

A mellow calmness lies,  
As if friction solemnized the air,  
On woodland, field & skies  
The smile of Nature at her answered prayer.

Henry T. Tuckerman



## Chapter II.

## Dreume, awake.

I felt that Cecil Dreume was regarding me with hollow sad eyes, as I arraigned him <sup>in</sup> the splendid spoil of the Tuilleries.

Saying to himself perhaps, I thought, "What does this impertinent intruder want? Had I not a right to pine away to death without air, fire or food, if I pleased?"

My position might be a false one, <sup>after all,</sup> I waded his look, and moving to the table behind him, found out another sip of the Stillfleet restoration into the goblet, which might, in times gone by, have touched the lips of <sup>the</sup> ~~lips of~~ <sup>Postia.</sup>

No sooner had I stepped aside, than Dreume

stirred uneasily and whispered in the echo of a voice

"Do not go."

"Yes," I said, "here I am."

Thus invited, I came forward and looked <sup>at his</sup> eye to eye.

Wonderful eyes of his! the truest, bravest, steadiest  
 that ever revealed soul to soul, ever probed soul with  
 soul. Eyes are not always in harmony with features;  
 they betray the <sup>type</sup> ~~character~~, which often belie the man.  
 These <sup>large dark</sup> "jets of diamonds" now questioning me with such  
 sad earnestness, only completed my first impressions.  
 I saw him now as he was - one with a finer sight for  
 beauty, one with a keener sense for truth, one with  
 a larger heart for love, than any of us men of  
<sup>that low rapidly one reads these poetic fays!</sup>  
 common clay. A precious spirit! And so nearly  
 perished here! away from the world, which has  
<sup>enough</sup> creatures, but no spirits, to spare.

He was too feeble to speak farther, but continued to regard me earnestly.

Again I perceived the question flit across my mind, whether I had not <sup>before</sup> seen such an inspired face look at me, through such sibylline eyes.

"Why not?" I thought, "I may have seen him copying a picture in the Louvre, sketching the West-tower, rejected in the Coliseum, elated in St. Peter's, taking his coffee and his flowers at the Cafe."

Yours truly  
Theobald

At Richmond.

At Richmond, in the month of May,  
I climbed the City's lofty crest.  
Below, the level landscape lay,  
And proudly streamed, from East to West,  
The glories of the dawning day.

There stand the statues Crawford gave  
His Country, while with bleeding heart,  
She showered upon his open grave  
The laurels of victorious Art,  
And wept the life she could not save.

How grandly, on that granite base,  
The youthful hero sits sublime.  
The leader of the chosen Race,  
The noblest of the Sons of Time,  
With all his future in his face.

And he who framed the matchless plan  
For Freedom and his Fatherland,  
Type of the just, sagacious Man,  
Like Aristotle, calm and grand,  
Within the Roman Vatican.

No less he wears the patriot wreath,  
 The foremost of the three, who stands  
 As when, with his prophetic breath,  
 And flashing eyes and outstretched hands,  
 He cried for "Liberty or Death"!

Here surely 't is good to be—  
 Where Freedom's native soil I tread,  
 And, on the mount, transfigured see  
 The Father, with whose fame we ead  
 The endless blessing of the free.

But when the summit's ample crowd  
 Flamed with the morning's fiercer heat,  
 I turned and slowly rapping down,  
 With curious gaze, from street to street,  
 Went wandering through the busy town.

And lingers, where I chanced to hear  
 The voices of a crowd which hung  
 With laugh and oath and empty jest,  
 Beside a don o'er which was swung  
 The red flag of the auctioneer.

In truth, it was a motley crew—  
 The brutal trader, sly and keen,  
 The planter with his sunburnt hue,  
 The idle tannerman and, between,  
 With face unwashed, the foreign Jew.

Within—O God of grace! what sight  
 Was this for eyes which scarce had turned  
 From yonder monumental height,  
 In thoughts upon whose altar burned  
 The fires just kindled in its light!

So when the rapt disciples came  
 From Sabor on that blessed morn,  
 What chilled so soon their hearts of flame?  
 The fierce demoniac, wild and torn,  
 The cry of human guilt and shame

For here were men—young men and old—  
 Scarred with hot iron and the lash,  
 And women, crushed with grief untold,  
 And like children—cheap for cash,  
 All waiting, waiting—to be sold.



For us, each hourly good I crave  
 Comes at the bidding of my will,  
 For them, the shadows of the grave  
 Have gathered, on the woes that fill  
 The life long bondage of the slave.

Too long my thoughts were schooled to see  
 Some pretext for such fatal thrall,  
 Now reason spurns each narrow plea,  
 One thrill of manhood cancels all,  
 One thro' of pity sets us free.

Virginia! shall the great and just  
 Like sentries guard the slaver's den?  
 O rise and from your borders thrust  
 This twice accursed trade in men,  
 Or hurl your heroes to the dust!

Wm. Allen Butler,

1859.



## Scott and Shakspeare

---

The following lines were ~~originally~~ suggested by the glimpse of Shakspeare introduced into the novel of Kenilworth, when a few gracious words were addressed to him by Leicester, at the palace gate; and received by the immortal dramatist in respectful silence.

---

When Scotland's master-genius raised  
 The veil of long-departed time,  
 And bade us wonder, while we gazed  
 On regal pomp, and feudal crime;

Touched with the rays of living light  
 That darted from his magic pen,  
 Heroes and kings stood out to sight  
 As if they breathed and moved again.

When, 'midst the noblest of the land,  
 The visioned form of Shakspeare came,  
 Even he — the enchanter — stayed his hand,  
 Nor dared to sport with Shakspeare's name.

---

Eliza Leslie —

Chapter 9.

1520

Then ~~the~~ ~~the~~

Lives on when any quarter is 2- to  
~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~  
 captured the out doors ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~  
 of doors so as to ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~  
 command called a council of ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~  
 to deliberate on ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~  
~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~  
~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~  
~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~  
~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~  
 He saw his business to ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~  
~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~

and a lot of people capital  
to decide  
usually to commission a his father's  
return to the new system or to commission  
new of the work at the west side - it  
would rather ~~lead~~ ~~from~~ ~~the~~  
the [under] take that by a commission  
road to the place of the settlement,  
consequently, longer the other end, the  
the avenue by which they had <sup>approach</sup> ~~enter~~ to  
city. But for that reason it will be  
left likely to be found. In fact it is  
it has been considerably shorter the other  
of to other entrance ~~and~~ ~~and~~  
some other in the case of commission  
seems a bit more land.

There are some differences  
 of opinion & respect to how to proceed.  
 The ~~obj~~ <sup>purpose</sup> is now agreed. and to be ~~proceed~~  
 so in ~~the~~ would enable to see to make  
 a list of the names of the persons  
 who are ~~obj~~ obj ~~concerned~~ to  
be ~~concerned~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~  
~~the~~ Law Business new in  
 order more likely to establish the new  
 must be taken of to every particular obj  
 in new. of know unprecedented new  
own a the ought which so much found  
the <sup>acting</sup> ~~obj~~ concern. on obj as seen  
Ascertaining  
~~obj~~ to order of a circumstances. ~~But~~  
~~the~~ obj But a to all have

it was very little ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~  
 after to meet to result among almost  
 advantage . . . . . and, with a few  
 who could command his nobilities beyond  
 the . . . . . <sup>late active operations,</sup>  
~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~  
 friends to whom the success of  
 their plans to ~~extend~~ it was impossible  
 to give ~~any~~ ~~any~~ ~~any~~ ~~any~~ ~~any~~ ~~any~~ ~~any~~ ~~any~~ ~~any~~  
 of their ~~enemies~~ ~~enemies~~ ~~enemies~~ ~~enemies~~ ~~enemies~~ ~~enemies~~ ~~enemies~~ ~~enemies~~ ~~enemies~~ ~~enemies~~  
 enemies.

The preceding is taken from the original  
 manuscript of Mr. Prescott, as thrown off  
 from his octograph and subsequently  
 corrected in pencil by his Secretary; - this  
 being the first step towards preparing it  
 for the press. The passage given is from the  
 well known description of the Noche Triste  
 and constitutes the opening of Book V. chap. 3,  
 in the "History of the Conquest of Mexico."

Geo: Ticknor,

Feb. 24. 1807,

Response H. Dec. 17. 1823.

Dear George

I think better of snowstorms than I ever did before, since tho' it keeps a man's body in the house, it brings his mind out. I suppose if it had been fair weather yesterday, I should have not had so little deportation upon Madama Laveau, which instructs as well as amuses me. — as to the question respecting the real existence of Madama, I can have but little to say, because my only documents, all that I have ever read in relation to it are Guizot's & Livaboschi's Lives of him, & his Italian Poem. I read a review somewhere since about him in the Edin<sup>burgh</sup>, but I don't recollect which way it ran, if it entered into the question. One thing seems to me clear, that the ones who doubt is with those who would deny the substantiality of Laveau, because she is ad

dressed as a living person by Petrarch, & became  
 no contemporary unequivocally states her to have been  
 an ideal one. I say unequivocally because the remark  
<sup>refer to</sup>  
 you ~~make~~ of one of St. Colonne (family), seems to have  
 been rather an intimation or a gratuitous supposition,  
 which might well come fr. one who lived at a distance  
 from the scene of her attachment, ~~as~~ amount, or what  
 -ever you call the Platonic passion of P's. The ~~etc~~  
 idealists however (to borrow a metaphysical term)  
 would shift this burden of proof upon their adversaries.  
 on this & ground, I agree with you that internal  
 evidence - gleaned from poetry whose essence as  
 you truly say is fiction, is ~~not~~ liable to great  
 misinterpretation. Yet I think that altho' a novel  
 may be written a long poem may be written, addressed  
 to, and <sup>be</sup> descriptive of ~~some~~ some imaginary goddesses  
 (I take it there is not much doubt of ~~it~~ its existence or of its  
 true original of *Fiammetta*) yet <sup>that</sup> in a long series of  
 separate poems <sup>should have been</sup> written with great passion under different  
 through a long course of years from the <sup>warm</sup> ~~passionate~~ pe-  
 riod of boyhood, to the cool retrospective season  
 of grey hair, ~~that such a connection~~ would  
 I think be in the highest degree improbable. But when  
 with this you connect one or two external facts, e.g. the  
 very memorandum to which you refer written in his private  
 MS. of Petrarch, intended only for himself as he expressly says  
 in it, with such a solemn unequivocal language as this -



"In order to preserve the melancholy recollection of this loss, I find a certain satisfaction mingled with my sorrow, in noting this is a volume which, after falling under my eye, it which thus tells me there is nothing further to delight me in this life, that my strongest tie is broken & c. &c." - Origin in a treatise *De Contemplation mundi* a sort of Confession in which he seems to have had a sober communion with his own heart - as I infer fr. Gypseus he speaks of his passion for Laura, in a very unambiguous manner; these matters or *Memoria* - da introduced as they were for his own eye only, would I think in any Court of Justice be admitted as positive <sup>evidence</sup> of the ~~truth~~ truth of what they seem to assert. -

I should be willing to rest at the point at issue on these two facts. - Opening his poetry one thing struck me in support of his secret is seeing a Sonnet which begins with the name of the Prince you refer to

*Notte e l'alto Colonne e l'verde Lirio*

or the Prince, but he would hardly have mingled the concern of a friend, with ~~that of a gay, witty~~ <sup>that of a</sup> ~~satirical~~ <sup>satirical</sup> creation of his own brain. - ~~Very~~ ~~but~~ This I admit is not safe to build upon & I do not. - I agree that it may be highly probable, subsequent investigations Italian French & English have perceived more than they found, have gone into detail, where only a few general facts could be hoped for, but at general basis, the real existence of some woman of the name of Laura, who influenced the heart, the conduct, the intellectual character of Petrarch is I think not to be resisted. And I believe your conclusion does not materially differ fr. this.

I believe *el Poeta del Primo Secolo*, the ~~poet~~ <sup>poet</sup> ~~of the~~ <sup>of the</sup> ~~first~~ <sup>first</sup> ~~century~~ <sup>century</sup>.

They are superior to what I had imagined, & give me a much  
 higher notion of the general state of the Italian language at that  
 early period than I had imagined it was entitled to.  
~~The English~~ It is not more obsolete than the French in the  
 time of Marat, or the English in the time of Spenser.  
 Petrarch however, is easily seen infused into it a sweetness  
 & richness, a splendor of poetical ideas which has  
 been taken up & incorporated with the language by  
 succeeding poets. - Doubtless the most successful, most and  
 archology of all. - Simonsi quotes Malaspina a Flor  
 entire history as written in 1280 with all its purity & ele  
 -gance of the modern Tuscan - But I think you must be

ask for more Biberoni, ~~and~~ I have ~~found~~  
~~some~~ found forth and I think considering  
 the little I know of it (embraced) -

I have got a long way, as far as I know  
 with a lady's parts at 4 o'clock at the time.  
 So if you will let me have Carré I think it  
 may assist me in <sup>some</sup> better passages that  
 are scarce it is too fine to read now -

Give my love to ~~Anna~~ Anna who  
 I hope is now at home to see you tonight  
 finishing - On the 1st of Feb. 1780

The Mariners.

They were born by the shore, by the shore,  
 When the surf was loud and the sea-gull cried;  
 They were rocked to the rhythm of its roar,  
 They were cradled in the arms of the tide.

Sporting on the fenceless sand,  
 Looking o'er the limitless blue,  
 Half on the water and half on the land,  
 Ruddy and lustily to manhood they grew.

How should they follow where the plow  
 Furrows round the field at the oxen's heels?  
 How should they stand with a sickly brow,  
 Thrust behind a counter, to reckon up their deals?

They turned to the Earth, but she frowns on her child;  
 They turned to the Sea, and he smiled as of old:  
 Sweeter was the peril of the breakers white and wild,  
 Sweeter than the land, with its bondage and gold!

Now they walk on the rolling deck,  
 And they hang to the rocking shrouds,  
 When the lee-shore looms with a vision of wreck,  
 And the scud is flung to the stooping clouds.

Shifting the changeless horizon-ring,  
 The magic circle the lands look o'er,  
 They traverse the zones with a veering wing,  
 From shore to sea, and from sea to shore.

They know the South and the North,  
 They know the East and the West;  
 Shuttles of fortune, flung back and forth  
 In the web of motion, the woof of rest.

They do not act with a studied grace,  
 They do not speak in delicate phrase,  
 But the candor of heaven is on their face,  
 And the freedom of ocean in all their ways.

They cannot fathom the subtle cheats,  
The lying arts which the landsmen learn:  
Each looks in the eyes of the man he meets,  
And whoso trusts him, he trusts in turn.

Say that they curse, if you will,  
That the tavern and harlot possess their gains:  
On the surface floats what they do of ill—  
At the bottom the manhood remains.

When they slide from the gangway=plank below,  
Deep as the plummeted shroud may drag,  
They hold it comfort enough, to know  
The corpse is wrapped in their country's flag.

But whether they die on the sea or shore,  
And lie under water, or sand, or sod,  
Christ give them the rest that he keeps in stone,  
And anchor their souls in the harbors of God!

Bayard Taylor,

A Goid asks, — "Are you not tired, then, of that fancy of farming? Is it not an expressive amusement; is it not a stupefying business?"

"Do you find your brain taking breadth or color out of Carrot-raising, or Pumpkins? Poultry is a pretty thing, between Tumblers, & Muscovy ducks; but can you not buy cheaper than you raise, — without the fret of fowls & vermin, — in any city market?"

"Shall I sell out & join you? Shall I teach this boy of mine (you know his physique & that Gray of his, looking after some Siddon) to love the Country — so far as to plant himself there, & grow into the trade of farming? A victory over the forces of nature, despite seasons, — compelling them to abundance — is no doubt large; but is not a victory over the forces of mind, which can only come out of sharp contact with the world, immensely larger?"

In my reply, — loving the country as I do,  
wishing to set forth its praises; & believing  
as I do, in the God-appointed duty of  
working hard to its top-limit of producing  
power, — I said a great deal that looked  
like a mild George.

And yst, with a feeling for the poor boy,  
& a remembrance of what crisp salads I had  
found in the city markets, after mine were  
all ruined & devoured by the field mice, —  
I wrote a great deal that had the twang of  
onions in the cologne.

— In ipse expellas  
Proterius dicit ago!

In short, in my reply, I beat about the bush;  
— so much about the bush in fact, that this  
book came of it.

Edgewood 22 Feb. 1864

Wm. G. Mitchell



A Song  
on

Our Country and her Flag.

Written in 1861 for the raising of  
the Flag on Columbia College  
New-York

After the Fall of Fort Sumter.

Tune - Gaudeamus igitur.

We do not hate our enemy -  
May God deal gently with us all.  
We love our Land; we fight her foe;  
We hate his cause, and that must fall.

Our country is a goodly land,  
We'll keep her always whole and hale;  
We'll love her, ~~and~~ live for her or die;  
To fall for her is not to fail.

Our Flag! The Red shall mean the blood  
We gladly pledge; and let the White  
Mean purity and solemn truth,  
Unsubdued justice, sacred right.

The Blue, The sea we love to plow,  
 That caves the heaven - united lead.  
 Between the Old and Older World,  
 From strand, o'er mount and stream, to strand.

The Blue reflects the crowding stars,  
 Bright Union - emblem of the free;  
 Come, all of ye, and let it wave -  
 That floating piece of poetry.

Our fathers came and planted fields,  
 And manly law, and schools and roots -  
 They planted Self - Rule, which we'll guard  
 By word and sword, in age, in youth.

Broad freedom came along with them  
 On history's ever-widening wings.  
 Our blessing thus, our task and toil,  
 For "arduous are all noble things."

Let Emp'ror never rule this land,  
 Nor fiffal crowd, nor senseless Pride;  
Our Muster is our self-made Law;  
 To him we bow, and none beside.

Then sing and shout for our free land,  
For glorious Freeland's victory;  
Pray that in turmoil and in peace  
Freeland our land may ever be;

That faithful we be found and  
strong

When History builds as corals build,  
Or when she rears her granite walls -  
Her moles with crimson mortar  
filled.

Francis Lieber.

A sketch of the Valley of Mexico, extracted  
 from my "Mexico as it Was & As it is"  
 1843.

Conceive yourself placed on a  
 mountain nearly two thousand feet above the  
 valley and quite nine thousand above the level  
 of the sea. A sky above of perfect azure,  
 without a cloud, & an atmosphere so transparent  
 & apparently pure that the minutest objects, at the  
 distance of many leagues, are as distinctly visible  
 as if at hand. The gigantic scale of every thing  
 first strikes you, — you seem to be looking down  
 upon a world. No other mountain & valley  
 view has such an assemblage of remarkable  
 features, because no where else are the mountains  
 so high, the valley so wide, — so marked in its distant  
 limits, — & filled with such variety of land & water.  
 The plain beneath is exceedingly level, & for two  
 hundred miles around it, extends a barrier of  
 stupendous mountains, most of which have been  
 volcanoes but are now covered with forests or with  
 snow. It is laced with large bodies of

Water, looking more like seas than lakes;—  
 it is dotted with numerous villages, ranchos,  
 and plantations;— eminences arise from it which,  
 elsewhere, would be called mountains, yet, here,  
 at your feet, they seem but ant-hills on the plain.  
 Letting your eyes follow the rise of the  
 mountains to the west, — nearly fifty miles  
 distant, — you look over the first summits  
 that hem in the valley to another and  
 more distant range, and to range beyond  
 range, with valleys between each, until  
 the whole melts into a vapory distance, blue  
 as the cloudless sky above you. —

Brantz Mayer.

Baltimore, 22<sup>nd</sup> February, 1864.

The Courtin'.

God makes such nights, all white an' still,  
For 'z you can look or listen,  
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,  
All silent an' all glisten.

Little creep' up quite unbeknown  
An' pecked in thro' the window  
An' there sat Huddy all alone  
With no one nigh to hinder.

A fireplace filled the room's one side  
With half a cord o' wood in, -  
There warn't no stoves till Comfort died,  
To bake y' to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out  
Toward the postiest, bless her!  
An' little flames danced all about  
The chimney on the dresser.

Agin the Chimbley Crooknecks hung  
An' in amongst 'em rusted  
The ole queen's-arm that gran'ther Young  
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,  
Seemed warm from floor to ceiling,  
An' she looked full of rosy agin  
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' Kingdon come to look  
On such a blessed creature,  
A bogose blushin' to a brook  
Ain't modest nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' than, A 1,  
Clearn girl an' human nature,  
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton  
Nor doo a furrer straighter.



He'd sparted it with full twenty gals,  
Hed squired 'em, danced 'em, doused 'em,  
Fast this one an' then that by spells, -  
All is, he couldn't love 'em

But long o' her his veins 'ould run  
All crinkly like curled maple,  
The side the breshed felt full o' sun  
By a south slope in Ap'ril.

She thought no w'ice hed seen a thing  
By him in the choir;  
Thy! when he made ole hundred ring,  
She knowed the lord was right.

An' she'd blush scarlet, right in prayer,  
When her new meetin'-bannet  
Felt somehow thro' its crown a pair  
O' blue eyes sot upon it.

That night, I tell ye, she looked some!  
 She seemed to've got a new soul,  
 For she feltartin: sure he'd come,  
 Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot an' turned it, too,  
 Atraspin' on the seraper, -  
 All way to once her feelins flew  
 Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' le'tend on the mat  
 Some doubtfle o' the settle,  
 His heart kep' goin' pity-fat,  
 But heon went pity Tekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jolt  
 Ez though she wished him funder,  
 An' on her apples kep' to work,  
 Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"

"Wal... no... I come desig'nin'."

"To see my Ma? She's sprinclin' clo'es  
Agin tomorror's i'nin."

To say why gals acts so or so,  
Or don't would be pressumin';  
Mebbe to mean eyes an' say so  
Comes natural to women.

He stood a spell on one foot first,  
Then stood a spell on t'other,  
An' on which one he felt the worst  
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin";  
Says she, "Think likely, s'ister";  
That last word pricked him like a pin  
An'... wal, he up an' hist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,  
Huddy sot pale ez ashes,  
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips  
An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jist the quiet kind  
Whose nature never vary,  
Like streams that keep a summer mind  
Snowhid in January.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt gird  
Too tight for all expre'sion,  
Tell mother see how matters stood  
An' gin 'em both her blessing.

Then her ord come back like the tide  
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,  
An' all I know is they was crid  
In meetin' come ouf' Sunday.

J. R. Lowell

## Watching

It was a perfectly still summer night. The moon shone brightly on the little lawn & poured its rays over Ellen, just as it had done on well-remembered evening near a year ago. Ellen's thoughts went back to it. How like & how unlike! All around was just the same as it had been then; the cool moonlight upon the distant fields, the trees in the park lit up, as then, the lawn a flood of brightness. But there was no happy party gathered there now; — they were scattered. One was away; one a sorrowful watcher alone in the moonlight; — one waiting to be gone where there is no need of moon or stars for evermore. Ellen almost wondered they could shine so bright upon those that had no heart to rejoice in them; she thought they looked down coldly & unfeelingly upon her distress. She remembered the whip-poor-will; none was heard to-night, near or far; she was glad of it; it would have been too much; — & there were

no fluttering leaves; the air was absolutely still. Ellen looked up again at the moon & stars. They shone calmly on, despite the reproaches she cast upon them; & as she still gazed up towards them in their purity & steadfastness, other thoughts began to come into her head of that which was more pure still & more steadfast. How long they have been shining, thought Ellen; — going on just the same from night to night & from year to year, — as if they never would come to an end. But they will come to an end — the time will come when they will stop shining — bright as they are; & then, when they are all swept-away, then heaven will be only begun; that will never end! never. And in a few years we who were so happy a year ago & are so sorry now, shall be all glad together there, — this will be all over! And then as she looked, & the tears sprang to her eyes, — a favourite-hymn of Alice's came to her remembrance.

"My stars are but the shining dust —  
 Of my divine abode  
 The pavement of those heavenly courts —  
 Where I shall see my God."

"O the Father of eternal lights  
Shall these his beams display,  
And not one moment's darkness mix  
With that unvaried day."

"Not one moment's darkness"! "Oh", thought little Ellen, "there are a great many here!"—still gazing up at the bright-calm heavens, while the tears ran fast down her face, & fell into her lap, there came trooping through Ellen's mind many of those words she had been in the habit of reading to her mother & Alice, & which she knew & loved so well.

"And there shall be no night there; & they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; & they shall reign for ever & ever. And there shall be no more curse, but the throne of God & of the Lamb shall be in it; & his servants shall serve him: & they shall see his face; & his name shall be in their foreheads. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; & there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things have passed away."

Susan Warner. (Known "Wide wide World"—Vol. 2. p. 173.)



Sonnet  
from "The New Life" of Dante.

Original

Tanto gentile e tanto onesta pare  
 La donna mia, quand' ella altrui saluta,  
 Ch' ogni lingua diven tremando muta,  
 E gli occhi non ardecon di guardare.  
 Ella sen va, sentendosi laudare,  
 Benignamente d'umiltà vestuta;  
 E par che sia una cosa venuta  
 Di cielo in terra a miracol mostrare.  
 Mostrasi sì piacente a chi la mira,  
 Che dà per gli occhi una dolcezza al core,  
 Che intender non la può chi non la prova.  
 E par che della sua labbia si muova  
 Un spirto soave e pien d'amore,  
 Che va dicendo all'anima: *Insospira.*

Translation.

So gentle and so modest doth appear  
My lady when she giveth her salute,  
That every tongue becometh trembling mute,  
Nor do the eyes to look upon her dare.  
And though she hears her praises, she doth so  
Benignly clothed with humility,  
And like a thing come down, she seems to be,  
From heaven to earth, a miracle to show.  
So pleaseth she whoe'er cometh nigh,  
She gives the heart a sweetness through  
The eyes,  
Which none can understand and who doth not  
Prove.  
And from her lip there seems indeed to move  
A spirit sweet and in Love's very guise,  
Which goeth saying to the soul, "Ah, sigh!"

Charles Eliot Norton,

"Pure & I."

All this must be; for consider, how few years since it was your grandmother who was the belle, by whose side the handsome young men lounged to sit and pass expressive notions. Your grandmother was the Aurelia of a half century ago, although you cannot fancy her young. She is indissolubly associated in your mind with caps and dark dresses. You can believe Mary Queen of Scots, or well Eryon, or Cleopatra, to have been young and blooming, although they belong to old & dead centuries, but not your grandmother. Think of those who shall believe the same of you — you, who are today the very flower of youth.

Might I plead with you, Aurelia — I, who would be too happy to receive one of those graciously beaming bows that I see you bestow upon young men, in passing, — I would ask you to bear that thought with

you always, not to sadden your sunny smile, but to give it a more subtle grace. Wear in your summer forehead this little leaf of rue. It will not be the skull at the feast, it will rather be the tender thoughtfulness in the face of the young Madonna.

For the years pass like summer clouds, Aullia, and the children of yesterday are the wives and mothers of today. Even I do sometimes discover the wild eyes of my Paul fixed pensively upon my face, as if searching for the bloom which she remembers there in the days, long ago, when we were young. She will never see it there again, any more than the flowers she held in her hand, in our old spring rambles. Let the tear that slowly gathers as she gazes, be not grief that the bloom has faded from my cheek, but the sweet consciousness, that it can never fade from my heart;

George William Curtis.

and as her eyes fall upon her work again,  
or the children climb her lap to hear the  
old fairy tales they already know by heart,  
my wife Anne is dearer to me than the  
Sweetheart of three days long ago.

George William Curtis

## Summer Friends.

When Spring, the fields with daisies dress,  
 And flushed the woods with maple birds,  
 I spied a little blue-bird's nest  
 Within a cedar's branchy studs.

Its gray gesso walls, inlaid with hair,  
 Past summer's suns had withered aw,  
 And autumn's acorns yet were there,  
 Though snows had brimmed its tiny cup.

What then? I heard a pilgrim hymn!  
 And half forgave the boy neglect  
 When perched upon the threshold rim  
 A little feathered architect!

And straw by straw the walls he wrought,  
 And hair by hair the floor he spread,  
 And when his blue-bird wife he brought  
 They slept within the nuptial bed.

O how I loved my prankish guest!  
 For him I loved his help-mates too,  
 With jealous care I fenced their nest  
 And watched them as they sang or flew.

So April passed, and gentle May  
Hung round their bowers with birds and bees,  
And three small blue-winged chicks had they  
When summer broadened on the trees

But when the palsied Autumn came,  
And shook the boughs and bared the wood,  
I scarce my brittle pets could blame  
Though void their tiny house hold stood.

For Summer friend had come like these,  
Like these the Summer friend had flown  
When stormy Winter stepped the trees,  
They left the cold and me alone.

Frederick S. Cozzens

Christmast Cottage

Yonkers February 24 1864.



Letter from New York.

July 4<sup>th</sup> 1844.

Big guns from the ships come booming through the air with a majestic sound. The crashing musketry, the snapping pistols, and the spit-fire crackers are intolerable. From peep of dawn till mid night, this is like a city besieged. Muskets are fired from the front doors, and pistols from the windows. Rockets whizz into your chamber, blazing grasshoppers jump at you on the side-walk, and fiery serpents chase you across the streets. From the alderman to the chimney-sweeper, every one lets off his patriotism in gunpowder. It is as if the infernal regions had been opened, and let up for a holiday. And more reasons than one would the devils have for making a jubilee of our "glorious Fourth of July."

The Father of Falsehoods knows full well that "all lies come home to roost;" thus he focuses rare sport for himself in this Republic. Will may he place finger on nose and make significant gyrations, when he hears us pompously proclaim to the world that under our national banner all men are free and equal.

There is an increasing undercurrent of feeling in the community, not manifesting itself in guns and banners, but nevertheless deep and strong, and growing stronger day by day. Mine are not the only ears that hear the sound of the whip-lash in whizzing rockets; mine are not the only eyes that see behind the fluttering folds of our starry flag, the felleared Slave, rising with a sad and warning gesture.

L. Maria Child.

Andrews Norton v. C. Blumenbach J.

A curatorebus nostra Universitatis Harvardensis,  
 officium est mihi demandatum, jucundissimum, agere tibi  
 gratias pro opusculo tuo, lingua Germanica scripto de visu forma-  
 tio et generatione plantarum et animalium, <sup>quod</sup> ~~per~~ nuper <sup>scriptum a te</sup> ~~per~~ <sup>per</sup> ~~per~~  
 tus acceperunt. Gratum est illis hoc opus ~~per~~ accipere, <sup>per</sup> ~~per~~ <sup>per</sup> ~~per~~  
 eximia in rebus physicis scientia per orbem literariam celeberrimo

Has litteras tibi tradet juvenis ingenius, optimae speciei,  
 Georgius Bancroft, omnibus bonis moribus, et ingenio eximio ornatus.  
 Illi propositum est studii literarii duce operam in Univeritate  
 Gottingensi. Quod omnia sunt illi fausta, multum est curae  
 viri boni et literarum fautoribus in hoc loco. Vale viri clarissime.

Andrews Norton

## August.

An August day! a dreamy haze  
 Films air, and mingles with the skies,  
 Sweetly the rich dark sunshine plays,  
 Bronzing each object where it lies.  
 Outlines are melted in the glare  
 That Nature veils: the fitful breeze  
 From the thick pine low murmuring draws  
 Then dies in flutterings through the trees.  
 The bee is plumping in the thistle,  
 And now and then a broken whistle  
 A tread - a hum - a tap is heard  
 O'er the dry leaves, in grass and bush,  
 As insect, animal and bird  
 Rouse brief from their lethargic hush.

Then even these pleasant sounds would cease  
And a dead stillness all things lock;  
The aspen seem like sculptured rock,  
And not a tassel-thread be shaken  
The monarch pine's deep stance to waken,  
And stately settle pine in drowsy peace.

The misty blue - the distant masses,  
The air in woven purple glimmerings,  
The shiver languently that passes  
Over the leaves as though each tree  
Gave one brief sigh - the obscurer shimmering  
Of the red light, invested seen  
With some sweet-charm that soft serene,  
Mellows the gold - the blue - the green

Into mild, tempered harmony,  
And melts the sounds that intervene,  
As scarce to break the quiet, till we deem  
Nature herself transformed to Fairy's loveliest dream.

Alfred B. Street,  
Albany N. Y.

## Gerty's Prayer

All the information that Gerty could gain amounted to the knowledge of these facts: that God was in heaven; that his power was great; and that people were made better by prayer. Her little eager brain was so intent upon the Subject, however, that, as it grew late, the thought even of sleeping in her new room could not efface it from her mind. After she had gone to bed, with the white image hugged close to her bosom, and even had taken away the lamp, she lay for a long time with her eyes wide open. Just at the foot of the bed was the window. Gerty could see out as she had done before in her garret at Sam Grant's; but, the window being larger, she had a much more extended view. The sky was bright with stars; and the sight of them revived her old wonder and curiosity as to the author of such distant and brilliant lights. Now, however, as she gazed there started through her mind the thought, "God lit them! O, how great he must be! But a child might



"Pray to him!" She rose from her little bed, approached the window, and, falling on her knees and clasping her hands precisely in the attitude of the little Samuel, she looked up to heaven. She spoke no words, but her eyes glistened with the dew of a tear that stood in each. Was not each tear a prayer? She breathed no petition, but she longed for God and virtue. Was not that very wish a prayer? Her little upturned heart throbbled vehemently. Was not each throbb a prayer? And did not God see heaven, without whom not a sparrow falls to the ground, here and accept that first homage of a little, untaught child; and did it not call a blessing down?

Many a petition did Gerty offer up in after years. In many a time of trouble did she come to God for help; in many an hour of bitter sorrow did she find the same source rich comfort, and when her strength and heart failed her, God became the strength of her heart. But never did she approach his throne with a prayer offering, a more acceptable sac-

visions, than when, in her first deep  
 penitence, her first earnest faith, her  
 first unkindled hope, she took the  
 attitude, and her first utterance, though  
 her lips pronounced them not, the  
 words of the prophet-child, "I have  
 seen G, Lord!"

Maria J. Cummings.

From The Lamp-lighter.  
 pp. 55 & 56.

Worship.

This is he who felled by foes  
 Strong himself up, refreshed by blows:  
 He to Captivity was sold,  
 But him no prison bars would hold;  
 Though they sealed him in a rock,  
 Mountain chains he can unlock;  
 Thrown to lions for their meat,  
 The crouching lion kipped his feet:  
 Round to the stake, no flames appalled,  
 But arched o'er him an honoring vault.  
 This is he men miscall Fate,  
 Threading dark ways, arriving late,  
 But ever coming in time to crown  
 The truth, and hurl wrong down.

He is the oldest, and best known,  
 More near than aught thou call'st thy own,  
 Yet, greeted in another's eyes,  
 Disconcerts with glad surprise.  
 This is Love, who, deaf to prayers,  
 Floods with blessings unawares.  
 Draw, if thou canst, the mystic line  
 Severing right by his, from thine,  
 Which is human, which divine.

R. W. Emerson.

The Great Reviv. M.J.

From an unpublished poem. A.C.D.



Praised be the South, kind region of the sea,  
 For those who planted not the seeds of strife,  
 Its hero fathers! For the South undone  
 By parricides ignoble, in the life  
 Of a great Nation plunging the foul knife,  
 Weep — but wait patient. This shall pass away.  
 It cannot be, with glorious memories rife,  
 A people, throes, should perish in a day, I pray.  
 Led on by passion's flame — that false & furious,



But on the brainless lachrymist be sworn  
 Who bids our tears & seth our blood to flow.  
 Sons of old sires, and of such mothers bore,  
 Shall men behold a Nation's overthrow,  
 Ignobly tender, & without one blow  
 For the great heritage our fathers won?  
 Thank God, strong millions rise & thunder NO!  
 Thank God, the instinct of each mother's son  
 Lives, kindles, burns to save the Land of Wash-  
 ington!

A. Cleveland Dox

Nov. 1. 1864.

## Social Science

The State in which the Social Science now exists is the one advocated by Mr. Compton. The Philosophy is not one, and there it must remain until its Exponents shall wake to a perception of the fact, that there is but one system of laws for the government of all nations, whether existing in their form of public, laws, hence, men, or a constitution of men — and but one method of study for all its departments. The physical and social laws are one and the same, and each new development of the former, paves the way for further and more complete comprehension of the latter. Therefore, in the the largest exhibition I know of a true social science may be found among those eminent men to whom we have been indebted for the great discoveries in physical & physiological science by which the present century has been so much distinguished.

Henry J. Carey

Legend. The Sun & Stream.

As some dark stream within a canyon's breast,  
 Flows, murmuring, rushing for the distant sea,  
 So ere I met thee, murmuring its secret,  
 Did my life's current coldly, darkly run.  
 And as that stream beneath the sun's full gaze,  
 Its separate course & life no more maintains,  
 But now absorbed, transfused, far in the plains  
 Its frosts etherealized in those warm rays;  
 So in the sunlight of thy fervid love,  
 My heart so long to earth's dark channels given,  
 Now soars all pain, all doubt, all ill above,  
 And breathes the ether of the upper heaven:  
 So thy high spirit holds & governs mine;  
 So is my life, my being, lost in thine!

Anne, C.L. Botta,



Ready for Duty.

Daffy-down-dilly came up in the cold,  
Through the brown snows;  
Although the March breezes blent been  
on her face,  
Although the white snow lay in many  
a place.

Daffy-down-dilly had heard under  
ground  
The sweet-rushing sound.  
Of the streams, as they burst off their  
white winter chains —  
Of the whistling spring winds, & the  
pattering rains.

"Now then," thought Daffy, sleep down  
in her heart,

"It's time I should start!"

So she pushed her soft leaves through  
the hard frozen ground,  
Leit- up to the surface, & then she  
looked round.

There was snow all about her, - grey  
clouds overhead, -

The trees all looked dead.

Then how do you think Daffy-down-  
dilly felt,  
When the sun would not shine & the  
ice would not melt?

"Cold weather!" thought Daffy, still  
working away:  
"The earth's hard today!"

"There's but a half inch of any leaves  
to be seen,

"and two thirds of that is more yellow  
than green!"

"I can't do much yet - but I'll do  
what I can.

"It's well I began!"

"For unless I can manage to lift up  
any head,

"The people will think that the Spring  
herself's dead!"

So, little by little, she brought her leaves  
out,

all clustered about;  
and then her bright flowers began to

unfurl,  
Till Daffy stood robed in her Spring  
green & gold.

O Daffy-down-Dilly! so brave & so  
true!

I wish all were like you!

So ready for duty in all sorts of

weather,  
And holding forth courage & beauty  
together.

Anna Warner.

Reply to an invitation to attend a Celebration of the Birthday of Thomas Paine

West Roxbury 14 June. 1843

Dear Sir

Your favor of the 10th has just come in my absence  
from home & I am bound to reply to the invitation  
you offer me. With the views I entertain of your  
Paine's <sup>in his latter years</sup> ~~the~~ I could not, consistently with my own  
sense of duty join with you in celebrating his birth-  
-day. I feel grateful, kind to - for the name and  
of his philosophical writings & his practical efforts in the  
cause of freedom, & yet unwilling to admit to the  
spirit of his writings on Theology & Religion  
I am not to be silent & respectful.

Yours truly

Yours truly  
for old times

Theodore Parker.

And this is death! But why  
 Feel I this wild recoil? It cannot be  
 The immortal spirit ~~shuddering~~ to be free!  
 Would it not leap to fly  
 Like a chain'd Eagle at its parent's call?  
 I see - I see - that this poor life is all!

Yet thus to pass away! -  
 To live but for a hope that mocks at last -  
 To agonise, to strive, to watch, to fast,  
 To waste the light of day,  
 Night's better beauty, feeling, fancy, thought,  
 All that we have and are - for this - for naught!

Grant me another year,  
 God of my spirit! - but a day - to win  
 Some-thing to satisfy this thirst within!  
 I would know something here!  
 Break for me but one deal that is unbroken!  
 Speak for me but one word that is unspoken!

The Dying Holyman.

N. P. Willis.

O golden green

O golden green on autumn's breast  
Thou wilt not bring my sorrows rest;  
Console the distant azure hill,  
The mass of cloud and tree and rill.

My heart was sad, I walked alone  
Around the lake with shadows sore;  
For me no sunny vista smiled,  
No friends no love my doom beguiled.



And all I had was memory's thrave  
Of withered hopes, no longer mine.  
O golden green as autumn's breast,  
Thou wilt not bring my sorrows rest.

W. E. Channing  
Carew, Mass (1850)



## The Brave at Home

The maid who binds her warriors sash  
With smile that will her pain dissembles  
The while beneath her drooping lash  
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,  
Though Heaven, alone records the tear  
And Fame shall never know her story  
Her heart has shed a drop as dear  
As e'er bedew'd the field of Glory!

11.

The wife who guides her husband's sword,  
And little ones who weep or wonder,  
And bravely speaks the cheering word  
What tho' her heart be rent asunder, -  
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear  
The bolts of death around him rattle,  
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er  
Was poured upon the field of battle!

The Mother who conceals her grief  
While to her breast her son she presses,  
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,  
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses, -  
With no one but her secret God,  
To know the pain that weighs upon her,  
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod  
Received on Freedom's field of honor.

From "The Wagoner of the  
Alleghenies"  
by

T. Buchanan Read.

## How to influence the Young.

The feelings and opinions, the likings & dislikes, and the various sentiments of admiration, respect, disapproval, contempt and aversion, in boys & girls, strong as they are, are not founded in reason, or in abstract principles of any kind, in their own breasts, — but are caught, by sympathy, from those around them. That is to say their likings and dislikes are not their own, but are the reflections in their own soul of the corresponding sentiments of those persons that they know who have the art to gain an ascendancy over them. If therefore you wish to influence the taste or opinions of any young person, you must attempt to do it, not by arguments & reasoning, but by acting in such a manner that he will love and admire you, — then he will readily & spontaneously adopt all your sentiments and ideas.

Jacob Abbott

## Homer

Ah! there is something in the name of Homer  
 That sounds so sweet, as afar we roam!  
 So many beck'ning churches harbour here,  
 Creating their Sicut song in men's ears;  
 So many dew memories that entrance  
 Around the heart, as in the flowery vine,  
 Clings the old wither'd tree and makes it smile,  
 Though the dry sapless trunk be half dead the while;  
 So many trustful days, that come what way,  
 We'll never return to bless our after day;  
 So much of early freshness of delight,  
 Bright as the dawn, compared to our pale light,  
 That the lone Pilgrim as he goes his way,  
 Shows a new Paradise before his eye,  
 Fairer than that the serpent's kind beguile'd  
 From our first Parents when the first Spring smil'd,  
 Seign'd to himself, that where so e'er we roam,  
 However lonely, still there's nought like home.

J. K. Paulding

Dirge for a Soldier,  
In Memory of Gen. Philip Kearny.

Close his eyes; his work is done!  
What to him is friend or foe-man,  
Rise of moon or set of sun,  
Hound of man or kiss of woman?  
Lay him low; lay him low,  
In the clover or the snow!  
What cares he? he cannot know;  
Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,  
Proved his truth by his endeavour;  
Let him sleep in solemn night,  
Sleep forever and forever.  
Lay him low, lay him low,  
In the clover or the snow!

What cares he? he cannot know;  
Lay him low!



Hold him in his country's stars,  
Roll the drum and fire the volley!  
What to him are all our wars? —  
What but death bemocking folly?  
Lay him low, lay him low,  
In the clover or the snow!  
What cares he? he cannot know;  
Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye;  
Trust him to the hand that made him.  
Mortal love weeps idly by;  
God alone has power to aid him.  
Lay him low, lay him low,  
In the clover or the snow!  
What cares he? he cannot know;  
Lay him low!

Geo. H. W. Baker

The star of Love.

I.

The star of love now shines above,  
Cool zephyrs crisp the sea;  
Among the leaves the wind-harp weaves  
Its serenade for thee.

The star, the breeze, the wave, the trees,  
Their minstrelsy unite,  
But all are dumb till thou appear  
To decorate the night.

II.

The light of noon streams from the moon,  
Though with a milder ray;  
O'er hill and grove, like woman's love,  
It cheers us on our way.

Thus all that's bright—the moon, the night,  
The heavens, the earth, the sea,  
Exert their powers to bless the hours  
We dedicate to thee.

Geo. F. Morris.

Manchester, England Sep<sup>r</sup> 11<sup>th</sup> 1826.

My Dear M<sup>r</sup> Jolly —

Your kind letter of March 15<sup>th</sup> of the present Year reached me this morning at this place. I am greatly obliged at the top of the letter you were so good as to forward me for Sir Thomas Lawrence to whom (although I have letters of Introduction from eminent men in this County) I would have liked to present myself with some American Colony. — You will be glad at hearing of my Hospital and highly gratifying reception at Liverpool and at this Place now. Shortly on my way to London — at Liverpool it would have been impossible for me to define more, the President of the Royal Institution of that Place (B<sup>r</sup> Fraile) M<sup>r</sup> Roscoe the ex President and all the Members greeted me with a Welcome that perhaps no one person of so humble merit ever received. I was permitted to exhibit my Drawings Publicly; the room allotted by the Institution for the Artists exhibition was politely offered me gratis and even the advertisements &c were all paid by the Institution — the result was that I received 100 £ for the short time I remained there and collected a bag of Letters of Introduction for almost all parts of the three Kingdoms — having received the advice of more better Judges than myself of what is best for me, I will continue exhibiting in the different large towns thro' the whole County — I presented a Large Painting in oil of a Wild Turkey Cock &c to the Royal Institution and it was received with great applause —

I shall undoubtedly call on your friend Rob<sup>t</sup> Sully  
at Warwick St<sup>o</sup> - but I would feel so proud of having  
a letter from the lady residing in America to the lady  
in England that if Thomas Sully will write one again  
for her, I will thank her with all my heart -

do so if you please my good friend and I hope in  
the care of my friend Mess<sup>rs</sup> Rathbone Brothers & Co  
Liverpool - I will not reach London until the 1<sup>st</sup> of  
March next - as I am advised that until then I can do  
better else where; My work will be published at last  
to the great dismay of my friend Brod the Academician,  
I have just received letters from my wife and feel in good  
spirits - with sincerity and best wishes of my heart  
for your welfare and the hope that you will remember  
me to Mrs Sully, the young Ladies & Sons  
Believe me your ever truly yours  
John. J. Audubon

Thomas Sully Esq<sup>r</sup>

Philadelphia -

best wishes to our friend Pezale - I have Rob<sup>t</sup> & others -

Rosalie

Oh, pour upon my soul again  
That sad, unearthly strain,  
That seems from other worlds to plain;  
Thus falling, falling from afar,  
As if some melancholy star  
Had mingled with her light her sighs,  
And dropp'd them from the skies.

No - 'tis not born of aught below -  
That melting breath of wo  
Which now doth o'er my spirit flow,  
Waking the sleepily-seated springs  
Of silent joy; that round me flings  
This nameless light - if light it be -  
That veils the world I see.

For every form around me wears  
The hue of other spheres;  
And something mix'd of smiles and tears  
Comes from the very air I breathe.  
Oh, nothing, sure, the stars beneath  
Can mould a sadness like to this -  
So like angelic bliss.

Wm. Allston.  
These are the lines as first written without  
the stanza which closes the copy on Rosalie  
R. H. Dana

Stanzas,  
written to a friend, in despondency.

1

Vex me no more with idle hope,  
nor deem this struggle all,  
I may not with my fortune cope,  
I conquer but to fall!

2

'Twas ever thus! - Each hour that came,  
Still unremitting, brought  
Some newer form of grief or shame,  
Some newer cause for thought.

3

From Friendship's bosom cast, I flew,  
and passion shared my breast;  
My hours of calm delight were few,  
and madness sway'd the rest.

4

I sought for love and found deceit,  
I turned to peace, and lo! -  
Still mocking my pursuing feet,  
She bade me fly to wo!



5

But we, already, knew my want,  
And with a guardian care,  
Still tracked my steps through every haunt,  
From sorrow to despair.

6

She prowled around my steps by day,  
And from my dreaming hours,  
Still drove the fancied joy away,  
And blighted all its flowers.

1831.

W. Gilmore Summs.



## Our Orders.

Wear no more silks, ye Lyons looms  
 To deck our girls for gay delights!  
 The crimson flower of battle blooms,  
 And solemn marches fill the nights.

Wear but the flag whose bars today  
 Dropped heavy o'er our early dead,  
 And homely garments, coarse and gray,  
 For orphans that must earn their bread.

Keep back your tunes, ye viols sweet  
 That pour delight from other lands!  
 Rouse then the dancers' restless feet,  
 The trumpet leads our warrior bands.

And ye that wage the war of words  
 With mystic forms and subtle power,  
 Go, chatter to the idle birds,  
 Or teach the leopon of the hour.

Ye bybil Arts, in one stern band  
 Be all your offices combined,  
 Stand close, while Courage draws the lot,  
 The destiny of humankind.

And, if that destiny could fail,  
 The sun should darken in the sky,  
 The eternal bloom of nature fail,  
 And God, and Truth and Freedom die.

Julia Ward Howe.

## National Hymn

God of this glorious earth,  
Who seest the nations' births,  
Growth, pride and fall,  
Set ours thy favor share,  
Be ours thy constant care,  
While, in loud song and prayer,  
On Thee we call.

Thou sendest down thy rains,  
On our grand hills, and plains  
Outstretched and wide:-  
So be thy spirit shed,  
Down on our chosen Head,  
And broad, and broader spread,  
On every side.

Set health and heart, O Lord,  
Her manly toil reward;—  
Set arts of peace,  
Of patient labor born,  
Her halls, her fanes adorn,  
And Plenty fill her horn  
With large increase

When, in a righteous cause,  
She hears thy call, and draws  
Her sword or bow,  
Send her thy spear and shield;—  
Teach her those arms to wield,  
And, from the battle-fields,  
Conqueror to go.

Should Treason's bloody hand  
Be lifted, and the hand  
Quake with alarm,  
Then clothe her in thy might,—  
The strength that robes the Right,—  
And let thy lightning smite  
The traitor's arm.

O'er all her lands and seas,  
Wherever on the breeze  
Her banners wave,  
As with the winds they play,  
Be it by night or day,  
Forever let them say,  
"Here breathes no slave."

J. J. Pierpont

## The Wants of Man

"Man wants but little, here below -

"Nor wants that little, long?"

'Tis not with me, exactly so:

But 'tis so, in the long.

My wants are many, and if told,

Would muster many a score;

And were each wish a mint of gold

I still should long for more.

What first I want is daily bread -

And Carus. backen, and wine -

And all the realms of Nature, spread

Before me, when I dine.

To our countr' fearfully can provide

My appetite to quell:

With four choice cooks from France beside,

To dress my dinner well.

What next I want - at princely cost

Is elegant attire:

Black Fable gars, for winter's frost,

And Silks for summer's fire.

And Cashmere shawls, and Brussels lace,

My bosom's front to check -

And diamond rings, my hands to grace;

And rubies for my neck.

\* \* \*

I want — (who does not want?) — a wife —  
Affectionate and fair:  
To gloss all the woes of life;  
And all its joys to share.  
Of temper sweet — of yielding will —  
Of firm, yet placid mind —  
With all my faults, to love me still  
With gentiment refined.

And, as Time's Car, incessant runs,  
And Fortune fills my Store,  
I want, of daughters and of sons,  
From eight to half a score  
I want (alas! care mortal dare  
Such bliss, on earth to crave?)  
That all the girls be chaste and fair —  
The boys, all wise and brave.

\* \* \*

I want, a warm and faithful friend,  
To cheer the adverse hour:  
Who near to flatter will descend,  
Nor bend the knee to power.  
A friend, to chide me, when I'm wrong  
By innate Soul to see:  
And that my friendship prove as strong  
For him, as his for me.

\* \* \*



J. 22.

I want the Seats of power and place;  
The ensigns of command;  
Chang'd by the Peoples unbought grace  
To rule my native Land  
Nor crown, nor sceptre would I ask  
But from my Country's will  
By day, by night to ply the task  
Slav eyes of Slaves to fill

I want the voice of honest Advice  
To follow me behind,  
And to be thought in future days  
The friend of humankind.  
That after ages as they rise  
Exulting may proclaim  
In choral union to the skies  
Their blessings on my name.

These are the Wants of mortal Man —  
I cannot want them long.  
For life itself is but a span  
And earthly bliss — a Song  
My last — great Want — absorbing all —  
Is — when beneath the God —  
And summoned to my final call  
The Mercy of my God.

Washington 21. August 1841.

John Quincy Adams.

That gentle lip — to passionate contempt  
For man's light falsehood. Even now he bends —  
Thy Rupert bends o'er one as fair as thou,  
In fond affection. Even now his heart —

Mad. Dost my eye flash? — dost my lip curl with scorn?  
'Tis scorn of thee, thou perjured stranger, not —  
Oh, not of him, the generous and the true!  
Hast thou e'er seen my Rupert? — hast thou met  
Those proud and fearless eyes that never quailed,  
As falsehood quails, before another's glance —  
As thine even now are shrinking from mine own —  
The spirit-beauty of that open brow —  
The noble head — the free and gallant step —  
The lofty mien whose majesty is won  
From inborn honor — hast thou seen all this?  
And dar'st thou speak of faithlessness and him  
In the same idle breath? Thou little know'st  
The strong confiding of a woman's heart,  
When woman loves as — I do. Speak no more!

Strang. Deluded girl! I tell thee he is false —  
False as yon fleeting cloud!

Mad. True as the sun!

Strang. The very wind less wayward than his heart!

Mad. The forest oak less firm! He loved me not  
For the frail rose-hues and the fleeting light  
Of youthful loveliness — ah, many a cheek  
Of softer bloom, and many a dazzling eye  
More rich than mine may win my wanderer's gaze.  
He loved me for my love, the deep, the fond —  
For my unflinching truth; he cannot find —  
Now where he will — a heart that beats for him

With such intense, absorbing tenderness —  
 Such idolizing constancy as mine.  
Why should he change, then? — I am still the same.

Strang. Sweet infidel! wilt thou have ruder proof?  
 Rememberest thou a little golden case  
 Thy Rupert wore, in which a gem was shrouded?  
 Of gem I would not barter for a world —  
 An angel face: — its sunny wealth of hair  
In radiant ripples bathed the graceful throat  
And dimpled shoulders; rounded the rosy curve  
 Of the sweet mouth a smile seemed wandering over;  
 While in the depths of azure fire that gleamed  
 Beneath the drooping lashes, slept a world  
 Of eloquent meaning, passionate yet pure —  
 Dreamy — subdued — but oh, how beautiful!  
 A look of timid, pleading tenderness  
 That should have been a talisman to charm  
 His restless heart for aye. Rememberest thou?

Mad. (impetuously) I do — I do remember — 'twas my own.  
 He prized it as his life — I gave it him —  
 What of it? — speak!

Strang. (showing a miniature) Lady, behold that gift!

Mad. (clasping her hands) Merciful Heaven! is my Rupert dead?  
 (After a pause, during which she seems overwhelmed  
with agony)

How died he? — when? — oh, thou wast by his side  
 In that last hour and I was far away!  
 My blessed love! — give me that token! — speak!  
 What message went he to his Madelon?

Strang. (supporting her and strongly agitated)  
 He is not dead, dear lady! — grieve not thus!

Edgar A Poe.

Let the vast murmur all thy high decrees  
All ruin - all watching - and all guarding them!  
I know in withered leaflet falls to earth  
No blade of grass shoots from its sheath of <sup>green</sup>  
No grain of sand is swallowed by the wave,  
Directed by that ruling Providence  
That guides the universe, yet sturps to clothe  
The flower with beauty! and from seeming ills  
Works out our trust most enduring good.  
Then break not heart - the will of Heaven be thine!

Anna Cora Ritchie

From the play of "Ismahel or the  
Sue and the Servant"

Ode to America

God blessing his upland  
Our and our nation land!  
The land our fathers won  
By the strong hand and hand,  
The hand axe and the brand;  
When they belted the forests' <sup>kind</sup>,  
And the log cabin bed behind,  
The bow, the sick, the wids,  
God be our nation land!

To hand upon a throne  
But God we bend the knee  
No noble name we own  
But noble liberty  
Ours in a brother-band  
For the spirit of our sires,  
Each to strike his own way,  
And the strong faith in his,  
God be our nation land!

Up with the stars and stripes,  
The red stripes and the white!  
Whichever its glory shines,  
In peace or in the fight,  
We own its high command;  
For the flag our fathers found  
O'er our children's heads shall wave,  
And their children's children's land;  
God for our native land!

America to thee  
In one united word,  
To keep thee strong and true  
And glorious as ever,  
We pledge each heart and hand;  
By the blood our fathers shed,  
By the ashes of our dead,  
By the same soil we tread!  
God for our native land!

Very sincerely yours  
Geo. W. Bethune.

From a Discourse

Preached in the Church of Federal St. Church, Boston June 1831.  
after the return of Mr. Channing from St. Croix & Hadamau.

I feel, <sup>little</sup> that we have seen some  
of the <sup>time & infinite</sup> coil of Javay, or of the  
reproach which it brings on our  
country - <sup>I desire earnestly, that</sup> (A new vent, shd be called for)  
on this subject, <sup>for I am persuaded that the</sup> ~~at nothing but the prevalence~~  
& clear, <sup>(expression of such a vent we)</sup> ~~are needed to pro-~~  
duce great results. We live at a  
time, when great truth can be  
expressed no where, with spreading  
themselves every where - The present  
is an age of great movements, of great  
points, & paths of glory & prospects, and  
to follow us with hope & fear, & one.



in which there is a power in sympathy,  
 as well ~~of~~ <sup>as</sup> an occasion of cooperation, & ex-  
 tensive agency, never known before. The  
 such an age we shd not shut up  
 ourselves in ourselves, ~~but~~ or look  
 on the struggles of nations with a vain  
 amount, but shd watch the <sup>changes</sup> ~~affairs~~  
 of the world with profound concern, &  
 respond to great principles, & ~~then~~  
~~great~~ ~~part~~ ~~of~~ ~~philanthropic~~ ~~effects~~,  
 wherever manifested - We shd feel I  
 think, that the time is approaching  
 when in which the philanthropy is to act  
 a new part in the theatre of hu-  
 man affairs, or to unite men of



Daniel Webster's notes upon which he made his speech at the division given by the Members of Congress to Representatives in Washington, (on Jan'y 7. 1852, U.S.A.)

The occasion: The crisis  
Our great free life. National great  
Occasion by Congress. Indulged by members  
of both House & Sen. Venues.

- He could be there of his own accord,  
& individually.

He stands today, in the Capital of this  
great American Republic now signs  
of sympathy & regard

The effect of this cannot but be felt.

- We understand the influence of moral  
power. Abolition. Bank. Range.

The public opinion does hold authority  
in case.

- power of accelerated Gov. decisions.

- power of popular sentiment increasing

On the topics, which would naturally  
arise at all times, I have nothing new  
to say.

Greece. Spain. Hungary.

Letter to Hudsonian

Letter to Mr. Marsh. President's  
concerns & approval -

I must stand on these.

I propose to take a just view of the matter

1. Wherever there is Notionally,  
& National character & reason,  
population

2. That Hungary has such a  
Notionally & Statistics

- Statistics.

L. F. Dickinson.

- Her bravery in National Struggle

- I do not go into her relations with  
the Slavonians & her enemies.

- She has in not like her neighbors  
of Eastern Europe - She

is not in the active zone.

Daniel Webster

Our Battle-flag - hurrah!

To arms! to arms! the dreadful day,  
So long foretold's at hand!  
And nearer comes the battle roar,  
Like tumbling oceans on the shore,  
With flags the rebel Angels bore,  
O'er shadowing the land.

Chorus.

Our Battle-flag, hurrah, boys!  
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, boys!  
Our Battle-flag, hurrah!

Fling out, fling out, our starry host,  
Set in a midnight sky!  
The flag that over Sumpter flew,  
By night and day, until the blue  
Of Heaven's arch was filtered through,  
The clouds that thundered by.

Chorus.

Our Battle-flag He.

The flag that o'er the Cumberland,  
 Outrode the battle-blast!  
 While the brave ship and gallant crew  
 Sank thundering in the waters blue,  
 With matches lighted, stern and true  
 Triumphant to the last!

Chorus -

Our Battle-flag &c.

The vision that above the clouds,  
 Our silent Soldiers led,  
 When up the Look-Out Mountain they,  
 Through storm and darkness took their way,  
 With eyes up lifted to the day,  
 Just beaking over-head!

Chorus

Portland Me. March 2/64  
 John Neal

Extract from Arnold de Winkelried.

Take thou courage, struggling spirit,  
 Thus upon life's battle-field,  
 Fought for all his heroes' carets,  
 And they cannot fall in vain!  
 And of Heaven forever blessed  
 Shall the soul heroic be,  
 At thy oppression's close rank-breaking,  
 Makes a pathway for the free.  
 Though his faithful breast remain  
 The sharp lances of the foe,  
 God, the God of freedom, counts to  
 All the blood-drops as they flow.  
 He shall give the tears of millions  
 And the homage of the brave,  
 He shall have immortal crownings,  
 And the world shall keep his grave.

Grace Greenwood









"Luis written in her Brother's Journal."

R 7 Fuller

The temple round  
 Spread green the pleasant ground;  
 The fair colossade  
 Of pure marble pillars made;  
 Strong to sustain the roof  
 Some and tempt-proof;  
 Yet mild which the lightest breeze  
 Can play as it please;  
 The audience hall  
 Be free to all  
 Who can receive  
 The power worshipp'd here,  
 The guide of youth,  
 Unswerving truth;  
 In the Emest shrine  
 Stands the image divine  
 Only seen  
 By those whose deeds have worthy been  
 Priestlike seen,  
 But who initiated are  
 declare,

As the hours  
 Unfold in varying hopes and powers,  
 It changes its face,  
 It changes its eyes,  
 Now a young beaming grace  
 Now Nestorian sage;  
 But to the pure in heart  
 This shape of mortal but  
 In age is fair  
 In youth seems wise  
 Beyond compare  
 Above surprise.  
 What it teaches native seems  
 Its new line our ancient streams;  
 Incense rises from the ground,  
 Music flows around  
 Firm set the feet below, clear gaze the  
 eyes above  
 While youth to guide the way through life  
 But, if <sup>she</sup> cast aside the wand of law;  
 Winkler's silver sheen,  
 White, pure as light,  
 So fit alike for bridal vest, or gentle shawl  
 & ween.—

To William Amory Esq. brother-in-law  
of Dr. Prescott or Dr. Prescott's dearth.

Roma Feb 26 1859.

My dear Amory,

This is the first post-day from this place for America, since we heard of Prescott's death - Two or three days ago, I had been holding Galvani's Magazine in my hand for a quarter of an hour, looking from one column to another rather listlessly, when all at once my eye fell upon a single line of a telegraphic communication, announcing this fatal event. You may imagine how suddenly & deeply affected we were by this unexpected intelligence - for every account that I had been able to procure, for a year past, had led me to the conclusion, that many years of happy & vigorous life were before him - I shall not say more of the effect produced within our own household by the news, ~~except~~ <sup>too</sup> many tears have been shed for him in distant parts of the world, for it was impossible for any man or woman, that had ever enjoyed the privilege of his intimate acquaintance, not to feel that <sup>in his health</sup> they had ~~they had~~ sustained a severe, personal loss. For it was the great characteristic of Prescott, that he always inspired affection - I never in my life heard any one that knew him, speak of him, except with warm expressions of personal attachment. Every one was proud of him, every one admired him, & those who had the honor of his acquaintance loved him - It seemed ~~to his core~~, that every ~~deficiency~~ <sup>which</sup> is so apt to haunt <sup>the steps of</sup> an illustrious man, like his shadow, had been unable to fasten upon him - It's one who had ever <sup>looked upon</sup> ~~seen~~ his gentle, charming & courteous, & ~~gentle~~

been overruled in the frank sunshine, of his most genial & sympathetic smile, & knew, the frank, unaffected, sincere & faithful <sup>generous</sup> qualities of his whole nature, could help participating, as it were, in ~~the~~ his ~~presence~~ with him in the enjoyment of his ~~presence~~, <sup>triumphs</sup> instead of feeling any wish to detract from his well-earned reputation -

I have not the slightest indication, in writing to you on this occasion, my dear Anny, to promise a eulogy upon your friend & brother - ~~But~~ But I feel - for my own relief - an absolute necessity of speaking to you about him - I do not feel authorized to intrude upon the sacred grief of your sister's ~~pleasant~~ ~~presence~~ - for I know that there all language - even the ~~best~~ words of praise & affection - are an idle mockery - Those nearest & dearest to him know best the billings of their own hearts, & I feel that it would be a profanation on my part to address myself personally to them - But you, whom I am proud to call my dear & intimate friend - know how deeply I valued & honored Prescott, & <sup>with</sup> you, <sup>will</sup> be willing, I am sure, whenever & in whatever way you think proper, to express to your sister the deep, personal sorrow which both my wife & myself feel in his loss -

I don't wish to speak to you of him as an author. My heart is too full of the man & the friend, to think of the historian. Besides it would be quite superfluous - almost an impertinence - to talk about his literary celebrity. Wherever the English language is spoken - over the whole earth - his name is perfectly familiar - We all of us know what his place was in America - but I can also say, that in eight years past abroad, I never met a single educated person, of whatever nation, that was not <sup>well</sup> acquainted with his fame, & hardly one that ~~did~~ had not read his works - No <sup>living</sup> American name is so widely spread over the whole world.



I don't know whether he was himself aware - a fact which I have not long since become acquainted with - that his works were translated into Russian, & well known in that country - Of course in all the more civilized tongues, they have long since become part & parcel of each national literature -

I feel unexpressedly disappointed - speaking now for an instant purely from a literary point of view - that this noble & commanding monument of his life, <sup>foundations</sup> ~~foundations~~ <sup>which he had laid</sup> ~~foundations~~, & the structure of which had been carried forward in such grand & masterly ~~substantially~~ <sup>substantially</sup> a manner, must remain uncompleted - like the unfinished peristyle of some shabby & beautiful temple, on which the night of time has suddenly descended - But still the works which <sup>his great</sup> ~~his great~~ <sup>unfading hand had already thrown finished</sup> ~~will~~ remain to attest his learning & genius, as <sup>precious</sup> ~~precious~~ & perpetual possession for his country.

But - as I have already said - I do not wish to talk about him as the great author - I most deeply regret that I cannot be with you now, that we might talk together for hours over his noble & genial & winning qualities of mind & heart - You know how kind & generous & sympathetic he always was to me - from the first moment that I had decided to <sup>enter myself in</sup> ~~adopt~~ the profession, of which he was <sup>then</sup> ~~one~~ of the world's acknowledged chiefs - You may not remember the circumstances, which, however, I have often mentioned to you ~~on~~ but when I forget them, I hope that my right hand may forget its cunning -

It seems to me but as yesterday - although it must be some twelve years ago - that I was talking <sup>with my own dear & intimate friend</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>about</sup> my intention of writing a history of <sup>Spain</sup> ~~Spain~~, a subject <sup>to</sup> which I have since that time been devoting myself - I had then made <sup>some</sup> ~~some~~ <sup>rather</sup> ~~rather~~ <sup>general</sup> ~~general~~ <sup>studies</sup> ~~studies~~ with reference to <sup>Spain</sup> ~~Spain~~ <sup>or</sup> ~~or <sup>the</sup> ~~the <sup>subject</sup> ~~subject~~ without~~~~

being in the least aware that Prescott had the intention of writing the history of Philip II. I doubtless had heard the fact, & that large preparations had already been made for the work, although "Pera" had not yet been published.

I felt naturally very much disappointed; because I felt was conscious of the immense disadvantage to myself of making my appearance, probably at the same time, before the public, with a work, not at all similar in plan to Philip II, but which must, of necessity, traverse <sup>a portion of</sup> the same ground - My first thought was, inevitably, as it were, only of myself - It seemed to me that I had nothing to do but to abandon at once a cherished dream - & probably, to renounce authorship. For I had not made up my mind to write a history, & then been casting about to find a subject. My subject had taken up me, drawn me aside on, & absorbed me into itself - It was necessary for me, it seemed, to write the book I had been thinking much of, even if it were destined to fall dead from the press - <sup>I had had inclination or intention to write any other.</sup> When I had made up my mind, then, accordingly, it then occurred to me that Prescott might not be pleased that I should come forward upon his ground - It is true that no announcement of ~~the~~ his intentions had been made, & that he had not, I believe, even commenced his preliminary studies for Philip - At the same time, I thought it would be disloyal to on my part, not to go to him at once, confer with him on the subject, & if I should find a shadow of disapprobation on his mind, at my proposition <sup>not to abandon</sup> my plan altogether -

I had only the slightest acquaintance with him at that time - I was comparatively a young man, & certainly not entitled, on any ground, to more than the common courtesy which Prescott never could refuse to any <sup>one</sup> ~~man~~ - But he received me with such a frank & ready & liberal sympathy, & such an open hearted, quite large expansiveness, that I soon felt a personal affection for him from that hour - I remember the



interview, as if it had taken place yesterday - I was in his father's house - in his own library looking on the garden - House & garden - honored father, & illustrious son - also, all numbered with the things that were - He assured me that he had not the slightest objection whatever - to my plan - that he wished me every success, and that if there were any books in his library, bearing on my subject, that I liked to use they were entirely at my service - After I had expressed my gratitude for his kindness & cordiality - by which I had been in a very few moments set completely at ease - so far as my fears of his disapprobation went - I also - very naturally stated my opinion that the danger was entirely mine, & that it was, rather misfally of me <sup>thus</sup> to ~~commit~~ <sup>run</sup> the ~~risk~~ <sup>risk</sup> of a collision at my first venture, the <sup>consequence</sup> of which was <sup>rather</sup> ~~rather~~ <sup>like</sup> a shipwreck. I recollect how kindly & warmly he combated this opinion, assuring me that no ~~two~~ books - as he said - ever injured each other, & encouraging me ~~to go on~~, in the warmest & most earnest manner, to proceed on the course I had marked out for myself -

Had the result of that interview been different. Had he distinctly <sup>stated</sup>, or even vaguely hinted that it would be as well if I ~~selected~~ should select some other topic - or had he only sprinkled me with the cold water of conventional & commonplace encouragement, I should have gone from him with a chill upon my mind, & no doubt, have abandoned dead down the pen at once - for as I have already said, it was not that I cared about writing a history, but that I felt an irresistible impulse to write one particular history - <sup>etc</sup>

You know how kindly he always spoke of me - afterwards - in the generous manner in which - without ~~any~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~hint~~ <sup>slightest</sup> hint from me - & entirely unexpected by me - he attracted the eyes of his hosts of readers to my forthcoming work, by so hands-



part in the great sorrow which has befallen us all.

I hope you will write to me, before long, about Prescott. I have <sup>heard</sup> nothing, save the bare announcement in the papers, & subsequently, the obituary by Hilliard (very beautifully written & most appropriate) which was copied into the Times & other European papers - I should like to hear much of the details of his latter days - I have not heard from himself <sup>before</sup> since <sup>his</sup> first attack of illness - in November /57 - Do tell me something about him since that time - Any thing & every thing that you can tell will deeply interest us - I shall always feel it as one of the great privileges of my life, to have been honored with the friendship of such a man - My wife, too, always had a <sup>strong</sup> affection for him, & always felt in her heart of heart his uniform kindness & generosity to me.

Pray let me hear from you soon - I know how much you have lost in him, & how deeply you ~~would~~ lament him. But you know how warmly I sympathize in that loss, & I cannot doubt that you will be willing to let us share in your grief - Pray remember us most affectionately to Mrs. Anny & Mrs. Hantowille, your daughters - & the other members of your family - I pray offer our most sincere & respectful sympathy to your sister <sup>with</sup> <sup>our family</sup> with kindest regards to yourself,

Believe me, my dear Anny,  
Ever most sincerely yours friend

J. Motley.

Inscription  
For the Slain  
At Fredericksburgh.

A glory lights an earnest end;  
In jubilee the patriot shouts ascend.  
Transfigured at the rapturous light  
Of their passionate feat of arms,  
Death to the brave's a steady night, —  
Strown their role of death with palms.

Herman Melville

"This is Love" — Moore.

The Indian's Bride.

Why is that graceful female here,  
 With you red hunter of the deer? —  
 Of gentle shape and mien, she seems  
 For civil rally designed;  
 Yet with the stately Savage walks  
 As she were of his kind.  
 Look on her leafy diadem,  
 Enriched with many a floral gem:  
 Those simple ornaments about  
 Her snowy brows, disclose  
 The tottering spring's last violet,  
 And summer's earliest rose;  
 But not a flower lies breathing there,  
 Sweet as herself, or half so fair.  
 Exchanging colour with the sun,  
 A part of day she strays —  
 A glancing, living, human smile,  
 On nature's face she plays! —  
 Can none instruct me what are these  
 Companions of the lofty trees? —

Intent to blend with his den lot,  
 Fate formed her all that he was not;  
 And as, by mere unlikeness, thoughts  
 Associate we see,  
 Their hearts from very difference caught  
 A perfect sympathy.  
 The house hold goddess here to be  
 Of that one dusty votary, —  
 She left her pallid country men,  
 An earthling mate divine,  
 And sought within this ancient wood  
 A solitary shrine. —

Behold them roaming hand in hand,  
 Like Night and Step, along the land:  
 Observe their movements — he for her  
 Restrains his active stride,  
 While she assumes a bolder gait  
 To ramble at his side;  
 Thus, even as the steps they frame,  
 Their souls part after to the same.  
 The one forsakes ferocity,  
 and hour by hour, grows mild;  
 The other tempers more and more  
 The artful with the wild:  
 She humanizes him, — and he  
 Educates her to liberty.

|||

Oh, say not, they must soon be old, (cold!  
 Their limbs prove faint, their breasts feel  
 yet envy) that Syls are fair  
 More than my words express  
 The singular beauty of their lot  
 and seemingly happiness.  
 They have not been reduced to share  
 the painful pleasures of despair:  
 Their sun declines not in the sky,  
 Nor are their wishes cast,  
 Like shadows of the afternoon,  
 Refining towards the past:  
 With thoughts to dread, or to repent,  
 The present yields them full content.  
 In solitude there is no crime, —  
 Their actions are all free,  
 and passion leads their way of life  
 The only dignity:  
 and how should they have any care?  
 whose interest contends with this?

( Et. D. S. )

P.

1824.



## Extract from 'Captain Brand'

"And you too, ye rich traders! whose valuable cargoes roll hither and thither over the trackless deep, eased for by those toiling tars who fight and bleed for the flag that waves o'er your treasure - in stinging gale, with frozen fingers, or under burning suns, with panting breasts - think of them when your noble ships come gallantly into your superb ports, and unlade their floating mines of wealth into your spacious warehouses, while you in your lordly mansions sip your wine! Think of those arms grasping the thivering sail in the mighty tempest, in the black night and the ceaseless surge they eat, the sometimes brackish water they drink, and the hard beds they lie upon, while you repose on downy pillows with wives and little ones beside you!

"Ah! take pity on the sailors, and scatter your shining gold over him in his distress!"

Harry Gingo.



# Logic

Henry D. Thoreau.

My life is 'like a stately warrior horse,  
That walks with fluent pace along the way,  
And I the upright horseman that bestrides  
His plumed back, feeling my private thoughts.—  
Alas, when will this rambling head and neck  
Be welded to that firm and brawny breast?—  
But still my steady steed goes proudly forth,  
Mining his <sup>stately</sup> ~~stately~~ steps along the road;  
The sun may set, the silver moon may rise,  
But my unwearying steed holds on his way.  
He is far gone ere this, you fair would say,  
He is far going. Plants grow and rivers run;  
You ne'er may look upon the ocean waves,  
At morn or eventide, but you will see  
Far in the horizon with expanded sail,  
Some solitary bark stand out to sea,  
Far bound—well so my life sails far,  
To double some far cape not yet explored.  
A cloud ne'er standeth in the summer's sky,  
The eagle sailing high, with outspread wings,  
Cleaving the silent air, resteth him not  
A moment in his flight, the air is not his perch.  
Nor doth my life fold its unwearied wings,  
And hide its head within its downy breast,  
But still it plows the shadowless seas of time,  
Breasting the wave with an unsundered bow.

H. D. Thoreau

A Life On The Ocean Wave.

A life on the ocean wave,  
At home on the rolling deep,  
Where the scattered waters rave,  
And the winds their revels keep!  
Like an eagle caged I pine  
On this dull, unchanging shore:  
O! give me the flashing brine,  
The spray and the tempest's roar!

Once more on the deck I stand,  
By my own swift-gliding craft:  
Set sail! farewell to the land!  
The gale follows fair abaft.  
We shoot through the sparkling foam  
Like an ocean-bird set free; -  
Like the ocean-bird, our home  
We'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view,  
The clouds have begun to frown;  
But with a stout vessel and crew,  
We'll say, Let the storm come down!  
And the song of our hearts shall be,  
While the winds and the waters rave,  
At home on the rolling sea!  
At life on the ocean wave!

Epes Sargent,

Sonnet.

"A life of lettered ease."

A life of lettered ease! what joy to lead  
 A life of intellectual calm and peace,  
 Such as a poet in a vale of Greece—  
 Thine, Arcady!—might have enjoyed indeed,  
 Where hour on hour, untouched by haste or speed,  
 Might lapse serenely, like a Summer stream,  
 Where not a single thought of gain or greed  
 Could mar the murmurous music of his dream,  
 Oh, that such life were mine to hoard, not spend,  
 The golden moments would like ingots seem,  
 Each affluent day with new-found treasure teem,  
 And my large wealth have neither ~~loss~~ nor end,  
 Meek in the market, merchants, as you please—  
 Be mine the scholar's life of lettered ease!  
 New York, Oct. 18, 1858. Park Benjamin,

## Hymn from "Bitter Sweet."

"For Summer's bloom and Autumn's blight,  
 For bending wheat and blasted maize,  
 For health and sickness, Lord of Earth,  
 And Lord of darkness, hear our praise!"

"The trace to thee our joys and woes,—  
 To thee of causes still the cause,—  
 We thank thee that Thy Hand bestows;  
 We bless thee that Thy love withdraws."

"We bring no sorrows to Thy Throne;  
 We come to thee with no complaint;  
 In Providence Thy will is done,  
 And thus is sacred to the Saint."

"Here on this blessed Thanksgiving night,  
 We raise to thee our grateful voice;  
 For what thou dost, Lord, is right,  
 And thus believing, we rejoice."

Springfield, Mass.

L. J. Hall and  
 C.

A beautiful girl, at prayer.  
(An exquisite picture in the studio of a young artist  
at Rome.)

She rose from her untroubled sleep,  
And put away her soft brown hair,  
And, in a tone as low & deep  
As love's first whisper, breath'd a prayer—  
Her snow-white hands together press'd,  
Her blue eyes shelter'd in the lid  
The folded linen on her breast  
Just spelling with the charms it hid;  
And from her long & flowing dress  
Escap'd a bare & slender foot  
Whose shape upon the earth did press  
Like a new snow-flake, white & mute,  
And there, from slumber pure & warm,  
Like a young spirit fresh from heaven,  
She bow'd her slight & graceful form,  
And humbly pray'd to be forgiven.  
Oh God! if souls unsoil'd as these  
Need daily mercy from Thy throne—  
If she upon her bended knees—  
Our love-best & our purest one—  
She, with a face so clear & bright  
We deem her some stray child of light—  
If she with those soft eyes in tears,  
Day after day in her first years,  
Must kneel & pray for grace from Thee—  
What far, far deeper need have we?  
How hardly, if she win not heaven,  
Will all our errors be forgiven!

N. P. Willis.



Hymn  
Composed at Gettysburg for the consecration, Nov. 19, 1863.

'Tis holy ground, -  
This spot where in their graves  
We place our country's braves,  
Who fell in Freedom's holy cause  
Fighting for liberties and laws.  
Let tears abound

Here let them rest,  
And summer's heat and winter's cold  
Shall glow and freeze above this mold, -  
A thousand years shall pass away, -  
A nation still shall mourn this clay,  
Which now is blest.

Here, where they fell,  
Oft shall the widow's tear be shed,  
Oft shall fond parents mourn their dead;  
The orphan here shall kneel and weep,  
And maidens, where their lovers sleep  
Their woes shall tell.

Great God in heaven!  
Shall all this sacred blood be shed?  
Shall we thus mourn our glorious dead?  
Oh, shall the end be wrath and woe,  
The knell of Freedom's overthrow,  
A country riven?

It will not be!  
We trust, O God! thy gracious power  
To aid us in our darkest hour.  
This be our prayer, - "O Father! save  
A people's freedom from its grave.  
All praise to thee!"

E. B. French



Home, Sweet Home!

1

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!  
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there  
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere!

Home, home, — sweet, sweet home!

There's no place like home! there's no place like home!

11.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain!  
Oh, give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again!  
The birds singing gaily that came at my call! —  
Give me them, with the peace of mind dearer than all!

Home, home, — sweet, sweet home!

There's no place like home! there's no place like home!

John Howard Payne.





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