The Bryant Homestead-Book.

THE CHILD.

Years change thee not. Upon yon hill
The tall old maples, verdant still,
Yet tell, in grandeur of decay,
How swift the years have passed away,
Since first, *a child*, and *half afraid*,*
I wandered in the forest shade.

The Rivulet.

THE SAGE.

True—time will seam and blanch my brow—
Well—I shall sit with aged men,
And my good glass will tell me how
A grizzly beard becomes me then.

The Lapse of Time.

Like this kindly season may life's decline come o'er me;
Past is manhood's summer, the frosty months are here;
Yet be genial airs and a pleasant sunshine left me,
Leaf, and fruit, and blossom, to mark the closing year.

The Third of November, 1861.

* A terror more ennobling than alarming,
An awe exalting and a grandeur charming.

Paraphrase of SCHILLER.

Yours at the Old Homestead,

William Cullen Bryant.

Cummington August 7th 1869.

THE

BRYANT HOMESTEAD-BOOK

BY

THE IDLE SCHOLAR
(i. e. Miss Julia Hatfield)

ILLUSTRATED

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

In a volume intended to do honor to our Veteran Poet, and to gratify his hosts of friends and admirers with sketches of his home-life in connection with themes from his works, any publisher might take pride in placing his imprint. For the plan, the matter, and the manner of this work, we cannot claim credit, as they belong alone to its author: *our* responsibility being limited to that of our own vocation.

PREFACE.

The Bryant Life-Studies are the results of careful contemplation of the noble subject, William Cullen Bryant, in his twofold phases as the poet and as the journalist. The poet exists above, the journalist upon the scene of daily routine-life; and both constitute the Man. The Homestead-Book is but a record of the outlines, and is necessarily incomplete.

At the first, the studies were more philosophical. The author contemplated primal American Nature, a Nature leaving its impress on the age. Bryant is as "many-sided" as Goethe. He is as severe a study.

In our language, maintaining its purity of words and idiom, he is what Goethe was to the German. In other respects he differs from Goethe; again he resembles him. Literature owes incalculable debts to both.

The purpose has been to paint and delineate, rather than to demonstrate; to show the great poet-editor as the Man that he is, rather than to be his eulogist or his advocate. The task has been one of love, and therefore all the lighter. If its fidelity shall appear, and Bryant shall be found depicted as he is and has been, the author, more than any other, will be abundantly gratified.

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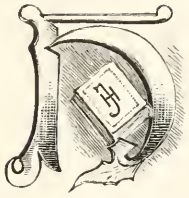


EIRLOOMS have their value. Heirlooms are defined to be furniture inherited with a freehold estate. This book is intended to be an heirloom which an idle posterity will inherit along with the homestead of the poet whose name is associated with the spot to which the book relates.

The past teaches us that it is dangerous to write of poets' homesteads. Attention once attracted to them, they become the cynosure of speculation, and the target of pseudo-improvement. Ponder the fate of Pope and Shenstone. Each possessor for the time being, regarding himself a man of taste, jealous of his *manière d'être*, ambitious to add his ideal or conception to that of the

poet—finally the shrine becomes overburdened with countless counterfeit ornamentations of doubtful taste, or still more doubtful meaning, till the original homestead of the poet is nowhere to be recognized; sunken under a load of meretricious ornamentation.

Now, as we ardently desire this homestead ever to remain as it is,—with the poet's hand laid upon it,—we must put it under ban ere we describe it. Both blessings and curses descend as heirlooms. Curses have their negative weight, or ought to have, as restraining influences. Bans usually come down to us from the past, embalmed in vile doggerel. The worse the doggerel, the better the ban. In a polished age, such as ours,* it requires the rude, the brusque, the primeval, to arrest attention!

"The Poet's Homestead," and "The Poet's Tree,"† under ban A. M. 5629; A. D. 1869.

> Curse on the hand that strikes The Tree!
> The primal curse his heirloom be:—
> On him a thousandfold shall fall
> Who dares "improve" this Homestead Hall!

Somewhat enigmatical perhaps; but it is for posterity to contemplate. When idlers of the present

* Query.—Will posterity regard us as polished or primeval? (See climax of the poem, *The Planting of the Apple-Tree.*) But as this is not the Posterity Edition, we must not now stop to speculate on how we may be regarded? We might get lost in the quagmire of the historico-philosophic, and lose the thread of the Homestead Book.

† See Bk. VI., Arborescence.

are in the GREAT ALL-TOMB, our ban will assert its potency. Heirlooms carry the clue of the antique. Our heirloom carries the clue of the primal curse; if anyone knows what it is. SHAKSPEARE'S curse saved his bones from being resurrectionized ere their time, and if an idle curse can save the BRYANT Homestead the fate of POPE and SHENSTONE'S, we will e'en "try what virtue there is in stones."

We purpose here to give some account of the homestead of the family of WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, in Cummington, among the highlands of the western part of Massachusetts, between the Connecticut and the Housatonic, and not far from the source of the north branch of the Westfield River. To those to whom the situation may be a myth, we would say that Cummington is a township in the county of Hampshire, about twenty miles northwest of Northampton, where the great meeting of *the Academy of Sciences* has recently taken place, when the "truth seekers" overhauled the California Skull, and learnedly prated "of life tens of thousands of years ago." All of which is interesting to the present as well as to posterity.

Have patience with an idle, loitering guide, for there is no necessity of haste, and we will eventually show you the spot where, November 3d, 1794, was born the now silver-haired Veteran of CUMMINGTON: ay, the very cockloft where he and his once little brothers and sisters played bo-peep among the relics and cast-off spinning

wheels of revolutionary times, on rainy days when they could not go out to "build cascades" and "tiny bridges" by *the Rivulet's* brink. Meanwhile we will treat ourselves and idle Posterity to the fame of writing our name on the topmost window of the cockloft, before the ubiquitous lions, with JOHN SMITH in train, begin to arrive and appropriate every conspicuous nook. JOHN SMITH has his name written on high in the Shakspeare House,—that is glory enough for one man. Some say there is more than one John Smith in the world, but that is probably a mistake.

For certain reasons that cockloft must be secured. We will explain in due time. Never was a homestead cockloft in such demand!

REBUS,

After the manner of the ancients:

"The town and the country are now two separate worlds, each knowing but little about the other."—*Atlantic Monthly.*

He who can open and close this book understands the enigma of life. He needs not to read. The book is not for him. He has conned his lesson. He has outgrown his *Text-Buch.* Let him pass it on to the next generation.

Once upon a time there was a Magic Book. It could be read in two ways. Artists sometimes paint pictures which look very differently according at which

angle of vision one views them. The right side presents one phase. Stand at the left you have another aspect entirely. Stand in front and you view a third! This third is the *chef d'œuvre*. It is made up of the combined effect of both others: yet it is nought but the meeting of the undercurrents. Nought, but demi-tones. But we were speaking of the Magic Book. Some could open the first cover, but could not shut the last; some could open the last cover, but could not shut the first.

A witch of a book, that.

THE VESTIBULE OF THE FORESTS.

ONE OF THE EARLIER POEMS OF THE POET OF THE FORESTS, OR, SCENARIUM OF AN OLD FAMILIAR POEM.

Refrain of THE SHADOW-BOY.*

"'Tis pleasant in the joyous spring, the forest bowers to tread,
Where the shadows of the living leaves dance lightly o'er the dead,
And ever as we wander on, gleams forth some beauteous thing—
The sparkle of a bubbling fount, the glancing of a wing."

Forest Musings.—ANON.

One of the early poems of BRYANT, written a little later than his *Thanatopsis*, is the *Inscription for the*

* This Shadow-Boy is a mystery. He came without invitation, and goes whistling and carolling through the forests as if he were at home.—Quaint wight.

Entrance of a Wood. One of the illustrations of this volume represents the Entrance of a Wood, a passage between noble trees into the verdurous shadow of a forest. To the south of the dwelling-house lies a fine old wood, entered by a broad wood-path, which we may suppose to have suggested the verses in question. Here on entering you find yourself among tall and aged maples, the shaggy rinds of which are pierced with every returning spring to yield sap for the "sugar-camp" as it is called; the canoe-birch, rising like a snow-white column; the lofty ash, straight and slender; the red maple, ruddy in spring with a profusion of little blossoms; the black cherry, which here grows to a magnificent size, the hemlock with a greater breadth of branches than any other tree, and vieing in dimensions with the cedar of Lebanon; the bird cherry, with its slender shaft of almost sooty hue; the red birch, its bark hanging in glossy shreds; an occasional gigantic linden and poplar of humbler size, and a multitude of stately beeches, which predominate perhaps over all the rest in number. Here in early spring the ground is strewn with yellow violets, looking like spangles of sunshine, and a little later the *Erythronium* (Dog's-tooth Violet, Adder-lily, Adder-tongue, the *Lis de Soleil* of the French) opens its drooping bells of a golden color and emits its delicate but faint perfume.

The forest floor is thickly carpeted with the dead leaves of the last season, and irregular with mossy

knolls, thrown up by the uprooting of trees which the wind has levelled. Ah, idlers made a quaint mistake in childhood. We thought those mossy knolls were mimic "mounds," the graves of Indians, and could never be tempted to tread upon them. We had not then read GALE, but we had read BRYANT, who, in his earlier poems, inculcates a deep veneration for the bones of "disinterred warriors." We will tell our Indian story when we come to *the Forest.* We are now merely entering the Vestibule.

Here and there you see one of these aged trees overthrown, the trunk of which leads "a causey rude from knoll to knoll," and the roots of which are seen,

> "With all their earth upon them, twisting high."

Two or three little rills traverse the grove, issuing from springs within its border, and

> "Well softly forth, and wandering steep the roots
> Of half the mighty forest."

TWO GENERATIONS.

> "Twice unto spring has time's stern winter glowed,
> Twice nature blossomed from the seeds art sowed."
>
> SCHILLER.

BRYANT, like GOETHE, draws two generations of readers. He takes us by the hand and leads us to the Entrance to the Wood; not the "Sombre Wood" of the father old of Tuscan song—for whom we have a thought to spare ere our nine Sibylline books close—but our

own fresh forest of The New World. Not the monotonously redundant Equatorial plain, but the mutative antithetical ever-varying forest of the North. Our poet is not a myth of The Old World Plutonian shades, but a vital *Antæus* of the present hour, who gathers strength and inspiration from contact with The Great Earth-Mother.

> "And till, from the earth, borne and stifled at length
> The earth that he touches still gifts him with strength."

Verily—"One of the Ancients in the Morning of our Times." Our Druid-priest, who instils into us veneration for the forces of nature. (We could tell a long story about this, but our stingy publisher has cut down the paper rations; so we will save our story for idle posterity.)

Life-worshippers! ye, who learned *Thanatopsis* and *Green River* in childhood.

> When, tutored first by square and rule
> We learned poetic feet at school,
> And conned the task we ne'er forget—
> The Poet's Hand is o'er us yet!
> (For shirk the drudge of learning as we will—
> "The Sun of Homer smiles upon us still!")*

A DRUIDICAL PAGE.

All ye idle scholars who have mislaid your old Lempriere, and forgotten what a Druid is,—listen!

* See climax, Bk. IX.

They look very much like our FRONTISPIECE surrounded by forest scenarium :—but you must n't tell.

DRUIDÆ.—Ministers of religion among the ancient Gauls and Britons. They were held in the highest veneration by the people. They were intrusted with the education of youth, and all religious ceremonies, festivals, and sacrifices, were under their peculiar care. They taught the doctrine of metempsychosis, and believed in the immortality of the soul. [The doctrine of Soul-Progression, probably? the advancement from initial spheres to more exalted planes or *vice versa*, according to progressive or retrospective development during the ordeal of dual human apprenticeship?] Their name is derived from the Greek word δρυς, *an oak*, because the woods and solitary retreats were the places of their residence. And GOODRICH, in his *Universal History*, says:—"The Druids appear to have been the priests among the Celts of Gaul, Spain, Ireland, and Britain. They were the instructors of the young, to whom they taught legendary and mystical lore, in the form of poetry. Some of them were professed bards." Certainly—we know very well our Minstrel is a descendant of THE CELTIC DRUIDS. The root name BRI (bright or shining), embraces the *Scotch* BRYANTS, the *Irish* O'BRIANS, and the *French* CHATEAUBRIANDS. Celts of Gaul, Ireland, Scotland, and England.

BRYANT'S poems, many of them at least, are suggestive of more than the subject-matter. We know that

in reading them and musing on them—for thought engenders thought,—and he gives us "permission to think?"—that like the great firmament, "o'erarching all," they envelop more than the local sphere. Yet we venture to take his HOMESTEAD, consecrated by various tender associations, and regard it as a New World shrine. We have few thought-shrines as yet. Our country is new. WE ARE A NEW RACE. Our Continental Mound is triangular. THE MOUND BUILDER, THE RED-MAN, and THE PALE-FACE! In speaking of the American forests, we are naturally led to think of their aboriginal inhabitants. What is Bryant's treatment of them? He puts them in the horizon of the vague sublime. He, like a true bard, makes of the latent poesy of the primal races the immortality of the present. He embalms the WHAT HAS BEEN with the WHAT IS. From out the two will spring the WHAT WILL BE. The Past, the Present, and the Future; he grasps each. But, we were speaking of the Present. Listen to our poet's Apostrophe to the Setting Sun.

> I stand upon their ashes: in thy beam,
> The offspring of another race, I stand
> Beside a stream they loved, this valley stream;
> And where the night-fires of the quivered band
> Showed the gray oak by fits, and war-song rung,
> I teach the quiet shades the strains of this new tongue.
>
> *A Walk at Sunset.*

Room for the Pioneer Bard of the Saxon Clan!

He who can open the mystic Book of Nature heads the Minstrels of his line. Nature is the fount of poetry.

The Pioneer Bard of the Saxon Clan opens the Book of Nature of the New World.

Now, in life's evening sun's decline, The Poet again takes us by the hand and leads us to the Entrance of the Wood: the Wood of the "Wide, Wide World;" but we know that the portal opens from his own beloved homestead! Here is *Duality:* the real and the symbolic. Mark the Man.

The Veteran now draws the generations in train. Our Druid is the chief of the Young and the Old. "Ever the Old and the New: ever the New and the Old."

The Old Familiar Poem.

inscription for the entrance to a wood.

Stranger, if thou hast learned a truth which needs
No school of long experience, that the world
Is full of guilt and misery, and hast seen
Enough of all its sorrows, crimes, and cares,
To tire thee of it, enter this wild wood
And view the haunts of Nature. The calm shade
Shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze
That makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm
To thy sick heart. Thou wilt find nothing here
Of all that pained thee in the haunts of men
And made thee loathe thy life. The primal curse
Fell, it is true, upon the unsinning earth,
But not in vengeance. God hath yoked to guilt
Her pale tormentor, misery. Hence these shades
Are still the abodes of gladness; the thick roof

Of green and stirring branches is alive
And musical with birds, that sing and sport
In wantonness of spirit; while below
The squirrel, with raised paws and form erect,
Chirps merrily. Throngs of insects in the shade
Try their thin wings and dance in the warm beam
That waked them into life. Even the green trees
Partake the deep contentment; as they bend
To the soft winds, the sun from the blue sky
Looks in and sheds a blessing on the scene.
Scarce less the cleft-born wild-flower seems to enjoy
Existence, than the winged plunderer
That sucks its sweets. The mossy rocks themselves,
And the old and ponderous trunks of prostrate trees
That lead from knoll to knoll, a causey rude,
Or bridge the sunken brook, and their dark roots,
With all their earth upon them, twisting high,
Breathe fixed tranquillity. The rivulet
Sends forth glad sounds, and tripping o'er its bed
Of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks,
Seems, with continuous laughter, to rejoice
In its own being. Softly tread the marge,
Lest from her midway perch thou scare the wren
That dips her bill in water. The cool wind,
That stirs the stream in play, shall come to thee,
Like one that loves thee nor will let thee pass
Ungreeted, and shall give its light embrace.

Antithesis of the Equatorial Belt.—Monotony of the Tropics.—Moan from a Norseman in the Land of Gold.—Glory of Mutation at the North.—Our Trysting-Tree found at last!

Reader, were you ever stormed with an arrival from China, Japan, Siam, and all the Orient? When the camphor-wood trunks came to be opened, among birds'

tails and shark's teeth, among Japanese big shoes and Chinese little shoes, did you ever chance upon a sailor-boy's portfolio of photographs of ORIENTAL ARBORESCENCE? And did you study the cosmical plane of that luscious, pulpy, parasitic vegetation, till you longed for the sturdy, scraggy trees of your native Northern region, the wrestlers with the blast; the defiers of the tempest? Did the arborescence of the Orient, with its wealth of munificence burden and oppress and weary you? Some such feeling as this inspires a contributor to the *overland* (evidently from the great Northern Forest-Belt plane), who laments over the constant sameness of the eternal verdure of California. Fruition cloys. Do hear him moan:—

If but for a single day
  This vivid, incessant green
Might vanish quite away,
  And never a leaf be seen;
And woods be brown and sere,
And flowers disappear:
If only I might not see
Forever the fruit on the tree,
  The rose on its stem!
For spring is sweet, and summer
Ever a blythe new-comer—
  But one tires even of them.

My Cloth of Gold.

MUTATION.

Well has the poet sung:—

"Weep not that the world changes—did it keep
A stable, changeless state, 'twere cause indeed to weep."

Mutation at the North,

"With his grand march of seasons, days, and hours,"

completes the round of time's incessant change, and variety crowns Nature, the Iris of Northern lands. These Homestead trees bear their part on the magnificence of autumn, when the maples put on their orange and crimson and the birch drops its golden colored spoils, and

"The sweet southwest, at play
Flies rustling where the painted leaves are strewn
Along the winding way."

The very scenarium of the *Autumn Woods;* a poem containing the never-to-be-worn-out simile,

"The mountains that infold
In their wide sweep the colored landscape round,
Seem groups of giant kings, in purple and gold,
That guard enchanted ground,"

and this stanza; one of the greatest favorites with the lovers of Bryant's earlier poems, who are now buying his later poems for their children.

The magic tree is there; the veritable tree!

"Beneath yon crimson tree,
Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,
Nor mark, within its roseate canopy,
Her blush of maiden shame."

How that tree will be sought for!—Our Northern "Trysting-tree."

Mosses and lichens, belonging to the great natural division of plants called CRYPTOGAMIA, are a race of pigmy vegetation, and of the lowest and simplest organic structure. Some call Cryptogamia a conservative agency,—sheltering and preserving seeds, roots, germs, and embryo plants which would otherwise perish —furnishing materials for birds to build their nests with; affording a warm winter's retreat for many quadrupeds and numberless insects—the food of birds—which are, or should be the delight of Man "In the Woods" in WINTER.

Let us follow our Poet while he glances at the Pre-Vernal phase of Nature, in Mid-Winter.

THE BARE GROVE.

Nor was I slow to come
Among them, when the clouds, from their still skirts,
Had shaken down on earth the feathery snow,
And all was white. The pure keen air abroad,
Albeit it breathed no scent of herb, nor heard
Love-call of bird nor merry hum of bee,
Was not the air of death. Bright mosses crept
Over the spotted trunks, and the close buds,
That lay along the boughs, instinct with life,
Patient, and waiting the soft breath of Spring,
Feared not the piercing spirit of the North.
The snow-bird twittered on the beechen bough,
And 'neath the hemlock, whose thick branches bent
Beneath its bright cold burden, and kept dry
A circle, on the earth, of withered leaves,
The partridge found a shelter. Through the snow
The rabbit sprang away. The lighter track

Of fox, and the raccoon's broad path were there,
Crossing each other. From his hollow tree,
The squirrel was abroad, gathering the nuts
Just fallen, that asked the winter cold and sway
Of winter blast, to shake them from their hold.

A Winter Piece.

Under the mask of Winter the Poet detects Spring. The Poet of the Forests has studied the Mosses.

THE EARTH CARPET.

"The hostages of Nature, left with us till she bring
Back from her southern pilgrimage the fairy-footed Spring."

Forest Musings.

"Oh, let us always grow in the greenwood, and live in the shadows, and delight in its voices."

The Mosses.

"When in the grass sweet voices talk,
And strains of tiny music swell
From every moss-cup of the rock
And every nameless blossom's bell."

("The Poet of the Forests" studying The Earth Carpet, in *A Summer's Ramble.*)

Grasses are regarded as the universal carpet of Earth: but next to them in importance rank the flowerless race of Cryptogamia; the secret of whose vegetation and reproduction requires the closest scrutiny with the microscope to discover. Cryptogamous plants outrank grass in some latitudes, but we are now speaking of the

Carpet of the Woodland on the Southern fringe of the Northern climatic Belt. Here Cryptogamia is subordinate, but by no means to be overlooked as unessential to the beauty and use of the vegetable kingdom. No lover of Nature can presume to ignore Mosses. Yet, little people are usually overlooked. If, for some innate quality they are not cherished and made pets of, the world of big people is wont to ignore their very existence. If you do not feel an inclination to make a pet of a child its existence to you is nought: you never notice it. True, it exists, a tacit intrusion; but it lives not within the sphere of *your* being.

Mosses are ignored in the presence of Trees; or, if noticed, regarded as mere accessories, perhaps interlopers; whereas, they are symbolically *Pledges of* Rejuvenation:—

"The hostages of Nature, left with us till she bring
Back from her southern pilgrimage the fairy-footed Spring."

Mosses are Child-Pets. One can make nought else of them. Once acquainted with them we regard them with the like tender affection; to be caressed, fondled, examined, and curiously studied. Both Moss and Child are Harbingers.

The Child liberated from books and winter imprisonment within doors, seeks the haunts of Nature. Too early for either the yellow violet or the blue

hepatica—yet he returns not empty-handed. What has he brought?

Only Mosses!

Only Mosses? Out, vile materialist! He has brought *The Pledge of* Spring: The promised *Florescence of* Summer; The *Fruition of* Autumn! The Child has brought *A Symbol of* The Ages.

> Has Nature, in her calm, majestic march
> Faltered with age at last? does the bright sun
> Grow dim in heaven? or, in their far blue arch,
> Sparkle the crowd of stars, when day is done,
> Less brightly? when the dew-lipped Spring comes on,
> Breathes she with airs less soft, or scents the sky
> With flowers less fair than when her reign begun?
> Does prodigal Autumn, to our age, deny
> The plenty that once swelled beneath his sober eye?
>
> *The Ages.*

> "Oh, there is not lost
> One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
> After the flight of untold centuries,
> The freshness of her far beginning lies
> And yet shall lie."
>
> *Forest Hymn.*

> "The mossy rocks themselves,
> And the old and ponderous trunks of prostrate trees
> That lead from knoll to knoll, a causey rude,
> Or bridge the sunken brook,———"

owe one half their glory to the wand of Cryptogamia. An arch fairy, she; throwing a glamour upon decay; crowning rocks with mimic forests, the haunt and home

of myriads of the insect tribes. One of the most powerful agents of the vegetable world is the invisible spirit of fern seed, entering where nought else can enter, vegetating, concreting, and depositing soil. CRYPTOGAMIA is the avant-courier of ARBORESCENCE; the pigmy heralds the giant; the Moss plants the Forest.

Oh, an arch Enchantress is Cryptogamia. Her throne is Dual; the Arctic and Antarctic circles own her sway, and hers alone. In other circles her power is disputed by Florescence and Arborescence. With us, she rules, but with a third of power, but yet she is not powerless. She weaves for rocks, "blue-ribbed and ancient as the sun," their hoary mantle of ages; she gradually buries them in the winding-sheet of Moss and plants Forests upon them for monuments. The Vegetable Kingdom dominates over the Mineral, as the Animal Kingdom over the Vegetable, and as the Mental dominates over the Animal. Cryptogamia unites the Earth-Carpet of the Woodlands, where GRASSES scorn to grow, and lowly, subordinate, now she fills her place beneath the dead leaves, the emerald-green woof of the russet carpet of Autumn. We say the woods are carpeted with dry leaves; but we know that beneath them is the emerald-green moss carpet! Beneath withered hopes lurks the perennial; the immortal.

Moss sleeps beneath the winter mantle of the spangled snow: in the moss vistas are the winter palaces of the *Little People of the Snow*. If you cannot com-

prehend The Moss World you are not likely to comprehend The Tree World. On the Cosmical plane the whole Arboreal Family are intimately connected. Earth is their vegetable homestead.

Homage to the primal Earth-Carpet, O Dusty Gothamite! Shake off the dust of the wicked city ere you enter the vestibule of the forests. Take off your hat not only to the lofty trees, the cloud-compellers, but to the lowly Moss.

> O lightly tread the mossy ground,
> The carpet of woodland shrine,
> For in its mimic groves are found
> The Homesteads of The Fairy Line.

Instead of parasites, in our latitude the World of Cryptogamia—Ferns, Mosses, Lichens, and Mushrooms (*Filices*, *Musci*, *Hepaticæ*, *Algæ*, *Lichenes*, and *Fungi*) contribute those inimitable demitones, those compound-tints, the magic play of light that tries the tyro in painting. Contributing their effect mostly in compound tone, while modifying the local tint, they can scarcely yet be indicated in illustration. But, like the song of birds, they must be borne in mind. The local color of old decaying wood is harmoniously and sometimes almost weirdly toned by *fungi*. The gnome-world—rock-work—owes half its glory to the infinitesimal *musci*, the stone-moss. *Hepaticæ*, or liverworts, cover fallen trees and even fasten upon those which are in their

prime. *Algæ*, or sea-weeds (in fresh-water phrase), tone the channel of the rivulet, while *filices* or ferns, from the towering fruit-laden frond to the delicate maiden-hair, crowd every nook of the homestead land. Save ferns, the giants of Cryptogamia, the pygmies of vegetation must be imagined.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CLIMBING.—BOY-FEELING.

Down to the primal carpet, O Dusty Gothamite! Homage to Cryptogamia; the silent earth-force. Not only must lordly man, the landholder, learn to know his trees and take pride in their stately growth, with their summits touching the sweeping blasts! but he must even stoop to recognize his lowly mosses! Time was when they were not so far beneath thee. Has thy soul, O Heir of Earth, outgrown its remembrance of the friendly carpet of thine infancy? Once didst thou cling to it. In it was thy world. "Moss-houses" were thy HOMESTEADS—thou wast happy! That in infancy.

In aspiring boyhood, the Earth-Carpet shielded thee from the direful effects of many a rough tumble. Not "climb trees?" What boy ever developed himself, his mind, his stature, his garments, that did not climb trees? How is he to gain a view of the world unless he mounts? Depend upon it there is deep philosophy in boys "climbing trees." Let them mount; but if they fall?

The soft, protecting yielding moss; the Earth-Carpet catches them: it has saved many a young genius's bruised pate from direful fracture. Well for the boy-climber if he have no worse tumble in the wood of the world. Remember the Mosses.

THE BOY AND THE MAN.

Refrain—SHADOW-BOY.

"'Tis pleasant, as a gentle boy, in the sunny morning hours,
To chase that thief, the bee, about, that steals from garden flowers,
To peep into the robin's nest, pondering o'er all I've heard
Of those dead babes, lost in the woods, and covered by the bird."

Forest Musings.—ANON.

If "the boy is father to the man"—as IRVING infers of GOLDSMITH—whose inimitable biography idlers are too wise to attempt imitating—BRYANT *the youth* climbing trees "to see what was to be seen far and wide, and to peep into birds' nests, but never to disturb the eggs"—is surely characteristic of him in later years. Here is a clue to some of the firmament studies of the Poet; to his masterly perspective; to his tender love for "animated nature," surpassing that of GOLDSMITH. BRYANT *the Veteran*, in his Eighth DECADE is a great climber: whatever height is to be scaled on his Roslyn domain—he is sure to mount. As for his love of Birds

—during the war, when the smoke and thunder of the cannon in the South frightened the birds northward, they literally flocked to him, as if like a VOGELWEIDE they knew the poet to be their friend. He has a peculiar way of encouraging them to trust in him and to feel themselves at home on his grounds.

THE FIRST FLOWER.

(*Cryptogamia*, then *Florescence.*)

The ALPHA of *Florescence.*—Northern Plane.—Symbolism.—Humility the harbinger of Munificence, Poem.

THE YELLOW VIOLET.

When beechen buds begin to swell,
And woods the blue-bird's warble know,
The yellow violet's modest bell
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

Ere russet fields their green resume,
Sweet flower, I love, in forest bare,
To meet thee, when thy faint perfume
Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train, the hands of Spring
First plant thee in the watery mould,
And I have seen thee blossoming
Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.

Thy parent sun, who bade thee view
Pale skies, and chilling moisture sip,
Has bathed thee in his own bright hue,
And streaked with jet thy glowing lip.

Yet slight thy form, and low thy seat,
And earthward bent thy gentle eye,
Unapt the passing view to meet,
When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh.

Oft, in the sunless April day,
Thy early smile has stayed my walk;
But midst the gorgeous blooms of May,
I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

So they, who climb to wealth, forget
The friends in darker fortunes tried;
I copy them—but I regret
That I should ape the ways of pride.

And when again the genial hour
Awakes the painted tribes of light,
I'll not o'erlook the modest flower
That made the woods of April bright.

CYCLE OF THE SEASONS.

We entered the symbolic wood in leafy June; we glanced at it in Autumn. We, with the poet entered "the Bare Wood" in Winter, when, with poetical *prévoyance* the bard ante-dated Spring, and lo! the Yellow Violet appears again—

"Ere russet fields their green resume—"

and heralds the train of Summer. She clasps the Magic Chain. Here we are—two generations of us; in the Old Homestead Wood, in the same month in which our poet entered it; in the same month in which our artist found it.

LOST IN THE WOOD.

Thus, the old white-bearded Druid, who looks very much like our FRONTISPIECE (but you must n't tell!) has caused us to waste a whole year of valuable time, idly turning the leaves of his magic book. A book whose imprint is from THE FIRST WORKMAN; whose pages are illustrated by THE GRAND ARTIST: whose poesy is inexhaustible, whose philosophy unfathomable, whose truth is eternal. A book conned by every nation, land, and tongue.

An Antique Rebus is The white-bearded Druid with his Magic Quaternian Book.

How to GET out of this MAGIC WOOD?—(Bad as the magic wood Tasso sings of!)

Refrain—SHADOW-BOY.

This dual self must be something like the *Embozado* or *Encapotado** Lord Byron was going to immortalize in a Dual Character? Ours is a pleasanter personage. Can it be that Youth and Age are dual, and that this is Youth, the Veteran's former self?—himself outgrown? and will the shadow follow him through the Life-Cycle?

* A person muffled or disguised.—*A negative* ME.

"Here weaves some blossomed parasite its richly blushing woof
About the wild-wood's rugged shafts and through its waving roof,
While nestling softly in the moss around its giant stems,
The little starry flowerets lie, like vegetable gems."

Forest Musings.—ANON.

"PATH OF THE FLOWERY WOODLAND."

Path of the flowery woodland!
Oh whither dost thou lead?
Wandering by grassy orchard grounds
Or by the open mead?

Goest thou by nestling cottage?
Goest thou by stately hall,
Where the broad elm droops, a leafy dome,
And woodbines flaunt on the wall?

A silvery brook comes stealing
From the shadow of its trees,
Where slender herbs of the forest lean
Before the entering breeze.

Along those pleasant windings
I would my journey lay,
Where the shade is cool and the dew of night
Is not yet dried away.

I hear a solemn murmur,
And, listening to the sound,
I know the voice of the mighty sea,
Beating his pebbly bound.

Dost thou, oh path of the woodland!
End where those waters roar,
Like human life, on a trackless beach,
With a boundless Sea before?

WOODLAND VISTA, EAST SIDE OF THE HOMESTEAD.

BOOK II.

HOMESTEADS.

HOMESTEADS, THEIR SURROUNDINGS AND ASSOCIATIONS.—THE BRYANT HOMESTEAD.—THE GENIUS LOCI.—SCHILLER'S PLAY-PRINCIPLE.—THE "MOUNTAIN-WIND" SONG.

HAKSPEARE'S old homestead—or, more correctly speaking, the venerable roof-tree underneath which on the 23d of April, 1564, was born the dominant genius of the Saxon clan in the Old World, the modern father of the humanities—has been the scene of thousands of pilgrimages, more especially since the charming description given by Washington Irving. The ideal of that great poet as it exists in man's mind, has always craved association with the real—with something visible and tangible, and this is supplied by the dwelling which is his birthplace.

Idlers, ever in search of the Inutile, have found the birthplace of the Poet of the Forests, of the Pi-

oneer Bard of the Saxon clan in the New World. Here is a shrine in utilitarian America in the morn of our poetry, for nationally we have not yet numbered our century, consecrated to the Unnecessary, the munificently æsthetic element that SCHILLER recognizes with such grateful yet dignified thoughts as one of the attributes of *der gute Freund*, *der* VATER KÖNIG. About this "play-principle"—the exuberant, the redundant—we have more to say anon. We must now pay our homage to the local, to the genius of the shrine—which impersonation in one phase reminds us of BYRON'S Numa's *Egeria*; in another, of SHAKSPEARE'S Prospero's *Ariel*.

THE BRYANT HOMESTEAD

is not yet enshrined, as some one has said of Shakspeare's birthplace, on a "nest of potteries," but it is yet enshrined in a nest of forests, and "long may they wave!"

THE GENIUS LOCI.

THE MOUNTAIN WIND! *most spiritual thing of all*
The wide earth knows; when, in the sultry time,
He stoops him from his vast cerulean hall,
He seems the *breath of a celestial clime*!
As if from heaven's wide-open gates did flow
HEALTH and REFRESHMENT on the world below."

And misanthropic BYRON concedes

"Oh! there is *sweetness* in the *mountain air*,
And *life*, that bloated Ease can never hope to share."

You don't mean to say you have found a thought upon which BRYANT and BYRON chime in unison?

Indeed we have, and classically and mythologically speaking we will soon find another. This "MOUNTAIN WIND" is the *Egeria* of our venerable *Numa*. She whispers oracles in his ear: she whispers poetry to his heart; she caresses his now silver hair as she once caressed the light-brown locks of the rosy-cheeked boy who found that treasure trove of the Rivulet, that delicate waif,—"the scarce-rooted water-cress."

This conceit of the child finding with evident glee that graphically described waif, "the scarce-rooted watercress," and further on, in its proper place, the aerial conceit of children finding apples concealed in the grass, detecting them by their diffusive odor, are two of the most masterly of Bryant's minuter pen-strokes.

But "The Mountain Wind" is a youth, not a maiden. Winds are masculine?

Yes. The impersonation is cousin to Shakspeare's *Ariel*. A youth most spiritual: a theme for sculpture. But we will discuss that in another place.

The Genius of the Poet has consecrated his birthplace; the power of the Journalist has retrieved it. Here is the duality of life. The shrine of the Ideal must ever be supported by the judicious props of the Real. (*Morale* of the Repairing of the Shakspeare House.) the spot where was born the Minstrel of the "old Pontoosuck shades."

Let us visit it.

Some four years since, BRYANT purchased his youthful home, which is now fitted up for a summer residence, —a *bona fide* Poet's Retreat. "Out of the world," out of the reach of travellers, out of the way of idlers,—this is a much fitter place for the poet to "come awhile to wander and to dream" in, than *Cedarmere*, his Roslyn country-seat (or, as we have always known it, "Roslyn Castle"). *That* is very beautiful and easy of access, and being a somewhat celebrated spot, owing to the poet's having laid his hand upon it, is become a sort of Mecca to modern tourists. Mde. Ida Pfieffer, though she had voyaged round the world, was not satisfied till she had seen the residence of Bryant. How much further would she have gone out of her way could she have found the poet's birthplace?

But poets sometimes like to be alone; they are morbid introspectionists absorbed in time-worn associations and "inner life." In fine—who does not want to own the spot where he was born? To feel that the breast of the Great Earth-Mother to which he clung in infancy, ere he could walk erect and express his wants in speech, is still his own, the alpha and omega of his life—the great sustainer who has cherished him, the great embalmer who will entomb him. Yes. Everybody desires to own his birthplace. Every heir of

earth puts in his claim for the primal home-thought —the GAIA,*—the Great Earth-Mother of "the Starry Greek"—thus rendered by the German:—

"Where shall I grasp thee, infinite nature, where?
Ye breasts, ye fountains of all life, whereon
Hang heaven and earth, from which the blighted soul
Yearneth to draw sweet solace, still ye roll
Your sweet and fostering tides—where are ye—where?
Ye gush, and must I languish in despair?"

GOETHE'S *Faust*.—ANNA SWANWICK'S *Translation*.

Moral.—Both the starry Greek and the introspectional German regarded Earth not as the impersonal aggregate of mineral substances which we call earth, but as the producing, fostering mother alluded to by the Hebrew as "the mother of all things." The ancient Teutons worshipped earth under the name of ESUS. The Earth principle is the strongest *motif* in the heart of man.

"Earth's children cleave to earth."—BRYANT.

Return we to the real, reality must give the impulse.

Why did Bryant repurchase his old homestead? The venerable roof-tree had passed into alien hands; "The Children of the House" had been dispersed; the parents and the sister mourned in "The Melancholy

* GAEA (—ae), or GE (—es), called TELLUS by the Romans, the personification of the Earth, is described as the first being that sprang from Chaos, and gave birth to Uranus (Heaven), and Pontus (Sea).

Classic Dictionary, WILLIAM SMITH, LL. D.

Days" (The Death of the Flowers), were sleeping quietly in *The Old Grave-yard.* Why did the poet quit his charming seat by the Music of the Waves to up-build the cottage of his Mountain Home?

Everybody desires to own his birthplace. La Bruyère says:—

"Le souvenir de la jeunesse est tendre dans les viellards; ils aiment les lieux où ils l'ont passée; les personnes qu'ils ont commencé de connaitre dans ce temps leur sont chères."

Alison, says:—

"The view of the house where one was born—of the school where one was educated, and the gay years of infancy were passed—is indifferent to no man. They recall so many images of past happiness and past affections, they are connected with so many strong or valued emotions, that there is hardly any scene which one ever beholds with so much rapture."

And Irving says, on his visit to Walter Scott, that there was a wavering allegiance in the mind of the minstrel whether to repair the old Smallholm Grange of "Sandy Knowe Craig"—where he was sent in infancy to his grandfather, on account of his lameness, and where he imbibed pure air and legendary lore—or to rebuild Abbotsford.

CHILD PHILOSOPHY.

"And Old Remembrance twining round my heart,
Then sing ye forth! Sweet songs that breathe of heaven,
Tears come! and earth hath won her child again!"
Goethe's *Faustus*—Dr. Anster's *Translation.*

Child-philosophy is a misnomer; but let the pro-

fessor of the English language coin a word expressive of the deep philosophic strata underlying the human heart from the days of childhood, to which we again and again revert as to the original text of our being, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." There is a common plane of earth-strata underlying the plane of humanity, which responds with the electric vibration of the nerve-thrill of Creation universal. The latent meaning of life is individual life-response to cosmopolitan life. We are grateful to those beings or talismans that revive the pleasing memory of childhood, that renew our youth. We are grateful to the child who is amused with the *toys* and means of instruction that amused *us* in childhood. We are grateful in the brick and mortar of Gotham to the being who recalls "the long past,—those happy days of yore when we played along the brookside." Ay, every one has "played along the brookside;" every one has been idle in his day, no matter how industrious he is now. Every one has been a child. The man carries with him the Phantom of his childhood. "The Shadow-Boy" will dog his footsteps. What though we outgrow the little shoes of the soul? What though we only note soul-progression by the fact that we cannot put the What Is back into the shoes of the What Has Been? Must we despise these little shoes? Memory, careful nurse, cherishes them. When thou art a great lord and oppressed with wretchedness, Memory, careful nurse,

may bring out these little shoes and make thee laugh a genial, *human* laugh.

On the banks of The Homestead *Rivulet*, and in its pellucid depths, wanders and floats the impersonation of our now Venerable Poet's Childhood's Dreams!

That Brooklet is haunted. We will come to it anon.

CUMMINGTON SCENARIUM.—HOMESTEAD LOCALITIES.

To obtain a view of the homestead, one should ascend the hill lying west of it from the side of which the greater part can be overlooked. You will see below you the old mansion—standing beside the rivulet celebrated in the poet's song—with an avenue of fine sugar-maples leading from it to the north and in another direction to the southeast. To the west and north of the house, on the edge of the rivulet, there stands a *semicircle of evergreens, spruce, pine*, and *hemlock-fir*,—more than a hundred of them, which, under the care of Mr. Dawes, were wrenched by the roots from the meagre soil in which they grew, and although from fifteen to thirty feet in height were planted in such a manner that only two of them died and the rest are growing finely and form a perfect screen against the blasts of winter. Out of this little wood peeps a pretty ice-house, which the trees will soon overshadow and hide from the view. Near it grows a Red Oak, the progeny of an older tree, which once spread its broad branches over

the house, the glory of the Old Pontoosuck shades, and which is celebrated in a poem by John Howard Bryant, younger brother of our poet.

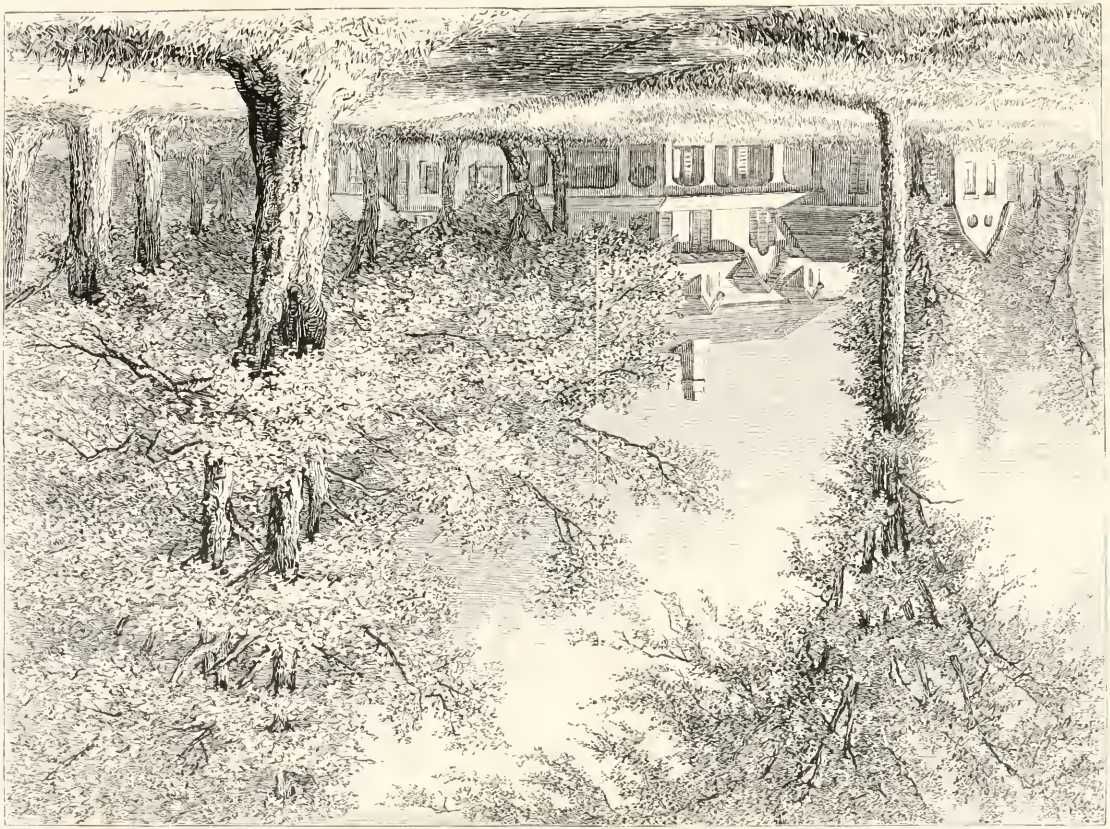
To the north of the house is the old apple-orchard, of which Hows has given the drawing engraved for this book. The trees were planted when the house was built, and now, past bearing, and with half their summits dead, they stand, the ruins of what they were, with their great, irregular, bare branches,—ghostly shapes such as Doré might draw to illustrate Dante,—a study for the painter and the lover of the picturesque, but an offence to the eye of the husbandman. This orchard many years since was the playground for the children of the family, when its trees were in their prime, and when every spring they were white with blossoms, and every autumn loaded with fruit. Many of them have lately been cut down: the axe is laid at the roots of the rest and they will soon disappear.

The avenue of trees to the north was a favorite walk of the poet, when in the morning he went out to meditate his verses. It leads to a pleasant little grove north of the orchard. If, without entering the grove, you follow to the north, it conducts you to a bleak eminence swept by every wind that blows, from which your eye looks down into the narrow, woody valley where the Westfield, itself unseen, flows on its way to the Connecticut. To the north stands Deer Hill, shaggy with woods, overlooking the Westfield, and to the north of

Deer Hill, twenty miles distant, you see the blue summit of Greylock in Williamstown,* at the northwest corner of Massachusetts. Descending north from the eminence, the view from which over the neighboring country is one of vast extent and exceedingly fine, you pass on the left a rocky pasture-ground in which are the *Two Graves*,—the subject of one of Bryant's poems. They are no longer to be distinguished. A steep highway conducts you to the Johnno Brook, a brawling stream, in a deep, rocky dingle, so narrow and deep that into some parts of it the sun scarce ever shines. The stream hurries down a steep descent to mingle with the more quiet waters of the Westfield. On the banks of this little brook among the evergreens are tall birches, red and white, that overshadow it; there is coolness in the hottest days of summer, and it was always a favorite resort of the present possessor of the Homestead.

The road leading between the rows of sugar-maples to the southeast of the mansion, again meets and crosses the rivulet where a dam on the left hand has been thrown across the little glen, and the waters gathered into a pretty pool which in winter supplies the ice-house. A little farther on, a road turning to the left hand leads to a school-house lately erected, after a

* Williams College, the Poet's *alma mater*, is situated in Williamstown, one of the most beautiful parts of beautiful Berkshire. Under its present President, Dr. Hopkins, with its able faculty of professors, it takes a high rank among its sister institutions of learning.



very pretty design, on the southeast corner of the Bryant farm. From the door of the building the eye ranges over an immense extent of country.

The mansion itself, which is so well represented in the designs of Mr. Hows, needs no more particular description. The room which visitors most inquire after is a little chamber occupied by the poet when in his boyhood, with a window looking to the west, formerly upon the rivulet and now upon the little grove of evergreens. Here he made his first attempts in versification, and turned his boyish rhymes. Over this is the cockloft of which we have already spoken, which half a century since was a place of deposit for broken-down furniture and old high-heeled shoes of the last century, and in rainy days a play-place for the children.

That Cockloft again.

"A play-place for the children?"—That is just what we want. When veteran poets retrieve their homesteads, the cockloft is sacred to their second and third generation of readers. We all of us have bits of china and sparkling fragments of broken glass which we call diamonds, and we want an UNNECESSARY corner for a "play-house?" We have had the trouble of learning all the poet's classic verses as school-tasks, and he has never thanked us YOUNG AMERICA for even reading him —much less learning him by rote, as BRYANT the *Journalist* thanked his old subscribers for reading his old EVENING POST half a century! WE subscribe to

THE POEMS of BRYANT, the *Poet*. He ought to be as civil as his cousin, the *Journalist*, and give us the cockloft for a play-house; if he does not care to thank his poetical subscribers—in print, as he did his journalistic ones.

That cockloft belongs to YOUNG AMERICA. All the play-house he can find in practical America. Let us take possession of and improve our homestead.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE INUTILE.

SCHILLER'S "PLAY PRINCIPLE" MORE FULLY ELABORATED AND BROUGHT TO BEAR UPON OUR AMERICAN POET'S HOMESTEAD, IN MANNER TO ASTONISH THE GERMAN.

Sometimes the GREAT SUABIAN calls it by one term and sometimes by another, but we always understand him. The repossession and re-habilitation of the old Bryant Homestead is an expression of the "play element" common alike to DEITY and the vital masterpiece of his sixth day's creation—imitative humanity. Our sublime Creator himself did not stop at THE NECESSARY. His ideal went beyond that. He created man with capacity in a measure to comprehend this: He also placed man in a magnificent arena, surrounded by elements upon which to develop his comparatively limited thought-scope. But the dual spheres of mind and matter are boundless—matter gives the key to mind.

SCHILLER ON THE REDUNDANT, THE UNNECESSARY OR THE PLAY-PRINCIPLE.

"It is true, nature has provided the brute animal with means beyond the necessary, and has illumined the darkness of the animal life with a ray of freedom. If the lion is not tormented by hunger, nor challenged to combat by a beast of prey, he spends his idle strength in boldly roaring through the desert, and displaying his power on aimless freaks of motion. Joyously the insect swarms in the sunbeam; nor is it the cry of desire that we hear in the melodious warble of birds. It is undeniable that there is freedom in these motions, not freedom from want generally, but from special sensual want. The animal works if his activity is stimulated by want, and it plays if its activity is the result of an inherent excess of power. Even in inanimate nature such a luxuriant profusion of power, and such a vagueness of determination are observable which, if understood in this material sense, might very properly be termed play. The tree sends forth innumerable buds which perish without ever being developed, and puts out more roots, twigs, and leaves, for the purpose of gathering sustenance than are employed in preserving either the individual or the species." Nature gives the prototype of the æsthetic play-principle. Nature? Ay, mind also. The redundant ex-foliation of thought!

How many withered leaves seek mother earth. What fragile blossoms are blasted: and who can compute the premature harvest of immature fruit! Why this redundancy of conception—this paucity of harvest? Why must ENDEAVOR ever exceed FRUITION?

Ask the GOD of NATURE,—question the primal Artist—Genius of the play-principle. He was Creator—but was he Drudge? He evolved his ideal—and pronounced it "very good," and though that ideal in these degenerate days is rarely attained, he yet evinces the supernal clemency of not forsaking the work of his hands. A Lesson for Pupil Man.

Were we emanations of the Divine "play-principle?" Apparently there was no necessity for the creation of man.* Man was a dual experiment; an under-current of thought,—a hybrid of seraph and earth-worm,—a zoophite of animal and spiritual,—an amphibious compound of celestial and terrestrial.

Man was an experiment: is he a failure? Let the nobler samples of humanity answer. We believe this pertains to the realm of the Historico-Philosophic. Idlers only deal with the wisdom of folly.

The play-principle, or the GENIUS of the INUTILE, is the redundant,—the unnecessary: that which we can do without. The Creator has made (to our eyes) very

* Though SCHILLER says:—

"God felt the want, and therefore worlds were made;"

and worlds, we judge, were created the habitations of men.

many unnecessary things we can as yet find no use for them. We can live and die without them.

"God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all;
We might have had enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have had no flowers."

MARY HOWITT.

But HORTENSE rejoins at the busybody who exclaims against the superfluity of the bijouterie of her boudoir:—"Il n'est pas un Luxe; il est une NÉCESSAIRE!" Are there then two antagonistic Philosophemes —The Material and the Inutile?

VERITABLE BEAUTIES OF THE HOMESTEAD.

One cold-blooded materialist bids us make much allowance for the poet who sings of his childhood's home and the lover who prates of his mistress! WE WILL. Yet the Bryant homestead is not without a goodly share of intrinsic as well as ideal beauty—as our illustrations show by the draughtsman's art, and as the painting of the Bryant homestead, by the same artist, who made a journey to the poet's birthplace in the "leafy month of June" to take the sketches for our book (which is for idle posterity), and to paint for

himself, thus securing color and atmospheric tint, just what view or phase his own good taste decided would gratify the eye of the present public. How well the talented Hows, the lover of trees,—the deudrophilist, as the French might call him,—has fulfilled his mission, his large painting testifies with regard to the "color department." While our illustrations, through the draughtsman and cutters' combined aid, present, by contour and perspective, light and shade glimpses of moral beauty which serve to convince us the poet has not thrown such an atmosphere of glamour over his native glade, but that the various scenes depicted can be recognizable.

RETURN TO THE HOMESTEAD AFTER A CAMPAIGN IN THE WORLD'S CRUSADE.

There is one among Bryant's Cummington poems—such a gem—and such an opalescent, multiphase gem—so like an opal—suitable everywhere, that like the dame who knew not with which suit she should wear her opals, and concluded to wear them with all, we will give you a glimpse of this choice *tiara châtelaine*, and tell you where each several shade agrees.

It belongs to "arborescence"—for in it are depicted *individual trees*. It is the complement to Book II., for it portrays the general homestead scenarium: the swelling hills with valleys "scooped between," and above all gives

us *ear notice* of invisible brawling streams; a peculiarity of the region. Not sight alone, but ear was educated. In many of Bryant's poems every sense has its office. To comprehend some of his poems there must be each sense unfolded, all the soul matured. But in few of his poems is the whole man so depicted. Here is "The Mountain Wind," the *genius loci*, the attraction to the Homestead. By antithesis of escaping "the city's stifling heat, its horrid sounds and its polluted air"—he conveys to the mind of the reader the same lively satisfaction with which his own breast is thrilled. Rarely do we find the poet so happy. But to crown all, he brings his child—the whilom "Little Fanny"—and teaches her Symbolism: wisely judging that if the latent poesy of nature is intuitively comprehended by young eyes, the romance of life will suggest itself to young hearts. So, when we are asked—as we not unfrequently have been—"How were the children of Bryant educated?" We always reply, "By Symbolism. The poet taught them to see with his eyes." And we quote a certain stanza which we leave the reader to find. Moreover—this poem gets quoted so much—the opals are so suitable, that if, like the worthy dame's jewels, they grace more than one suit they are always welcome. We will give the poem presently: on condition that the reader bear in mind this motto—the wisest thing "G. P. R. Q. U. Y. Z. James" ever wrote—

ANTITHETICAL MOTTO.

"I have passed much of my time in cities, in wrestling with the world that you probably have never known; and one of the effects has been to give the face of nature and all the beautiful features it displays, a glory and a loveliness in my eyes, which those who have not been denied the sight for months and years together, cannot, I believe, comprehend."

G. P. R. JAMES.

The scenarium of the Homestead is more than photographed in the following poem: it is crystallized. Rarely do we find the poet in such a happy, genial human vein. With peculiar crispness and vigor he sings the praises of his native glade—for has he not come *home* from the dusty thoroughfares of "The Busy Mart?" These pilgrimages to the HERMITAGE OF THE HEART are events. Each return home is the golden clasp which binds a cycle of life.

THE GEM OF THE HOMESTEAD POEMS.

LINES ON REVISITING THE COUNTRY.

I stand upon my native hills again,
  Broad, round, and green, that in the summer sky
With garniture of waving grass and grain,
  Orchards, and beechen forests, basking lie;
While deep the sunless glens are scooped between,
Where brawl o'er shallow beds the streams unseen.

A lisping voice and glancing eyes are near,
And ever restless feet of one, who, now,
Gathers the blossoms of her fourth bright year;
There plays the gladness o'er her fair young brow,
As breaks the varied scene upon her sight,
Upheaved and spread in verdure and in light.

For I have taught her, with delighted eye,
To gaze upon the mountains,—to behold,
With deep affection, the pure ample sky,
And clouds along its blue abysses rolled,—
To love the song of waters, and to hear
The melody of winds with charméd ear.

Here, I have 'scaped the city's stifling heat,
Its horrid sounds and its polluted air;
And, where the season's milder fervors beat,
And gales, that sweep the forest borders, bear
The song of bird, and sound of running stream,
Am come awhile to wander and to dream.

Ay, flame thy fiercest, sun! thou canst not wake,
In this pure air, the plague that walks unseen.
The maize leaf and the maple bough but take,
From thy strong heats, a deeper, glossier green.
The mountain wind, that faints not in thy ray,
Sweeps the blue steams of pestilence away.

The mountain wind! most spiritual thing of all
The wide earth knows; when, in the sultry time,
He stoops him from his vast cerulean hall,
He seems the breath of a celestial clime!
As if from heaven's wide-open gates did flow
Health and refreshment on the world below.

Where there is no Departure there can be no Return. Gotham half inspired that matchless poem by antitheses. To get power on light we foil it by shadow. The poet has apparently fled from pestilence, with his family, for refuge in the Old Homestead.

GENERAL ASPECT OF THE CUMMINGTON REGION.

If the reader should desire to know where Cummington lies, he will find it on the map of Massachusetts about half way between the Connecticut at Northampton and the Housatonic at Pittsfield, and twelve miles distant from any railway. Here a broad Highland region swells up between the valleys bathed by these two fine rivers, to the height of two thousand feet above the level of the sea: at the Bryant Homestead it is computed to be about nineteen hundred feet. To the north, this elevated region runs to the Green Mountains of Vermont; to the south, it extends into Connecticut, where its hills gradually subside as they approach the Long Island Sound. In Massachusetts, the western half of these Highlands, including the summit, lies in the county of Berkshire, and the eastern half in the counties of Hampden, Hampshire, and Franklin. Cummington lies a little east of the summit ridge, and from its eminences may be descried the summits of the hills which form the eastern border of the beautiful valley of the Connecticut.

The arborescence of this region is peculiar: the oaks and pines of the lower part of the State are scarcely found here, and in their stead are seen the sugar-maple, the birch, the red birch, and the hemlock. The rocky ledges and precipices are for the most part of mica-slate and hornblende, and the soil is a tenacious loam which does not easily yield to the rains, or else it would be carried off by them, and leave the rocks protruding like the ribs of a mighty skeleton. The farms, for the most part, lie on the broad but uneven uplands, and the streams wend seaward in hollows almost narrow enough to be called ravines, between steep declivities. The waters are sweet and the streams clear. No venomous serpent is known in this region, the rattlesnake and the copperhead find no lodgment in its soil or among its rocks. The fever and ague is never known here, and one who comes from the region where that form of disease prevails and brings his chills and chattering teeth with him, is looked upon with a sort of wonder. The summers are cool, but the winters are long, beginning earlier than in the lower regions of the State and continuing longer, while it rarely happens that after the ground is well covered with snow the earth is again seen till the return of spring.

These long winters among the intellectual and industrious are well improved. Among creative minds, isolation tends to self-concentration, and ultimately soul-evolvement. A poetical mind, with nature in the

background, where there is no chronic idleness, tends to productivity.

IMPERSONATION.

A Genial Family Wrangle over "Egeria" and the "Mountain Wind."—An Æsthetic Quarrel, in which both are Right and neither Wrong.—Well to Settle these "Family Jars" at the Threshold.

Many familiar with Bryant's poems would be surprised were you to say that he dealt in Impersonation! And yet his impersonations are most frequent, and cope in truth to nature with the German and the Greek. The Teuton mind is regarded as the modern Nature-Exponent. The Greek ever has been and ever will be regarded as the Classic or Ancient Exponent. The "Starry Greek" impersonated: behold his Mythology! The "introspectional German" impersonates: behold his Legends! But the "practical American?" has *he* no wand of Art? Can *he* not impersonate?

We heard a complaint the other day from a princely landholder that he should not attempt to people his forest lawns and vistas with sculpture and bronze, because he could find no American statues in the least appropriate. To introduce old-world themes into the shades of the new world, confused his reflections and disturbed his serenity.

A spoiled virtuoso? a Sybarite? Perhaps. The man had the misfortune to be naturally poetic: difficult

to please. His "Old Masters" he kept in the house. Out of doors he wanted *New* Masters. He is looking for them yet.

It has been affirmed that letter-press was a foe to Sculpture. That THE GUTTENBERG ART (we believe we are permitted to put that in CAPITALS, even while abusing it!) by making a *Spécialité* of the Subjective suppressed the advancement of the Objective—to the detriment of the Plastic Arts. Thus: it has been urged that hundreds are satisfied with letter-press descriptions of a statue. This in America in the nineteenth century. In the palmy days of Greece the populace did not read of statues—but it *demanded* them!

We are a New Race: we are a Young People, and yet we impersonate! Our winds are as good winds as any to be found on "The Temple of the Winds," at Athens.

EGERIA, again?*

"One that, like Numa, often bore
From haunted fount and voiceless glen
The wisdom of a wiser lore,
Than marks the babbling school of men."

As far back as 1830 we note a quaint entanglement of conception with regard to the *Genius Loci* or *Egeria* of the Bryant Homestead.

* W. P. P. *To a very dear friend, with a plain copy of* BRYANT'S POEMS. *New York*, 1830.

What is Egeria? Inspiration: "the lovely Soul of Nature!" Health. Longevity in the *personnel* of Juvenescence. Age in the guise of Youth.

> "Egeria! sweet creation of some heart,
> Which found no mortal resting-place so fair
> As thine ideal breast; whate'er thou art,
> Or wert, a young Aurora of the air,
> The nympholepsy of some fond despair;
> Or, it might be, a beauty of the earth,
> Who found a more than common votary there
> Too much adoring; whatsoe'er thy birth,
> *Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth.*"
>
> BYRON, *Childe Harold.*

But we do not feel that BYRON's venerable Numa's *Egeria*, is exactly BRYANT's *Mountain Wind.* Not exactly. Yet both conceptions are

> "Airy and light—the offspring of the soul."
>
> SCHILLER.

> "The beings of the mind are not of clay;
> Essentially immortal, they create
> And multiply in us a brighter ray
> And more beloved existence."
>
> BYRON.

BRYANT's "Mountain Wind" is a matchless impersonation, but more of the Shakspearean than the Byronic type. Winds are masculine. This is a youth. So is Shakspeare's Ariel. At first glance you may think this Mountain Wind as intangible as Byron's Strain of

Music—which so many have grasped to catch and conserve in Art. We give the two to show the difference.

"Oh, that I were
The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
A bodiless enjoyment—born and dying
With the blessed tone which made me!"

BYRON'S *Manfred.*

Subjective: Intangible.

"*He* stoops him from his vast cerulean hall,
He seems the breath of a celestial clime."

BRYANT'S *Mountain Wind.*

Objective: Tangible.

Sculpture. This WIND, stooping earthward, is the most spiritual of youths, whose mantle downward blown, strewn with forest-leaves, touches earth, forming the support of the figure which is yet in motion. From his hand he scatters Wind-Flowers.

This conception is to be modelled in *terra cotta* for a monumental shrine for "The Spring"—about which we will tell in the proper place. The ancients used *terra cotta* far more than we do, and they evinced their wisdom. But we will not now stop to discuss the subject.

This "Mountain Wind," this *Egeria* of our venerable Numa, is "the lovely soul of Nature"—the "delicate preacher" of Song. She it was who whispered to him the meaning of poetry—soul-resurrection. Song elicits the soul self-immured in the natal cradle of man's

breast. Song elicits the god within us. Man is ignorant of the mysteries of his own nature till he begins to express himself. There is no apparent harmony in the lyre till it is played upon. But the wind can awaken the lyre, and *The Spirit of* The Mountain Wind awakened the poet.

With regard to the entanglement of conceit! It is but just to say, that while the Mountain Wind is a tangible, Greek impersonation, and can stand the test of the Objective—the Plastic Arts; Subjectively it impersonates Egeria—the Soul of Nature.

Let us not quarrel. "W. P. P." was right, "thirty years ago," to sing of our Venerable Numa's *Egeria*. But if he should see our sculptor's *terra cotta* statuette of the Greek phase of Bryant's "Mountain Wind"—we crave of him the like æsthetic charity we extend to him. He takes the Subjective view; we the Objective.

Water-View on the Premises.—A Phase of "Still Water," the Poet's Pet Forest-Ferns in the Foreground.

This is one of those quiet little bits of landscape which are overlooked by the ordinary observer, and only arrest the eye of the artist or the minute observer of nature. A clear little pool under a sloping bank, its surface green with the reflection of the vegetation by which it is overhung; no living thing near save perhaps the forest bird that descends to drink in silence, and its

fresh wild herbage never cropped by the herd. A place the sight of which suggests ideas of stillness and solitude.

KEMP says the element of water is a great educator. We shall have something to say of water as well as of land in our next book, and perhaps of the very source of this limpid pool upon whose marge ferns and mossy rocks and umbrageous birches and maples overlean and regard themselves reflected in Nature's primal mirror. Our Veteran is a Druid who inculcates veneration for the Forces of Nature. In the next book we will tell how veneration for one of the Grand Elements was instilled in him. We are inclined to agree with KEMP, that the element of water is one of the Educational Forces, not to be disregarded.

BOOK III.

INTERIOR LIFE.

HOMESTEAD INTERIOR LIFE IN THE OLDEN TIME.—POET'S INFANCY AND YOUTH.—A SMALL BOOK THIS, ENTIRELY DEVOTED TO THE DESPISED HUMANITIES.—THE RIVULET.

DR. PETER BRYANT, father of the deeply-to-be-commiserated victim of our Kaleidoscopic Sketches, was the antithesis of *Faust's* father; albeit both take for coat of arms the classic Pestle and Mortar of the Greek *Æsculapius.** Both finished their practice. *Faust's* father *killed off* all his patients, while BRYANT'S father *cured up* all of his who were

* Classically, the modern Pestle and Mortar should be the ancient symbolism of the *Serpent*. This was sacred to Æsculapius, who was represented with a large beard, holding in his hand a staff, round which was wreathed a Serpent; his other hand was supported on the head of a Serpent—which is supposed to symbolize wisdom: wisdom being a great desideratum in the medical as well as other arts. Æsculapius in Homer is not a divinity, but simply the "blameless physician."

curable. There was nothing more to be done in either case. Othello's occupation was gone.

The Medical Bryant escutcheon "*this* side o' the sea" numbers *three* Pestles and Mortars (skull and bones). Our artist thought *two* pestles one too many, but *en vérité* the Bryant line is like the Helvetius line in Holland, which turned out three "M. D.'s," and finally ran to literature. The Helvetius line ran thus:

3 *M. D.'s.* { John Frederic, *Son*—
John Adrian, *Son*—
John Claude Adrian, *Son.*

The Medical Helvetius line now diverged into Literature—

CLAUDE ADRIAN.

Literature. Biography stops here.

THE REIGN OF ÆSCULAPIUS.

Jean Paul says:—"Herder and Schiller intended in their youth to become surgeons. But fate said 'No! there are deeper wounds than those of the body.' And they both wrote."

On the *northeast* corner of the Bryant Homestead was a long wing, in the kitchen of which our poet in his boyhood has frolicked many an evening with his brothers and sisters, and eaten apples by the blazing fireside. Here he acquired a taste for apples

that bids fair to be historical. But it is with the southwest corner that we have now to do. And here we trace the first dawnings of that antagonism that finally destroyed the line of the Medical Bryants. The northeast and the southwest were even at this early hour diagonally *hors de combat*. The youngsters with their apples around the blazing hearth-stone, their fun and their frolic counterbalanced the staid doctor in his office, his pestle and mortar—plasters and pill-box. On the southwest corner stood a low wing occupied by Dr. Bryant as *The Temple of Æsculapius*. An awful spot. Here the father initiated many promising young disciples into the mysteries of the healing art. Traditionary lore.

Æsthetics of a name. Are you all named for great people?—those who have made their mark in the world? And were you intended by your far-seeing parents and guardians to tread in their illustrious footsteps and make a mark after their copy, as you did in your copy-books? That is all very well. Even old Blair instructs us, that since to the virtuous and illustrious the world is never indifferent, therefore the ancients proposed that youth should be educated to concede to such respect and homage due to patrons or godfathers—taking in many instances their names, in order to have their characters ever before the mind's eye. We read in Auerbach's "Tales of the Black Forest," how Ivo Block and his student confrères speculated on

on each adopting a patron-genius and honoring his name. But these children were evidently re-named; or, if named but once, named after their characters had begun to be developed.

But sometimes parents in these latter days make a mistake and give a young poet or musician a doctor's or a lawyer's name. This creates confusion, and should be avoided in future.

A NAME A "MEMORIAL."

ALEXANDER'S "*Memorial*."—A familiar Historical Anecdote, peculiarly apropos in the nineteenth century.

"A proper name is, as we said before, a remembrance. In the Bible the words 'name' and 'memorial' occur as parallels and synonyms to each other. A name *is* a memorial. We are told that Alexander the Great, going to war, sent word to the Jews to erect him a monument, which he hoped to find on his return from the expedition. He came back (we suppose from India) some years afterward, but there was no monument. Angry and astonished, he summoned the High-priest to come before him. The High-priest came, having children in his suite. The king asked him ironically if he had forgotten his order. 'Sire,' the High-priest said, 'it is contrary to our religion to make any image or statue. But, look here!' and he turned round to the children, and asked one boy, and then another, and then another: 'What is your

name?' 'Alexander,' answered each boy, one more, one less distinctly, according to his age. 'Sire,' said the High-priest, 'you see we have fulfilled your command, by calling every boy who was born during your absence by your name; and as those names will go down from generation to generation, those living monuments will be much better than a monument of stone.'

"The High-priest was right."

Putnam's Mag., Sept., 1868.

Whatever their national extraction the Bryants came of an intellectual line. Soul-Development.

NAMING OF THE POET.

Let us imagine Dr. Bryant sitting in his office, lost in thought. How should he name his young son? Suddenly his eye lit upon the Medical Library: the family library which had been in the house for three generations. There were the tomes of the great Scottish Physician—Dr. William Cullen: indisputable authority on all the ills that flesh is heir to. We may fancy the Doctor thus soliloquizing—"I will call my son William Cullen. Now, certainly, of all my sons *he* will take after the pill-box, as other youngsters take after candies and apples. I shall see my young son William an illustrious 'M. D.' Peradventure, his

ponderous tomes on *Hygeia* will cumber the shelves of posterity!"

Alas for parental solicitude. Nature, the omnipresent Earth-Mother, who *will* ever have her own way, said—"No! I have already kept this family in drugs for three generations! My store of *Materia Medica* is quite exhausted. Everybody being healed up now, and the air being longevity itself—it will never do to have any more doctors. Humanity must be fed: I must have more farmers and fewer doctors. Some must *Sow*, and some must sing *The Song of the Sower*. The American Soul has awakened to self-consciousness. People must have food for the *mind* as well as for the body. I want a *meta*-physician, who can prescribe wholesome tonics for the mind diseased, and decoy poor stifled humanity out into 'the magnificent temple of the sky.'"

So Nature willed that the young Bryant should be a poet; and poetry, Schiller says, prepares the mind for the contemplation of God.

Dr. Bryant soon found he had for once made a wrong diagnosis. The *Musæ* had sent him a Poet instead of *Hygeia* sending him a Disciple.

But the child was christened; it was too late to alter his name. This little *contretemps* explains how the old Caledonian Æsculapius, Doctor William Cullen, lives in the reflection of an American poet's fame. He rejoices in a transatlantic "memorial," or rather

his publishers speculate upon it—which amounts to the same thing. This reminds us of Alexander's "Memorial," the anecdote previously related.

RÉGIME—PHYSICAL.

WHOLESOME RÉGIME FOR YOUNG GENIUS, AND THE RUTHLESS INVASION OF THE NURSERY BY THE WAGGISH YOUNG STUDENTS.

Doctor Bryant, it will be conceded, was a rare "Country Doctor," in more senses than one. He had an eye to the education of the *physique*, which in those primal days was usually ignored. But his *Mental Régime!* It strikes the plane, in soul-development, of that of *Goethe's father:* and ancestor Bryant and ancestor Goethe both get their precious sons into a "blind alley!" but we anticipate.

BRYANT'S infantile education differed from that of MONTAIGNE'S. Both alike delicate in infancy. Hear the old Gascon's confession: "Even my infancy was trained up after a gentle and free manner, and exempt from any rigorous subjection. All which helped me to a complexion delicate and incapable of solicitude; even to that degree that I love to have my losses, and the disorders wherein I am concerned, concealed from me." Ah, the old Gascon could never "grasp into the thick of life." He himself concedes it. A passive, negative, introspectional, morbidly egotistical existence had he: and yet it is interesting to idly

listen to his pratings. A self-opinionated voice from France in 1500.* But ours was a new country—where active, positive, disseminating life-principle was required. And now we come to the Legend of the Spring—all in due time. Ours is an idle, leisurely, unnecessary book, and there must be no hurry in it. There is a story that BYRON's old Highland nurse, who used to rock him to sleep in her brawny arms,

> "'Tween the gloaming an' the mirk,
> When the kye come hame,
> When the kye come hame!"

kept, treasured up in her "chist o' drawers," one of the poet's infantile, cast-off, worn-out "baby socks." It is reported that when Lord Byron came to hear the story, he laughed heartily: though not without a "tear in his e'e"—the only time he was ever supposed to laugh heartily in his life. Whether the Veteran of CUMMINGTON will laugh heartily, should he ever hear our story, we know not. Possibly we might get our ears boxed; so you must keep *this* a secret as well as the secret of the Apple-Tree. It is by committing to idle posterity the legends and lore of the past that history and philosophy are perpetuated.

* *Birth and Death.* MICHAEL DE MONTAIGNE was born, as he himself tells us, "betwixt eleven and twelve o'clock in the forenoon, the last of February, 1533." Pasquier informs us that "The Pleasant Egotist" expired on the 13th September, 1592, in the 60th year of his age, "presenting in his death a fine mirror of the interior of his soul."

Tradition asserts that Bryant in his infancy was of frail *physique*, with an immense head. Dr. Bryant, disapproving of such precocious cerebral development, ordered him to be ducked every morning in pure spring water,—a spring as beautiful as Calypso's, bordered with tender herbs, parsley, and dewy violets. (See Odyssey.) So two of the students each morning stole the delicate infant from his mother's warm couch, ran with him to the spring some forty rods from the house, and immersed him several times head foremost in the cool clear water. Tradition further reports that the youngster resisted manfully, not then appreciating such treatment. But, strange to relate, the oftener he was ducked the stronger he grew, until finally the morning fight with the students began to assume the phase of modern gymnastics; and possibly this is the origin of his gymnastic exercises. If poetic fire could be quenched, the inspiration of our infant poet should have been well cooled off by this merciless plunge-bath experiment.

Time rolled on. Young Bryant had not then read Shakspeare, but he disliked to go to his matutinal bath "upon compulsion." So he concluded to voluntarily adopt the cold-water *régime* and gymnastic exercise as a life tonic—though instead of fighting students, he contents himself with practising the dumb-bells, and advises every one to go and do likewise. The Veteran is a great athlete.

"COLD-WATER BATHS" AND "MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY."

How OXFORD HUGHES, of "*Tom Brown*" notoriety, would like to put his English goose-quill in just here and give his scratch in favor of "all out-doors Physical Exercise," and idling-away-the-time-generally-with-Nature, as a relief of too much scholastic wisdom and precocious genius.

How *Professor—Doctor* DIO LEWIS (we shall never get his title right) would like a page of our book for his advertisement. He would insist that "Physical Exercise" *alone* made the *genius* of BRYANT!

How "*The House of* SCHERMERHORN," that great Scholastic Foundry where EDUCATION, from Patent Seats (of learning) to diplomas, can be had for green-backs—would like a page on *Dumb-bells* and *Indian-Clubs* and all their thousand-and-one inventions to take the strain off of the taxed brain. Lastly—how the Water-Cure people will love to quote this example of Bryant!

Quit dusty Gotham with all its advertisements: they will not give you either strength or health, wit or learning, if the vital principle be not cherished within you.

But they may be regarded as means to elicit it —if it be dormant.

Perhaps. But we are now speaking of the times ere such things as "Health advertisements" were heard of; when people were just beginning to awaken to the Recuperative Forces of Nature. This Highland Homestead was the stronghold of health,—the region for miles and miles a composite of vigor and longevity.

"*The Spring*" in which the infant poet was immersed is the source of *The Rivulet* which meanders prettily by the rear of the house, and is thus poetically described by him. Hundreds have read the poem and admired its truth to nature without knowing that they were charmed by Nature's self. "*The Spring*" was to the *infantile* poet the Fountain of Health, and who shall say that to the *youthful* poet it was not the Fount of Poesy, as it is to the *veteran* Minstrel the Shrine of Memory?

Infancy, Youth, Manhood, and Age are charmed around that *spring* and its wandering *Rivulet*. A grateful return did the *Poet* make in after years to this fountain of health. The *Rivulet* is one among his first and choicest descriptive poems, and in connection with others has been admirably illustrated by a talented young artist. But all this from imagination alone. Until the talented Hows went on his pious pilgrimage to the Bryant Homestead, in the "leafy June" of 1868, on the special mission to take our illustrations for idle Posterity, the *veritable*

Rivulet, whose origin is the Legendary Spring, *was never before sketched*. Our artist's illustrations of the *Rivulet* commence with the Tail-Piece of this interesting Book III.,—depicting the *Legendary Spring*, the *Source of the Rivulet*. The *Large Illustration of* Book V. is the *Rivulet* in its meanderings, while the Tail-Piece of Book V. is yet another phase of the storied stream. We now give the much admired poem entire.

THE RIVULET.

This little rill, that from the springs
Of yonder grove its current brings,
Plays on the slope awhile, and then
Goes prattling into groves again.
Oft to its warbling waters drew
My little feet, when life was new.
When woods in early green were dressed,
And from the chambers of the west
The warmer breezes, travelling out,
Breathed the new scent of flowers about,
My truant steps from home would stray,
Upon its grassy side to play,
List the brown thrasher's vernal hymn,
And crop the violet on its brim,
With blooming cheek and open brow,
As young and gay, sweet rill, as thou.

And when the days of boyhood came,
And I had grown in love with fame,
Duly I sought thy banks, and tried
My first rude numbers by thy side.
Words cannot tell how bright and gay
The scenes of life before me lay.

Then glorious hopes, that now to speak
Would bring the blood into my cheek,
Passed o'er me; and I wrote, on high,
A name I deemed should never die.

Years change thee not. Upon yon hill
The tall old maples, verdant still,
Yet tell, in grandeur of decay,
How swift the years have passed away,
Since first, a child, and half afraid,
I wandered in the forest shade.
Thou, ever joyous rivulet,
Dost dimple, leap, and prattle yet;
And sporting with the sands that pave
The windings of thy silver wave,
And dancing to thy own wild chime,
Thou laughest at the lapse of time.
The same sweet sounds are in my ear
My early childhood loved to hear;
As pure thy limpid waters run;
As bright they sparkle to the sun;
As fresh and thick the bending ranks
Of herbs that line thy oozy banks;
The violet there, in soft May dew,
Comes up, as modest and as blue;
As green amid thy current's stress,
Floats the scarce-rooted watercress:
And the brown ground-bird, in thy glen,
Still chirps as merrily as then.

Thou changest not—but I am changed,
Since first thy pleasant banks I ranged;
And the grave stranger, come to see
The play-place of his infancy,
Has scarce a single trace of him
Who sported once upon thy brim.

The visions of my youth are past—
Too bright, too beautiful to last.
I've tried the world—it wears no more
The coloring of romance it wore.
Yet well has Nature kept the truth
She promised to my earliest youth.
The radiant beauty shed abroad
On all the glorious works of God,
Shows freshly, to my sobered eye,
Each charm it wore in days gone by.

A few brief years shall pass away,
And I, all trembling, weak, and gray,
Bowed to the earth, which waits to fold
My ashes in the embracing mould,
(If haply the dark will of fate
Indulge my life so long a date,)
May come for the last time to look
Upon my childhood's favorite brook.
Then dimly on my eye shall gleam
The sparkle of thy dancing stream;
And faintly on my ear shall fall
Thy prattling current's merry call;
Yet shalt thou flow as glad and bright
As when thou met'st my infant sight.

And I shall sleep—and on thy side,
As ages after ages glide,
Children their early sports shall try,
And pass to hoary age and die.
But thou, unchanged from year to year,
Gayly shalt play and glitter here;
Amid young flowers and tender grass
Thy endless infancy shalt pass;
And, singing down thy narrow glen,
Shalt mock the fading race of men.

Now, a dam has been placed across the ravine, making a fine sheet of water. Many other localities hereabouts are described in the poems of both the brothers—for instance, "The Mountain Grave-yard," by John H. Bryant; "The Two Graves," by William Cullen, etc. We will tell about this poet-brother presently.

TIME CARRIES AWAY OLD STRUCTURES.

Wherein Poesy stands aside for Antiquity. Our Dramatic Illustration, which turns even the storied *Rivulet* from its proper channel, is an extraordinary effort of genius for the Occident, not to be outdone by the "Alexander Procession" of the Orient, which somebody now turns off on his silver-cups for Young America, thus symbolically strengthening him with the wine of antiquity. It depicts the *triumphal emigration* of the Temple of Æsculapius, Doctor Bryant's old office,* or symbolic exit of Allopathy, the very walls of which are supposed to be impregnated with the secrets of the Art practised by Hippocrates. The building is drawn by twelve yoke of oxen to its present site, a mile from the homestead. The moment our artist has dramatically seized is

* The renegade! Departing from the good old faith of Allopathy. Wm. C. Bryant has been chosen President of the New York Homœopathic Hospital.—Moore's *Rural New-Yorker*, 1869.

when the ark has rested upon the right spot and refuses to budge another inch. Antiquity teaches us, that when the Penates refuse to advance, on that spot the household ark must rest. It is vain for the drivers to whip up or the boys to lure on that Zodiacal Band of Oxen: one for every month of the year: typical of Time. Time carries away old structures, removes ancient landmarks, and makes a general revolution among the homesteads of the earth. This is the symbolic exit of Allopathy.

When the Medical Art gave place to the *Dusky line of the* Ptolemy *Race*, that once famous Temple of Æsculapius (the Medicine god of the Greeks) is now the abode of the Ethiopians. Whether they practise any of their old heirloom, traditionary *rites of Obi* under its charmed roof, we cannot say; but the tenement seems to be given over to the rule and the reign of the powers of darkness,—a spot sacred to Awe and Suspicion, the parents of superstitions innumerable. Strange sounds are said to issue from the building—at midnight strange ghosts are flitting round—neither of Indian, European, or American descent.

The African reigns in one corner of the old Indian Pontoosook Forest!

The Red Man, the White Man, the Black Man. —But where is the Indian—the *Lord of the Soil*— to whom the Great Manitou gave the Western World?

Where are the INDIANS of the Pontoosook Forest, —their HOMESTEAD?

Let "The INDIAN EXODUS" answer.

CHARACTER OF THE INHABITANTS, AND WHAT EFFECT THIS HAD ON THE FUTURE POET.

Not alone is man impressible by nature, but no human being was ever yet wholly independent of the influence of his fellow-man. It is said that Nature has educated Bryant. Not entirely. Nature has rather accomplished him. He drew his acquirements from that grand, much-abused, and ignored *répertoire*—Humanity. "Man is the most interesting subject of inquiry to man. Every thing that surrounds him is either the element in which he lives or the instruments which he uses." Bryant has, through the songs of half a century, so interested us in the elements in which he lives his nobler life, his interior existence, that the world is now interested in him. From the works of the poet we become interested in the phenomena of the man.

GENERAL FEATURES OF THE HIGHLANDS OF CUMMINGTON.

INHABITANTS.—THE MASS.

The people in this part of the country are intelligent, industrious, and civil; the severity of the

climate and the somewhat exhausted soil oblige them to be laborious, but the air is pure, and the climate healthy, and there are many instances of longevity. Health, Industry, and Frugality,—presided over by Contentment. A pleasing rural tableau. The "Starry Greek" who impersonated Earth as the "producing mother" would impersonate these attributes; would people this Highland with Genii.

EPITAPH ON ONE OF THE INHABITANTS.

His youth was innocent; his riper age
Marked with some act of goodness every day;
And watched by eyes that loved him, calm, and sage,
Faded his late declining years away.
Cheerful he gave his being up, and went
To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent.

First clue of the "Two-fold Thread." The Real and the Ideal.

This solitude in a highland region two miles and a half from any village or post-office, among woods and pastures of very little tilth, contains a population of simple habits, though not unintelligent. The more refined employ themselves in the pursuit of literature and belles-lettres. But this stronghold among the rocks was the school of a practical philosophy happily evolved in *The Old Man's Counsel.*

The mass of the population tells, by the *pulse*

of philosophy, upon the young poet's heart. Humanity points the lesson of Nature.

In the following Philosophical, Humanitarian poem there are three separate beauties: the matchless *May Scenarium;* the favorite grouse, *partridge* (or Time) *Simile;* and the philosophic, humanitarian *Climax*—worthy of an ancient Greek. And the poem is Greek in its agricultural philosophy—its profound Humanity. We call this rustic sage the ancient agriculturist, but the American farmer is the duality of the Greek herdsman and sower.

THE OLD MAN'S COUNSEL.

Among our hills and valleys, I have known
Wise and grave men, who, while their diligent hands
Tended or gathered in the fruits of earth,
Were reverent learners in the solemn school
Of nature. Not in vain to them were sent
Seed-time and harvest, or the vernal shower
That darkened the brown tilth, or snow that beat
On the white winter hills. Each brought, in turn,
Some truth, some lesson on the life of man,
Or recognition of the ETERNAL MIND
Who veils his glory with the elements.

One such I knew long since, a white-haired man,
Pithy of speech, and merry when he would;
A genial optimist, who daily drew
From what he saw his quaint moralities.
Kindly he held communion, though so old,
With me a dreaming boy, and taught me much
That books tell not, and I shall ne'er forget.

MAY SCENARIUM.—HOMESTEAD REGION.

The *sun of May* was bright in middle heaven,
And *steeped the sprouting forests*, the green hills
And emerald wheat-fields, in his yellow light.
Upon the apple-tree, where rosy buds
Stood clustered, ready to burst forth in bloom,
The robin warbled forth his full clear note
For hours, and wearied not. Within the woods,
Whose young and half transparent leaves scarce cast
A shade, gay circles of anemones
Danced on their stalks; the shadbush, white with flowers,
Brightened the glens; the new-leaved butternut
And quivering poplar to the roving breeze
Gave a balsamic fragrance. In the fields
I saw the pulses of the gentle wind
On the young grass. My heart was touched with joy
At so much beauty, flushing every hour
Into a fuller beauty; but my friend,
The thoughtful ancient, standing at my side,
Gazed on it mildly sad. I asked him why.

THE ANCIENT AGRICULTURIST TO THE YOUNG POET.

"Well mayst thou join in gladness," he replied,
"With the glad earth, her springing plants and flowers,
And this soft wind, the herald of the green
Luxuriant summer. Thou art young like them,
And well mayst thou rejoice. But while the flight
Of seasons fills and knits thy spreading frame,
It withers mine, and thins my hair, and dims
These eyes, whose fading light shall soon be quenched
In utter darkness. Hearest thou that bird?"

I listened, and from midst the depth of woods
Heard the love-signal of the grouse, that wears

A sable ruff around his mottled neck;
Partridge they call him by our northern streams,
And pheasant by the Delaware. He beat
His barred sides with his speckled wings, and made
A sound like distant thunder; slow the strokes
At first, then fast and faster, till at length
They passed into a murmur and were still.

"There hast thou," said my friend, "a fitting type
Of human life.* 'Tis an old truth, I know,
But images like these revive the power
Of long familiar truths. Slow pass our days
In childhood, and the hours of light are long
Betwixt the morn and eve; with swifter lapse
They glide in manhood, and in age they fly;
Till days and seasons flit before the mind
As flit the snow-flakes in a winter storm,
Seen rather than distinguished. Ah! I seem
As if I sat within a helpless bark,
By swiftly running waters hurried on
To shoot some mighty cliff. Along the banks,
Grove after grove, rock after frowning rock,
Bare sands and pleasant homes, and flowery nooks,
And isles and whirlpools in the stream, appear
Each after each, but the devoted skiff
Darts by so swiftly that their images
Dwell not upon the mind, or only dwell
In dim confusion; faster yet I sweep
By other banks, and the great gulf is near.

* "I remember hearing an aged man, in the country, compare the slow movement of time in early life and its swift flight as it approached old age, to the drumming of a partridge or ruffed grouse in the woods—the strokes falling slow and distinct at first, and following each other more and more rapidly, till they end at last in a whirring sound."—The reader will observe in the poem there are a chain of tropes. The whirring partridge-wings; the flitting snow-flakes; and the torrent of rushing water.

Time.—Thou Chain of Glittering Tropes whose links are intangible. In delicacy outrivalling the Venetian.

CLIMAX.*

"Wisely, my son, while yet thy days are long,
And this fair change of seasons passes slow,
Gather and treasure up the good they yield—
All that they teach of virtue, of pure thoughts
Of kind affections, reverence for thy God
And for thy brethren; so when thou shalt come
Into these barren years, thou mayst not bring
A mind unfurnished and a withered heart."

THE HOMESTEAD IN THE OLDEN TIME.—SOCIAL LIFE.

Bryant in his younger days was surrounded by aspiring young geniuses, some who wrote what they called poetry, some translated, while some had the good taste to pay their devotions not alone to the muse, but to the pretty young ladies.

Their winter amusements were sleigh-rides, and what was the greatest pastime of all, singing-schools. Some person of mature age, skilled in psalmody and with a special zeal for church music, was employed at a moderate compensation to teach psalm-singing to the young people, and even to any of riper years who chose to attend. Evening after evening the sport went on in the long winter nights. The young people sang each other into a new familiar acquaintance, and their elders

* Symbolizing by antithesis one of the best descriptions of *The Veteran of* Cummington, in his Eighth Decade, that can be found in the whole range of literature.

always came to hear them and observe their progress. There were no lectures at that time to be attended, but there were militia trainings, which were more frequent then than now, and the annual regimental reviews drew all the population of three or four contiguous towns to the same spot. Whenever the frame of a building was to be raised, it was a frolic for the men; and whenever a quilt was to be made, it was a merry time for the women. The Fourth of July was faithfully observed with the discharge of guns and an oration, and the annual thanksgiving assembled all the scattered members of the family to a feast under the roof of its head. There were sometimes balls and dances; though on these a considerable part of the older population looked with despair, but the younger ones had them notwithstanding. Sometimes a season of religious earnestness would sweep over the country; some popular preacher would go from place to place, preaching day after day and evening after evening, listened to with great interest, and numerous converts would be gathered into the churches. Then there were political differences, and controversies. On the whole, remote as the district was, and different as many of the objects of interest were from those which attract attention at the present day, life was not allowed to stagnate then any more than now. The genius of the passing hour vitalizes every day. The future is but a progressive modification of the present.

THE HOMESTEAD IN THE OLDEN TIME.—ANTIQUITY OF THE BUILDING.

All that the oldest inhabitant of Massachusetts knows of the mansion—the Bryant Homestead—is that it was erected by an early settler of what was then called the Pontoosook Forest. This early settler was Ebenezer Snell, Esq., the maternal grandfather of the poet; a stern old Puritan magistrate who dealt out justice in a summary manner to the pioneer settlers.

REIGN OF JUSTICE IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Mr. Bryant points out even now the spot in the neighborhood where stood the public whipping-post, and he speaks of having seen, just after his punishment, the last culprit who was flogged* there, for a theft, upon the sentence of his grandfather. The house came into possession of Dr. Peter Bryant, father of the poet, he having married a daughter of Squire Snell, as he was popularly called. It was a large, low, one-story gambrel-roofed house, standing on a fork of the roads, with the sides adjusted to the points of the compass. These pioneer settlers were always famous for having the door open the right way, so that they would know

* *Wirtemberg* has just abolished the time-honored "whipping-post." The *Deutchers* are a little behind the *Yankees*, but "better late than never." It is still allowed to stand in the State of Delaware, to the disgrace of our civilization.

which direction to take by the sun and not get lost in the wilderness; and famous they were also for having the family or keeping room on the sunny side, and thus securing a sunny temperament for the children of the house. Whether there was a "weathercock" on the gable-end to tell which way the wind blew we cannot say. We are rather inclined to think that a Dutch necessity which pertains legitimately to the founders of New Amsterdam. We have made searching inquiries as to whether there was a horse-shoe originally nailed over the door—that being the Puritan's safeguard against witches. Here "the oldest inhabitant" again fails us, and, after deep pondering we conclude the structure was neither Dutch nor Puritan, and how it has stood the combined attacks of Salem witches, Dutch hobgoblins, and Indian spirits, we are at a loss to say. But this we know—originally an "Ancient Oak" stood close to the back of the house: a veritable forest monarch guarding the threshold. About this ancient oak more hereafter.

"The Poet's Spring"—the fount of Health, in its grass-embowered arbor and by its violet-sprinkled marge. It has been proposed to ornament this spring plateau by a terra-cotta statuette of "The Mountain Wind," the genius of Health—thus the two combined make a pleasing allegory. Water and mountain air, the elemental nurses of fragile infancy, insuring longevity, a ripe old age.

"For there is vigor in the mountain air,
And life, that bloated ease can never hope to share."

We may misquote Byron's words, but that was at one time his sentiment.

Our poet-infant was bathed in "The Spring," our poet-boy was rocked on the tree-top. This, after he had learned "to climb"—which, even in his Eighth Decade he has not forgotten. Infant, Boy, Youth, Man, Veteran, he has been caressed by that *genius loci*—"The Mountain Wind."

BOOK IV.

MOSAICS—THE OLD.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.—THE OLD.

SITE OF THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.—BOY-FEELING.—MOSAICS.—CASKET OF THOUGHT-TALISMANS.—THE POET'S EARLIER POEMS FOR THE POET'S EARLIER READERS.—BOOK IV., AN INITIATORY BOOK, WHOSE ÆSTHETIC COMPLEMENT IS BOOK V.

WHATEVER else to the night has gone—
The night that never shall know a dawn—
It stands undimmed in my memory still,
The old brown school-house on the hill.

I see the briers beside the door,
The rocks where we played at "keeping store,"
And the steps we dug in the bank below,
And the "bear-track" trod in the winter snow.

The names on the weather-boards are part
Of the sacred treasures of my heart;
Some yet a place with the earth-sounds keep,
And some in the holds of silence sleep.

We copy the above from a city paper; who wrote it we know not. We preserve it—not for its faultless diction, but for its genuine boy-feeling. The same boy-feeling that made IRVING recount how in youthful days he and his thoughtless boy-companions had chased each other around and leaped in exuberance of animal spirits over the old decaying tombstones of the pioneer settlers. He relates, with his accustomed simple grace, how he and his young companions were checked by the grave sexton. And when, in after years, from his pilgrimage in the world he returned to the old churchyard, apparently a stranger, he finds a new generation of thoughtless, hilarious boys chasing each other as he once chased his playmates, and lo! the grave sexton who reproves them with authoritative air and offended mien, IRVING recognizes as one of his old school-fellows. Ever the Old and the New: ever the New and the Old.

BRYANT'S SCHOOL-HOUSE.

Return we to our motto.—Bryant's first school-house did not stand on a hill, and the stanzas we have quoted, save for the boy-feeling before mentioned, are inappropriate. The objective is false, but the symbolic is true. The boy-feeling secures their immortality.

Veterans who keep their hearts young in their EIGHTH DECADE think no recollections so charming as those of their infancy. They all join the old French

Chanson, no matter how idly translated. One can scarce take a greater liberty with the original French song of "Forty years" than the French themselves have taken with Bryant's Rivulet,*—*Le Petit Ruisseau*, as they name it; yet they have managed to serve up a ragout of a poem both tender and charming, though retaining so little family likeness to the old familiar Rivulet of the Homestead, that did we not see the original credited to Bryant we should have imagined it a French rill, flowing from a naturally French spring.

But we wander from the *Vale of Years*. If the French take liberty with our Rivulet we will even stretch their song a decade or two. What inspires Forty years' poesy only needs intensifying to apply to Seventy years. All the world has learned that the French know how to grow old with grace; and here is their original old song a decade or so older:—

There are moments that make the old heart again young,
Moments that make the brow gay;
And they come like the echo of songs that were sung
In the dawn of our infancy's day:
Singing—"Keep thy heart young ALWAY, ALWAY;
Keep thy heart young alway!
No time for murmuring, no time for tears,
When we shall have numbered our SEVENTY years;
We've weathered life's breakers, life's cares and fears—
'Tis the dolt ever mopes in the Vale of Years,—
Now, Nature bids us be gay!"

* Beautés de la Poésie Anglaise: par le Chevalier de Chatelain.

In our Illustration of this book our artist gives a view from the "Site of the Old School-house," where the young poet of Cummington mastered the primary elements of the immortal arts of reading and writing. Whether, like Dr. Johnson, he said his letters to an old dame who rewarded him with gilded-gingerbread when he was good and punished him with the terrible birch-rod when he was bad, tradition is silent. We have our own private opinion that he could not have been a very idle scholar, for the elements of good old-fashioned handwriting, when every letter was a *spécialité*, a distinct feature, are still traceable in his chirography. It is said that his handwriting bears a marked semblance to that of his father—which was peculiarly distinct and plain. Be this as it may, his handwriting has not deteriorated, for now in his seventy-fifth year he writes a neater hand than he did ten years ago. Instead of the hurried stride of a homogeneous scrawl, where words are hieroglyphics *Der Herr Vormann* cannot himself make out, Bryant writes the most individually distinct hand of any man in his office. His autograph will be found beneath his portrait. A Perpetual Portrait; we make choice of the art of the photographer, and shall always try to have represented the *latest* portrait of the veteran minstrel.

We give the alpha and omega of our Illustrations. The Old and the New. The large illustration, with the leafy Maples and the graceful Elm, the site of the

Old School-house, is the site also of the famous Maple-Sugar Camp,—"Sugary" as it is sometimes called. "Sugary," used as a noun, Webster says is a new word. But this homestead "Maple Sugary" is an old feature. The trees were found there by Bryant's maternal grandfather. Many of these maples were set out by Bryant when a mere youth: both father and son replanted young trees for the Maple Sugary. The trees are not now fostered for their luscious sap, but their luxuriant beauty.

The process of extracting and conserving the "clear pure lymph," and the gentle resurrection of Nature from her winter sleep, BRYANT thus beautifully alludes to—the fitting climax to "*A Winter Piece:*"

> And it is pleasant, when the noisy streams
> Are just set free, and milder suns melt off
> The plashy snow, save only the firm drift
> In the deep glen or the close shade of pines,
> 'Tis pleasant to behold the wreaths of smoke
> Roll up among the maples of the hill,
> Where the shrill sound of youthful voices wakes
> The shriller echo, as the clear pure lymph,
> That from the wounded trees, in twinkling drops,
> Falls, mid the golden brightness of the morn,
> Is gathered in with brimming pails, and oft,
> Wielded by sturdy hands, the stroke of axe
> Makes the woods ring. Along the quiet air,
> Come and float calmly off the soft light clouds,
> Such as you see in summer, and the winds
> Scarce stir the branches. Lodged in sunny cleft,
> Where the cold breezes come not, blooms alone
> The little wind-flower, whose just opened eye
> Is blue as the spring heaven it gazes at—
> Startling the loiterer in the naked groves

With unexpected beauty, for the time
Of blossoms and green leaves is yet afar.
And ere it comes, the encountering winds shall oft
Muster their wrath again, and rapid clouds
Shade heaven, and bounding on the frozen earth
Shall fall their volleyed stores, rounded like hail
And white like snow, and the loud North again
Shall buffet the vexed forest in his rage.

The tail-piece which will be found at the end of this Book-Chapter, is a view of the new school-house erected by Mr. Bryant on a portion of his domain. Whether any incipient young poets patronize the new school-house we cannot stop to investigate. We have other matter on our hands.

ANTHROPOLOGY.

Emigration of Races.—Exodus of Indian and On-Coming of the Saxon.

The Nations come; the Nations go;
The tidal billows ebb and flow
Just as a *thousand* YEARS AGO!

Tide of Centuries.

Anthropology has but just begun its appropriate work among the races of men. It has endeavored to map them out, to arrange them into classes, and to speculate upon their origin. * * * Humanity has as many phases as the kaleidoscope.

DR. WILDER, on *Anthropology.*

There stood the Indian hamlet, there the lake
Spread its blue sheet that flashed with many an oar,
Where the brown otter plunged him from the brake,
And the deer drank.

Look now abroad—another race has filled
These populous borders—wide the wood recedes,
And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are tilled:
The land is full of harvests and green meads;
Streams numberless, that many a fountain feeds,
Shine, disembowered, and give to sun and breeze
Their virgin waters; the full region leads
New colonies forth, that toward the western seas
Spread, like a rapid flame among the autumnal trees.

BRYANT'S *Ages*.

The local, the key to the universal. We treat of Races, and *Thanatopsis* is the requiem or earth-tomb phase of all the race of man! Legitimately it belongs to that portion of our book which treats of the New World races. The grand Humanitarian earth-phase. The Sixth Day's Creation. The past, the present, and the future; antiquity, the present, and posterity. Thanatopsis is Anthropological.

THIS IMMORTALITY OF BRYANT'S.—N. P. WILLIS.

Of the three poets of our school-days,—BRYANT, HALLECK, and WILLIS,—Bryant, the eldest, alone remains. If we are foolish over his old homestead we may be pardoned. It is not every *Veteran* in his EIGHTH DECADE who has TWO GENERATIONS at work for him; whose only trouble is that he cannot undo the work quite so fast as they do it. We shall get a little in print yet in spite of his scissoring; and if our motley book show like the costly Indian shawls that bear one unfinished corner which by no art can

be made to match the rest of the mosaic-pattern,—why? Just so much is it the more valuable. Connoisseurs understand the mark of the Calcutta House.

But we started to tell of poor Willis.

Music; or Requiem-Phase of Thanatopsis.—The late N. P. Willis, father of the thought.

How true it is that a genuine thought can be expressed by various wands of art,—can be translated into various forms of language! Willis, the poet—the sensitive—was thrilled with the startling idea that will come home to us of the Great All-Tomb, on hearing, after the poem had become of world-wide fame, that the ground-thought of Thanatopsis had been suggested by Indian remains. That the local was the key to the universal. Psychologically, Willis was in very low health when the paper containing what the writer then deemed the origin of Thanatopsis was laid before him. As if that mysterious power that inspired Mozart's Last Requiem had chosen Willis for one of its visitations, the thought never left him till he joined the innumerable caravan.

Willis little thought when he penned the introduction to our crude paper that he was describing the music-phase of Thanatopsis, and that already his sensitive ear had caught the Requiem March to the Great All-Tomb. The innumerable caravan spoken of in that poem belongs to that class of con-

ceptions expressed by "The Day of Judgment" of MICHAEL ANGELO (Painting), "The Dance of Death," HOLBEIN (Basso-Rilievo), Bridge of Basle (commemorating the Plague), "Dies Iræ" (Poetry, 13th century, Gothic type), and MOZART's Requiem (Music, nearing modern times). With WILLIS the conception took the music phase. *Why does* WILLIS *think of* BRYANT *as he listens to the Beecher organ.**

THE GRAND HOMESTEAD-POEM—THANATOPSIS.

The Blue Rocks of Cummington, the key-stone of "the GREAT TOMB OF MAN!"

> The hills
> Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales
> Stretching in pensive quietness between;
> The venerable woods
> * * * *
> Are but the solemn decorations all
> Of the GREAT TOMB OF MAN.
>
> *Thanatopsis.*

APOSTROPHE TO THE SETTING SUN, WHEREIN HE IMMORTALIZES A DECLINING RACE.

> I stand upon their ashes, in thy beam,
> The offspring of another race, I stand
> Beside a stream they loved.
>
> *A Walk at Sunset.*

> A noble race! but they are gone,
> With their old forests wild and deep,
> And we have built our homes upon
> Fields where their generations sleep.

* Alluding to a remarkable editorial of N. P. Willis—*Home Journal*, Aug. 8, 1866.

Their fountains slake our thirst at noon,
Upon their fields our harvest waves,
Our lovers woo beneath their moon—
Then let us spare, at least, their graves!
The Disinterred Warrior.

And they that spring from thee shall build the ancient ruins;
The foundations of old times shall they raise up:
And thou shalt be called the repairer of the broken mound;
The restorer of paths to be frequented by inhabitants.
LOWTH'S *Isaiah.*

The old Israelitish seer wails over the desolation wrought by the ire of the unpronounceable JAH, which had turned man and his habitation to dust of the earth. But he foretells that a new race shall arise and rebuild the mounds and restore the paths!

THANATOPSIS is Earth's Universal Requiem. It is the Funeral March of the Past, the Present, and the Future. This is the music phase. Poor WILLIS evolved that idea.

THANATOPSIS was written at the Homestead; and as with this familiar and never-to-be-worn-out poem, this Greek—Indian—American dirge, the legitimate career of our poet commences, we deem it reverent to give it place among Homestead associations, and to tell all we know of its origin. BRYANT was in his eighteenth or perhaps nineteenth year when he wrote it, and it was first published in the *North American Review* in 1816. The perspective of his mind was toned by the classic Greek. He was a mature scholar though a youthful poet, not yet arrived to man's estate.

PHILOSOPHY OF THE OBJECTIVE AND THE SUBJECTIVE.

Genius is rarely self-conscious of his powers; is not given to analyzing his own philosophy. Our Veteran himself would probably be surprised were we to suggest that the consolation of *Thanatopsis* consisted in the harmonious play of two antagonistic philosophemes! Thus:—he bids us flee morbid introspection when it becomes soul-harrowing and tends to waste the frail casket of clay. He then bids us seek and trust like a fond believing child to the Recuperative Forces of Nature. He rings the changes on the life within and life without. From Introspection he would have us vault to Observation.

INTROSPECTION FOILED BY OBSERVATION.

When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware.

It was here in Cummington, while wandering in the primeval forests over the floor of which were scattered the gigantic trunks of fallen trees, mouldering for long years and suggesting an indefinitely remote antiquity, and where silent rivulets crept along through the carpet of dead leaves, the spoil of thousands of summers; that the poem entitled *Thanatopsis* was composed. The young poet had read the poems of KIRKE WHITE, which edited by SOUTHEY were published about that time, and a small volume of Southey's miscellaneous poems, and some lines of these authors had kindled his imagination, which going forth over the face of the inhabitants of the globe sought to bring under one broad and comprehensive view, the destinies of the human race in the present life and the perpetual rising and passing away of generation after generation who are nourished by the fruits of its soil and find a resting-place in its bosom. As at first written it began with the half-line,

"Yet a few days and thee,"

and ended with the half-line,

"And make their bed with thee."

In this state it was found by the poet's father at Cummington among some other manuscripts, after his son had left the place to reside elsewhere. He took it to the editors of the *North American Review*, then a monthly periodical, in which it appeared. Afterwards, when in 1821, and after his father's death, he published

a little volume of poems at Cambridge, the poet added the sixteen lines with which the poem begins and the fifteen with which it closes. In this poem he speaks of

"Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,"

but he had not then seen the ocean, any more than he had seen the solitudes of Oregon through which winds seaward the river now foolishly named Columbia, on the banks of which towns and cities are beginning to arise.

Where rolls the Oregan, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there:
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.

CLIMAX-THOUGHTS OF THANATOPSIS.

The "sad sweet music of humanity."
The whisper of the Guardian Angel.

THE CARAVAN-THOUGHT.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
THE INNUMERABLE CARAVAN, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon!

Pause: we want breath to fix this scenarium in our mind. Here is nascent drama. This climax is a duality; an antithesis.

THE DREAM THOUGHT.

But, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

"How long may be that dream beneath the mould
When we are covered by earth's mantle o'er?"

Will the sleep of the grave put a stop to soul-progression? When this fleshy tabernacle together with the subtle ties that unite Dual Human Nature are dissolved—when elements modified by the accident of life, which is a mere circumstance, are resolved to their primal powers—where will the soul be accommodated? Where is the suprasensual realm of thought and feeling? We read BRYANT's *Thanatopsis* and we exclaim with BYRON's *Dante*—in his own weird *terza rima*—

"A thousand years which yet supine
Lie like the ocean waves ere winds arise,
Heaving in dark and sullen undulation,
Float from eternity into these eyes!"

And how many THOUSAND "thousand-years prophecy of Dante" will roll over Bryant's earth-tomb? His grand Anthropological Cairn for ALL of mortal clay!

Who can tell? What is DIES IRÆ? Do elements need rest? Is Dies Iræ the final examination: and will the soul, the Life-Pupil, be put back or forward according to progression in Life-Apprenticeship? Put back to Primal Nonentity at final Revision?

How long may be that dream? Ages, or moments?

> "Who can tell? for who can bear
> Tidings from the spirits there?"

Dante could! The stern of lineament, the grim,—the father old of Tuscan song—could bear revelations from the realm of the suprasensual. A type of *Apocalypse* St. John, was Dante Alighieri. He grappled with the Intangible. Verily—Thanatopsis is a weird poem. We never muse over it without evolving some new phase of our common earth-mound.

The poem stops at the Dream of the Grave; and wisely, Reader: we have seen letters written to Bryant in his Eighth Decade, asking him to finish Thanatopsis with Immortality. Why does he not?

Art has its limitations. Between the Innumerable Caravan and Immortality comes the Dream of the Grave!

Then Bryant does not believe in the immortality of the soul?

Reader: what would you have? He has hope, hope—that

> "He that made us with such large discourse,
> Looking before, and after, gave us not
> That capability and godlike reason
> To fust in us unused."

If used it is preserved. Like Schiller, our Bard is a soul-progressionalist. He has faith:—faith that the All-Absorber will re-create the soul anew after

this toilsome life-pilgrimage and dual apprenticeship, in what phase seemeth to Him best. What would you more? From out of Hope and Faith evolve Belief.

The symbolism of our Initial cover device is the Heraldry of two nations, the Exodus of the Indian and the On-Coming of the Saxon-Clan.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

Severe as the climate of the region is in which Bryant passed his school-boy days, the summers were delightful; and even in late autumn, in his birth-month November, there were intervals of warmth and brightness, sunshiny days when the elements were in repose and when the season which Longfellow, in his Evangeline, calls the summer of All Saints, was enjoyed in its perfection. This the poet has portrayed in his Sonnet entitled November. The illustrations of this book are all drawn from objects seen in the leafy months. We leave to the poet himself to depict the Sabbath stillness, the universal repose, the bare, leafless, russet landscape sleeping in the genial sunshine just before the arrival of the frost and storms of winter.

NOVEMBER.

Yet one smile more, departing, distant sun!
One mellow smile through the soft vapory air,
Ere, o'er the frozen earth, the loud winds run,
Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare.

One smile on the brown hills and naked trees,
And the dark rocks whose summer wreaths are cast
And the blue gentian flower, that, in the breeze,
Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last.
Yet a few sunny days, in which the bee
Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts the way,
The cricket chirp upon the russet lea,
And man delight to linger in thy ray.
Yet one rich smile, and we will try to bear
The piercing winter frost, and winds, and darkened air.

This region of wild forests and solitary glens and rugged hill-sides, in which Bryant's early school-days were passed, but which before the settlers of the European stock hewed down its trees and brought it under cultivation, was a vast woodland, with not a single opening, and little visited by the Indian tribes, except in the hunting season, suggests by the mere force of contrast, those regions of the old world which were afterwards visited by the poet; and to which, amid his wanderings and travels, we shall allude in the next book—premising that our traveller himself observed the injunction he so emphatically gave his friend Cole.

Bryant's *Sonnet to* Cole, *on his departure for Europe*, one of the finest of the few personal tributes to be found among his poems, contains four lines of concise "seizing upon the individual in objects," expressed with a terseness and vigor rarely equalled and never excelled. We quote the sonnet for its pure American sentiment, and we emphasize the lines alluded to,

that the reader may refresh his memory with the paintings of Cole rendered by the pen of Bryant.

TO COLE, THE PAINTER, DEPARTING FOR EUROPE.

Thine eyes shall see the light of distant skies:
Yet, Cole! thy heart shall bear to Europe's strand
A living image of our own bright land,
Such as upon thy glorious canvas lies;
Lone lakes—savannas where the bison roves—
Rocks rich with summer garlands—solemn streams—
Skies, where the desert eagle wheels and screams—
Spring bloom and autumn blaze of boundless groves.
Fair scenes shall greet thee where thou goest—fair,
But different—everywhere the trace of men,
Paths, homes, graves, ruins, from the lowest glen
To where life shrinks from the fierce Alpine air.
Gaze on them, till the tears shall dim thy sight,
But *keep that earlier, wilder image bright.*

BOOK V.

MOSAICS—THE NEW.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.—THE NEW.

MOSAICS.—ELEMENTAL GLEANINGS.—A CASKET OF THOUGHT-TALISMANS.—WANDERINGS, TRAVELS, AND GLEANINGS, FROM MANY LANDS.

THE FIRMAMENT was ever with BRYANT a loving study.

"And contemplation, sweeping to the far,
Speaks to the eyes commercing with the sun."
SCHILLER.

To the atmosphere of either the material or spiritual world he is keenly sensitive. The changes of the seasons—the phenomena that mark the flight of time—he lives them. This may appear a trivial and commonplace sentence. It is: but we will not erase it. Even the commonplace has its value. If the French teach us respect for the trivial, the Germans teach us the value of the commonplace. The German requires

earnestness, grandeur of thought, and dignity of sentiment; and these the descendant of the old "Earth-worshipping Teuton" manages to evolve from the commonplace phenomena of daily life. Hundreds never think of the phenomena that mark the seasons: or, if they note them, fail to read the lesson of the hour; to note the latent poetry of the moment; to fathom the subtle symbolism that makes the moment more than fleeting; that transfixes it in its flight.

Return we to the Homestead. The view from the piazza is at times wonderfully magnificent; an amphitheatre of mountains encircling for one half the horizon with farm and forest, glen and gorge, shaded or brought into light by flitting clouds, or in autumn emblazoned with hues so successfully rendered by the rich chameleon-palette of CROPSEY. No wonder the youthful poet drank deep draughts of aerial perspective, no wonder that he looked with eyes of love upon "the magnificent temple of the sky." No wonder the mirror of his mind took in the Firmament.*

THE FIRMAMENT.

Ay! gloriously thou standest there,
Beautiful, boundless firmament!
That, swelling wide o'er earth and air,
And round the horizon bent,
With thy bright vault, and sapphire wall,
Dost overhang and circle all.

* Written before Bryant had travelled; yet his attachment to his native sky has never suffered change.

Far, far below thee, tall gray trees
  Arise, and piles built up of old,
And hills, whose ancient summits freeze
  In the fierce light and cold.
The eagle soars his utmost height,
Yet far thou stretchest o'er his flight.

* * * *

The sun, the gorgeous sun is thine,
  The pomp that brings and shuts the day,
The clouds that round him change and shine,
  The airs that fan his way.
Thence look the thoughtful stars, and there
The meek moon walks the silent air.

The sunny Italy may boast
  The beauteous tints that flush her skies,
And lovely, round the Grecian coast,
  May thy blue pillars rise.
I only know how fair they stand
Around my own beloved land.

We can now understand why that exquisite, often quoted, and never-to-be-worn-out distich,

Hung high the glorious sun and set
Night's cressets in their arch of jet,

sprang so spontaneously from the poet-soul.

From his favorite window (eastward) you look at a vast extent of country; the land in front slopes rapidly eastward to the deep glen in which flows the north fork of the Westfield River, and rises on the other side, where you see farm after farm with their dwellings, and here and there a church, and russet

pastures, and green mowing lands interspersed with woods. In this valley, at morning, you sometimes see an ocean of fog, with nearly a level surface, above which appear the eminences with their fields and trees and sometimes a dwelling, like islands in that sea of cloud. This phase of the scenarium reminds us of a passage in Schiller's *William Tell*:—

> "Beneath him an ocean of mist, where his eye
> No longer the dwellings of man can espy."

This mist-cloud perspective reminds us also of the familiar lines of MILTON:—

> "Ye mists and exhalations that now rise
> From hill or streaming lake, dusky or gray,
> Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
> In honor of the world's great author, rise!"

We confess that MILTON was never a great favorite with idle scholars in school-days, we having to "parse" his *Paradise Lost;* when we devoutly wished his Paradise was indeed "lost," never to be found! We also had to "parse" something else, which we will tell about in another place.

THE "YOUNG POET" AS WELL AS THE "VETERAN," AN EARLY RISER.—DAY-DAWN AT THE HOMESTEAD.—YOUNG BYRON AND YOUNG BRYANT.

> "Still in each step that man ascends to light
> He bears the art that first inspired the flight;
> And still the teeming nature to his gaze,
> The wealth he gives her with new worlds repays."
>
> SCHILLER.

One of our poet's comparatively juvenile poems: yet one with a thoughtfully antedating climax of the Veteran. Pause, reader, and scan the juvenescent rhythm. The same swinging, joyous, fantastic, effervescing cadenza as Byron, the young Highlander, seized upon when he sang, in his most wholesome strain, the praise of his native mountains! Ah! those were indeed good old days, when it was not deemed vulgar to be robust. Afterward, Byron the Sybarite,—Lord Byron, we mean,—the self-torturer, whom a crumpled rose-leaf could annoy, perhaps did not rise so early.

WHEN I ROVED A YOUNG HIGHLANDER.

"When I roved a young Highlander o'er the dark heath,
And climbed thy steep summit, O Morven of snow!
To gaze on the torrent that thundered beneath,
Or the mist of the tempest that gathered below,
I arose with the dawn: with my dog as my guide,
From mountain to mountain I bounded along;
I breasted the billows of Dee's rushing tide,
And heard at a distance the Highlander's song."

BYRON.

DAY-DAWN AT THE HOMESTEAD.—YOUNG BRYANT.

"WHEN THE FIRMAMENT QUIVERS WITH DAYLIGHT'S YOUNG BEAM."

When the firmament quivers with daylight's young beam,
And the woodlands awaking burst into a hymn,
And the glow of the sky blazes back from the stream,
How the bright ones of heaven in the brightness grow dim.

Oh! 'tis sad, in that moment of glory and song,
To see, while the hill-tops are waiting the sun,
The glittering band that kept watch all night long
O'er Love and o'er Slumber, go out one by one:

Till the circle of ether, deep, ruddy, and vast,
Scarce glimmers with one of the train that were there;
And their leader the day-star, the brightest and last,
Twinkles faintly and fades in that desert of air.

* * * *

Let them fade—but we'll pray that the age, in whose flight,
Of ourselves and our friends the remembrance shall die,
May rise o'er the world, with the gladness and light
Of the morning that withers the stars from the sky.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"The Rich varieties of Soulful Sound."

But there is one charm of The Firmament which no art of the pencil can give us—the song of the bob-o'-link in June, the holiday of the year, when he rises singing from the grass, and fills the air with his joyous, almost defiant note, and descends into the grass again when his song is ended, completing his flight and his lay at the same moment. The region in which the Homestead lies is much visited by these birds, and nowhere is their song more frequently heard than here, in June, that holiday of the year when a perfect chorus of birds rises from the meadows. Our Initial represents the bob-o'-link on the spray—"merrily swinging."

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

THE VETERAN, though he has wandered in many lands, has never forgotten the music of his native Rivulet. For him it has various chimes the world over. This is one chime.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

Oh silvery streamlet of the fields,
That flowest full and free!
For thee the rains of spring return,
The summer dews for thee:
And when thy latest blossoms die
In autumn's chilly showers,
The winter fountains gush for thee,
Till May brings back the flowers.

Oh Stream of Life! the violet springs
But once beside thy bed;
But one brief summer, on thy path
The dews of heaven are shed.
Thy parent fountains shrink away
And close their crystal veins,
And where thy glittering current flowed
The dust alone remains.

Here are a cluster of Rivulet Chimes, very Germanic; very allegoric; very musical; very wise; almost equal to song—"Dost thou idly ask to hear," a great favorite once. THE VETERAN'S *last* "Rivulet" version. —*Later Poem Refrain.*

ENIGMA.

The pretty stream, the placid stream,
The softly-gliding, bashful stream.
The pretty stream, the flattered stream,
The shy, yet unreluctant stream.
The flattered stream, the simpering stream,
The fond, delighted, silly stream.
The flattered stream, the cheated stream,
The sad, forsaken, lonely stream.
The cheated stream, the hopeless stream,
The ever-murmuring, mourning stream.

Wherein our Celtic Druid plays Grecian Æolus. SHAKSPEARE is right: "a man plays many parts."

"ÆOLUS, the king of storms and winds, reigned over Æolia; and because he was the inventor of sails, and a great astronomer, the poets have called him the god of the winds. The name seems to be derived from *αιολος*, *various*, because the winds over which he presided are ever varying"—*Lemprière.*

"ÆOLUS. He is represented in Homer as the happy ruler over the Æolian islands, to whom Zeus had given dominion over the winds, which he might soothe or excite according to his pleasure. This statement of Homer and etymology of the name

Æolus, from αελλω, led to Æolus being regarded in later times as the god and king of the winds, which he kept inclosed in a mountain."—Dr. Wm. Smith's *Classical Dictionary.*

All this is highly instructive. Why cannot we have a *Temple of Winds* as well as the Athenians? We mean the Grecian Athenians—not the Bostonian Athenians. They have their Colosseum.

WINDS AND WAVES.

The element water is undoubtedly a great educator, refiner, strengthener, and evolver. We are not now speaking of plunge baths in Mountain Springs, but veritable voyagings, dreamings, reveries, and poetizings, on the once to him mythical Wave-World.

Not only does our poet cull similes from earth, but the elemental phases of Earth, the various aspects of Air, Ocean, Wind, and Tide have accomplished the æsthetic education of our earliest Poet of the Forests. Few poets probably have ever had the opportunities of studying the mystery of "old ocean's gray and melancholy waste" like him. He has crossed the Atlantic some ten or twelve times we opine—and found poesy *en voyage* and gleanings *en route.* Ocean tides as well as Mountain Winds have educated him, and Bryant commands a *Choir of Winds*, like old Æolus; and we wonder if he has brought them from

the Hellespont! Regular Greek winds they are too, like those of Æolus, "ever varying." Run through the gamut of his wind songs and you will not find two of the same refrain. He has sung of all winds, ay, *the Hurricane* itself, and played Æolus generally on our western shore yet it will be conceded; there is a peculiar crispness and vigor in singing the praises of his native breath, which we hope will indeed prove to him the genius of health and vigor as he returns to his Homestead after a weary campaign in the Busy Mart, this dawning June, 1869, and to whom we piously commit him—the Spirit of his native home, THE MOUNTAIN WIND!

Winds to ordinary unphilosophic observation are irregular in their comings and goings; and if our Æolian mosaics are grouped irregularly, there will at least be variety. We once had the scale all harmoniously arranged; we think our poet groups seven distinct individual winds; but our Æolian gamut is mislaid and we now cull at random. The winds are let loose from their cave and they may blow as they please.

THE EARTH MURMUR: THE VOICE OF THE GROUND. THE NERVE-THRILL OF THE UNIVERSE.

Our poet is prone to throw himself upon the grass and lie and dream dreams. Sometimes he takes to his heart the breast of the great Earth-Mother, and

senses the nerve-thrill of the universe. Sometimes Earth has a voice of chiding; moaning; wailing.

ANTITHESIS.

Just imagine that genius of Negation, *Mephistopheles*, the grand Marplot, coming along just as our poet is enjoying one of his Earth-Reveries!

Mephistopheles.

> What superhuman ecstasy! at night
> To lie in darkness on the dewy height,
> Embracing heaven and earth in rapture high,
> The soul dilating to a deity.
> With prescient yearnings pierce the core of earth,
> Feel in your laboring heart the six-days' birth,
> Enjoy in *proud delight what no one knows.*

And yet, we opine it would take more than a Mephistopheles to laugh BRYANT from his Earth-Reveries.

POESY OF THE SEA.—THE WAVE-WORLD.

> I know old ocean: every sight and sound:
> The storm, the calm, familiar are to me;
> The joyous barks, off shore, when homeward-bound:
> The lonesome wrecks that drift far out at sea!
> I know the meaning of the doubts and fears
> That darken earth; I know why cheeks are wan:
> Why smiles are few; why there are many tears:
> I know that mystery, the heart of man.
>
> ANON.

Ay, the ancient sea-loving Pheacians.

So Ulysses, the high-born, escaped
From death and from the fates, might be the guest
Of the Pheacians, men who love the sea.
ODYSSEY.—BRYANT'S *translation*.

Nowhere, in the broad, earth-bread granary does *The Sower* put in grain with a more broadcast hand and stronger arm or more generous heart than he does for *the Sailor*, the Man-before-the-Mast, the potent being who evolves Safety from Danger, the very being whose battles NORDHOFF has been fighting. BRYANT recognizes the Sailor's claim to poetry; you cannot cull a passage in the universal *Song of the Sower* wherein the strength, sublimity, and power of poetry has greater sway. Here is a broad humanity such as Homer loved.

Cast, with full hands, the harvest cast,
For the BRAVE MEN that *climb* the *mast*,
When to the billow and the blast
It swings and stoops, with fearful strain,
And bind the fluttering mainsail fast,
Till the tossed bark shall sit, again,
Safe as a sea-bird on the main.
Cast, with full hands, the harvest cast,
For the BRAVE MEN that CLIMB the MAST!

What has the sailor done to earn his BREAD? Righted the vessel in danger. Evolved safety from destruction. Here is nascent drama to charm the Greek.

HIGH CARNIVAL OF THE WINDS AND THE WAVES.

Ye dart upon the deep, and straight is heard
A wilder roar, and men grow pale, and pray;
Ye fling its floods around you, as a bird
Flings o'er his shivering plumes the fountain's spray.
See! to the breaking mast the sailor clings;
Ye scoop the ocean to its briny springs,
And take the mountain billow on your wings,
And pile the wreck of navies round the bay.

We have said the French make a grand hash in translating BRYANT's naturalistic poems, but the Germans make out better. FREILIGRATH has translated *The Winds*, and interior Germany can now have winds and waves in the American style.* This, GOETHE says, is the period of World Literature.

But would you lay your hand on the great aorta of the sea-tide, feel the pulse of the mighty channels that keep fresh the habitations of man, which we are assured by Holy Writ were "founded upon the seas," study Bryant's *Hymn to the Sea*,—an Ocean Anthem of the Wave-World equal to the Forest Anthem on the land.

THE GREAT BREAKWATER OF THE PACIFIC.

Here, where the ocean-channel is deepest, trace our poet's power as he follows the sobbing wave that at the pole began the treacherous barricade built by

* HERR FREILIGRATH, the German poet, has definitely settled at Stuttgardt, now the literary centre of Southern Germany.

the Coral Gnomes, the scenarium of one of the most thrilling tragedies of the New World, wherein both officers and crew were victims.

PRIMEVAL REQUIEM,—since time began
Is the long wave that rolls upon Japan!

Thou, meanwhile, afar
In the green chambers of the middle sea,
Where broadest spread the waters and the line
Sinks deepest, while no eye beholds thy work,
Creator! thou dost teach the coral worm
To lay his mighty reefs.

From age to age,
He builds beneath the waters, till, at last,
His bulwarks overtop the brine, and check
The long wave rolling from the southern pole
To break upon Japan.

GLANCE AT MID-SEA IN SUNLIGHT.*

I look forth
Over the boundless blue, where joyously
The bright crests of innumerable waves
Glance to the sun at once, as when the hands
Of a great multitude are upward flung
In acclamation. I behold the ships
Gliding from cape to cape, from isle to isle,
Or stemming toward far lands, or hastening home
From the old world. It is thy friendly breeze
That bears them, with the riches of the land,
And treasure of dear lives, till, in the port,
The shouting seaman climbs and furls the sail.

* Concerning this simile, see Book IX., Part I. Busy Mart. The Experience of the Journalist aiding the conceit of the Poet.

THE SEA THE GREAT PRESERVATIVE OF EARTH.—ETERNITY OF THE SEA.

The sea is mighty, but a mightier sways
His restless billows. Thou, whose hands have scooped
His boundless gulfs and built his shore, thy breath,
That moved in the beginning o'er his face,
Moves o'er it evermore. The obedient waves
To its strong motion roll, and rise and fall.
Still from that realm of rain thy cloud goes up,
As at the first, to water the great earth,
And keep her valleys green. A hundred realms
Watch its broad shadow warping on the wind,
And in the dropping shower, with gladness hear
Thy promise of the harvest.

But perhaps the most subtle passage of Sea-Power occurs a subjective strain in the *Night Journey of a River*, the waves of which lave the Poet's Long Island Home. He bids the *Darkling River* glide away from the CITY by the SEA, which pollutes its marge, and seek that MYSTIC REGENERATOR in mid-ocean.

I shut my eyes, and see, as in a dream,
The friendly clouds drop down spring violets
And summer columbines, and all the flowers
That tuft the woodland floor or overarch
The streamlet:—spiky grass for genial June,
Brown harvests for the waiting husbandman,
And for the woods a deluge of fresh leaves.
I see these myriad drops that slake the dust,
Gathered in glorious streams, or rolling blue
In billows on the lake or on the deep
And bearing navies.

Out at sea again. Here we leave him. The climax of the poem, The Wind of Night, the reader will find somewhere among the Winds. But we think the original reader of Bryant's Forest Studies will concede The Veteran masters more elements than land.

A DRUID,—AN ÆOLUS, OR A NEREUS.

Nereus is described as the wise and unerring Old Man of the Sea, at the bottom of which he dwelt. His empire is the Mediterranean, or more particularly the Ægean Sea, whence he is sometimes called The Ægean. He was believed, like other marine divinities to have the power of prophesying the future, and of appearing to mortals in different shapes. In works of art, Nereus, like other sea-gods, is sometimes represented with pointed sea-weeds taking the place of hair on the eyebrows, the chin, and the breast.

Dr. Wm. Smith, *Classical Dictionary.*

Artists of the marine genre have only to sketch our Poet with alga for eyebrows and sea-weed for hair, and we have the Greek Nereus.

CONCLUSION.—THE OLD AND THE NEW.

While we speak of Winds and Waves, subjects which we admit are but remotely connected with the Homestead, let us close with one of the latest poems of

the possessor,—*The May Evening.* We know that in his former poems he wrote *The May Sun sheds an Amber Light:* and we have included this exquisite description of the on-coming of verdure in the month of May, in Book III., wherein it occurs in *The Old Man's Counsel;* the description of Homestead Scenarium as seen in the MAY OF LIFE of the young poet's existence.

We have before spoken of the Greek tone of *The Old Man's Counsel.* Eclogues are defined to be pastoral compositions in which shepherds are introduced conversing with each other; or little neat compositions, in a simple, natural style and manner. But here was an aged Agriculturist and a young Poet. No matter. Both characters antique. That *Old Man's Counsel* poem will live. But

> Put off from THE PAST! a mirage: 'tis fled,
> Its lights are extinguished. Its garlands are dead.

Dead in one sense; immortal in another.

Years afterward, while *the Venerable* MINSTREL, the classic scholar, is sitting in his "silent rooms" in his elegant retreat on the picturesque northern shore of Long Island, while he pauses in his long labor of the Translation of Homer, *The May Wind* again visits the POET with the sweet breath of the Past. He breathes a sigh that the mission of his GOOD-ANGEL is ended; and gathering to his heart all of consolation, juve-

nescence, and health the passing May breeze wafts him—he bids it pass on to refresh the toiling husbandman, the guardian of "the harvest-bearing earth," the *Farmer* of the AMERICAN; the *Husbandman* of the GREEK—the same as in days of yore the world over. Again the Poet and the Agriculturist. The young minstrel who in the May of life fed his soul on Nature is the veteran poet who culminates on Humanity.

The May breeze passes on, and the Poet resumes his toil over the hoary page. The Poet of the NEW World is translating the Poet of the OLD.

MAY EVENING.

The breath of Spring-time at this twilight hour
Comes through the gathering glooms,
And bears the stolen sweets of many a flower
Into my silent rooms.

Where hast thou wandered, gentle gale, to find,
The perfumes thou dost bring?
By brooks, that through the wakening meadows wind,
Or brink of rushy spring?

Or woodside, where, in little companies,
The early wild flowers rise,
Or sheltered lawn, where 'mid encircling trees
May's warmest sunshine lies?

O'er the pale blossoms of the sassafras
And o'er the spice-bush spray,
Among the opening buds, thy breathings pass
And come embalmed away.

Yet there is sadness in thy soft caress,
Wind of the blooming year!
The gentle presence, that was wont to bless
Thy coming, is not here.

Go, then; and yet I bid thee not repair,
Thy gathered sweets to shed,
Where pine and willow, in the evening air,
Sigh o'er the buried dead.

Pass on to homes where cheerful voices sound,
And cheerful looks are cast,
And where thou wakest, in thine airy round,
No sorrow of the past.

Refresh the languid student pausing o'er
The learned page apart,
And he shall turn to con his task once more
With an encouraged heart.

Bear thou a promise, from the fragrant sward,
To him who tills the land,
Of springing harvests that shall yet reward
The labors of his hand.

And whisper, everywhere, that Earth renews,
Her beautiful array,
Amid the darkness and the gathering dews,
For the return of day.

O eloquent breath of Manhood! Thou art more potent than the May Breeze! Students of "the starry Greek," where is your classic sympathy? Ye sympathized with Longfellow translating *Dante*—but Bryant in "The Vale of Years" translating *Homer*,

stands alone! That "SAD SPEECH." See College Episode—last part, Book IX.

True—THE MOTHER, who had fitted THE YOUTH for the college-hall within their Homestead, horizon bound, was—"in her grave,—low in her grave!"

The GOOD ANGEL of his life-pilgrimage, was—"in her grave!"

Still, there remained for him *Die Brüderschaft* of STUDENTS. Scholarly sympathy is much. If ever there was an hour when the mental friends of BRYANT should be rallied round him—it is NOW! at the very finishing-up of a Life-Work: when the weary student, fainting over the classic page, strives to gather strength and encouragement from the passing breeze of May,—the truant breeze!

BOOK VI.

ARBORESCENCE.

AMERICAN ARBORESCENCE has, through our poets and artists, contributed a new feature to the Art and Poetry of the Old World. As we have elsewhere said, American landscapists, taking their models from Nature, where Nature was fresh and new from the hand of her Creator, have surprised the Old World's galleries into expressions sometimes bordering on incredulity, that the New World could in reality furnish forth such examples of gorgeous scenery.

If moss (*cryptogamia*) be the pigmy of the vegetable world, then are trees (*arborescence*) the giants; flowers (*flora*), the fairies; vines, the nameless graces; and grasses (the German *rasen*, turf or sod), the serfs.

In arborescence we treat of the giants. The forests

surrounding the Bryant Homestead, and in the vicinity, some of them, at least, are very grand—huge stems, towering to a vast height, and among them the trunks of giants of a past generation overthrown by the winds and mouldering on the ground. Characteristic vestiges of "the forest primeval"—the perpendicular and the horizontal. There is scarce a more awe-inspiring object in nature than a fallen tree half resolved to natal earth. The half in its demi-tomb of clay hollowed out by the force of its sudden down-fall—is earth: the half exposed to the air, concealed by a treacherous pall of moss, is rather animal than vegetable, being the haunt and home of myriads of the insect tribes, who make of it their aliment, their habitation, and their tomb. Earthy, vegetable, and animal nature: the triune forces are contending over the fallen monarch, while insects on the wing are gayly flitting round, and LIFE is dancing upon DECAY! Vegetable life finally becomes a prey to animal life and mineral agency. Then again, new forms of vegetation arise from the tree-tomb.

A progressive growth of childhood and youth in the woods of the Homestead region, laid the foundation for that deep veneration for the forces of Nature and for the GOD of NATURE—the homage of the poet-man to the Genius of Creation—Production and Re-absorption—the profound religious rapture with which the Anthem of the Forests is chanted

at the great earth altar. A mighty epoch in soul-progression since

> "first, a child, and half afraid,
> He wandered in the forest shade."

But before we reconsider this *Forest Hymn*, which we have all learned in our childhood, we have something to say of our own tree-giants, merely premising that our Poet of the Forests is a worshipper of the GREAT ALL-SOUL, the primal essence "who veils his glory in the elements," as well as God of mind, who breathes upon us somewhat of his divine breath, and awakens in us the instinct of worship.

> Heaven breathes the soul into the minstrel's breast,
> But with that soul he animates the rest;
> The God inspires the mortal—but to God,
> In turn, the mortal lifts thee from the sod.
>
> SCHILLER, *The Fortune-Favored.*

LOCAL LEGENDS.—CITY.

"When an author begins to be quoted," said Halleck once to me, "he is already famous." Halleck found that he was quoted, but he was not a man to go on writing because the world seemed to expect it.—BRYANT: *Halleck Memorial.*

HALLECK in a measure founded the legends of Gotham. The classic shades of old Tammany attest his popularity. Witness the "SONG" beginning with this stanza:—

HISTORICAL ORIGIN OF OLD TAMMANY.—GOTHAM LEGENDS.

Parody on Moore's "There 's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream."

There 's a barrel of porter at Tammany Hall,
And the Bucktails are swigging it all the night long;
In the time of my boyhood 'twas pleasant to call
For a seat and cigar 'mid the jovial throng.

HALLECK! HALLECK!! we are grieved; chagrined; outraged. How could you take that fine lyric razor of yours to a beer-barrel! Is this the way you founded your legends—the legends that perpetuate the fame of old Sachem Tammany of the Delawares, or *Lenni-Lenapes*—in honor of whom your wigwam was named?

LOCAL LEGENDS.—COUNTRY.

When the *vox populi* asserts that a mind-elaboration of whatever branch of art was brought into existence at such or such a spot, designating the birthplace of the ideal—of two things, you may assure yourself—One: that artist or poet, that being's fame is well established; else, the mass would not begin to take pride in and note his life career. The other item you may assure yourself of, is merely a dual axiom. Legends are the offspring of truth and fable. The objective may be wrong while the subjective is right, or *vice versa*. The symbolic may be true: the locale wrong! GOETHE, or some otherwise introspectional Teuton, bids us pay great

deference to that hoary tissue of truth and fable—LEGENDS.

"TOURIST-ON-THE-HUDSON."

We were amused by the effect on BRYANT, by observing to him that in a little out-of-the-way hamlet, in the vicinity of Great Barrington, the "TOURIST-ON-THE-HUDSON" said the people affirmed was the veritable spot where BRYANT wrote THANATOPSIS.

Local Legends were begun.

As there happens to be the ordinary tissue of truth and fable in this legend, we conclude to state the "say" of the *vox populi*. The subjective is right, the objective wrong. There was a great poem written somewhere in the western part of Massachusetts by BRYANT. Requesting our obliging Tourist to give in his deposition, he speedily produced the following:—

LEGEND OF BASH-BISH. THE POPULAR VOICE—"THEY SAY."

"Bash-Bish," a beautiful waterfall on the western side of the Berkshire Hills, which I have rudely attempted to describe in these sheets, is said to have frequently been the resort of the young poet. Whether "the people say" truly or not, I do not know, but I have sometimes also thought that it was from this he caught the conception—

"Take the wings
Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregan, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings."

Of course it is a mountain stream, and could hardly be compared to the "Oregan," but I never visit the *wild spot* without repeating to myself the words which seem *born* of the *spirit* of the *water*. These falls are about twelve miles southwest from Barrington.

A COMPOUND POEM.

Studies of trees on the southern fringe of the Great Northern Forest-Belt Plane.

The "Great Northern Forest-Belt" is estimated by HUMBOLDT, or BONPLANDE, or GOETHE, or MITCHELL, or somebody else whom we have idly studied (we devoutly hope we are not doomed to pass an examination on cosmical Botany), to girdle the earth at fifty-one degrees of north latitude, fringing downward to forty,—the trees gradually growing tall and slender; the quality of wood softening; the foliage increasing in redundancy, juiciness, and pulpiness,—until, as the plane verges toward the "Equatorial Belt" the characterism of arborescence assumes a radical change. Quick of growth; tropic luxuriance of leafage; cotton-wood-like feathery foliage, as well

as cabbage-like succulence of leafage, are the marked characterism of the Equatorial Belt: arborescence encumbered with parasites.

The Northern Forest-Belt, trending northward or polar-wise,—trees, instead of spindling up, dwindle down: expanded branches, stunted growth, mark the transition to the north Polar-Belt. Here ARBORESCENCE gradually gives way to SHRUBBERY: Shrubbery yields its place to the humbler type of Cryptogamous plants.

Cryptogamia crowns the Pole.

The parallel fifty-one, in girdling the earth, yields, in petrified trunks, from North America, North Europe, and North Asia, the strongest types of forest wood. It is not that these are invariably the largest trees, for the world shows many isolated samples of more gigantic growth on the Equatorial Plane: but the estimate is ventured that the Northern Belt furnishes the strongest type of giant trees.

It is on the southern fringe of this Great Northern Belt, that we find our poet of the forests has studied and reproduced in his verse the scenarium of THE FORESTS: a poem equally invaluable to the naturalist as to the poet-student.

BRYANT is the CHRISTOPHER CHRISTIAN STURM of the New World. But our reflections on the works of God in Nature and Providence come to us in the form of finished poetry.

DEVOTIONAL POETRY, FROM THE ANCIENT IN THE MORNING OF OUR TIMES.

Our poetry of Nature has gone on, and our humanity is on the march.

"You don't know what beautiful thoughts—for they are nothing short of these—grow out o' the ground, and seem to talk to a man."—DOUGLAS JERROLD.

STURM, giving his æsthetic and philosophic "causes of man's indifference about the works of Nature," thus airs his theory, before BRYANT's day, boxing the ears of the descendants of the old earth-worshipping Teutons—who, he thinks, are departing from their original faith through the following causes:—

I. *Inattention.* II. *Ignorance.* III. Because they are wholly employed in their private *interests.* IV. Many neglect the contemplation of Nature through *indolence.* V., and lastly. Others neglect the works of God in nature, through a principle of *irreligion.*

And the venerable STURM, after reading YOUNG TEUTONIA a brisk lecture, sends him into the Forest—the forest of Germany! as BRYANT sent YOUNG AMERICA into the New World Forest to worship his GOD! STURM, in the Old World, and BRYANT in the New, are leaders in the worship of God in the great temple of Nature.

We shall get all right by and by; as all TEUTONIA is at our threshold, it is time we had the *Forest Hymn*

again. Young Teutonia will think this is Sturm *redivivus*, but we know that the *Forest Hymn* was inspired by our poet's native woods; that the antithesis of the Old and the New—the New, the Old—where life is dancing upon decay, was one of those thoughts that "grew out o' the ground, and seemed to talk to the man."

> "They 're in the air, they 're in the earth,
> In mental chaos, lacking birth;
> Awaiting endless ages long
> The ethereal wand—The Power of Song."

And Bryant has, like Prospero, liberated many a pent-up spirit of the forests.

The common word Hymn, from the Greek word *hymneo*, signifies *to celebrate*. The name is now applied to those sacred songs that are sung in churches. The Hebrew hymns which bear the name of King David are termed *Psalms*, from the Greek word *psallo*, which signifies *to sing*. But hymns in the Greek sense were employed to celebrate the forces of Nature, as well as other impersonations or illustrations of Supernal Power. In the Greek sense, Bryant has written two grave, strengthening, thought-inspiring, and soul-elevating hymns. He commences, as did the ancient Greek, by grappling with the forces of Nature, and he ends with a pæan to the Soul of this wide Universe. What are the hymns?

ANTITHESIS.

BRYANT'S *Forest Hymn* and *Hymn of the Sea* embody as key-notes two of the most striking descriptive passages of the PSALMS, and two of the strongest elements of our earth. They are in juxtaposition—ay, and ever have been, from CREATION.

We give the key-notes: the Bard of Israel first sung of them. They are very old, but by no means exhausted:—

"O LORD, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches.*

"So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts. There go the ships: there is that leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein."

Psalm civ. 24–26.

The Anthem of THE SEA, we have caught snatches of in Book V. But this anthem of the land is the compound-poem we have alluded to,

> "Since first, *a child, and half afraid,*
> He wandered in the forest shade"

of the OLD HOMESTEAD WOODLANDS, this latent poem was evolving itself in his mind. A progressive growth of infancy, youth, and manhood—introspectional life amid the haunts of nature—was the ground-plane.

* Our Bard has also a special hymn, "*The Earth is full of Thy Riches*," which few who hear chanted to the pealing organ know BRYANT wrote.

But what struck the key-note? Antitheses. The Man. Suddenly ushered from the world into the cathedral dome of the primeval forest, at his later home in Great Barrington. Here were mountains clad with giant trees, as fairy mounds are crowned with mosses. Here were the primeval giants of ARBORESCENCE. Here life was dancing upon decay. And this is a more advanced poem than *Thanatopsis!*

Undoubtedly.

And this, instead of *Thanatopsis*, is the legendary poem of Bash-Bish? Symbolically the *vox populi* of Bash-Bish is right. A great poem was written by BRYANT in their vicinity, and elicited by the inspiration of their scenarium.

Give the Bash-Bishers their legend! Let them hold the score of their ANTHEM of the LANDS. *Thanatopsis* is not theirs; but the *Forest Hymn* is.

PRIMEVAL THEOSOPHY.—CALL TO WORSHIP IN THE NEW WORLD.

"Not in that dome whose crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand
But to that fane most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planned:

In that cathedral—boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply;
Its choir, the winds and waves; its organ, thunder;
Its dome, the sky."

We quote from memory. We believe these lines were written by one of the Brothers Smith, authors of *Rejected Addresses*. If we err, a score of pens editorial will correct us.

> "To the Brahm of the Hindoo, the brooding soul;
> The life-sustaining, absorbing whole;
> To the triune power*—as ages roll—
> The anthem of the Lands!"

The Root-Theosophy excavated by the Antiquarian. This sounds very Bryantic!

"The primeval religion of Iran, if we may rely on the authorities adduced by Mohsani Fani, was that which Newton calls the oldest (and it may justly be called the noblest) of all religions—a firm belief that 'One Supreme God made the world by his power, and continually governed it by his providence; a pious fear, love, and adoration of him, and due reverence for parents and aged persons; a fraternal affection for the whole human species, and a compassionate tenderness even for the brute creation.'"—Sir William Jones, *in his Lecture upon the Persians.*

Come to worship in the old Dodonean temple of "the Starry Greek," at the Thuringian altar of the

* Triune Power: Creator, Sustainer, and Re-Absorber. Different versions of the Brahmanese theosophy. Students of Ritter's *Hist. An. Ph.*, imbibe the idea of a Triune Power: regarding Brahm as the mental phase of Deity evolved by the introspectional Hindoo:—

> "When, from the genial cradle of our race,
> Went forth the tribes of men.'

Philosophy is mind's elaboration: Divinity—a godhead's revelation.

Teuton "Earth-Worshipper," at the Druid shrine of the New World. Our Venerable Druid high-priest of Nature in his EIGHTH DECADE, calls to worship—

"And low on the turf we humbly bow,
In a fane not made with hands!"

THE ANTHEM OF THE LANDS.

"To the Indwelling Life—upholding
Love—the SOUL of this WIDE UNIVERSE!"

A FOREST HYMN.

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication.

We all know this poem by heart. Some of us have even had to "parse" it!

The Child of the Forests the Priest of the Forests. Our DRUID at his Shrine.

And now comes the masterly antithesis, the subtle connection and the subtle antagonism of the old and the young, destruction and rejuvenescence, death and birth! SCHILLER says: "It is from the summit of life new life is engendered, and blooms in the organic and

moral domain."* And BRYANT, musing by the Giant Oak as in his more youthful days, oppressed by the unsolved problem, gravely exclaims:—

> My heart is awed within me when I think
> Of the great miracle that still goes on,
> In silence, round me—the perpetual work
> Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed
> Forever. Written on thy works I read
> The lesson of thy own eternity.
> Lo! all grow old and die—but see again,
> How on the faltering footsteps of decay
> Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth
> In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
> Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
> Moulder beneath them.

Ever the OLD and the NEW; ever the NEW and the OLD!

Demi-tones of thought.

The objective of this Forest Hymn is perfect truth to nature. Hows, our arborescence artist, has illustrated the objective of the poem with taste, skill, power, and tenderness; and it needed each of these several touches to compass the scenarium. But the subjective! It surpasses the objective. Grave speculations have been aired and theories launched at certain passages. Hear COMBE, the physiologist and phrenologist. He airs his theory of the elaboration of "the New and the

* Drinks the fresh vigor from the fiery source,
As limbs imbibe life's motion from the brain.
SCHILLER.

Old" in this wise, premising WONDER to be one of the fundamental elements of mind. "I am disposed to consider the primary function of this organ to be the love of the New. Change is the character of the world. Wonder is given us to put us in harmony with the perpetual succession of new objects which supply the place of the old. Destructiveness puts us in harmony with decay, wonder with renovation. Mr. Bryant, I find, has noticed the harmonious and benevolent operation of these two processes;" and then he quotes the following introspective or subjective lines:

WONDER.

"My heart is awed within me when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on
In silence round me."

Turn to the mottoes for the frontispiece.

Here is the timid Child of the Forests *half afraid* of the vague sublime! Can the man—the developed Poet define this ennobling wonder?

"The perpetual work
Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever!"

Here is Soul-Progression. But what is his climax?

"Written on thy works I read
The lesson of thy own eternity!"

ETERNITY, THE ANTHEM OF SEA AND LAND.

Undoubtedly this is a compound poem. The Thought-Child and the Thought-Man meet. These fundamental emotions of wonder and veneration are the heirlooms of the Old Homestead. *They* came from that hermitage in the Old Pontoosook Shade. But this rare culture! This lucid introspection? These are the accomplishments, acquirements, and soul-elaboration of progressive life. All poems are not written immediately. GOETHE carried the latent analyse of *Faust* in his mind for a half-century.

The geographical position of the region we are now visiting, speaking on a broad scale, lies between forty and fifty degrees north latitude.

ARBORESCENCE. Here the oak is rarely and the chestnut and hickory are never seen, except when planted, but in their stead the canoe-birch, the linden, the black cherry, the ash, the poplar, and, perhaps the most majestic of all, the hemlock. The brooks are the most remarkable part of the scenery—clear, rapid, noisy, leaping over fragments of rock.

We give in our illustration a group of hemlocks —hemlock firs some call them, others, hemlock spruce —on the Homestead grounds. We have elsewhere observed that some of these hemlocks were very lofty and grand; but the artist seldom selects for subject of illustration the largest trees. The largest or most

perfect trees do not always make the most perfect pictures. The grouping of smaller ones with regard to light and shade often produces the finest effect. Observe the withered hemlocks, and think of RED-JACKET's famous simile,—"I stand a hemlock dead at the top: death is slowly creeping toward the roots: anon, the tree of the forest will be a withered sapless stem."

Speaking of trees,—they were the primal cradles of earth's children, and we must not omit one important particular, which should be bound up, with all due solemnity and reverence, in the archives of the First Poet's Homestead-Book in America.

We now speak of tradition. Tradition says that the first poetical lines ever gotten off on American shores, were those of our sole and only worn-out nursery-rhyme:—

CRADLE-TAX ON POETS.

THE PRIMAL SWINGING TREE-CRADLE AN INVENTION DUE TO THE INDIAN.

"Rock-a-by baby upon the tree-top!
When the wind blows the cradle will rock.
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
And down will come Rock-a-by baby and all."

The circumstance, as related by tradition, is this. A row-boat had put off with an exploring crew. Among this crew was a poetaster. They landed at a luscious Strawberry-patch. While they were regaling

themselves on the fragrant, *wild*, unrivalled strawberries of the New World, they spied *among the boughs of the young saplings*, swaying in the breeze, and enjoying a regular rocking frolic, sundry Indian papooses, done up in skins, suspended to the lithe boughs.

Here they were, the infant natives of the soil, rocking and dancing while yet in their swaddling bands. The conceit struck the humor of the poetaster, and the poetaster struck off the lines. This, according to tradition, occurred in the earliest settlement of our country, and still "Rock-a-by baby" is regarded and quoted as our *only* American "Nursery Song."

Poets of America, please look to this. We believe Bryant has done his duty to posterity by writing one "Nursery Song." Let each poet furnish one. We here initiate a cradle-tax on poets.

TREES ON THE CEDARMERE BRYANT SEAT.—THAT PET BLACK-WALNUT.

We conclude what we have to say of poets' trees by a word or two respecting those on the grounds of Bryant at Roslyn. Here are a vast number of trees planted under the poet's supervision, and many by his own hands. Among them is the apple-tree, the arrival of which in his grounds he has celebrated in the poem entitled—"The Planting of the Apple-Tree," a poem which pleased Fitz-Greene Halleck so much,

that he transcribed it and committed it to memory. At almost every step in the neighborhood of his dwelling, you meet some tree or shrub with which the grounds are decorated. But the trees which he is most proud of is a black-walnut, about a quarter of a mile distant from the mansion, which first made its appearance above ground in 1713 and has attained a girth of twenty-five feet and an immense breadth of branches. Every year it strews the ground around its gigantic stem with an abundance of nuts, the finest of their kind. A few years since, Dr. R. U. Piper, an enthusiast in arboriculture, came to Long Island to make a drawing of it, which he himself etched and published in a serial work on American Trees.

A poem wherein this Black-Walnut, the Poet's special pride, is mentioned. Herein will be found also the wolf or iron simile. The minstrel acknowledges the genial atmosphere of his birth-month—1861. May each returning season contribute to the cheerful repose of a mind well furnished and a human heart.

On my cornice linger the ripe black grapes ungathered;
Children fill the groves with the echoes of their glee,
Gathering tawny chestnuts, and shouting when beside them
Drops the heavy fruit of the tall black-walnut tree.

Glorious are the woods in their latest gold and crimson,
Yet our full-leaved willows are in their freshest green.
Such a kindly autumn, so mercifully dealing
With the growths of summer, I never yet have seen.

Like this kindly season may life's decline come o'er me;
Past is manhood's summer, the frosty months are here;
Yet be genial airs and a pleasant sunshine left me,
Leaf, and fruit, and blossom, to mark the closing year.

Dreary is the time when the flowers of earth are withered;
Dreary is the time when the woodland leaves are cast,
When, upon the hillside, all hardened into iron,
Howling, like a wolf, flies the famished northern blast.

Dreary are the years when the eye can look no longer
With delight on nature, or hope on human kind;
Oh may those that whiten my temples, as they pass me,
Leave the heart unfrozen, and spare the cheerful mind!

BOOK VII.

REUNION.

HOME AGAIN: REUNION.

MUTATION SYMBOLIZED BY A BUTTERFLY, THE CHANGEFUL "BLOSSOM OF THE AIR."—"WHEN THE CHILDREN OF THE HOUSE COME HOME."—IN FROM "THE PRAIRIES."

MUTATION is stamped upon all things earthly. The shrine of the ideal is alone to be kept up by props of the real. If this is true in the Old World of the Shakspeare house it is equally true in the New World of the Bryant house. Its original somewhat rambling and baronial (we think baronial is now used in the sense of falling down) proportions have been somewhat curtailed; the old mansion has had a lift in the world and now holds up its head more loftily, by a story, than it did, it having been raised and a story of modern construction put

under it, flanked by comfortable and graceful piazzas and crowned with dormer windows and curved roofs. Thus the old homestead is now remodelled, and enlarged and ornamented, yet preserving as much of the original aspect of the dwelling as was consistent with a certain degree of elegance. In this renovation BRYANT (the poet) has quietly avoided the dangerous rock on which SHENSTONE wrecked his paternal inheritance—that of losing sight of individual comfort and contentment in his ambition to make the place striking and showy.

The Poet, mounted, ranging *The Prairies*, 1832, descries "THE BEE," the Harbinger of Civilization who came with man (*i. e.* The Saxon Clan) "across the eastern deep." This insignificant BEE, from the forests of Thuringia, frightens the timid native-American DEER. Why? *Dramatic Dualism.* At the oncoming of THE BEE commences the exodus of the beasts of the American Forest (*Prairies*). At the clarion crow of CHANTICLEER from the Orient, the personification of civilization itself, all the beasts of the American Forest are put to flight. THE BEE is the prophet who predicts. THE COCK is destiny itself; who executes. Where the *Cock* crows, the EAGLE no longer screams; when the *Eagle* yields to the COCK, *Nature* yields to CIVILIZATION. Had pioneer John Howard Bryant never "squatted" in Illinois, we should have no poem of *The Prairies* from William Cullen.

Pioneer Bryant found a new phase of Nature! As soon as he had reared his cabin he wrote to Brother William to come on and interpret a page of nature,

"For which the speech of England has no name."

For what William Cullen found in the Prairies, read the poem. You have read it a hundred times: read it once more. Note the symbolic climax. It means something, as do all Bryant's climaxes.

The graceful deer
Bounds to the wood at my approach. The bee,
A more adventurous colonist than man,
With whom he came across the eastern deep,
Fills the savannas with his murmurings,
And hides his sweets, as in the golden age,
Within the hollow oak. I listen long
To his domestic hum, and think I hear
The sound of that advancing multitude
Which soon shall fill these deserts. From the ground
Comes up the laugh of children, the soft voice
Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn
Of sabbath worshippers. The low of herds
Blends with the rustling of the heavy grain
Over the dark-brown furrows. All at once
A fresher wind sweeps by, and breaks my dream,
And I am in the wilderness alone.

Here is MAN standing between the two great antagonistic forces—*nature* and *civilization*. THE BEE, the harbinger of civilization, from the Forests of Thuringia—brought over the "big blue wave" by the frugal and industrious settlers of New Amsterdam to

stock their hereditary bee-hives with luscious honey for winter "slap-jacks" is the winged Mercury of the Prairies which announces the on-coming of the Saxon-clan! A veritable Mercury is he: he steals wherever he roams. The Bee, the harbinger of civilization is *hors de combat* with the timid deer: we see in the *Fountain* that when the Cock comes on (Civilization itself), one crow of the lordly chanticleer from the Orient announces the exodus of all the beasts of the American Forests!

In Irving's *Poem on the Prairies*, he thus speaks of the path of the Bee:—"They have been the heralds of civilization, steadfastly preceding it as it advances from the Atlantic borders, and some of the ancient settlers of the West pretend to give the very year when the honey-bee first crossed the Mississippi."

WHO IS PIONEER JOHN HOWARD BRYANT.

In a volume entitled "Poets and Poetry of the West," published in 1864, some account is given of John Howard Bryant, the brother of the elder poet. He was born in Cummington on the 22d of July, 1807. He early manifested a taste for study and became a proficient in mathematics and the natural sciences. These he studied for awhile at the Rensselaer School in Troy. In 1826 his first published poem, which was thought to give much promise of poetic talent, appeared in the

United States Review, of which his brother was one of the editors. It was entitled "My Native Village." He migrated from Massachusetts to Illinois in 1831, became a squatter on the wild lands, purchased a large farm when the lands came into market, married and has lived in Illinois ever since. He has been a representative in the State legislature, and a candidate of the free-soil party for a seat in Congress, when that party was yet weak. In 1855, he collected his poems in a volume of ninety-three pages, which was published by the Appletons in New York. Dr. R. W. Griswold, in a brief critical estimate of his poetry, says that it possesses the same general characteristics as the poetry of his brother, that it shows him to be a lover of nature describing minutely and effectively, the versification easy and correct, and the whole gives proof that it is written by a man of taste and kindly feelings, and a mind stored with the best learning. Pioneer Bryant is author of the admirable poem *Senatchwine's Grave*, which we regret we cannot include in the Homestead Book.

The original cabin of Pioneer Bryant has given place to a lordly mansion, surrounded with cultivated grounds and apple-trees. Several of the Bryant brothers who started "Westward ho!" are here congregated in unity; owning large herds of cattle and horses, which pasture on the rich meadows. They also cultivate the sugar millet (*sorghum*) and make great quantities of syrup. The fields abound with grouse, there are still

flocks of wild-turkeys, while the orchards produce the largest and finest-flavored apples, and the meadows abound in luscious wild strawberries.

COMING HOME.

WHEREIN THE "BAGGAGE OF THOUGHT,"—WAIFS OF THE WORLD'S GLEANINGS; THE ANTIQUARIAN, THE HISTORICAL, THE PHILOSOPHICAL, THE NATURAL, THE POETIC, THE ÆSTHETIC, THE MATHEMATICAL, AND THE PRACTICAL,—GATHERED BY THE BRYANTS, IS BROUGHT HOME TO RESTOCK THE OLD COCKLOFT.*

What good is a homestead if it be not a shrine in which to garner the choice waifs of reminiscence and the souvenirs of thought? (The cobwebs of the brain.)

One day, in the sanctum of dusty Gotham the shrine of the real, we asked the owner of the homestead if that target—the poor "prairie-hawk" with outstretched wings that he had "poised on high" thirty years ago—was there yet, when he visited the Prairies in 1864?† Whereupon, he gravely informed us he feared it had "kissed the earth" after the manner of Homer's heroes—the victim of some young Schützer.

* HOLD! Don't cram that Cockloft so full of Thought-Baggage that we, Bryant's Thousand-and-one Readers, cannot find a place for our ideas! That Cockloft is promised to us; we who had to learn his poems before we loved them.

† "The prairie-hawk that, poised on high,
Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not."

"I have seen the prairie-hawk balance himself in the air for hours together, apparently over the same spot; probably watching his prey."

Among his later journeys was one performed in the early summer of 1864, to Illinois, the region which he had described in his poem of *The Prairies*, as he first saw it in 1832. What was then a beautiful unopened wilderness, he now, as he tells in one of his Letters of a Traveller, saw full of towns and villages and cultivated farms. The tall, showy flowering plants of the much-visited region had been supplanted by the blue grass, and even in the edges of the groves the rankly growing aboriginal herbage had given place to the white clover. Groves and orchards had sprung up in the broad open tracts, the fields were fenced, the roads bordered with trees. The Paleface foot was on the Indian soil. The prairie-wolf, which was once often met with, had disappeared, and the deer was no longer seen browzing on the edges of the woodlands. The poem of *The Prairies* is rather an historical reminiscence than a description of any thing now existing in the State of Illinois, except, perhaps, in a few little-visited neighborhoods. And who have thus spoiled our beautiful ideal of *The Prairies?* Mostly Swedes and Germans; though we opine Pioneer Bryant has assisted. Ah, the Poet has proved the Prophet! "The Bee," the harbinger of civilization, thirty years ago foretold the on-coming of the Saxon clan and the Teuton line. The busy bees from the forest of Thuringia have swarmed upon us, and the cry is "still they come!"

OUR LAST GLANCE AT THAT IMMORTAL "PRAIRIE-HAWK!"

BREEZES OF THE SOUTH!
Who toss the golden and the flame-like flowers,
And pass the prairie-hawk that, poised on high,
Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not—ye have played
Among the palms of Mexico and vines
Of Texas, and have crisped the limpid brooks
That from the fountains of Sonora glide
Into the calm Pacific—have ye fanned
A nobler or a lovelier scene than this?

BRYANT ON *The Prairies*, 1832.

IN MEMORIAM.—OLD ORCHARD.

The *Head* of that prairie-hawk (which was all that was left of him) will be found in effigy on the right-hand upper corner of our initial cover.

It is pleasant to find in this world of change something upon which the eye may rest, giving back an old and familiar look at once venerable and hoary, at once familiar and genial. Must every thing earthly change? The poet has said:—

Weep not that the world changes—did it keep
A stable, changeless state, 'twere cause indeed to weep.

Mutation.

Yet amid this world of mutation it is pleasant to be able to speak of some landmarks of the venerable, around which association clings with grateful remembrance.

Such is the Old Homestead Orchard. The venerable "apple-trees"—once the poet's chief pride—which our artists, the painter and the engraver, skilful in such delineations and delighting in the reproduction of vegetable forms, have depicted in such masterly style, are picturesque, if nothing else.

Old they are, and they are continually growing older; but with all their picturesqueness, the utilitarian would say they are cumberers of the ground. Sturm, however, the great naturalistic moralist of Germany of the past, would plead for the old apple-trees. He says, in his day apple-trees were standing which were known to be over a thousand years old. And why—with proper care and the guardianship of the *Old World Insect Destroyer*—should not our Poet's Tree stand when posterity comes of age—nine hundred and ninety-nine years hence?

The Veteran's Recollections of Youth in the Old Orchard.
"The Boy among the Apple-Trees."

REFRAIN.

Oh! those were joyous olden times,
The times of which we've read,
Of good old-fashioned apple-pie,
Of rye and Indian bread!

Moanings of an Old-School Bard.

This old orchard, which now has so weird and almost ghastly an aspect, and which, unless some guardian Sturm takes charge of it, will shortly disappear, was in

the poet's childhood and boyhood a beautiful spot. Some of the trees were just beginning to bear; others were in their prime, and every spring covered with blossoms and murmurous with thousands of bees, and every autumn loaded with fruit. Underneath them, the soil, still unexhausted, was carpeted with the freshest grass spotted with white clover. In the shade of such as stood near the dwelling, the inmates of the family read the graver books of the library on summer Sundays, and the younger ones on week days enjoyed their athletic sports. A Teutonic phase of American life, this. Americans are rarely given to out-of-door enjoyment and recreation. The poet is wont to relate, that in his boyhood, when the spotted fever prevailed with a frightful mortality in the Atlantic States, he often heard in his orchard the bells tolling for the frequent funerals, and the whole atmosphere, as the sounds floated through it and died away, seemed filled with a note of wailing for the shortness of man's existence on earth. In autumn, when the fruit was gathered, the labor was almost a pastime. The finer fruit, after being shaken from the boughs to the ground, was put by itself to be placed in bins for the winter; and the rest, the inferior multitude, the rabblement of the orchard, was carried to the cider-mill to be ground and pressed for cider. The making of cider, which was then carried on to a much greater extent than now, was a sort of frolic. One inconvenience which attended it was

that the boys engaged in gathering the apples and tending the cider-mill were apt to get a sort of surfeit from eating the fruit and drinking the must as it streamed from the press. But then there was always a physician at hand—a family physician!

"Oh! those were truly happy times,
Of gladsome, rustic life,"

moans the Old-School Bard. Hope lures the boy, while reminiscence soothes the veteran.

Shadow-Boy has had a surfeit of apples and cider just from the press, and just now he is laid up. The Old-School Bard takes his place.

Family Reunion.—"The Bryants at Play" in the Old Homestead—1866.

During the summer of 1866, the Bryants from Illinois (in from the conquest of *The Prairies*) spent the warm season at their youthful home. The party consisted of eight persons, among them were Pioneer John Howard Bryant and a younger sister (his youthful playmate, to whom reference is made in the poem of "The Ancient Oak") with whom we feel most familiarly acquainted. Poet-farmers who first appreciate the Beauty of the prairies, and then cut them up for their Utility! Children who will swing in the boughs of fallen trees and glean the talismans of happiness from the wrecks of the real—these are types of humanity which the world recognizes.

TERRESTRIAL CHORUS.

The Homestead-Hall in the Highland prepare,
The BRIDE of a LIFE-TIME—to welcome there!
The Mountain-Wind, with his wand of health,
Shall dower her with life's regal wealth,
And the sprites bring tribute from sylvan glades
To "the FAIREST of the RURAL MAIDS."
For the PILGRIMS now no longer roam
And the FOREST chants his welcome home:
"The Homestead-Hall in the Highland prepare,
The BRIDE of a LIFE-TIME—to welcome there!"

The occupations and diversions of the family group were seemingly an unanimous conspiracy to revive pleasing reminiscences, and apparently they succeeded in invoking

"The RETURN of YOUTH."—BRYANT.

"The Source of Youth."—SCHILLER.

"Believe me, the fountain of youth is not an idle fable; it is the perennial spring that runs in poesy's art."

There shall he welcome thee, when thou shalt stand
On his bright morning hills, with smiles more sweet
Than when at first he took thee by the hand,
Through the fair earth to lead thy tender feet.
He shall bring back, but brighter, broader still,
Life's early glory to thine eyes again,
Shall clothe thy spirit with new strength, and fill
Thy leaping heart with warmer love than then.

Return of Youth.

They ate apples from "The Old Orchard," and bragged of raising "larger ones" in Illinois. All the

storied localities are hunted up. The *Johnno Brook* is explored; the treacherous bridge found to need renewing; the old Maple-Trees are recognized; and, above all, is "the Spring" visited, and each vies in telling the best story on the "cuttings-up of the students," now grave practitioners of physic, who would not jeopardize their dignity by a hearty laugh. Not they. The old office, at its present resting-place where the oxen left it at the foot of the hill, is visited at a respectful distance. *The Rivulet* is explored in all its meanderings—but no one is in the least "afraid," and thus a nameless charm is wanting. No one gives utterance to this feeling, yet it is felt by all. So they turn them within doors, and here "the cockloft" is the favorite. It always is. Then, at the evening reunion around the fireside, or at the tea-table, or some domestic shrine, there occurs the ever-recurring "genial family wrangle" as to *which room* "THE POET" *was born in?* One says in one room, and another (younger than he), pretends to know all about it—says another room. Finally, they get in such a tangle, that they wisely go to bed to sleep over it, and foolishly forget all about this most important subject in their rivalry to see which shall see the old sun rise earliest in the morning.

DISCOVERY OF A VERITABLE ANTIQUE.

United in their labor of love, every one hindered everybody else in their multiform endeavors to resusci-

tate and rehabilitate the Old Homestead. "The Girls," now dignified matrons with their mischievous children, sent the children to "the Old Orchard" after apples —"for one more batch of old-fashioned apple-pies!" "The Boys"—venerable men—the first thing cleared the brambles from "The Old Grave-Yard" and re-sodded the GRAVES of the HOUSEHOLD: neglected by strangers.

In the rear of the Homestead, while levelling and smoothing the ground about the premises, Pioneer John Howard Bryant (whether with a plough we cannot say) turned up a "treasure-trove"—a talisman of joy in the old hall. This was not a bag of gold or a kettle of "Continental paper-money"—but "The ROOTS of the ANCIENT OAK," the subject of one of his most charming Homestead poems. The "Historian of his Infancy"—WORDSWORTH.

Here is the same holy childhood's companionship—the brother and the sister: each true to their latent undeveloped nature. But the scope of the allusions to "the Ancient Oak" has a wider extent. Was this true to the boy-nature of the individual?

It must be so. For John Howard Bryant to have written this poem thirty years after the events taking place—the boy swinging in the branches of the prostrate red oak must have had undefinable thoughts of something vaguely foreshadowing the destinies of the world, which, at the time, probably he could ill define.

Yet, in after years, he brings this out to our entire satisfaction. We picture the lonely post-boy plodding his weary way over the "two miles and a half"—bringing news of what? The epoch which according to some modern critics decided the world's destiny. We are not so sanguine. Perhaps half our pleasure consists in the juxtaposition of circumstances. In this remote highland region of Massachusetts the news comes from the great battle-ground of nations. Yet that news to children playing among the boughs of the fallen oak, is, though remembered, a mere ordinary circumstance of the day. The downfall of an emperor in Europe is a trivial incident compared with the downfall of the king of the forests at their *threshold!* The more we strive to analyze, the more difficult it becomes to strike the key-note of our enjoyment. It is akin to the immortal "boy feeling" that sanctifies the names on the weather board of the old school-house. It is intuitive, and brooks no analyzing.

THE EULOGY.

And now *all the Bryant souls* in the OLD HOMESTEAD are called out, and stand in reverential awe surrounding "the ROOTS of the ANCIENT OAK"—while *King John* delivers the eulogy, with as much satisfaction and gravity as if he were presiding at a rousing political meeting "out west."

An *Honored Guest*, the favorite sister, who nearly

half a century ago played with her brother in boughs of the fallen *Last Red Oak* of "the Old Pontoosook Shades," stands at his right—a dignified matron, with her children around her.

"The Ancient Oak"—By JOHN HOWARD BRYANT. Rehearsed before the Old Homestead at the family reunion, 1866, on discovery of the roots of the storied tree—the "historian of his infancy."—The Downfallen Monarch of "the Old Pontoosook Shades."

THE ANCIENT OAK.

'Twas many a year ago,
When life with me was new,
A lordly oak, with spreading arms,
By my mountain-dwelling grew.

O'er the roof and chimney-top,
Uprose that glorious tree;
No giant of all the forests round
Had mightier boughs than he.

On the silken turf below
He cast a cool, deep shade,
Where oft, till the summer sun went down,
Myself and my sister played.

We planted the violet there,
And there the pansy leant;
And the columbine, with slender stems,
To the soft June breezes bent.

The robin warbled above,
As he builded his house of clay;
And he seemed to sing with a livelier note
At the sight of our mirthful play.

And there in the sultry noon,
With brawny limbs and breast,
On the silken turf, in that cool shade,
The reaper came to rest.

When, through the autumn haze,
The golden sunshine came,
His crimson summit glowed in the light,
Like a spire of ruddy flame.

And oft, in the autumn blast,
The acorns, rattling loud,
Were showered on our roof, like the big round hail
That falls from the summer cloud.

And higher and broader still,
With the rolling years he grew;
And his roots were deeper and firmer set,
The more the rough winds blew.

At length, in an evil hour,
The axe at its root was laid,
And he fell, with all his boughs, on the spot
He had darkened with his shade.

And into the prostrate boughs
We climbed, my sister and I,
And swung, 'mid the shade of the glossy leaves,
Till the stars came out in the sky.

All day we swung and played,
For the west wind gently blew;
'Twas the day that the post-boy brought the news
Of the battle of Waterloo.

But his leaves were withered soon,
And they bore his trunk away,
And the blazing sun shone in, at noon,
On the place of our early play.

And the weary reaper missed
The shade, when he came to rest;
And the robin found no more in spring
The sprays where he built his nest.

Now thirty summers are gone,
And thirty winters of snow;
And a stranger I seek the paths and shades
Where I rambled long ago.

I pause where the glorious oak
His boughs to the blue sky spread,
And I think of the strong and beautiful
Who lie among the dead.

I think, with a bitter pang,
Of the days in which I played,
Watched by kind eyes that now are closed,
Beneath his ample shade.

BOOK VIII.

CLOUDS AND SHADOWS.

THE CLOUDS ON THE HOME, AND THE SHADOW ON THE HOMESTEAD.

FRANCES FAIRCHILD BRYANT, "The Fairest of the Rural Maids," of the poet's earlier songs, was not at "the Family Reunion"—1866. Neither was our Veteran Minstrel there, nor his children.

Not there? Not the owner of the threshold and the bride of his youth? A mockery of a Family Reunion when the host and hostess are wanting, and the children of the house do not surround the board!

The minstrel has realized his ideal. He has won fame and competence. He has repossessed him of the home of his sires—fallen into alien hands. He has

called in "the Children of the House" from THE WORLD'S CRUSADE! Does the Minstrel forsake them at the threshold? He, who commanded the portal to be opened, shall he not pledge *the return? What* dashes the cup from his lip?

The same UNSEEN POWER, the same MYSTIC INTERRUPTION we have once before noted. "The Conqueror of Nations" has snatched from *the Minstrel* "The BRIDE of a LIFE-TIME!"

Ha! what have we here? A phase of the Greek Nemesis—the balancer of life? It would thus seem.

NEMESIS,—a Greek goddess who measured out to mortals happiness and misery, and visited with losses and sufferings all who were blessed with too many gifts of fortune.

Quit the subject. Question not the gods too closely!

FOR WHOM THE "HOMESTEAD-HALL" WAS REPURCHASED, REMODELLED, AND REFURNISHED.

Not for "posterity!" *Not* for "the world!" *Not* for an IDLER *to write about!*

FAME was the least of all in BRYANT'S thoughts. Will you not believe *his own words?*

The place was repurchased and remodelled with a view to *her* summer residence there for the benefit of the mountain air, which always did her good, and was

just ready for her when she passed away—summoned to the Great All-Homestead—The Father's Mansion.

CELESTIAL CHORUS.

The Homestead high in The Heavens,—prepare,
The Bride of the Minstrel to welcome there!
Shall Man oppose *his will* to Heaven?
Shall the gift of the altar not be given?
Can the Mental vault to the Moral sphere
If the Goal of the Heart is centred *here?*
Oh, heed not the strain of an earthly shrine,
But list the voice from the Realms Divine:
"In the Homestead high the Angels prepare,
The Sire—awaiting the Bride—is there!"

Reader! Hast heard of old sages—of Plato, Pythagoras, Plotinus—men who read God in the universe, mirrored as a hieroglyph, and who revered the cosmos, nature, humanity as the outbirth of the Divine—his imaging, and everlasting consort. As even Maha Deva could only create and operate by the agency of his *Sacti*, so God moveth and acts by the cosmos. The sages all taught this, from Moses to Jesus, from Confucius and Zoroaster to Plotinus, Roger Bacon, Kepler, and Goethe.

EPISODE—"IDYL: BRIDE OF A LIFE-TIME."

Again, the shadow of Nemesis—again, the veritable "Children of the House" are wanting! When the Great-All-Father planned His Homestead-Book, He took

good care that the CHILDREN of the HOUSE should not be left out! Oh, cramped, limited, fettered human endeavor! Mere clay element.

Life, says SOCRATES, is drama. Why the intense nascent drama in all nations of the CHILDREN of the HOUSE? *The Wanderers* in the OLD WORLD* and *The Genius of Home* in the NEW,†—with the "Idyl: Bride of a Life-Time," are alike shut out. Are we to feel a tithe of his disappointment who prepared the Homestead for the guest already summoned to the FATHER'S mansion? Children go with their mother. The daughters inherit their mother's dower. In the episode—"Idyl: Bride of a Life-Time" the veritable Children of the House come in. Pre-eminently—we live in the PRESENT. Homestead-books are a species of human literature whose value, like wine, is evolved by age. Minor clues which escape both historian and biographer find their place at the homestead shrine. "A Home is where one quickens happy hearts." The GOOD ANGEL of the poet's life-pilgrimage, the mistress of both Cedarmere and the Homestead Hall, was at home in the local Homestead-Book; proving incontrovertibly the genius for whom this shrine was retrieved: when, instead of reading egotism in the Bard, you would have read affection in the husband. We, READERS of BRYANT—brought up from our very infancy upon

* THE GODWINS. † MISS BRYANT.

his poems, peopled his old Homestead with thought that it might be less lonely! Homestead-books are a peculiarly social species of human literature—not at all grand—and scarcely amenable to criticism. Each home is a shrine. In every Homestead-Hall a grave is there! You would not pass that grave without scattering flowers! Ah, but you twine a wreath unsuitable for the occasion! If twined of *immortelles*, it will keep. So you take back your wreath, and in moments of heart-homage; for SCHILLER says we have at times more soul and at times more virtue than at others—you add here a grace—there a flower. You know that wreath will not die, and you know, moreover, one day it will be called for. But when you take it to the venerable bard and tell him it is "crushed out," it is your heart that is almost broken. You wrote the whole book, however imperfect, to hang that garland in his Homestead-Hall! And then he takes the pen in his aged hand, and writes some explanation to be printed, when you know he would rather have had that than any thing else in the Homestead-Book—only the æsthetic requires margin, and flowers must not be crushed: you know that he is feeling intensely and bearing it bravely—but there is no bravery in your heart, and the moment he leaves the sanctum table, you lay your throbbing head upon it, and cry like a child.

The Homestead-Hall is like to be peopled with thought and feeling!

The author had prepared an episode of the Domestic Life of the poet whose Homestead is the subject of this work, illustrated by various poems of his. It was to be a sort of a memorial of her who was his life-companion for nearly half a century. The poems from which the principal motto for this episode was taken are the celebrated earlier poems familiar to the poet's former readers, and the no less beautiful ones more familiar to the readers of the second generation through the columns of the journals of the day. Grouped together the entire Life-Idyl reads thus:—

In Memoriam.—The Dower of the Minstrel's Bride.—A Garland of Flowers of Poetry, culled by the Wayside of Life, during a Companionship of nearly Fifty-years.—A Domestic Idyl.—Mottoes from Halleck and Schiller.—List of Bryant's Poems.—The Epithalamium.—"Oh Fairest of the Rural Maids."—A Summer Ramble.—A Dream of Life.—The Realm of the Supersensual—The Future Life.—The Snow-Shower.—The Life that Is.—Allegoric-Symbolic—The Cloud on the Way.—A Sick-Bed.—Draconis Exstinctor—The Conqueror's Grave.—Requiem Fantasia—Dies Iræ.—The Voiceless Epitaph.—Among the Trees.—The Burial-Place, an Earlier Poem.—Anthology.—The Twenty-Seventh of March.—The Birth-Day Poem.—Floral Symbolism.—Our Dual Horæ.—Thallo and Carpo.—Spring and Autumn.

But this part of the work would have enlarged the volume beyond the size contemplated by the publisher, so it was therefore omitted.

Strange how it haunts us at this hour—*The Phantom Hand of* WILLIS *from over the Grave!* We had, somewhere, till we gave it away for the autograph, a genial note from WILLIS, penned in the memorable year 1866, expressing his pleasure that certain pleasant memories of the departed had been twined into a garland that could grace "THE HOME JOURNAL."

Requiescat in pace. We give here the article as it appeared in Willis's paper, with his own introduction, written when he doubtless little thought that he was so soon to join the "innumerable caravan," and depart for

> "That mysterious realm, where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death."

[A lady-writer of great originality—favors us with a "communication" which we are honored and pleased to publish as follows. It anticipates a subject of which we were personally anxious to make deferential mention, but which we most willingly defer to her better-informed intimacy of friendship and power of description. Mrs. Bryant, the deceased wife of our patriarch bard, the first and greatest, will be mentioned by tributary mourners, many and far—the present being the silence of her just-closed funeral, and the effect of the tearful sympathy with the venerable survivor's new sorrow. "May God relieve it," is the

prayer of a whole nation to whom his inspired harp is familiar!]—N. P. W.

Mrs. HALE, in her "Woman's Record," containing some two thousand sketches of distinguished women, among her introductory remarks expresses the following admirable sentiment: "Millions of the sex whose lives were never known beyond the circle of their home influences, have been as worthy of commendation as those here commemorated. Stars are never seen, either through the dense cloud or through the bright sunshine; but when the daylight is withdrawn from the clear sky, they tremble forth." The influence of stars is eternal. There is a quiet "Woman's Influence" that permeates space; that refines, ennobles, and purifies, without obviously setting itself forth. Invisible, we know of it only by its effects. Humanity is the richer, wiser, purer, for their lives. Some accident attracts us to the study of this phenomenon. We find it to be the silent workings of the moral power—that intuitive discernment and instinctive obedience of the impulse tending toward the Good, the Beautiful, the True. This strong supersensual influence brought to bear on the actual duties of life—triune blending of religion, æsthetics, and poetry—woman's natal dower.

We are drawn into the above train of thought by receiving the sad intelligence of the death of Mrs. FRANCES FAIRCHILD BRYANT—wife of our venerable American poet.

We quote from a sketch written during the life of this estimable lady: "Mrs. Bryant is so graphically depicted in her husband's poems, little more can be added. Of an organization extremely sensitive and delicate, she exists among us as a poetic creation—among her humble neighbors as the Spirit of Charity. The crowded highway rings with none of her kind deeds and spirit-ministerings—for, like the silent streamlet in the meadow, she tells no tale of all the good she does; only, humanity is fresher where she dwells. To sum all up, she is the Spirit of Home."

THE LIFE-PILGRIMAGE—THE SPRING OF LIFE.

The first record we find is in volume one of the poet's works—wherein, in the following familiar lines, we recognize the "Bride of his Youth":—

"Oh fairest of the rural maids!
Thy birth was in the forest shades;
Green boughs, and glimpses of the sky,
Were all that met thine infant eye.

Thy sports, thy wanderings, when a child,
Were ever in the sylvan wild."

Yet, this same gentle being was destined to be the poet's companion, not only through his life-pilgrimage in the New World, but in his dreamy wanderings in the Old; and the light footstep that roamed the forest glen trod with him the ancient ruins of Europe.

THE SUMMER OF LIFE.

Pre-eminently a life-companion. The sharer not only of his travels, but of his intense inner life—that absorbing, self-concentrating life of introspection which Genius too often spends alone. But here is a being who shares the poet's "better moments;" who steals into the *sanctum* ere he is aware, and, like a silent spirit, influences him without herself being obvious. Here is a dual existence. Already, in the summer of their days, are they dreaming of "The Future Life."

"How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither sleeps
And perishes among the dust we tread?

* * * * *

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,
Await thee there; for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell,
Shrink and consume my heart, as heat the scroll;
And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul."

A grand concession from both the sensitive poet and the jaded journalist (for both characters are in Bryant combined) of what man owes to the *grand morale* of womanhood.

In "The Future Life" we feel that we have before us the great outlines of an intense life-poem at our threshold—whose truth comes home to the heart of husband, son, or brother, who has ever looked to woman in moments of doubt and perplexity.

THE AUTUMN OF LIFE.

The poet and the fragile invalid are wandering in Southern Europe in search of health. They reach the balmy shores of Italy, when there suddenly rises "The Cloud on the Way." A mystical allegory, which we leave the reader to ponder—quoting only the introductory lines.

"See before us, in our journey, broods a mist upon the ground;
Thither leads the path we walk in, blending with that gloomy bound.
Never eye hath pierced its shadows to the mystery they screen;
Those who once have passed within it never more on earth are seen.

* * * * *

Thou who, in this flinty pathway, leading through a stranger land,
Passest down the rocky valley, walking with me hand in hand,
Which of us shall be the soonest folded to that dim Unknown?
Which shall leave the other walking in this flinty path alone?"

This poem dates its origin soon after Mrs. Bryant's serious illness at Naples (during their travels, in 1857–'8), when they were accompanied by their youngest daughter.* The recovery of the invalid, the passing over of the cloud of mystery, is feelingly and gratefully commemorated by "The Life that is," dated "Castellamare, May, 1858":—

"*Twice* wert thou given me; once in thy fair prime,
Fresh from the fields of youth, when first we met,
And all the blossoms of that hopeful time
Clustered and glowed where'er thy steps were set.

And now, in thy ripe autumn, once again
Given back to fervent prayers and yearnings strong,
From the drear realm of sickness and of pain,
When we had watched, and feared, and trembled long."

THE WINTER OF LIFE.

There is a poem of Bryant's, illustrated by his own hands, but not included among his numerous editions. The best of his heart is enshrined therein—yet he withholds it from the world. It is his home. Standing on the shores of the south of France, THE SEA—that mystic telegraph ever intelligible to him—communicating with *the tides* setting in upon his domain in Roslyn—called, with its spirit voice, "Come home." They obeyed. And the fragile pilgrim bade farewell to the Old World.

* To whom the joyous lines, "An Invitation to the Country," are addressed.

Once more we see the poet and his companion. They are in their own *Home*. The window overlooks the sylvan lake—spanned by the fairy bridge. It is a genial winter. Their season of life is winter; and it is genial. The suggestions of the hour—are of winter; but they do not chill.

"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.

* * * * *

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

The prayer was yet to arise—"Spare him *thrice* the Bride of his Youth!" But the Christian bowed him to the will of his God.

After a long illness, borne with sublime fortitude, she peacefully closed her eyes, on the morning of the twenty-seventh of July, in her seventieth year. Her remains were consigned to the earth on the morning of

the thirtieth. *The sick-bed* was watched by the "Aged Minstrel" and his youngest daughter, and one dear and sympathizing friend from Brooklyn, who for ten weeks kept, night after night, her constant station by the couch of the sufferer.*

The *morale* of her life? You will find it in "The Conqueror's Grave":—

"She met the host of Sorrow with a look
That altered not beneath the frown they wore,
And soon the lowering brood were tamed, and took,
Meekly, her gentle rule, and frowned no more
Her soft hand put aside the assaults of wrath,
And calmly broke in twain
The fiery shafts of pain,
And rent the nets of passion from her path.
By that victorious hand despair was slain.
With love she vanquished hate and overcame
Evil with good, in her Great Master's name."

Those most familiar with the usages of homestead-books understand that they constitute a species of literature scarcely amenable to the crucial test of trade-sale taste. Each is more or less unique, and freedom is given and taken to include what would hardly be

* Mrs. Fanny Bryant Godwin, wife of Parke Godwin, Esq., was absent, with her interesting family, in Europe. None of the grandchildren were at the grave; but the same mystic messenger that once called to the poet on the shores of France will waft, in the familiar voice of the *Home Journal*, the mournful news that the gentle pilgrim now sleeps on the sod of the wave-washed Roslyn.

allowed in any other kind of book. Homestead-books enshrine the local, the trivial, the human. It is merely a style of writing one's name on the face of the earth; of leaving one's mark on The Great All-Homestead. The motley literature of homestead-books is coming more and more into vogue every day. But such books cannot pass without being submitted to the test of review by the owner of said land. There is truth in the proverb—"It is to be supposed a man knows most about his own homestead?" Therefore, homestead-books are thus submitted.

THE RAVINE.—JOHNNO BROOK.

The Johnno Brook, of which Hows has given us so charming a glimpse, flows through a deep ravine, overshadowed by lofty trees of the red-birch, the canoe-birch with its snow-white columnar stems, the hemlock, the spruce, and the sugar-maple, over a bed of rocks and stones, from which every particle of mould was swept by the spring floods, thousands of years ago. Here is the silence of the primeval forest: no singing birds are heard in early summer; the only note of bird which is heard in the solitude is the occasional shriek of the hawk, or the cawing of the crow from the highest of the tree-tops, and, more rarely, the scream of the jay. This is Nature's withdrawing-room. She herself is at home, but the world is shut out.

A FAVORITE HAUNT.

"'Mong the deep-cloven fells that for ages had listened
To the rush of the pebble-paved river between,
Where the kingfisher screamed and gray precipice glistened,
All breathless with awe have I gazed on the scene;

Till I felt the dark power o'er my reveries stealing,
From the gloom of the thickets that over me hung,
And the thoughts that awoke, in that rapture of feeling,
Were formed into verse as they rose to my tongue."

We warned thee, O Reader, as far back in the ages as Book II., that the "Lines on Revisiting the Country," containing, among divers other things, THE MOUNTAIN WIND, the *genius loci*—that that poem was an opalescent one: a gem in various phases. It is the poem that teaches us how "Little Fanny" was educated. (This is "Little Fanny's" first introduction into society, the hall of her grandsires, and poetical justice forces us to concede that she acted her part in the latent drama with infinite grace.) It expresses, by various allusions, the return to the homestead of the whilom bride, now a young mother; and although only the child is introduced in the poem, we know the mother is there. And we know that other walks will be taken when the sympathetic little companion is safe asleep under the old mossy roof-tree,—when the poet and his life-companion will hunt up all the spots haunted by early memories.

Return for the last time, Reader, and view the scenarium of one of those brawling streams lying deep and

almost out of sight in their cool and shaded glens—streams such as the Greeks worshipped, and such as are found at our threshold in old Schoharie, and the recently-discovered "Salisbury Cave," Connecticut, which we opine is of the same conformation as the "Schoharie Cave:" a subterranean stream in this earth-cave of Northern New York, extending some eight miles underground, has hollowed out its pathway in darkness among strata of rock. Unless we are much mistaken in geologic lore, this is the species of "brawling streamlet" that constitutes one of the local features of the Cummington region.

Thy wavelets gush, we hear their cooling plash,—
  Thy urn is emptied into depths profound;
Thy ripplets murmur, and we list the dash
  Of thy mysterious cataract underground.

But whence thou com'st and whither go'st, in vain
  For us to ask thy subterranean wall!
Earth's mighty dome re-echoes back again,
  And only echo answers when we call.

We do not say that the Cummington streams are on quite such a broad scale of the vague intangible as this veritable "Darkling River"—which ear has heard, but human eye has never seen—but we bid the reader take one more good view of the Homestead scenarium. We go back, as the poet's fancy goes back, to the home of his boyhood. The Schoharie and Salisbury streams flow in

glens which are roofed over with vaults of rock—the deep hollows of the Cummington stream have no roof but the umbrage of trees and the overarching sky.

The Ravine represents the objective—the tangible; concentrating for the last time the memorable Homestead emotions,—the æsthetic, the symbolic, the poetic, the naturalistic, the human, the suprasensual.

TWILIGHT.—WHAT IS ILLUSION?

"I have received your kind letter, and thank you for your sympathy, which I already knew I had. One knows not in such cases whether it is better to let grief have its natural way, or by the aid which culture offers us, to bear up against it. If one resolves on the latter, as I always do, one is thereby bettered only for the moment, and I have remarked that nature always at one time or other asserts her rights."—GOETHE *to* SCHILLER *in affliction.*

"There is an evening twilight of the heart," a dreamy, semi-suprasensual light—half earth, half heaven—in whose changeful demitones one views old familiar scenes alone,—and yet solitude is peopled with the HAS BEEN! WE, of the Present, are alone actors on the stage of THE NOW. Yet we draw a shadowy train—a suprasensual chorus: these are MEMORIES. Close your eyes dreamily. They will flock to you; they will lay their phantom hands upon your brow; they will caress—bless you. You KNOW this.

The flood-gates of your heart will be opened. Those iron flood-gates, that you resolved should be forever

closed! You willed that the great tide of human feeling should be for evermore pent up. Nay: deny it not. You willed, proud, self-sustained mortal, to immure all emotion within your own frail breast of clay!

Téméraire. Let stoicism bind and rivet thy breast with bands of steel. She, who by the breath of spring can crumble winter's gyves with gentle might, will not let thee, her votary, escape!

Nature,—the Magna Deorum Mater of the starry Greek,—the omnipotent earth-mother, wills that thou shalt still be human. Which is the greater? Thou, frail mortal, or the all-embracer? Once didst thou cling to thy fond nurse: she who spread with careful hands The Moss-Carpet for thee. Ha! *that* touches thee. Again the infinitesimal moss is dearer to thee than the lofty tree; the lordly cloud-compeller.

O Cycles of Life.

You throw yourself upon the ground, and weep! The impersonal Greek would say—you rush into the arms, you clasp the breast of the Great All-Mother, and are again a child!

Does *she* comfort you? Manhood's tears are bitter: but they clear the vision. You rise: you look around. "The rainbow of the heart is hovering there."

You have not been alone wrestling with your great grief. Halleck was near. Is this what he meant by "Twilight?" We know not. Perhaps we have not interpreted his symbolic phantoms as well as he trans-

lated GOETHE's—but we like "twilight." Quit *The Ravine* with twilight.

Two of HALLECK's most admirable poems for richness, delicacy, tone, and finish are his *Twilight*, of which we have caught the expiring gleam, and his translation of GOETHE's dedication of *Faust*. We never read this dedication without thinking of our Bryant. GOETHE was in his NINTH DECADE. What matters a decade when life ranks by cycles:—

"They hear not these my last songs, they whose greeting
Gladdened my first; my spring-time friends are gone,
And gone, fast journeying from the place of meeting,
The echoes of their welcome, one by one.
Though stranger crowds, my listeners since, are beating
Time to my music, their applauding tone
More grieves than glads me, while the tried and true,
If yet on earth, are wandering far and few."

TO THE MATERIALISTIC READER.

Thou, who wonderest why we put the Homestead-Hall under ban—why we conjure idle thoughts to stock that cockloft—why we centre round the homestead all that is human—wonder still,—words can never explain the enigma.*

* The nucleus of this Homestead-book dates back to the days of WILLIS; while the elaboration is an attempt to divert our Bard from excessive introspection. Most dreaded by his physician is disease of the heart—the complaint which carried off his wife. So we direct all genuine friends to cultivate cheerfulness. Let there be no more asking BRYANT to act as pall-bearer. He had assisted at the obsequies of one of his earlier friends, Mr. Alfred S. Pell, when he had his worst attack.

FLORAL SYMBOLISM.—BIRTH-MONTH FLOWERS.

LIS DE SOLEIL.

TURF-ALTARS of the HEART—will crave
Their meed of homage o'er the grave.

CEDARMERE.*

Where—"upon the hillside, all hardened into iron,
Howling, like a wolf, flies the famished northern blast.

Grand horizon-plane of the region round about. We give the horizon-plane of the OLD HOMESTEAD, and we know not why we should not give the scenarium of THE POET'S HOME,—they are æsthetically connected.

Imagine Long Island primarily belonging to Connecticut: and then imagine "the *Darkling River*."

* So called by the poet from the redundancy of cedars on the domain.

ploughing its course through, to *debouche* by the Island of Manhattan through the New York Narrows. We do not say that ever a current from the ocean set in this way, forming Long Island Sound; but the north side of Long Island, abounding in abrupt, picturesque scenery, favors this broad conclusion.

The grounds are uneven; apparently in the same tumultuous state in which they might have been left after a violent upheaval of the earth in some commotion of the elements, yet clothed with foliage peculiar to the region,—cedars, kalmias, and graceful birches, both dwarf and forest oaks, and gadding vines. The kalmia, familiarly called American laurel, is a peculiarity of the steep bluffs, and the poet has rendered the very aspect of the region—objectively and subjectively—in the following symbolic poem:—

"EARTH'S CHILDREN CLEAVE TO EARTH."

Earth's children cleave to Earth—her frail
  Decaying children dread decay.
Yon wreath of mist that leaves the vale
  And lessens in the morning ray:
Look, how, by mountain rivulet,
  It lingers as it upward creeps,
And clings to fern and copsewood set
  Along the green and dewy steeps:
Clings to the flowery kalmia, clings
  To precipices fringed with grass,
Dark maples where the wood-thrush sings,
  And bowers of fragrant sassafras.

Yet all in vain—it passes still
From hold to hold, it cannot stay,
And in the very beams that fill
The world with glory, wastes away,
Till, parting from the mountain's brow,
It vanishes from human eye,
And that which sprung of earth is now
A portion of the glorious sky.

The *point d'appui*, the beacon-staff to which one must cling to take the following view of the scenarium, is planted on an eminence ascending in abrupt natural terraces. The soil of these sandy slopes is held together by fibrous mosses and creeping plants. They have been formed into natural terraces by the earth-weight accumulated by the *débris* of primeval trees,—now resolved into fungi,—showing here and there a stump crowned with shrubbery and trailing plants. Vines are everywhere.

Our glance is from the termination of a rectangular plateau,—sheltered from the noontide sun by clustering birches,—commanding the view of a village half seen among its trees in a hollow of the hill; the woody summit of a neighboring height; a low foreground of creek-marsh; two placid lakelets bordered by brook-herbage, willows, and cedars; a bridge leading to a causeway, or dyke, along which runs a shaded path, among trees and flowering shrubs—

While steadily the millstone hums
Down in the willowy vale.

Song of the Sower.

A pretty mill built by the poet takes the place of an old one consumed by fire. This mill is built somewhat in the style of the Swiss cottage on the domain, the natural wood-color is preserved by oil, and the *tout ensemble* is harmonious in tone, and, for a New World mill, it certainly is very poetical exteriorly, and we presume as useful interiorly. We think we can find a use for that picturesque mill and that humming mill-wheel. From this mill, this poet's mill, where the great corn-thought of ages gets ground—a silver stream, like a glittering thread, parts the oozy banks of sedge-grass, while far beyond—ebbing—flowing—tosses the harbor upon whose bosom rocks many an idle skiff of pleasure. Afar, in the extreme distance, is unfolded the panorama of "The Darkling River,"

> Where sails flit to and fro
> Like spirits voyaging on
> Time's sea into eternity,—
> A moment seen, and gone!

But where is the poet's home, O Idler? You have depicted every thing but that.

Where should the poet's home be, O fault-finding reader! but INVISIBLE? It is you that are at fault. You have overlooked it, each way. When we were in the little skiff idly swaying in the tides, you saw it: and you saw it not! When we were on the eminence, you overlooked it. You glanced at the nest of forest-trees and woodland-copse, a little lakelet

spanned by a fairy bridge, and you saw the reflection of sunlight glittering on the windows of the Swiss cottage, but you did not see the mansion! It is not our fault. We will show it you.

DOMAIN OF BRYANT.

ROSLYN, LONG ISLAND.—THE POET'S HOME.—A GENERAL HORIZON VIEW.

Two VIEWS from which the ideal of the Bryant domain can be best gathered. The first is from a high eminence known in the olden time as "Maple Hill." This overlooks the modern neighborhood of Roslyn. The second view, from whence leisurely and idly to imbibe the æsthetics of the poet's home, is in a little skiff off in the blue harbor, rhythmically swaying in the tides.

"Descend from your eagle's eyry to the shell-strewn beach below.
Listen to the wave-chimes.
Flow—ebb—flow!
The billows come dancing up at our feet, sunny smiles wreathing their pearly lips.
Ebb—flow—ebb!"

catches the eternal refrain in sounding symphony. Yet there is no monotony. The sea is not a mechanical organ. There is infinite variety in the sounds which it gives forth, yet it is a subtle variety, governed by a systematic cadence of wave-sound. These are respirations of the mighty sea-soul, mild pulses in the veins—

not the majestic beatings of the heart of old ocean. You strive in vain to catch this mystic sea-pulse. It is a duet of attraction and repulsion, but when you endeavor to reduce its rhythm to any regular law, you make it mechanical: whereas, the tides are not mechanical. With a deep-drawn sigh you abandon the study of the waves. You cannot so deal with the tides of the ocean, any more than with the music of the tides of life! That, too, is a subtle symphony, a duet of attraction and repulsion. You grasp the symbolism of both; but you cannot re-create them: you cannot master them!

But you have studied them! The sea is a great EDUCATOR, and lying off in the little skiff, idly musing, your eye is attracted by a brown mansion almost smothered in foliage—forest foliage mostly. It is autumn; and your favorite "ruby-vine," the Virginia creeper, crowns the dark-green cedar. That cedar, wreathed with "ruby-vine," is your especial favorite!* Here and there, on all sides, are dark-green cedars, and above all is spread the ethereal "blue of the sweet moral heaven." On the summit of a bluff-like hill you espy a dainty summer-house. On the right rises a mountainous hill

* Whether the weird chameleon-mantled cedar is standing now, we cannot say. Some years ago there was on this land a cedar *bocage*, which sometimes got called *Sycorax*—sometimes *Dejanira*. The ruby-vine, tinged with frost, changed regularly through the gamut of color from "Peruvian gold" to scarlet, crimson, ruby-brown. One could scarce keep hands off this beautiful chameleon-vine, heightened as it was by contrast with the dark-green cedar. But touch it—you were *poisoned*. Hence its weird *sobriquets*.

(for Long Island), and just out of sight is the lane leading to Our Apple-Tree! and posterity's apple-tree.

Do you see all this from the tides? Who knows what one sees with the eye and what one sees with the mind? If one cannot conveniently lay one's hand on the real, grasp the ideal.

> Oh, mystic are the tides of life,
> The ebb and flow of love and strife;
> They lave the strand of shores unknown.
> These wavelets from our earthly zone!

The poet is on the bluff; the tides are at his feet. He catches the symphony of both Land and Sea.

One of the greatest of his minor poems. A lyric that never could have been written in cold blood. There is *furore* here.

THE TIDES.

> The moon is at her full, and, riding high,
> Floods the calm fields with light.
> The airs that hover in the summer sky
> Are all asleep to-night.
>
> There comes no voice from the great woodlands round
> That murmured all the day;
> Beneath the shadow of their boughs, the ground
> Is not more still than they.
>
> But ever heaves and moans the restless Deep;
> His rising tides I hear,
> Afar I see the glimmering billows leap;
> I see them breaking near.

Each wave springs upward, climbing toward the fair,
  Pure light that sits on high—
Springs eagerly, and faintly sinks, to where
  The mother waters lie.

Upward again it swells; the moonbeams show
  Again its glimmering crest;
Again it feels the fatal weight below,
  And sinks, but not to rest.

Again and yet again; until the Deep
  Recalls his brood of waves;
And, with a sullen moan, abashed, they creep
  Back to his inner caves.

Brief respite! they shall rush from that recess
  With noise and tumult soon,
And fling themselves, with unavailing stress,
  Up toward the placid moon.

Oh, restless Sea, that, in thy prison here,
  Dost struggle and complain;
Through the slow centuries yearning to be near
  To that fair orb in vain;

The glorious source of light and heat must warm
  Thy billows from on high,
And change them to the cloudy trains that form
  The curtains of the sky.

Then only may they leave the waste of brine
  In which they welter here,
And rise above the hills of earth, and shine
  In a serener sphere.

We have rocked in these tides in a little skiff, while the NECROMANCER was on the bluff above them. It has been said that of all the thirty poems which composed the author's last and best volume, that "*The Tides*" had more of the poetic ideal than any other.

FAREWELL TO THE HOMESTEAD.

From the shores of the wave-washed Roslyn, Reader, take thy last look at the Hills of Cummington. Spare a thought for her for whom the BRYANT HOMESTEAD was retrieved; whose memory, as well as that of our poet, is centred in the hermitage of the Old Pontoosook shades. Regard this hermitage of the heart a dual shrine: consecrated, LAMARTINE might say, not only to genius, but to affection. He who is above humanity is above human sympathy. Our venerable minstrel retrieved the HOME of his SIRES for the BRIDE of a LIFE-TIME. It is well that these domestic idyls sink deep into the soul in the morn of our nationality. It is well that they be enshrined with the familiar, the genial, the every day of homestead life. O transitory human life! Does the intangible æsthetic alone remain? Poor WILLIS was pleased with the æsthetic. (An American.) LAMARTINE guards the æsthetic. (A Frenchman.) SCHILLER pleads for life-idyls. (A German.) Have they all left us? No. They are with us in art. Was WILLIS *right?* Is the element of the æsthetic the time-surviving?

WHAT IS AN IDYL?

SCHILLER believes idyls can be carried through from the primal rural plane up the gradations of cultivated transition, till the soul-repose of quiescence is reached in mental cultivation. If so, then is "*The Fairest of the Rural Maids*" the idyl of the BRIDE of a LIFE-TIME.

DOUBLE-CHORUS. Terrestrial and Celestial uniting.

MULTITUDINOUS.

For the homestead in heaven—prepare, prepare,
The BRIDE of the SOUL—is there—is there!
Earth homes are but a symbol given;
A type of the great all-home in heaven.
Earth homes are raised on a NATION'S TOMB:
The gate that leads to the great all-home!
LIFE-PILGRIMS: ye who weary roam,
While listening for the welcome home:—
"For the homestead in heaven—prepare, prepare,
The BRIDE of the SOUL is waiting there."

BOOK IX.

CITY BY THE SEA.

The Drifting Tides of Human Life.—Repose.—Home.—Poetry and Corn.—Down to the Earth-plane of the primal Greek.

GOETHE—the genius of the actual in the Old World fathomed well the heart of man when he penned this distich:—

"Give me the agitated strife,—
The madness of the World of Life!"

We are not now speaking of the *Veteran of* Cummington—William Cullen Bryant, but of the *Veteran of* Eboracum, the American emporium—W. C. Bryant. Owing to the similarity of their initials they are frequently mistaken for one and the same person. The world of Gotham has adopted "W. C. B.," while the world at large claims "William Cullen." The world knows the Poet; the city knows the Man; but com-

paratively few individually know both man and poet. This may seem paradoxical, yet it is nevertheless true: and those few who know both man and poet subscribe to these lines of old GOETHE, who little thought when he put them in the mouth of Faust that he was depicting a dual soul of the NEW WORLD.

> "Two SOULS, alas! are lodged within one breast,
> Which struggle there for undivided reign.
> One to the world, with obstinate desire,
> And closely-cleaving organs, still adheres;
> Above the mist, the other doth aspire,
> With sacred vehemence, to purer spheres."

Again GOETHE says,—"It is natural for a man to regard himself as the object of creation, and to think of all things in relation to himself, and the degree they can serve and be useful to him." If this be not the wisdom of reality we know not what is.

> That which the present hour brings forth, alone,
> And man evolves—is what he calls his own.

Regarding the world in this light as the arena in which man is to act, evolving from its well-furnished magazine both the ideal and the practical, both the objective and the subjective of his nature, one cannot but concede, who knows Bryant both as man and poet, that he has made a tolerable good use of the world he has lived in, and abused it as little as most who have passed their seventh decade. This of the past and the

present. Our veteran has passed the grand climacteric: his credit is good; we will take the future upon trust.

> Thou hast with taste and truth portrayed the bard,
> Who hovers in the shadowy realm of dreams:—
> And yet reality, it seems to me,
> Hath also power to lure him and enchain?
>
> GOETHE'S *Tasso*.—ANNA SWANWICK, *Trans.*

The spot where a man in whom the world is interested spends the greater portion of his time cannot be devoid of interest to the true thinker. It is said that about as many visitors call at the East-India House to see the desk and ledger to which poor CHARLES LAMB devoted a third of his life, as call at his home and library.

THE ANTIQUARIAN.—THE LOCAL.

"After the Revolutionary War, without specifying particular dates, except to say that the period extends to the year 1794 [the reader will bear in mind that was the memorable year in which the afflicted subject of our kaleidoscopic sketches was born], we shall give the successive measures taken in relation to regulating and paving the streets."—VALENTINE—*The Antiquarian of Manhattan.*

We commence a little further back. VALENTINE'S *Manual* is indispensable.

"1769. Committee to regulate Crown Street (now Liberty Street). Queen Street (Pearl) paved, from Fly

Market (Fulton) to Rutgers (Monroe) Street. One Veteran in his eighth decade says, Fulton used to be called New Street—fifty years ago. Crown (Liberty) Street paved, from Broad to Greenwich Street."

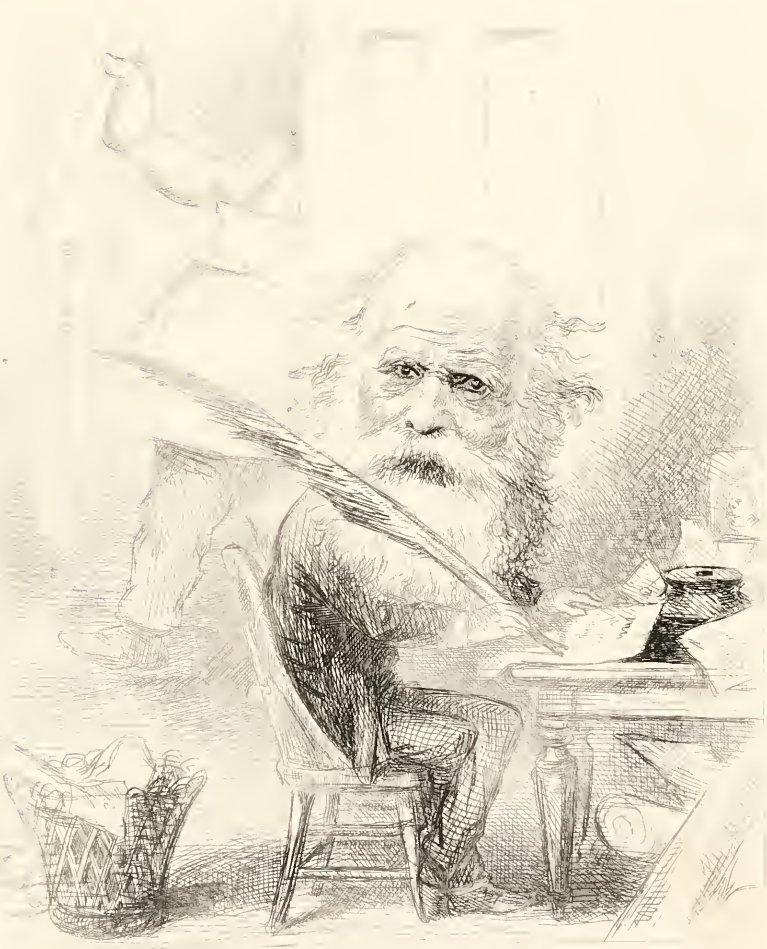
Small chance for the CHILD OF THE FORESTS treading "moss-carpets" here! This is the KEY of the WESTERN WORLD: the CITY of $24, gold. On the northwest corner of Liberty and Nassau,

"high and steep,
From battlement-wall to donjon-keep,"

rises a dusty, mud-colored edifice, lettered on the broad side in staring white—"Printing Office of THE EVENING POST." The *pavé*, laid in 1794, has been several times renewed. Now they overplate with iron.* Nothing can be found tough enough around that corner to bear the wear and tear of the BUSY MART. If thou, Reader, art of an aspiring mind and likest to climb, and art as smart as our veteran in his Eighth Decade, thou mayst enter our Poet-Journalist's workshop.

Behold. This is the Journalistic lion: and he looks fierce enough.

* 24th Sept., 1869.—Particularly hard is this "wear and tear" when bulletins are up revealing every half-hour the changeful price of gold. The Genius of the Hour is as worthy of note as in 1794. "The Present will have its rights!" Of a monetary crisis never to be forgotten. The 24th of September will long be remembered as one of the most extraordinary days of financial *furore* that has happened in all the times of peace. In good will with all the world, with a grand and wonderful harvest of corn and cotton, and all the natural products of the soil pouring in and actually glutting our markets and those of Europe, and with but a faint speck of war on the great political horizon, a gold panic breaks out in Wall Street.



REBUS—THE BRAIN AND THE HAND OF THE EVENING POST.

The Veteran "E. P."—reigning glorious—
O'er all the ills of TYPE victorious!
Our "Wilhelm Meister" of the *grand ideal*,
Now condescends to patronize the *real:*
Descends unto the every-day of life,—
The bread-and-butter struggle and the strife!
"Though forced to drudge for the dregs of men,
And scrawl strange words with the barbarous pen,
And mingle among the jostling crowd,
Where the sons of strife are subtle and loud—"
Arch CARICATURE's the ray that flings
A brilliant light o'er common things!

And this is the veteran "W. C. BRYANT,"—not "WILLIAM CULLEN!" but the Journalist.

FORTY-FOUR YEARS AT THE DESK.—THE FRENCH ON CARICATURE.

The French—masters of the *savoir-vivre* of life: the trivial, the every-day, the commonplace; out of which they manage to extract more aesthetics, as they manage to extract more perfume from flowers than any other nation in the world—aver, and not without reason, that a journalist is no journalist if he have not character enough to bear caricature.

Caricature, according to the French definition, is the placing of the real upon stilts. It is the accentuation and emphasizing of the obtrusive, the objective, the tangible. Poetry idealizes. Caricature materializes.

Magnify a dominant trait and you get caricature without insulting the subject.

We have been told that our caricature of the journalist was a disgrace to a Bryant book! How so? What have we done? We gave you reality for frontispiece. A photograph from Life. But the "downtowners" and the French want Bryant the journalist in a journalistic atmosphere. Why, the French would be the first to laugh at you if you depicted the journalist other than in caricature. Put reality on stilts! The Journalist is all brain. The Foreman is all hand. How is this disrespectful? Here is the *ideal* and the *real* of THE EVENING POST, in every-day costume. Every-day life is not to be despised! The French, who are judges of appropriate costume, would be charmed with the propriety of those shepherd's plaid inexpressibles which the journalist has the good taste to wear instead of black broadcloth. Broadcloth for the poet! But the journalist must be prepared for mass-meetings of an acre of men, and such like crowds and barricades, and how could he shake hands with the mass in broadcloth and a dress coat? No: in the office the EDITOR must wear an economical brown or pepper-and-salt cloth coat like other "business men," and he must don such gear as can go through "New York mud" and be none the worse after they come from the laundry, "good as new," and ready for another "mass-meeting." That's the way to live. You think that veteran, forty

years at the desk, is going to ruin a sixty-dollar suit at the mass-meeting he is going to attend in the mud? Not he.

But return we to our "EVENING POST caricature." The pride of our heart and the gem of our book,—which idle posterity will prize beyond price! "*Artist* NAST," who is as near French as any thing (having been born in "*The Bay of Biscay O*"), has rendered himself candidate for the *next* gold medal at the next *Exposition d'Industrie*, in the heart of *la belle France*,—when we will take good care to ask BRYANT *the Journalist*, if we cannot have our "Ocean Regatta" printed? At the same time we shall enter *Artist* NAST in *l'Exposition*, candidate for honors in having mastered what the French alone think they can master. "JOURNALISTIC EXPRESSION." Examine the expression of that countenance editorial: "forty years at the desk." He is pondering on the knotty question of the day, and has just discovered the broad-axe that will split the knot!

THE JOURNALISTIC PEN.—ALBATROSS QUILL.—FREE TRADE.—THE ALBATROSS SWEEPS THE SEA.

THE EVENING POST always was a commercial paper,—and is now the favorite organ of "Commodore LOW and the *Ocean of Commerce*." The Albatross that furnished this mammoth editorial pen from its wing-feather was shot off Cape Horn, and the feather

brought to Bryant the journalist. Symbol—"Freedom of the Seas."

'Tis said the albatross never rests.—Buffon.

"Where the fathomless waves in magnificence toss,
Homeless and high soars the wild albatross—
Unwearied, undaunted, unshrinking, alone,
The Ocean, his empire—the Tempest, his throne!

When the terrible whirlwind raves wild o'er the surge,
And the hurricane howls out the mariner's dirge,
In thy glory thou spurnest the dark-heaving sea,
Proud bird of the Ocean-World! homeless and free."

And so, after all it would seem there were talismans of poetry to be found even in "the busy mart?" You scarce know the value of natural talismans of poetry till imprisoned in dusty brick and mortar.

EDITORIAL ANECDOTE.

"Turn off the Gas;" or, how Bryant the Journalist starts for Europe.

This is a short story,—yet we are tired of telling it. Once upon a time there was a lady who started for Europe, and, in her haste, forgot to turn off the gas. The gas kept burning brilliantly all the while, on purpose to look cheerful and be already lighted when she came home. But the *Manhattan Gas Company*, ever wide-awake, met the lady's husband on the threshold and welcomed him home with a neat little bill of some hundreds of dollars.

This was not very cheerful to him. Now, when our veteran starts for Europe, he always turns off the gas.

READER: did you ever happen to critically and antiquarianly and idly examine the veteran E. P. inkstand editorial? Apparently the same inkstand from which the youthful poet at ten years of age penned the "Embargo"—which was a first-class squib of its day—though not to be spoken of in the same breath with "Thanatopsis." How many generations ago the "Embargo" flourished, not being a mathematical genius we cannot reckon. But this inkstand is ancient. Attached to it by a bit of economical twine that cost nothing—is a cork. Idlers, who use that inkstand are tacitly reminded to *put in the cork.* This cannot be said of any other inkstand in the establishment.*

ÆSTHETICS OF INKSTANDS.

A very different inkstand is this from the mammoth reservoir in which *Historian* GODWIN ducks his pen—like a voracious shovel-nose shark darting upon his prey; different is it from the be-spattered plunge-bath used by the *Ex-Sailor* NORDHOFF, an associate journalist, who, whenever he fishes for an idea, makes a splurge equal to a man overboard. It is difficult to describe

* And here comes the fun. While the Homestead-Book was getting illustrated, two *E. P. inkstands* were in demand. One resembling in contour the *veritable* E. P. inkstand was *borrowed*, *gimlet-holes* bored in it and a cork *attached:* a perfect duplicate to the one on the journalistic table.

the editor-poet's town-sanctum inkstand; not because it is such an article *de vertu*, but because it is so common. We opine this is the reservoir of every-day ideas. There are no salient points to take hold of. It is the merest common flat-round turnip, with an auger-hole bored in the centre to represent the sun, and divers gimlet-holes, like planets, surrounding the source of illumination.*

There must be another Bryant inkstand. Yet, this old, antediluvian reservoir of writing fluid is very dear to the editor, and we advise all who wish to keep in his good graces to praise that inkstand.

But we started to tell of "Bryant *the editor*," about to sail for Europe. He was to dine that evening, previously to embarking on board the *La Perière* for *la Belle France*, at a banquet given to Commodore Low, of the *Ocean of Commerce*.

Idlers called to bid farewell to "Bryant *the poet*"—expecting of course, that he had a "sonnet" already penned, like the one written when Cole started for Europe. Not a bit of a sonnet was there penned. Bryant the poet was not in. But Bryant the editor was in, *malgré tables-d'hôte* and oceans of commerce. There he was! Writing away on the last revise of the last edition at the last moment.

* We give a life-portrait of this precious inkstand as tail-piece of this interesting Book IX.; also the *débris* of the albatross pen, now worn to a mere stump, preaching up Free Trade.

After looking over the second proof, he laid the slip of paper down with a sigh of relief, exclaiming, "I believe all is done!"

Then; placing the stopper deliberately and securely in the inkstand—so there would be plenty of ink there when he returned, he took his "soft felt" and the last edition, and departed for *la Belle France*, *la Grande Exposition*, Count Bismark's political fandango, and a day-dream on the shores of Posilippo or somewhere else, *via* Commodore Low and the Ocean of Commerce.

Pausing awhile, in mute reverie, to get all this settled in our idle pate, and try to realize what could have been the emotions that should have caused him to exclaim "all is done!" we reverently took up the long strip of paper, expecting to see a Byronic "Adieu to my native shore" since we were disappointed in our "sonnet."

Nought but an ordinary political squib. The last fire-cracker in the package. It had to go off. Bryant the editor had turned off the gas.

HUMOR.

The popular impression seems to be that the author of Thanatopsis can never laugh. The world is not inclined to give Bryant credit for the humorous; and yet, at times (in conversation), who can be more excruciatingly humorous than this same silver-haired veteran! *Espièglerie*, *sarcasm*, *satire*, *humor*, *badinage*,

FUN; he runs the gamut. But he has the good taste to give only a *soupçon* of the caster; he doesn't give us the whole pepper-box at once, as that precious son-in-law of his does. GODWIN has no discretion with the pepper-box. *Bon ciel!* He lets fly the whole caster at once. One want of Godwin's will never be supplied in this world, though the Indies were brought to his threshold. Godwin is always crying "more spice!" and the unpardonable sin Cerberus never can forgive—is Stupidity.

JOURNALISTIC ETIQUETTE.—GODWIN HEARD FROM THROUGH THE VOICE OF THE PRESS.

The Historian Mr. Parke Godwin has been in France, mostly in Paris, for several months. He is engaged on his "History of France," the first volume of which was published seven or eight years ago. His engagement in editorial duties on the *Evening Post* during the war prevented his attention to this work, which, we believe, he intends shall be his chief literary monument. We learn that Mr. Godwin has nearly completed the second volume, and has prepared a great mass of material for the third. To Americans especially this history will be interesting. Mr. Godwin is, in the philosophical sense of the word, one of the most thorough and uncompromising of Democrats, and his history will be the first in which the development of the French as a people, and not as the subjects of a succession of dynasties, will be traced from an American point of view.—*Galaxy*, January, 1869.

Among the new American works expected during the coming year, none will be looked for with more interest than Mr. Parke Godwin's "History of France," the second and third volumes of which are almost ready for the press. We are also informed that Mr. Godwin intends to put into systematic shape his views of *Political Science*, and intends that this shall be the crowning work of his life.—*American Booksellers' Guide*, June 1, 1869.

"Telling Tales out of School!"—Bryant the Journalist's Introduction to "Thomas Castaly, Esq."—Interesting to the Veteran Readers of the Veteran Evening Post.

Seldom has any thing brought the fire of youth to Bryant's eye with merrier play than the resuscitation of this effusion. "So you have been finding some fun in *The Post?*" he exclaims. "This is charming—to remember Halleck."

> "And Halleck—who has made thy roof,
> St. Tammany! oblivion-proof—
> Thy beer illustrious, and thee
> A belted knight of chivalry;
> And changed thy dome of painted bricks
> And porter casks and politics?"

This from the staid *Evening Post*,—dating from 1801. Who would believe that it could have published such a production? And now, just hear Our Veteran himself, in his Eighth Decade!

The Poet tells the Secrets of the Journalist.

One day I met Halleck, who said to me: "I have an epistle in verse from an old gentleman to the Recorder, which, if you please, I will send to you for the *Evening Post*. It is all in my head, and you shall have it as soon as I have written it out." I should mention here that Halleck was in the habit of composing verses without the aid of pen and ink, keeping them in his memory, and retouching them at his leisure. In due time the "Epistle to the Recorder, by Thomas Castaly, Esq.," came to hand, was published in the *Evening Post*, and was immediately read by the whole town. It seems to me one of the happiest of Halleck's satirical poems.—Bryant's *Halleck Memorial*, 1869.

CRUSHED OUT.

The PRACTICAL BUDGET, containing *History of the Evening Post* and BRYANT the journalist on journalism, is laid by for a larger edition—when a small paper-warehouse is to be chartered and divers important documents are to be registered: such as the Century Commemoration of the Poet's Seventieth Birthday, etc., etc., all of which belong to THE HOMESTEAD-BOOK.

Meanwhile BRYANT the journalist has quietly slipped out of the workshop, and SHADOW-MAN, from *The Realm of the Real*, yet grasping the ideal, thus chants:—

'Tis pleasant, as the man, world-taught, with high, determined heart,
To tread life's busy, crowded stage, and act th' allotted part;
When fretted with the noisy scenes, delighted turn to home,
And feel there is a spirit there will gladden when I come:
To pore with wasted midnight lamp, o'er page of olden time,
O'er mighty *Homer's* raptured verse, or *Dante's* wizard rhyme,
Or, fancy-wrapt, in wildest dream, ask the wan stars to tell,
If in those far unfathomed spheres, the changeless soul shall dwell.

ANON.

AGAIN TO CEDARMERE.

But you say this does not come under the symbolic firmament of the CITY BY THE SEA.

Indeed it does. Cedarmere, though the shrine of the WINDS and WAVES is but a suburban residence.

In what light our Druid looks best. Meet him under one of the scraggy old oaks of Roslyn: sturdy, gnarly tree-giants; hoary with age and wrestling with the blast—vine-garlanded oaks which, though not crowned with mistletoe, are yet Druidical enough for poetry—just meet this ancient of the morning of our times under the shade of oak-branches and you will never forget THE NEW WORLD DRUID. But you know he comes from the BUSY MART. How can you carry the Druidical thread through GOTHAM?

READER: this belongs to Hyponoia, or under-meaning; the Ideal and the Real; the Life within and the Life without. Look into the depths of thine own soul if thou wouldst read the souls of others.

POETRY.

But has BRYANT in the whirling waltz of the busy world preserved his wand of art?

What of the poet?

Ay, what of "the poet?" Read his poem, *The Poet*, all ye soul-progressionalists who aim at mental endeavor, ponder it well! Like SCHILLER'S *Artist* it applies to every branch of art. Take from us dusty Gothamites our two poems, *The Battle-field* and *The Poet*, and you take from us our BRYANT! With us he is not only the poet of the forests: the mound-builder of the nineteenth century who has erected the great all-tomb in which we weary children of earth can rest from

our labors, but he is with us the *Pioneer* of DUAL LIFE, who teaches how to live and foster soul-progression.

But what of the classic student of old Williams? In the babel of modern jargons has he forgotten the lore of the starry Greek? once his pride. Has Bryant in his eighth decade forgotten his Homer?*

CORN.

The Harvest-bearing Earth.—BRYANT'S *Homer.*

I sow the seed:
God give it speed
For me and those who need!
Old German Invocation.

The Genius of Endeavor: when the poet sows the nation reaps! We give the Alpha and Omega of *the Song of the Sower:* commencing with the corn-thought it culminates with the mystic symbol of the bread of life. Reader; get the poem and study it. The poet sows for all but idlers. He puts in corn for the on-coming myriads.

*Mr. BRYANT in his seventy-fifth year is still vigorously at work. We are privileged to copy the following note, to a friend in this city, which gives a glimpse of the poet and his present employment: "Cummington, Mass., August 3d, 1869:—I am very well—the climate is as cool as I found it in Scotland—but I am, every now and then, fagged with working on Homer, and that must be my excuse for not writing. W. C. BRYANT." Evidently the poet is hard at work. Dryden commenced the translation of Homer in his sixty-eighth year, but he never completed it. Bryant, now in his eighth decade, is hard at work on the last nine books. We bid him God speed.—*Amer. Booksellers' Guide*, Sept., 1869.

THE SONG OF THE SOWER.

The maples redden in the sun;
In autumn gold the beeches stand:
Rest, faithful plough, thy work is done
Upon the teeming land.
Bordered with trees whose gay leaves fly
On every breath that sweeps the sky,
The fresh dark acres furrowed lie,
And ask the sower's hand.
Loose the tired steer and let him go
To pasture where the gentians blow,
And we, who till the grateful ground,
Fling we the golden shower around.

Fling wide the generous grain; we fling
O'er the dark mould the green of spring.
For thick the emerald blades shall grow,
When first the March winds melt the snow,
And to the sleeping flowers, below,
The early bluebirds sing.
Fling wide the grain; we give the fields
The ears that nod in summer's gale,
The shining stems that summer gilds,
The harvest that o'erflows the vale,
And swells, an amber sea, between
The full-leaved woods, its shores of green.
Hark! from the murmuring clods I hear
Glad voices of the coming year;
The song of him who binds the grain,
The shout of those that load the wain,
And from the distant grange there comes
The clatter of the thresher's flail,
And steadily the millstone hums
Down in the willowy vale.

* * * * *

Strew silently the fruitful seed,
As softly o'er the tilth ye tread,
For hands that delicately knead
The consecrated bread.
The mystic loaf that crowns the board,
When, round the table of their Lord,
Within a thousand temples set,
In memory of the bitter death
Of Him who taught at Nazareth,
His followers are met,
And thoughtful eyes with tears are wet,
As of the Holy One they think,
The glory of whose rising, yet
Makes bright the grave's mysterious brink.

Brethren, the sower's task is done.
The seed is in its winter bed.
Now let the dark-brown mould be spread,
To hide it from the sun,
And leave it to the kindly care
Of the still earth and brooding air.
As when the mother, from her breast,
Lays the hushed babe apart to rest,
And shades its eyes, and waits to see
How sweet its waking smile will be.

THE OLD STORY OF AGES.—WISDOM AND CORN.—POETRY AND BREAD.—THE CORN-FESTIVAL OF THE NEW WORLD.

When one begins to write about BRYANT and Nature, the realm is so Greek, so rich, so vast, so cosmopolitan, one knows not when and where to stop. The Greek was great because he was true to Nature. Greek æsthetics hold true in the nineteenth century.

With you, the first blooms of the spring began,
Awakening nature in the soul of man:—
With you fulfilled, when nature seeks repose,
Autumn's exulting harvests ripely close.

SCHILLER.

Our poet's birth-month is also the month of our National Thanksgiving. A harvest equal to that in the *Vale of the Shenandoah*, which inspired BRYANT's *Corn-Thought Tribute to Dante*, threatens us.

When the Poet sows the Nation reaps! Are you all seated round the Homestead Board in reverential awe? Know you what THANKSGIVING means? Back of the PURITAN *Thanksgiving:* back of the ENGLISH *Harvest-Home:* back of the TEUTON *Earth-Festival:* back of the ROMAN *Corn-Festival:* back of the GREEK *Eleusinian Mysteries* is the *Feast of Sheaves* of the HEBREW JAH!

The orient seer awoke the strain
When Israel's line began:
Thanksgiving on the eastern main,
Thanksgiving for the golden grain,
The Harvest-Home of Man!

The Reapers of ages have joined in our National Chorus: the refrain of the Harvest-Home of the New World. Our modern Thanksgiving is nought but a modern version of the old Hebrew Feast of Sheaves: and the Jews thus recognize it. The Hebrew JAH was the God of Homesteads.

Homestead-Books carry the clue of the antique—THE TRADITIONARY BLESSING.

Theocratic Patriarch of the Earth-Grand-Homestead! Thou who establishing thine house didst ordain the festival of the Feast of Sheaves in the Orient! Thou who, bidding man seek wisdom, the bread of the better life, yet didst provide corn and sustenance that the body might not perish,—shower thy blessings to the remotest generation on thy seer-Patriarch of this our New World! A frail mortal of our race, who through the intricate relations of dual life has sustained his integrity. Grant to him and his and all who symbolically surround his board the heirloom of wisdom and the bread of contentment. Thou who didst ordain the Feast of Sheaves in the Old World accept the symbolism of the Feast of Sheaves of the New. A. M. 5629—*Hebrew Calendar.*

A SUPPLEMENTARY WORD

FROM THE AUTHOR OF THE "BRYANT HOMESTEAD BOOK."

As stated in our Preface, the original scope of this book was upon a much larger and more philosophic scale; *par example:* Book IV. originally was "The Curriculum of Life;" or what helps to educate a man *even after he leaves college;* the influence of soul on soul; the esoteric swaying the exoteric; finally, the impress of the man on the world, and the world on the man. This brought the subject of our sketches in contact with the New-World's men. But Book V. was literally "Wanderings and Travels." The same caption now holds. This brought Bryant in contact with the Old-World's men. (*See concluding remarks.*)

We could wish that BRYANT'S "Letters of a Traveller" and "Letters from the East" might be "read on" our limited Book V. This brings in the foreign element, for BRYANT is "many-sided." The World has completed his American education. We now come to the demitones. In "Letters of a Traveller," more of the World-Man is evolved. In "Letters from the East," we detect, nay, we are nearly all the while conscious of the presence of THE POET. Take the two volumes (and for our part we could wish there were a dozen more), we begin to get the demitones of the dual character—BRYANT the *Journalist* and BRYANT the *Poet*, culminating or blending in BRYANT the *Traveller*. The man himself is a digestion of nature-knowledge and world-knowledge, and those who know him best seem vexatiously puzzled to say which is the dominant key-note—nature-knowledge or world-knowledge. We grant there is a fine assimilation of the lore of the Old World and the vigor and poesy of the New. These letters are equal to Montaigne's, Goethe's, or Mendelssohn's, and for almost as marked three varied reasons as the *spécialités* of these several writers are those letters charming and valuable to one who would study the life-phenomena of our New World "many-sided." This genius, who, travelling in the New World, has his eye on crops as well as firmament-scenarium, can, on his own land, plant carrots in wood-soil—so they never need be weeded! (Horticulturists don't steal this invention.) In the Old World we detect the author of "Thanatopsis," and the Earth Reverie, in the important omitted letter Volterra; pp. 437–8. He is afraid the world will crack and tumble to pieces with age at last.

"Imagine to yourself an elevated country like the highlands of Pennsylvania or the western part of Massachusetts; imagine vast beds of loam and clay in place of the ledges of rock, and then fancy the whole region to be torn by water-spouts and torrents into gullies too profound to be passed, with sharp ridges between—stripped of its trees and its grass—and you will have some idea of the country near Volterra. I could not help fancying, while I looked at it, that as the earth grew old, the ribs of rock which once upheld the mountains had become changed into the bare heaps of earth which I saw about me, that time and the elements had destroyed the cohesion of the particles of which they were formed, and that now the rains were sweeping them down to the Mediterranean, to fill its bed and cause its waters to encroach upon the land. It was impossible for me to prevent the apprehension from passing through my mind, that such might be the fate of other quarters of the globe in ages yet to come, that their rocks must crumble and and their mountains be levelled, until the waters shall again cover the face of the earth, unless new mountains shall be thrown up by eruptions of internal fire. They told me in Volterra, that this frightful region had once been productive and under cultivation, but that after a plague which, four or five hundred years since, had depopulated the country, it was abandoned and neglected, and the rains had reduced it to its present state."

Again.—The New-World translator of Homer among the tombs of the Etruscans, p. 140:—

"The antiquities of Volterra consist of an Etruscan burial-ground, in which the tombs still remain, pieces of the old and incredibly massive Etrusean wall, including a far larger circuit than the present city, two Etrusean gates of immemorial antiquity, older doubtless than any thing at Rome, built of enormous stones, one of them serving even yet as an entrance to the town, and a multitude of cinerary vessels, mostly of alabaster, sculptured with numerous figures in *alto relievo*. These figures are sometimes allegorical representations, and sometimes embody the fables of the Greek mythology. Among them are many in the most perfect style of Grecian art, the subjects of which are taken from the poems of Homer; groups representing the besiegers of Troy and its defenders, or Ulysses with his companions and his ships. I gazed with exceeding delight on these works of forgotten artists, who had the verses of Homer by heart—works just drawn from the tombs where they had been buried for thousands of years, and looking as if fresh from the chisel."

After that he comes home and goes to work in the old workshop, but finally, tired of Journalism and the record of "improvements" in the NEW WORLD, off again he starts for the OLD—to see if it holds together yet! This time he goes to the East—"Letters from the East." Here we find THE POET mounted on a camel. We doubt very much whether his garb is broadcloth. We have our own suspicion—though he does not explicitly confess it—that our traveller assumed the Oriental garb, and our artists who tire of sketching him as a Druid, a Nereus, or an Æolus, can now sketch him as an Oriental sage—fresh from the Occident.

We say we detect THE POET on the barren sands of Egypt. *How* detect him?

"The morning was clear and cold; *the weak herbs of the desert were flattened to the earth beneath a load of dew;* and as we were taking our breakfast in the open air at sunrise, a *troop of small birds, apparently of the sparrow family, were busy about us.*

gathering their early meal on our camping-ground" (p. 139). That will do. The same trait that strikes us in the poet of "The Fountain" in the NEW WORLD, strikes us in the traveller on the sands of Egypt—this noting animal life by tracks.

Just picture to yourself BRYANT the Traveller and his pleasant companions (John Durand, Chas. M. Leupp, Mr. Keith, of Vermont) in Oriental costume, mounted on camels, following the trail of the Old Israelites, reading the Old Scriptures in the golden-salmon atmosphere of an Egyptian sunset, surrounded with historic-poetic scenarium, the Poet-soul is happy! His "Letters from the East" are in his happiest vein.

This is also BRYANT in the Lazaretto, where, instead of worrying at annoyance, until mind and body, reacting upon each other, undermining the nervous power through indignation, produces that subtle "*horrores*" that provokes and invites disease—(and at such stages any local disease can find the ready tabernacle)—these Occidental-Oriental sages wisely read and write and improve their minds—and as Schiller insists that bodily improvement depends much upon mental, it is to be supposed they also improved their health—for at the "show of tongues" (p. 167) the entire party is passed in triumph. The representative of the line of the MEDICAL BRYANT is laughing about it—even to this day.

Semi-occasionally our Veteran gives Uncle Sam a sly slap which ought to wake up Bancroft's Navy-Boys: such as Letter XV., where he suggests the propriety of naval vessels riding in the beautiful harbor of Smyrna and looking after the Turk-eys. Again—he wants more "Fresnel lights" all along "our badly-lighted coast;" or, if Fresnel lights can be "improved"—the sharpest and most brilliant Yankee illuminator should show the mariner "breakers ahead!" But that was a touch of the chastising journalistic-pen that wrote those thrusts.

Here is another phase:—

Whoever has heard BRYANT on his busy sanctum speak of Greek children, and their preferring books to toys, and literature to bon-bons, will be delighted with his visit to the Greek school (Corfu, Letter XVII.). In 1830–2, BRYANT, with others of the New World, both by writing and speaking, aided in the resuscitation of fallen Greece. All this must be understood to sympathize with his pleasure in visiting these Greek schools. In fine, so much of the past is to be understood to comprehend some of BRYANT'S passing emotions, that the sooner we get his Reminiscences of Youth, Manhood, and Age—the New World, the Ocean World, and the Old World—the better.

To close up the letters from the East—we *must* close—naught is more beautiful and reveals the fine humanity of the man, like the tender replacing of the little Arab child's garment on its grave.—the little Lamb-skin Coat.—Our New-World Bard at the grave of the Arab child; this is "HUMAN: a Prose-Poem."

"The grave of a child fixed my attention, at each end of which, a tuft of the plant I have already mentioned was growing freshly, and between them lay a little garment of blue cotton, and another of white, with a crimson stripe running through it. Near by, and probably dragged away by the jackals, was the skin of a lamb, with a soft, silky fleece, which had formed the child's outer garment in winter. I replaced it on the grave, and could not help thinking how tenderly, to judge by these tokens, that child must have been cherished, and that, when it was carried

out dead from the humble abode of its parents, their low, brown tent pitched on the greensward, the heart of its mother must have been pierced by a sorrow as sharp, as is felt at such a loss in the most civilized country."

The Homestead roof covers a vast symbolic extent, as the Homestead board symbolically seats a numerous throng. There is room in that wondrous cockloft for the thought-baggage of more than one generation—readers and publishers should alike be accommodated. Far be it from us to uncivilly shut the doors of our book against any publisher's BRYANT Thought-baggage.

Pile on the waifs! you cannot bring in *all* our HEIRLOOM! The Veteran owes us his life-enigma; and like the Teutons attacking old GOETHE, we mean to have it.

"*Homer*" will soon be finished up for Young America. Now for the knitting-work of age; the fireside reveries of THE WORLD'S CRUSADER!

We have been told by a practical genius, that our inutile book could be rendered useful, if we would permit the BRYANT publishers, to each and all avail themselves of it, as a medium through which to advertise their several BRYANT wares!

Was ever inutile author so insulted? That practical idea was none of ours. Let not the fastidious Dilettante lay the *mauvaise honte* of Utilitarianism at our door.

Yet, on reflection, we accept the offer with this tax upon it. Each publisher who deposits his BRYANT-notice in this BRYANT-book, shall join us in our idle plea, that BRYANT, on the completion of "Homer," give us *himself*, his "Life Curriculum." and the Human and Psychal thread of the Cycle of seventy years.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

We first quote from the Preface of BRYANT'S "*Letters of a Traveller:*"—

"The author is sensible that the highest merit such a work can claim, if ever so well executed, is but slight. He might have made these letters more interesting to readers in general, if he had spoken of distinguished men to whose society he was admitted; but the limits within which this may be done, with propriety and without offence, are so narrow, and so easily overstepped, that he has preferred to abstain altogether from that class of topics. He offers his book to the public, with expectations which will be satisfied by a very moderate success."

Turn to Germany. Take up old GOETHE'S Autobiography and read the Preface. The Germans began to sketch their "many-sided:" like dutiful children brought the Veteran their work unfinished. But they had struck the key-note that awoke the past. GOETHE commenced with the phenomena of his inner life, and, from depicting the reaction of soul on soul, voyaged to the Exoteric. Voyaging from SELF he embraced his age. "I was carried out of my narrow, private sphere into the wide world."

Bryant is finishing his "Homer." Scholarly age must be occupied. If our idle, indolent attempts at depicting some varied phases of his character shall be the means of instigating the Veteran himself to take up the pen, we will have graphic life-pictures of Humanity in the New World and in the Old. We ask him to do it.