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MORAL USES OF DARK THINGS.

X.

OF INSANITY.

THE subject of insanity is by no means fresh or inviting. But since the fact itself is the darkest of all dark things in the catalogue of the world's suffering allotments, I do not feel at liberty to decline it. Enough is said of it, but not all that most needs to be said. The topic is in the hospitals and the courts—expounded and re-expounded—handled pathologically, therapeutically, statistically, philanthropically, and, so far, exhaustively. All the natural phases and conditions appear to be fully explored. And yet there is a particular point in the higher relations of the subject which I do not remember ever to have seen referred to. I mean the strong anti-moral look it seems to carry; presenting facts that, as far as they go, appear to be almost unreducible to the supposition of a moral purpose, or even to cloud the more general confidence of a moral government concerned in the rougher allotments of life. I do not feel obliged, of course, to surrender to this kind of impression. I even hope to throw some partial light upon the question, such as I believe the case permits. The frowning anti-moral aspects it presents are these:

1. That it is not as distinctly retributive on the subjects as we should naturally expect, where there is a treatment

so terribly severe; being often hereditary, often a calamity befalling the most saintly persons, invading often the most amiable dispositions, and not seldom associating impressions of some wild possession by evil spirits, of whose presence and agency we scarce know what to make.

2. That it puts a full stop always to the uses of the moral life, causing the subject to exist in a way that cuts off the benefits of existence, and forbidding him thenceforward any possibility of improvement, in that which was the principal and almost only errand of his mission as a human creature. He cannot even do such a thing as duty, of which, perhaps, he sometimes fondly talks.

3. Almost nothing can be learned by others from his vagaries. Being out of the moral life, there is no moral lesson to be drawn from his discourse or his action.

4. Where there is a recovery and even complete restoration, the whole space covered by the interregnum of the insanity is a blank; so that he can get back nothing to remember from it, but can only start again, at the point where his reason left him. He has lost so much, grown old by just so many months or years, and gets no compensation. Probably he has lost what stood him in much higher consequence, the confidence of his nature in

mense, far-reaching moral use, considered as an extreme of dispossession that puts us duly in mind of our general distemper. We see it coming on by degrees, and culminating, here and there, in a complete overthrow of the moral nature. Then we consider what it was that was coming on by degrees, and discover the same kind of incipencies and bad liabilities working in us all. So we understand ourselves, and what kind of keeping is necessary for us. We now make allowances for our moods, and the discoloration of our judgments. We steady our conduct of life by the laws of good manners, and keep it in right order by recognizing the moodiness and gustiness of our impulses. And so we meet the world as it is, do our duties to it in candor and charity, and are hurried away by no romantic expectations that promise a paradise without some rectifying light and discipline to make it

possible. We act from the moral nature in ourselves toward a moral nature in the world, looking for no remedy of the common distemper save in that complete re-establishment of the moral nature, which is health and sanity for all. And this work of re-establishment, we know, is possible only in that grace of religion which is come into the world "to heal all that have need of healing." There is, in fact, no sufficiently real antagonism for insanity or unsanity, but that which is the divinely qualified antagonism of sin. Let the weary, laden, sorely possessed mind of the world turn itself to Christ, and it shall find rest. And when we come to this, when as a race we drink at this "fountain the spirit of a sound mind," we shall, for the first time, discover how far off we have been from sanity, and how beautiful a thing true, perfect sanity may be.

THE GOLDEN TREASURY.

"Much have I wandered in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been,
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold."

KEATS.

THERE is a certain charm about all collections of English songs and ballads. The reason is obvious. The riches of the language in this department alone are so diversified and so exhaustless, that the collector can hardly go wrong; and then there is always a fascination in the contiguity between the same covers of pieces by different hands and in every variety of style. But no one needs to be told that where the editor is a scholar and a man of taste—perhaps himself a poet—the attractiveness of such a collection is proportionally enhanced. Percy's *Reliques* is now far behind the age, and is full of imperfections; yet, as the first of the attempts to render popular the rude but inimitable merits of the ancient ballads, it is a book which the world may not willingly let die. George Ellis, the friend of Scott, following fast in the footsteps of old Ritson, that crustiest of black-letter antiqua-

ries, has in his "Specimens of Ancient English Poetry" greatly enlarged upon his model, and given us a collection which, with all its faults, will continue to be cordially admired. Since these first crude efforts, books of this class have multiplied beyond the power of easy computation. The shaft which Bishop Percy opened to the day has been entered by a host of expert and indefatigable miners. Increasing attention has been paid to this delightful study; new interest has been awakened in the subject of archaic English; the antique spelling and idiom have been more fully and more carefully restored; the high poetical excellence of the early writings, (which was at one time denied or overlooked) is now more generally recognized and more heartily appreciated, and ballads which were once laughed at for their roughness, are now copied like old masters, with slavish fidelity.

The service which Percy and Ellis performed for the ballad literature of England, Allan Ramsay and Sir Walter have performed for that of Scotland. The work here again has been greatly extended, un-

til the name of the enthusiastic toilers in this field has come to be legion.

But this pleasing industry has not been confined to any particular age or kind of English poetry. Collections of all sorts of poems, dramas, songs, hymns, canticles, sonnets, madrigals and what not—sometimes grave, sometimes gay; sometimes entire and sometimes in fragments—have become as plenty as leaves in autumn.

We well remember the satisfaction with which we perused Mr. Charles Knight's "Year with the Poets," as it came out years ago in the Penny Magazine, or rather as it appeared in the published volumes of that invaluable miscellany. Mr. Knight's plan was an admirable one. It was to group the most inviting clusters of English poetry around the personified figure of each season. Of course he always began with Spenser and Thomson, and seldom failed to give us something from Cowper. Shakspeare and Milton were invariably honored, and even old Chaucer was not neglected. Wordsworth, too, came in for a large share of notice, and such standard names as those of Coleridge, Southey, and "the Childe" were duly recognized. These quotations in verse, (which were always short and well varied) were set off to advantage by charming little prose interludes, and each number was decorated with appropriate wood engravings. The whole was as instructive and readable a series as ever appeared in print. Some years ago appeared Dana's "Household Book of Poetry," a large and excellent collection. Passing over a hundred similar ventures, we must not omit to make our compliments to the lordly volume which came out some ten years ago entitled "Christmas with the Poets." It was printed on tinted paper, and was exquisitely illustrated by Birket Foster. The design of the editor was to bring together everything that had been uttered by the English poets about Christmas; its origin, scenery, traditional customs, and dear associations. This design was most happily executed. The book was in truth a thesaurus of all the Christmas poems

in the language, from Milton's Hymn to the Nativity down to the Mahogany Tree of Thackeray. The noble collection denominated "Folk-Songs" will be remembered by the readers of *HOURS AT HOME* as the handsome volume lately issued by Mr. Scribner. The last book of this kind which has greatly attracted us is entitled the "Late English Poets," and embraces the choicest pieces of such men as Matthew Arnold, Frederick Tennyson, Thackeray, Thornbury, Alexander Smith, Gerald Massey, Sidney Dobell, Charles Kingsley, Archbishop Trench, Jean Ingelow, Owen Meredith, Buchanan, Coventry, Patmore, and Swinburne. We know not where such a collection is to be had of the pieces of our living poets of the younger generation. The introduction into this congenial society of a few gray-beards like Trench, and a few men who have been lately snatched from us by death, like Thackeray, has only served to improve the quality of the entertainment, if not the flavor of the feast, that is there furnished us.

The volume that has more immediately suggested the present article stands upon a different ground from any which have preceded it. It is restricted in its range to lyrical pieces and songs, and aims to give only the best, and yet to give all. Living genius is excluded. Upon this point it may be well to let the accomplished editor, Francis Turner Palgrave of Exeter Oxford, speak for himself. "This little collection," says Mr. Palgrave, "differs, it is believed, from others in the attempt made to include in it *all the best original Lyrical pieces and Songs in our language, by writers not living—and none beside the best.*" The title is "THE GOLDEN TREASURY of the Best Songs and Lyrical Poems in the English Language; selected and arranged, with notes."

The idea here succinctly expressed is a most felicitous one, and has been carried out with judgment and taste. Mr. Palgrave is already most favorably known as an author, and is one of the most masterly critics of English or classic verse now living. The letterpress is from Sever and

Frances of Cambridge, and is all that could be desired. The book resembles somewhat the Pickering edition of the English Poets. As to the theoretical feasibility of a work of this kind, which shall invariably hit upon pieces of unchallenged excellence, and shall omit none of this character which are in existence, we have our doubts. We will go farther; and do not hesitate to pronounce this, like all similar attempts in this respect, a failure. But we must not be captious and unreasonable. Perfection is impossible to mortals. We must take what we can get, and be thankful if we are as well served as in the present instance. In this case the dishes and goblets are of gold; the meat is ambrosia, and the wine is nectar. Let us not grumble if we are not treated to *all* the food that was in Olympus, or if Ganymede has not pressed *all* the grapes of the gods into his costly flagons. We always thought it very absurd in the mathematicians to contend so querulously for lines without breadth and thickness, and circles which should be actually round. Chalk diagrams will carry a man safely through the forty-seventh proposition, and are sufficient to determine with the utmost exactitude the astronomic perturbations. Why should not a writer of prefaces be allowed to overstate the thing a little, and why should not the reader be permitted to take his statement with the convenient grain of salt? But indeed we are surprised and delighted at the measure of success which has crowned these valuable labors of Mr. Palgrave. The book is dedicated (as it ought to be) to Alfred Tennyson, the poet laureate, a man whose reputation is destined, we think, to increase rather than to diminish, and whose name is almost sure to be placed side by side with those of his true congeners, John Keats and William Wordsworth. Nay, why should we be timid about expressing an honest opinion? It is already evident that for scholarly culture, for nice perception, for subtlety of insight and the power of seeing things in large outline and in the azure distance, for strange felicity in the

use of metaphor, for a kind of aërial imagination, for a sunny or shadowy fancy, for the ability to give expression to the vague and hitherto inarticulate longings of the soul after the infinite and unattainable, for a hearty faith in the future, for a wild and mournful pathos, for sustained tenderness, for occasional bursts of memorable song full of a sort of bounding, laughing joyousness, presently toning off into voluble but pensive and regretful melancholy, for purity of English, for a simple yet aristocratic grace and nobleness of diction, for general richness of style, and for sweetness of versification—for all these traits in union, Tennyson has scarce a peer in the annals of our tongue. We are far from asserting that Tennyson the elder is the first of English poets, though one of the finest of American critics has dared to do so.

Tennyson has his faults, and they are faults of magnitude. He has the creative faculty, but not the organizing faculty. He could write neither drama nor epic. Moreover, he is too dim and effeminate. English poetry has gone through many changes, and these changes have not always been for the better. The humdrum monotony of the days of Pope was not tolerated in conjunction with indistinctness or downright absurdity. English poetry seems to have fallen into a sort of autumn, (that "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness") and if it is marked by purple hills and party-colored foliage, the leaves are too often withered and dead, and the graceful curves of the mountains are sunk in haze and obscured by vapors. Our poetical winds breathe to us voluptuously, and give many a "low repining sound," but often utter little that is intelligible outside of a boarding-school. Sometimes it seems to us that "the melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year," of English minstrelsy. How it would refresh us to meet nowadays with somebody among the verse-writers who had the glittering precision of Pope, the masculine energy of Dryden, or even the manly and sonorous sense of old Sam Johnson! What would we not give for a piece of compliment like Cowper's

"Sofa"! or even, as a variety, for the gods and goddesses of the days of Shenstone! Oh! for a canto like one of Lord Byron's, before Childe Harold had been spoiled into Don Juan! "Oh! for a blast of that dread horn" which none could ever wind but the author of *Marmion*! We might forego Queen Anne and all her literary court; we might give up the early Georges with all their retainers: but what gladness—what youthful ecstasy would be infused into old hearts like ours by the revival of the days of Elizabeth!

"I have heard that on a day
 Mine host's signboard flew away
 Nobody knew whither, till
 An astrologer's old quill
 To a sheepskin gave the story—
 Said he saw you in your glory
 Underneath a new-old sign
 Sipping beverage divine,
 And pledging with contented smack
 The Mermaid in the Zodiac!
 Souls of poets dead and gone,
 What Elysium have ye known—
 Happy field or mossy cavern—
 Choicer than the Mermaid tavern?"

It is a singular fact, however, that Tenyson, though the vivid impersonation of all that is most to be deplored in the modern departures from the English antique, is nevertheless in many respects and in certain exceptional passages, more like Will Shakspeare in some of his lighter moods, than any one who has scribbled verses since the days of royal Bess. We may instance his song about the owl, and many luscious and romantic stanzas in one or two of his best poems. He also often resembles Spenser, and now and then Drummond or Luckling. This book contains pieces from all the writers I have named, besides others from Lord Bacon, Sir Philip Sidney, Wyatt, Drayton, Lylye, Heywood, Dekker, Marlowe, Beaumont, Milton, Shirley, Wotton, Ben Jonson, Herbert, Sedley, Lovelace, etc., to say nothing of the goodly fellowship of their successors. But why did Mr. Palgrave omit from his collection "*My Mind to Me a Kingdom is,*" and a dozen other tip-top pieces belonging to the same general period? The plan of the book is peculiar,

and can be fully understood only by those who have a love for music and an acquaintance with its principles.

"In the arrangement," says Mr. Palgrave, "the most poetically-effective order has been attempted. The English mind has passed through phases of thought and cultivation so various and so opposed during these three centuries of Poetry, that a rapid passage between Old and New, like rapid alteration of the eye's focus in looking at the landscape, will always be wearisome and hurtful to the sense of beauty." The poems are accordingly distributed into Books, the first Book corresponding to the ninety years closing about 1616, the second to the period running on to 1700, the third comprising the century which ended at 1800, and the fourth embracing the half-century just ended. "Or," to adopt the words of Mr. Palgrave, "looking at the Poets who more or less give each portion its distinctive character, they might be called the Books of Shakspeare, Milton, Gray, and Wordsworth." The volume in this respect is, therefore, a photographic miniature of the history of our Poetry, showing us its lusty April, its proud July, and finally its sad November. The growth and evolution of the English metrical stanza can here be studied to great advantage. We have in this little volume (to keep up the figure) a true reflection of all the important changes in the forest, from the gay blossom to the russet leaves. But, as Mr. Palgrave correctly says, "a rigidly chronological sequence . . . rather fits a collection aiming at instruction than at pleasure, and the wisdom which comes through pleasure." He has adopted a better scheme. "Within each book the pieces have therefore been arranged in gradations of feeling or subject. The development of the symphonies of Mozart and Beethoven has been here thought of as a model, and nothing placed without careful consideration. And it is hoped that the contents of this Anthology will thus be found to present a certain unity 'as episodes,' in the noble language of Shelley, to that great poem which all poets, like the coöperating thoughts of one

great mind, have built up since the beginning of the world." The thought was an exceedingly pretty one, though a little fanciful. Not one reader in a thousand, as we have already intimated, would ever dream of the idea at the bottom of the editor's plan, and only a limited number can comprehend it now that it is explained. But what of that? Anybody is able to relish the pieces themselves, and verily it is a right royal banquet that is spread out upon this creamy cloth. "Chalmers' vast collection, with the whole works of all accessible poets not contained in it, and the best Anthologies of different periods, have been twice systematically read through—and it is hence improbable that any omissions which may be regretted are due to oversight. The poems are printed entire, except in a very few instances (specified in the notes) where a stanza has been omitted. The omissions have been risked only when the piece could be thus brought to a closer lyrical unity: and, as essentially opposed to this unity, extracts, obviously such, are excluded."

How singularly apposite to this symphonious arrangement of verses and poems, are Milton's lines:

"How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute!"

We thank this fine critic for the expression, "and the wisdom which comes through pleasure." The schools have been at war for ages not only over the definition, but over the proper "end and aim," of poetry. The question has resolved itself into this. Is the final cause of poetry the mere production of agreeable feeling, or is it the inculcation of salutary truth? In other words, ought the ultimate aim of the poet to be *instruction* or *pleasure*? It is, indeed, obvious at a glance that the two things commonly go together in a mind that is rightly constituted and rightly trained. When such a mind is pleased, you may be sure that it has been instructed, and when it is instructed you may be sure that it has been pleased. But this rule, like all others, has

its exceptions. Where the element of instruction is in excess, there is often no pleasure; and where the element of pleasure is in excess, there is often no instruction. If Euclid were to be translated into English hexameters, the result would afford little joy to the lovers of poetry. The fatal objection to Lucretius is that Lucretius is dry. Didactic poems are seldom popular. Young's Night Thoughts is most attractive in the imaginative and harmonious parts. The same is true of Wordsworth's Excursion, and Cowper's Task. The mere philosophy in them would sink them, did they not also abound in true poetry. The remark may be repeated in reference to Akenside's Pleasures of Imagination, Pollok's Course of Time, and the whole mass of this species of literature. On the other hand, can anybody make any sense out of Shakspeare's songs, or does any one suppose that Shakspeare *cared* that they should have any sense, "with a hey and a ho, and a hey-no-nino"? Yet are not these songs good poetry?

What sense is there, prithee gentle reader, in the constant iteration of such words as "The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall," or "Brignall banks are wild and fair;" and yet does not the very soul of lyrical excellence often lie in these very repetitions? It is not enough that we should have refrains; it is sometimes necessary that we should have refrains conveying music, without conveying intelligible meaning. One reason for this is, that it is alone by refrains of this description, and especially such as those of Shakspeare, which are sometimes negligently varied, that the perfect *abandon* required can be expressed in words. It is evident that the poet is in a gay, rollicking, and rather absurd frame of mind when he can pour out such a gush of melodious jargon as this,

"And therefore take the present time,
With a hey and a ho and a hey-no-nino;
For love is crowned with the prime,
In spring time, the only pretty ring time:
Sweet lovers love the spring,

Of a truth there is the very minimum of

instruction in all this. He whistles, (or carols, if one likes that term better) for *lack* of thought. This grand, jovial, unpremeditating carelessness of Shakespeare has proved an impassable stumbling-block to some of his German commentators.

The piece with which this book opens is of this character, and enchants one like the sparkling song of the canary bird, which we can none of us understand, but which makes us love him, nevertheless, as he spreads his golden feathers to the sun, and pours out his little soul in melody. The piece is by T. Nash. Here it is entire:

"Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's
pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance
in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

"The palm and May make country houses
gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all
day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

"The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss
our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!
Spring! the sweet spring!"

Some one having said in Samuel Johnson's presence that beauty consisted in utility, he pointed him to a peacock's tail, and inquired gruffly what utility there was in that, and why a small tail without the green and purple eyes would not have done as well? In the same way we may observe, there is little enough instruction to be derived from much sweet poetry, but it is sweet poetry all the same. Mr. Palgrave is right in making neither pleasure nor instruction the final aim of poetry, but *wisdom*; the wisdom which comes through both. It is *wise* for an old man to read or write anything which makes him feel young again. There is more true wisdom, in certain moods, in one of Shakespeare's or Lodge's idle songs than

in half the metaphysics of pipe-beclouded Germany. But this book gives us something better than idle songs. Besides such pieces as "Crabbed age and youth cannot live together;" "Under the greenwood tree," and the funny, ice-cold ditty about Dick the Shepherd blowing his nail, the great dramatist is represented by such noble sonnets as "How like a winter hath mine absence been, From Thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!" and "When in the chronicle of wasted time," and "Like as the waves make toward the pebbled shore," and "When to the lesions of sweet silent thought," and "Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing;" and by such tragic outbursts as "Blow, blow thou winter wind," and "Come away, come away Death," and "Full fathom five thy father lies."

There is a pretty piece by Webster, called "A Land Dirge," and beginning

"Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover."

There is the beautiful "Diaphenia," by H. Constable. Marlowe's "Passionate Shepherd" might properly have been coupled with the companion piece in Isaac Walton; but the latter is hardly up to the high standard of merit so rigorously adhered to by Mr. Palgrave. Drummond's "Summons to Love" is given, apparently at length. There is a sweet anonymous thing in this first Book, called "Present in Absence." Lodge's "Rosaline" occupies much space, as it deserves to do, with the exception of its lightness.

Of course "Love's Perjuries" finds a place in this as in all collections of this sort.

We could easily spare Sir T. Wyatt's "Supplication" for something else; but the rule is inexorable. The piece is negatively perfect, and the others are not. Far sweeter, judged by our ears, are the lines to Aurora by the Earl of Starline,

"Oh if thou knew'st how thou thyself dost
harm."

There is another piece of much the same character, by F. Sylvester. The "Lover's Appeal," by Wyatt, is very plaintive, and

reminds us of Gerald Massey. Barnefield's "Nightingale" is not unworthy of its subject or of its high companionship with the noble odes of Keats and Shelley in the other part of the volume. It is wonderful how many of these pieces are of an amatory, or, to say the least, a festive and complimentary character. The old ages seem to have gone wild in lady-worship. "Love's Farewell," by Drayton, is well known, and breathes much of the temper of Owen Meredith, with a reminiscence here and there of "Lady Clara Vere de Vere." The "Unfaithful Shepherdess" is sung in the same key, and is given, we presume, in full. E. Vere, the Earl of Oxford, is not so tender of (or on) the sex in his "Renunciation:"

"If women could be fair, and yet not fond,
Or that their love were firm yet fickle still,
I would not marvel that they make men bond
By service long to purchase their good will:
But when I see how frail those creatures are,
I muse that men forget themselves so far.

This is certainly scandalous, but is sweetly resented, a few pages on, by the "Cupid and Campaspe" of Lylly, the great master of compliment in the days of the heroic Queen. There is abundant justice done the charmers in these pages. The magnificent prothalamion of Edmund Spenser is given without abridgment. Here is the first stanza, and what could be nobler?

"Calm was the day, and through the trembling air
Sweet breathing Zephyrs did softly play—
A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay
Hot Titan's beams, which then did glisten fair;
When I (whom sullen care,
Through discontent of my long fruitless stay
In princes' court, and expectation vain
Of idle hopes, which still do fly away
Like empty shadows, did afflict my brain)
Walked forth to ease my pain
Along the shore of silver-streaming Thames;
Whose ruddy bank, the which his river hems,
Was painted all with variable flowers,
And all the meads adorned with dainty gems
Fit to deck maidens' bowers,
And crown their paramours
Against the bridal day, which is not long.
Sweet Thames! run softly till I end my song."

Is not David Masson nearly right in saying that Spenser has more *mere poetry* in his blood than any of them? Milton got more from him than from any other source except the Bible. Johnson is confident that Bunyan must have read him. Walter Scott revelled in him. The theme is tempting, but so is the book; and we pass on. Let us imagine the first book ended, and now go we "to fresh woods and pastures new." Book Second opens appropriately with the immortal "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity," and closes sumptuously, like one of Gounod's operas, with "Alexander's Feast." The second piece is the song for St. Cecilia's Day. Dryden, perhaps, never rose, before or afterward, to strains so full of round-toned music as the famous

"From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man."

The last line swells like the pedal note of an organ. We have always regarded the next stanza as the finest thing Dryden ever produced:

"What passion cannot music raise and quell?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell
His listening brethren stood around,
And wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a god they thought there could
not dwell,
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot music raise and quell?"

The other pieces in this charming volume, (like many of those already referred to) are very familiar even to this heedless and forgetful generation. We are delighted to find some, however, that were likely to fall out of notice, such as "Black-Eyed Susan" and "Sally in our Alley." We are glad, too, to see included Ben Jonson's "Hymn to Diana," which we have been accustomed to pronounce superlatively beautiful. It is worthy of one of the Greeks or Romans. Some of Crashaw's and Herrick's delicious songs are given. Colonel Lovelace's "Lucasta,"

and Wotton's "Elizabeth of Bohemia" are both here in all their loveliness. "Althea," by Lovelace; "The Manly Heart," by Wether; the best things by Cowley; and many other gems are here. The latter half of the book is wholly modern. Scott, Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth, Keats, Collins, Burns, Campbell, Moore, and the rest, bring the grand symphony of authors to an end as amidst the wail of clarionets and the pealing clangor of trumpets, the dying

cadence softening down, with flute-like sweetness, into "The Ode on Intimations of Immortality," and Shelley's mournful

"Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odors, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.
Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on."

STORM-CLIFF.

CONCLUSION OF ISAAC'S STORY.

"AFTERWARD, when I began to think of being happy, 'cause God don't let a man go lonesome and sorrowful *all* the way, I used to take out the picture John Paul had in his pocket and look at it, thinking, since I knew how dear one human being may get to be to another, that maybe this woman was waiting yet for John Paul to come home.

"As my happiness grew more and more, that woman's lonesome sorrow grew with it, until I couldn't stand it another day. I dreamed about it, and a voice kept sounding in my ears, 'Don't be happy yet—not yet'—and at the last minute I was driven off by the voice. I felt like a double traitor not to go and find that woman; for you see I didn't doubt but what she was alive and waiting: so I went.

"I shied around the very ravine where I had buried the chaplain, Isaac Griffin; there was a great tangle grown into it since that time, and the chance of finding him was very poor; but I kept at it, till I knew he had never been disturbed in his long sleep by friend or foe.

"Then I started off to find the man for whom I had preached for a loaf. Poor fellow, he was gone. He meant well by me. Then I went down to the city where John Paul and Isaac had lived a little while. I dared not make myself known. I was accosted as John Paul one night as I was standing under a gas-

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light, by a black woman, or rather, said she, 'Bress de Lord! Massa Paul, you's a-livin. Won't you speak a word to old Maria, as used to care for her darlin'?' "

"'Maria! I'm glad to see you,' I said, 'come around and get some clothes for me. Can you get them ready to-morrow?'

"'Yes, Massa, I has 'em dis night, if you can come right away.' I gave the woman my number, and went on my way gladly, quite certain, then, that my search would be short.

"Black Maria proceeded with her basket of clothes, and an hour after, a knock told that she had come.

"I shut the door, and stood before her and said: 'Maria! you knew John Paul a long time ago, didn't you?'

"'Before he could say a word.'

"'Take a good look at me, Maria. Now, don't scream, don't make one breath of noise; for I am not John Paul. I came down here to look for some of his friends, though. Can you tell me where they are?'

"'Not John Paul! not Massa John Paul!' she whispered, 'not *my* Massa Paul dat I toted about?'

"'Maria, do you know anything about his friends?' I urged.

"'Friends!' ejaculated the old woman, raising herself to majestic height. 'Friends! does *anybody* know? *did the war leave any friends?*' "

"'Can't you tell me where they lived,' I urged, as she was gathering up the