Sear, blistering sun, these temple veins,
Blind, icy moon, these coldest eyes,
And drench me through, you winter rains,—
Swell, if ye can, my miseries.

Those dark, deep orbs are meeting mine,
That white hand presses on my brow,
That soft, sweet smile I know, 'tis thine,—
I see thee standing by me now.

CROMWELL.

THOUGH we grant Oliver to have been but a patching tailor at constitution-mending, we must claim for him a larger fraction of humanity than the ninth, which tradition awards to that useful, man-making class of artisans. Manhood,—real, soul-inspired manhood must have abounded more than ordinary under the buff jerkin of that sturdy yeoman. Else how should he, in times when manliness was far from rare, have stood out in bold relief beyond all other figures carved in that panel of England's history? That portion too, be it remarked, which is of all the most soul-stirring in the perusal. Place the record before the mind of generous youth or aspiring man, and whether coinciding with the Commonwealth doctrines, or not, he shall not fail to be touched by the recital of those twenty years' events.

Great actions speak to all. The universal perception of heroism in Cromwell's character grants him the stamp of true greatness. Great was he in the outward, for in political rank none stood above him; great must he have been in the inward, for of exterior advantages to raise him to outward eminence he had none. His years of education dissipated, his fortune mean, his dress slovenly, his speech disagreeable, his person coarse, how happened it that to the topmost round of ambition's ladder he was enabled to climb?

Never can it be permitted, that we may conclude the whole English nation at any period to have been so besot-
the character to be chosen by a town, which is too near a
neighbor of a protestant Rome to be ignorant of its cor-
ruptions.
Providence has evidently adopted him as an instrument
for its end. That bronze mind is roughly cast, and little
polished; but there is that in him which will not let him
be turned aside from his purpose. Moreover he has a pur-
pose. Reverie is, for the moment, past for him. He has
the revelation, and now he comes forth to action. To
frail argument and long-drawn speech he never descends.
His tactics are not talkative, but active. To place his
cause on the rotten stage of logical precision were to fore-
cast defeat. He gives facts,—huddled, truly, like a basket
of many-colored yarns entangled, but still facts. Evils he
recounts, needless of exaggeration, for they are known to all.
Abuses he exposes, of which all are convinced, for the
proof is in their own suffering. Rights and just wants he
asserts, and the assertion suffices, for they find a sympathy
in every bosom. Zeal, too, he displays; the earnestness,
the sincerity, which cannot be feigned, is seen in him by
the thousands, the millions, who cannot be deceived by
the zeal, the earnestness, the sincerity they are self-con-
scious of.
Here lies the point. We all see, we all feel eternal
rectitude, but we do not all act it. We do not even ver-

cally affirm it. In the dark and troublous hour, when the
flame of liberty is all but extinguished, when it most de-
mands a bold hand to add replenishing oil, then are fewer
spirits found to take the foremost place. When again the
lamp burns highly, multitudes, gladdened by its bright-
ness, can talk of heroism, and applaud the actor, but can
no more.
Action is the assertion of greatness. Nobility is essen-
tially epic. Man himself is the darkened glass through
which he darkly sees. Children and nations, while they
are the most open to fraud, are the last to be deceived.
They know while they are cheated where integrity lies.
They award no honor to the man who says but does not,
who talks largely but does little, who speculates freely, and
a his being or doing is narrow.
Turned from dissipation to married life by the reforming
spirit; averted from gambling fury to religious zeal; forced
by liberal expenditure to farming; debarred from emigra-
tion by royal ordinance; chosen as the representative of
wronged citizens, he attacks jobbing lords; yet here find-
ing not the exact sphere for action, he suffers not himself
to be clipped of his fair proportions; he is not to be the
victim of circumstances, he will at least select them. At
the age of forty-three years he enters the army. Until
then the idle student, the domestic husband, the struggling
farmer, the religious zealot, the quiet, humble emigrant,
the talking legislator. Employments all distant enough
from that of a military leader. Yet this is the chosen path
for his exertions.
How deep must be that feeling, how sincere those con-
victions, how lively that indignation, which permits men,
having the Christian Scriptures in one hand, to take up
the sword with the other. We laugh at the joke, "say
your prayers and keep your gunpowder dry!" but the
union of these two spirits in act is no frivolous matter
to the actor. Mistaken the actor may be, nay, must be,
whether the deeply indignant wealth-producer at the
plough or in the shop, or the flighty spendthrift in the sen-
ate or the church. No voice in form of parliament can
hallow this union; and a blind, depressiveman-teaching
only can calm thenervoustrembling, which comes over the
Christ-taught mind at the mere suggestion to unite violence
and love.
Sincerity, however, is quite consistent with this unholy
blindness. Sincere are kings, sincere are people. Blind
both. Sincere too is Cromwell. No sophistry can deprive
him of this negative merit. Politicians, who know no oth-
er value in social science than to make a trade of it, will
vainly endeavor to sneer this attribute out of countenance.
If Cromwell throws the ink about at the signing of the
bloody warrant, or urges the bottle at convivial meetings,
there is a deeper purpose in it than a dirty face or a drunk-
en man. In an age of sincerity, activity, and conscious-
ness, he alone is the greatest, who is most sincere, most ac-
tive, most conscious.
Tested by the measure of success, who doubts the mas-
tership in this mind? Have we not the many discordant
elements in England brought to something like discipline?
Are not, for the first time, Scotland and Ireland subjugated,
like younger brothers by the elder, in order to be compacted into one family? Look at the foreign relations. Are not all nations standing respectfully hating or admiring the new wonder, the alarming precedent? Do we not originate lasting treaties with Portugal, highly advantageous to our commerce? Do we not successfully battle with the Dutch, and fight them into fellowship? Is not Spain a suitor for England's favor? Is not mighty France at least civil; and rising Sweden on good terms? Let it be hypocrisy which controlsthe puritanical zealot; let it be cleverness only which guides the state-vessel so pleasantly over the wide ocean; still he must have the wreath entwined for him who is greatly clever.

The clever-minded world knows only of cleverness, and enjoys only its triumphs, appreciates only its principles; ignorant that the cleverness it so well knows, and so much enjoys, stands on a much deeper basis. The clever hero himself is not always aware of this, and consents to be deceived by the stamp of permanency, as far as holy, unreserved devotion can bestow it? Fatal short-sightedness! He errs not so much in fighting with the book of peace in his hand, as in courting his opponents with the words of peace on his lips. The former might be unconscious zeal, but must succeed; the latter is conscious diplomacy, which must fail. Adherence to principle is the sole security for the attainment of manhood or its preservation. Why, after so much success, does this action-loving man tamper in his position, and condescend to parley with the speculative oppressors whom he has under his feet? The reality for whose development a whole nation were too small a sphere, has he narrowed it down to a family name? Is posterity for him bounded to such a nutshell? After the people have shown several years' successful experience of self-government, is he about to theorize concerning a two-fold legislature, and to make concessions to an enemy, who is at least consistent in implacability, as well as in the determination not to learn? We dare not believe it. Mental imbecility could not so soon come over that energetic soul. Traitor to himself dares he be?

Fortunately perhaps for man that he has another lesson not to rely on man, it appears even thus. The high tide of success is often fatal to souls whom no adversity can subdue. Cromwell, paltering with a double purpose, hopes to retain the power and fame built on his spirit-founded actions, and to superadd the power and fame, which delusive imagination leads men to suppose can be acquired by calculation and intrigue. Men cannot become great by promises which in the sanctuary of his soul he made to the eternal spirit, his power is intact. He coquets to his ruin, and plays false to himself.

Cromwell, with a robust frame, which might have served him twenty years longer, quits his earthly tenement at fifty-nine. So soon falls the body, when the soul is derelict from its high purpose; as, on the other hand, a lofty aim, an infinite inspiration, fills out existence and prolongs our time. At mature age, when calm judgment should mellow youthful zeal, when distress the puritanical zealot; let it be cleverness only which guides the state-vessel so pleasantly over the wide ocean; still he must have the wreath entwined for him who is greatly clever.

The clever-minded world knows only of cleverness, and enjoys only its triumphs, appreciates only its principles; ignorant that the cleverness it so well knows, and so much enjoys, stands on a much deeper basis. The clever hero himself is not always aware of this, and consents to be deceived by the stamp of permanency, as far as holy, unreserved devotion can bestow it? Fatal short-sightedness! He errs not so much in fighting with the book of peace in his hand, as in courting his opponents with the words of peace on his lips. The former might be unconscious zeal, but must succeed; the latter is conscious diplomacy, which must fail. Adherence to principle is the sole security for the attainment of manhood or its preservation. Why, after so much success, does this action-loving man tamper in his position, and condescend to parley with the speculative oppressors whom he has under his feet? The reality for whose development a whole nation were too small a sphere, has he narrowed it down to a family name? Is posterity for him bounded to such a nutshell? After the people have shown several years' successful experience of self-government, is he about to theorize concerning a two-fold legislature, and to make concessions to an enemy, who is at least consistent in implacability, as well as in the determination not to learn? We dare not believe it. Mental imbecility could not so soon come over that energetic soul. Traitor to himself dares he be?

Fortunately perhaps for man that he has another lesson not to rely on man, it appears even thus. The high tide of success is often fatal to souls whom no adversity can subdue. Cromwell, paltering with a double purpose, hopes to retain the power and fame built on his spirit-founded actions, and to superadd the power and fame, which delusive imagination leads men to suppose can be acquired by calculation and intrigue. Men cannot become great by promises which in the sanctuary of his soul he made to the eternal spirit, his power is intact. He coquets to his ruin, and plays false to himself.

Cromwell, with a robust frame, which might have served him twenty years longer, quits his earthly tenement at fifty-nine. So soon falls the body, when the soul is derelict from its high purpose; as, on the other hand, a lofty aim, an infinite inspiration, fills out existence and prolongs our time. At mature age, when calm judgment should mellow youthful zeal, when distress the puritanical zealot; let it be cleverness only which guides the state-vessel so pleasantly over the wide ocean; still he must have the wreath entwined for him who is greatly clever.

The clever-minded world knows only of cleverness, and enjoys only its triumphs, appreciates only its principles; ignorant that the cleverness it so well knows, and so much enjoys, stands on a much deeper basis. The clever hero himself is not always aware of this, and consents to be deceived by the stamp of permanency, as far as holy, unreserved devotion can bestow it? Fatal short-sightedness! He errs not so much in fighting with the book of peace in his hand, as in courting his opponents with the words of peace on his lips. The former might be unconscious zeal, but must succeed; the latter is conscious diplomacy, which must fail. Adherence to principle is the sole security for the attainment of manhood or its preservation. Why, after so much success, does this action-loving man tamper in his position, and condescend to parley with the speculative oppressors whom he has under his feet? The reality for whose development a whole nation were too small a sphere, has he narrowed it down to a family name? Is posterity for him bounded to such a nutshell? After the people have shown several years' successful experience of self-government, is he about to theorize concerning a two-fold legislature, and to make concessions to an enemy, who is at least consistent in implacability, as well as in the determination not to learn? We dare not believe it. Mental imbecility could not so soon come over that energetic soul. Traitor to himself dares he be?

Fortunately perhaps for man that he has another lesson not to rely on man, it appears even thus. The high tide of success is often fatal to souls whom no adversity can subdue. Cromwell, paltering with a double purpose, hopes to retain the power and fame built on his spirit-founded actions, and to superadd the power and fame, which delusive imagination leads men to suppose can be acquired by calculation and intrigue. Men cannot become great by
courting the ube of greatness; greatness itself alone can
make them great.
Oscillating between the substance and the shadow, true
to neither, he is no longer heart-whole. Royalism,—
Popularity? The World,—the Spirit? Which seems to
bid higher? The day of unsoothed enthusiasm is past;
prudence now usurps the throne of love. Fears of the as-
sassin, guilty tremors, shake that iron frame. Alarmed,
he hurries from place to place; restless, the load of public
business augments upon him; in a few weeks the least
courty of ambassadors cuts short all argument and doubt.
Rest, therefore, may these two-hundred year old bones
in their antiquated tomb; for neither can the bones build
new men, nor the grave new houses. We need the new
Cromwell. We will rather be the new, than recount the
rights and wrongs of the old. What have we to do with
thee? Let us attend to the existing. The wrongs he
temporarily redressed have not yet passed away; the rights
he claimed are not yet conceded. Old England is still
corrupt; New England is still the land of hope. The
waters still lie between; and if fought is changed, it is per-
haps only that emigration is prevented, not by royal order
in council, but by the decree of want.

THE POET.

No narrow field the poet has,
The world before him spreading,
But he must write his honest thought,
No critic’s cold eye dreading.

His range is over everything,
The air, the sea, the earth, the mind,
And with his verses murmurs sing,
And joyous notes float down the wind.