1840.

Crossing the Alleghans.

"What—are you stepping Westward? Yea."—Wordsworth.

Upward along the vast mountain, crushing the withering oak-leaves
Often beneath his foot, strolling the traveller goes;
Toiling slowly behind him follows the stage, heavy-laden,
Sometimes lost in the trees, frequently seen far below.
On the summit he lingers, gathers the grape's purple clusters,
Picks the chestnut, new dropped, out of its thorn-guarded nest;
Wherefore now gazes he, musing, steadfastly down the long valley?
Wherefore wander his eyes toward the horizon afar?
Say! is he waiting, impatient, to see when, straining and smoking,
The heads of the horses may come winding up the white road?
Or watching the rainbow glories which deck the opposite mountain,
Where Autumn of myriad hues, gives each tree a hue of its own?
Perchance he looks at the river which winds far below, vexed and
Childishly fretting around rocks which it cannot remove.
Ah! that river runs Westward, for from this summit the waters
Part like brothers who roam far from the family home,
Some to the mighty Atlantic, some to the far Mississippi.
On this dividing ridge turning he looks toward the land
Where isthe home of his fathers, where are the graves of those dear
Whom Death has already snatched out of his circle of Love?
And oh!—forgive ye Penates! forgive him that loved household circle,
If with his mother's form, if with his sister, he sees
Another and dearer shape, gliding softly between them,
Gliding gracefully up, fixing his heart and his eye.
Ah! how lovely the picture, how forever attractive the image
Which float up from the past, like to a beautiful dream
Yet not a dream was it, but one of the picturesque moments,
Sent to adorn our life, cheering its gloomiest years.
Real was the heavy disease which fastened his head to his pillow,
Real the burning heat in every feverish limb,
Real the pains which tormented every delicate fibre,
Rousing his drowsy soul to a half-conscious life,
Moments spun out to years, so long the torture continued,
Wearied out at last, he moved and uttered a groan.
Then was the gloom dispersed.

She put their finger on their lip,—
The Powers above;
The seas their islands clip,
The moons in Ocean dip.—
They love but name not love.

Silence.

THESE put their finger on their lip,—
The Powers above;
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They love but name not love.

Thoughts on Modern Literature.

[Oct.

"In sorrow steeped and steeped in love
Of thoughts not yet incarnated!"

The heart beats in this age as of old, and the passions are
busy as ever. Nature has not lost one ringlet of her
beauty, one impulse of resistance and valor. From the
necessity of loving none are exempt, and he that loves
must utter his desires. A charm as radiant as beauty ever
beamed, a love that fainteth at the sight of its object, is
new to-day.

"The world does not run smoother than of old,
There are no haps that must be told."

Man is not so far lost but that he suffers ever the great
Discontent, which is the elegy of his loss and the prediction
of his recovery. In the gay saloon be laments that these
figures are not what Raphael and Guercino painted. With-
ered though he stand and trifer though he be, the august
spirit of the world looks out from his eyes. In his heart he
knows the ache of spiritual pain, and his thought can ani-
mate the sea and land. What then shall hinder the Genius
of the time from speaking its thought? It cannot be silent,
if it would. It will write in a higher spirit, and a wider
knowledge, and with a grander practical aim, than ever
yet guided the pen of poet. It will write the annals of
a changed world, and record the descent of principles into
practise, of love into Government, of love into Trade.
It will describe the new heroic life of man, the now un-
believed possibility of simple living and of clean and noble
relations with men. Religion will bind again these that
were sometime frivolous, customary, enemies, skeptics, self-
seekers, into a joyful reverence for the circumambient
Whole, and that which was ecstasy shall become daily
bread.

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FIRST CROSSING THE ALLEGHANIES.

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Bent down gently and kissed his brow, while her beautiful ringlets
Lay on his burning cheek—cooling and soft was the touch.

"Dearest," she softly said—and every fiend which distressed him
Darted off at the word as if from Ithuriel's spear,
Tenderly from her eye, moist with gentle affection,
Into his very soul entered her sisterly look.

She was his cousin and friend, playmates they were from their childhood,
Therefore hers was the right in his sick chamber to watch,
Softly pressing her hand to his lips, he sank into slumber.

Great, O Love, is thy skill, quite a physician art thou;
Instead of the gold-headed cane, instead of the wig and the snuff-box,
Give me the Archer-boy, him for a Doctor I'll take.

Such was the picture which came before the mind of the stripling,
This the image which rose, constantly floating around.

Who can tell it to sleep shut in the tomb of the past?

But see, the carriage is near! Flee, yes, sweet recollections!
Now must we seem a man, easy and strong as the rest,
Ready in word and act—this alone will protect us;
Just as this thorny bur guards the young fruit from its foes.

Thus then he mounts the carriage, sitting aloft with the driver,
Wider the eye can range, freer the heart can beat here.

Now we have climbed to the summit, now there open before us,
Stretching far to the West, valleys and rivers and woods,
Winds our Simplon road, close to precipitous gulphs;
Shooting up from below, spread the tops of the pine trees,
Here a single misstep rolls us a thousand feet down,
But, courage! Trust to the driver, trust to the sure-footed horses,
Trust to that mighty Power who holds us all in his hand.

Nature, vast as thou art, we can unshrinking face thee!
Look on thy giant forms with an unfaltering eye;
He who carries within him a spirit conscious and active,
Has striven, believed, and loved—who knows all the worth of the moment
When soul stimulatessoul, pulses together beat.

Bring the Romance of Life to balance the Romance of Nature,
The spirit has hopes as vast, the heart has its pictures as fair.

A SIGN FROM THE WEST.*

The pamphlet here noticed is by Andrew Wylie, President of Bloomington College, Indiana. When we remember that its author is, and has for years been an eminent Calvinistic divine, we cannot but regard this word of his as one of the most noteworthy and encouraging signs of the times.

We hail with joy this free utterance from the West. We do not know indeed, if even from this comparatively enlightened and liberal section of the country, and from the bosom of the most progressive body of Christian believers, any freer and bolder word has been spoken than this. It cannot fail, we think, to spread panic through the ranks of the custom-fettered sectarians.

It cannot fail to be welcomed by every unshackled seeker for Truth.

Without attempting a complete review of the work before us, we would sketch through its main features, give a few extracts, and perhaps add some reflections of our own.

It appears from the Author's preface, that he has been for a long time in a progressive state. "The thoughts," he says, "contained in the following pages were gradually suggested to the mind of the writer, during the last twenty-five years." Of course then, he has been more or less suspected of heresy.

But the heresy, he maintains, is on the part of his brother Calvinists, and not to be charged upon him.

For heresy, he says, is departure from faith in Christ as the chief corner stone, and building with the gold, silver, wood, hay, or stubble of human speculations.

He will by no means take the Confession of Faith as an infallible rule of belief, for this very Confession says itself, that the Bible only is such a Rule. He will not suffer himself to be chained down to a sect; he will be his own master, and reverence his own soul.

* Sectarianism is Heresy, in Three Parts, in which are shown its Nature, Evils, and Remedy. By A. WYLIE. Bloomington, Ia. 1840. pp. 132.