courting the title 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 unhought enthusiasm is past; prudence now usurps the throne of love. Fears of the assassin, 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 courtly 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 them? 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 perhaps 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 mind,
And with his verses murmurs sing,
And joyous notes float down the wind.