ful liberty of the sylvan life, and to which imaginations we have on this occasion perhaps too strongly tended, have we not to confess that one is as distant from true life as the other? They both lie on the same circumference. They are but segments of one circle, struck by the compasses of human selfishness at too great a distance from the true centre. There does not appear to have been any true inward progress by the change from the woods to the town; if indeed men ever were so changed, and it be not the fact that these two lives belong to two distinct races, each severally fitted by organization for its respective mode of life; which seems the true hypothesis.

Conceding civilization to be some improvement in social arrangements, while we assert that it secures no vital progress to the soul, we have to conclude that it is our business and our duty to look in some other, some new direction. It is evidently not by a new circumferential disposition of humanity, that it will be brought into new vital relations. The outward conditions may be more or less favorable to the placing of each individual soul in a position to receive the higher influences, and to live the higher life; but such conditions are scarcely within the scope of any scientific predictions. They seem to be in all cases as immediately within the hands of the highest source of good, as the good itself of which the human soul is by such conditions brought to be the recipient. Or, if there be any conditioning required, it is not to be sought in persons, events, or things without and about man, so much as in himself. The critical event in the career of any human soul, which shall open it to the highest conscious, and subject it to the highest, and tenderest, and loveliest graces can never before told. The uninitiate spectator can scarcely believe the importance of the occasion when it is affirmed. Actions of the most ordinary kind, but performed by some particular person; events of apparently the lightest character, yet administered by providence through some delicate human relationship, often suffice to produce that sacred effect, which results from the feeling that every door of human sympathy is closed against us. It is in this sad hour; it is in such sacred mood of mind; that the holy flame descends upon the altar of the human bosom; after which the outward conditions of life

in very deed become a matter of light importance. Thenceforward riches or poverty, cities or woods, association or isolation or dispersion, nay even health and sickness dwindle into films and shadows, scarcely noticeable by the regenerate soul.

To view all things as male and female is a favorite habit of many acute minds; and to such it may appear, that the forest and civilized lives are the male and female, from whose marriage an offspring shall result more conducive to human bliss. But it is difficult to conceive how corrupt parents shall have pure progeny, until their own corruption be annulled. They are rather to be estimated both as males. And, as in the olden history, the tiller of the ground is again destined to destroy the keeper of sheep, the hunter of deer.

C. L.
The Emigrants.

The stone-rimmed fountain in village-street,
Where oft ye stooped to chat and draw,
The hearth and each familiar seat,
The pictured tiles your childhood saw.

Soon, in the distant, wooded West,
Shall loghouse-walls therewith be graced;
Soon many a tired, tawny guest
Shall sweet refreshment from them taste.

From them shall drink the Cherokee,
Worn from the hot and dusty chase;
Nor more from German vintage ye
Shall bear them home in leaf-crowned grace.

Oh, say, why seek ye other lands?
The Neckar’s vale bath wine and corn;
Full of dark fire the Schwarzwald stands;
In Spessart rings the Alpheard’s horn.

Ah! in strange forests ye shall yearn
For the green mountains of your home!
To Deutschland’s yellow wheatfields turn,
In spirit o’er her vinehills roam!

How will the forms of days grown pale
In golden dreams float softly by,
Like some wild legendary tale
Before fond memory’s moistened eye.

The boatman calls; — Go hence in peace!
God bless you, man and wife and sire!
Bless all your fields with rich increase,
And crown each faithful heart’s desire!

THE YOUTH OF THE POET AND THE PAINTER.

My Dear Son,

Now you have left college, let us think no more about it. I doubt not that you did right, if the place was so very disagreeable to you. I never, as you know, have meant to force you; and if you had not left so suddenly, without consulting me on the subject, it is very likely I should not have felt so much about it. It was the uncertainty connected with your movements that troubled me, and led me to write you, I dare say, letters that my sober moments might not sanction. However, let us say nothing more about college. I hope you will pursue your studies, especially the modern languages — these are indispensable, as your father used to say, to a merchant or professional man. If you now return, and Fanny says every time a stage drives by, “There comes Neddy,” you can easily carry out your studies by the aid of good masters here, even if you entered a store at once, as I trust you will. Though I had once supposed you might be a lawyer, I should still not object to your becoming a merchant, and in some conversation I had with Mr. Penny the other day, he said, he thought he could find you a place immediately. I should not expect, that if you entered the counting-room on your return, you would find it beneficial to devote your whole time to mercantile occupations, but only a part of each day; the remainder you could devote to exercise, on foot, or in the saddle. I have just purchased a saddle-horse, who has a very easy gait, and, as you remember, there are many fine drives about Doughnut. Your old room has been refitted, the coal-grate taken out, and a large, convenient wood fire-place made of it. I have put in a red carpet, and made a red sofa-spread; and put in some curtains of the same color; I think it will have a pleasant effect in winter. We have had a new book-case.