

Natures ashed in antique urn.
 Yet with this lofty element
 Flows a stream of gentle kindness,
 And thou to life thy strength hast lent,
 And borne profoundest tenderness
 In thy Promethean sinewy arm,
 With mercy's love that would all angels charm.
 So trembling meek, so proudly strong,
 Thou dost to higher worlds belong
 Than where I sing this empty song.
 Yet I, a thing of mortal kind,
 Can kneel before thy pathless mind,
 And see in thee what my mates say
 Sank o'er Judea's hills one crimson day.
 Yet flames on high the keen Greek fire,
 And later ages rarefies,
 And even on my tuneless lyre
 A faint wan beam of radiance dies.
 And might I say what I have thought
 Of thee and those I love to-day,
 Then had the world an echo caught
 Of that intense impassioned lay
 Which sung in those thy being sings,
 And from the deepest ages rings.

c.

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 TO ———

PLANETS bear thee in their hands,
 Azure skies have folded o'er thee.
 Thou art sung by angel bands,
 And the deep, cold, throbbing sea,
 Whispered in each sighing tree,
 In each meadow's melody.

Where the sprites outwatch the moon,
 And the ghostly night-breeze swells,
 And the brook prolongs a tune,
 Through the slumbering meadowed dells, —
 There thou weavest unknown spells
 To the ringing fairy bells.

In thy folded trance there hide
 Ceaseless measures of content,
 And thou art of form the bride —
 Shapely picture's element.

c.

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THE FRIENDS.

OUR village grave-yard, — would I could relate
 To you all that I think of it, its trees,
 Its trailing grass, the hanging stones that say,
 This watch o'er human bones fatigues not us.
 My boyhood's fear unsatisfied, for then
 I thought a wandering wind some ghostly father,
 While the sweet rustle of the locust leaves
 Shot a thin crystal web of icy dread
 O'er the swift current of my wild heart's blood.
 One night the pastor's form among the tombs
 Chased the big drops across my unseamed brow; —
 You smile, — believe me, lesser things than these
 Can win a boy's emotions.

 These graves — I see you mean, —
 Their history who knows better than I?
 For in the busy street strikes on my ear
 Each sound, even inaudible voices
 Lengthen the long tale my memory tells.
 Now mark how reads th' inscription, "Here lie
 Two, who in life were parted, now together."
 I should remember this brief record well, —
 In faith, I penned it, for I have strange notes,

I love to pin in noticeable places,
 And write what others only dare to think.
 And yet these two, their lives were much the same
 With all who crowd this narrow bridge of life;
 I see but little difference truly;
 The greatest yet is he who still lives on.
 Alas! the day seemed big with mighty pains
 That laid the first of these within this tomb.
 There was within the air a murmuring sound,
 For all the summer's life was fluttering o'er,
 While the clear autumn conquered and was glad.
 I bore a part of the coffin; — my feet
 Scattered the shrouds of the green foliage; —
 Yellow the flowers nature spread o'er the bier.
 You read no names upon this monument,
 I could not have them graved there, why should we
 Name so patiently our friends; we know them.
 Esther her name, and who so gay as she.
 Twelve years had gently smoothed the sunny hair
 That showered its golden mists adown her neck,
 Twelve years — twelve little years laughed in those eyes
 Where, when her mother spoke, the bright drops stood;
 So glistened in the spring-depths of her love
 That parent's image. Her face was joyous,
 Yet below its joy, a larger import;
 I can see her smile now, deep within deep,
 And never thoughtless. What spirited grace
 Danced in each bold emotion of her heart,
 Unshadowed by a fear.

And who the next? —

She came to this still tomb, one summer's day;
 New flowers were bursting from their unsunned bells,
 Spring's choristers now fully grown sang loud,
 Sweet was the wind, the heaven as blue
 As that pure woman's eyes we buried then.
 Some thirty years had she the footway trod,
 Yet frail and delicate she wandered on,
 A violet amid the rude world's briars,

Till dropped an icicle within the flower,
 That tenderness could not essay to melt.
 Her name, — and it was Esther; this likeness
 You will trace between the two. The mother
 Of the young yet sleeping fawn was gathered
 To her side.

My hairs are gray —

Yet those we buried then stood near to me.
 Their forms enchant these lonelier elder years,
 And add due sacredness to human life.
 That I was father to so fair a child,
 And that her mother smiled on me so long,
 I think of now as passing God's estate;
 I am enraptured that such lot was mine,
 That mine is others'. — Sleep on, unspotted ones,
 Ye are immortal now; your mirthsome hours
 Beat in my shrunken pulse, and in mine ears
 Sounds the rich music of your heavenly songs.

EUROPE AND EUROPEAN BOOKS.

THE American Academy, the Historical Society, and Harvard University, would do well to make the Cunard steamers the subject of examination in regard to their literary and ethical influence. These rapid sailers must be arraigned as the conspicuous agents in the immense and increasing intercourse between the old and the new continents. We go to school to Europe. We imbibe an European taste. Our education, so called, — our drilling at college, and our reading since, — has been European, and we write on the English culture and to an English public, in America and in Europe. This powerful star, it is thought, will soon culminate and descend, and the impending reduction of the transatlantic excess of influence on the American education is already a matter of easy and frequent computation. Our eyes will be turned westward,