

THE SCULPTOR'S FUNERAL.

AMID the aisle, apart, there stood
A mourner like the rest ;
And while the solemn rites were said,
He fashioned into verse his mood,
That would not be repressed.

Why did they bring him home,
Bright jewel set in lead ?
Oh, bear the sculptor back to Rome,
And lay him with the mighty dead,—
With Adonais, and the rest
Of all the young and good and fair,
That drew the milk of English breast,
And their last sigh in Latian air !

Lay him with Raphael, unto whom
Was granted Rome's most lasting tomb ;
For many a lustre, many an æon,
He might sleep well in the Panthèon,
Deep in the sacred city's womb,
The smoke and splendor and the stir of Rome.

Lay him 'neath Diocletian's dome,
Blessed Saint Mary of the Angels,
Near to that house in which he dwelt,—
House that to many seemed a home,
So much with him they loved and felt.
We were his guests a hundred times ;
We loved him for his genial ways ;
He gave me credit for my rhymes,
And made me blush with praise.

Ah ! there be many histories
That no historian writes,
And friendship hath its mysteries
And consecrated nights ;
Amid the busy days of pain,
Wear of hand, and tear of brain,
Weary midnight, weary morn,
Years of struggle paid with scorn ;—
Yet oft amid all this despair,
Long rambles in the Autumn days
O'er Appian or Flaminian Ways,
Bright moments snatched from care,

When loose as buffaloes on the wild Campagna
 We roved and dined on crust and curds,
 Olives, thin wine, and thinner birds,
 And woke the echoes of divine Romagna;
 And then returning late,
 After long knocking at the Lateran gate,
 Suppers and nights of gods; and then
 Mornings that made us new-born men;
 Rare nights at the Minerva tavern,
 With Orvieto from the Cardinal's cavern;
 Free nights, but fearless and without reproof,—
 For Bayard's word ruled Beppo's roof.

O Rome! what memories awake,
 When Crawford's name is said,
 Of days and friends for whose dear sake
 That path of Hades unto me
 Will have no more of dread
 Than his own Orpheus felt, seeking Eurydice!
 O Crawford! husband, father, brother
 Are in that name, that little word!
 Let me no more my sorrow smother;
 Grief stirs me, and I must be stirred.

O Death, thou teacher true and rough!
 Full oft I fear that we have erred,
 And have not loved enough;
 But oh, ye friends, this side of Acheron,
 Who cling to me to-day,
 I shall not know my love till ye are gone
 And I am gray!
 Fair women with your loving eyes,
 Old men that once my footsteps led,
 Sweet children,—much as all I prize,
 Until the sacred dust of death be shed
 Upon each dear and venerable head,
 I cannot love you as I love the dead!

But now, the natural man being sown,
 We can more lucidly behold
 The spiritual one;
 For we, till time shall end,
 Full visibly shall see our friend
 In all his hand did mould,—
 That worn and patient hand that lies so cold!

When on some blessed studious day
 To my loved Library I wend my way,
 Amid the forms that give the Gallery grace
 His thought in that pale poet I shall trace,—
 Keen Orpheus with his eyes
 Fixed deep in ruddy hell,

Seeking amid those lurid skies
 The wife he loved so well,—
 And feel that still therein I see
 All that was in my Master's thought,
 And, in that constant hand wherewith he wrought,
 The eternal type of constancy.
 Thou marble husband ! might there be
 More of flesh and blood like thee !

Or if, in Music's festive hall,
 I come to cheat me of my care,
 Amid the swell, the dying fall,
 His genius greets me there.
 O man of bronze ! thy solemn air—
 Best soother of a troubled brain—
 Floods me with memories, and again
 As thou stand'st visibly to men,
 Beloved musician ! so once more
 Crawford comes back that did thy form restore.

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Well,—*requiescat* ! let him pass !
 Good mourners, go your several ways !
 He needs no further rite, nor mass,
 Nor eulogy, who best could praise
 Himself in marble and in brass ;
 Yet his best monument did raise,
 Not in those perishable things
 That men eternal deem,—
 The pride of palaces and kings,—
 But in such works as must avail him there,
 With Him who, from the extreme
 Love that was in his breast,
 Said, " Come, all ye that heavy burdens bear,
 And I will give you rest ! "

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

As a mere literary production, the Message of Mr. Buchanan is so superior to any of the Messages of his immediate predecessor, that the reader naturally expects to find in it a corresponding superiority of sentiment and aim. When we meet a man who is well-dressed, and whose external demeanor is that of a gentleman, we are prone to infer that he is also a man of upright principles and honorable feelings. But we are very often mistaken in this inference; the nice garment proves to be little better than a nice disguise; and the robe of respectability may cover the heart of a very scurvy fellow.

Mr. Buchanan's sentences run smoothly enough; they are for the most part grammatical; the tone throughout is sedate, if not dignified; and the general spirit unambitious and moderate. But the doctrine, in our estimation, is, on the most essential point, atrocious, and the objects which are sought to be compassed are unworthy of the man, the office, the country, and the age. We refer, of course, to what is said of the one vital question with us now,—the question of Slavery in Kansas; but before proceeding to a discussion of that, let us say a word or two of other parts of this important document.

The President introduces, as the first of his topics, the prevailing money pressure, which he treats at considerable length, with some degree of truth, but without originality or comprehensiveness of view. He professes to inquire into the causes of the unfortunate disasters of trade, and into the remedies which may be devised against their recurrence; but on neither head is he remarkably profound or instructive. It is merely reiterating the commonplaces of the newspapers, to talk about "the excessive loans

and issues of the banks," and to ring changes of phraseology on the vices of speculation, over-trading, and stock-jobbing. All the world is as familiar with all that as the President can be, and scarcely needed a reminder on either score; what we wanted of the head of the nation,—what a real statesman, who understood his subject, would have given us,—that is, if he had pretended to go at all beyond the simple statement of the fact of commercial revulsion, into a discussion of it,—was a comprehensive and philosophic analysis of all the causes of the phenomenon, a calm and careful review of all its circumstances, and a rigid deduction of broad general principles from an adequate study of the entire case. But this the President has not furnished. In connecting our commercial derangements with the disorders of the banking system he has unquestionably struck upon a great and fundamental truth; but it is merely a single truth, and he strikes it in rather a vague and random way. In considering these reverses, there are many things to be taken into account besides the constitution and customs, whether good or bad, of our American banks,—many things which do not even confine themselves to this continent, but are spread over the greater part of the civilized world.

Mr. Buchanan is still lamer in his suggestion of remedies than he is in his inquiry after causes. The Federal Government, he thinks, can do little or nothing in the premises,—a fatal admission at the outset,—and we are coolly turned over to the most unsubstantial and impracticable of all reliances, "the wisdom and patriotism of the State legislatures"! Why cannot the Federal Government do anything in the premises? The President tells us that the Constitution has