

And our deepest thought finds a popular reception which proves it not foreign or exceptional. Wilkinson's "Human Body," the largest piece of speculative construction which England has produced in two centuries, has not yet, after some eight years, we believe, exhausted its first edition. Emerson's Poems, still less adapted, one would say, than the work just mentioned, to the taste of populaces, had reached its fourth edition in about the same period. Learned works have, of course, a superior reception in the mother-country; works of pure thought in the daughter. Said to us, during the past season, the subtlest thinker of Great Britain,—“I must send to America whatever I wish to put in print, unless I pay for its publication from my own pocket.”

And beyond this, there is a hush in the nation's heart, an expectancy, a waiting and longing for some unspoken word, which sometimes seems awful in the bounty of its promise. I know men educated to speak, with the burden of a speaker's vocation on their hearts, but now these many years remaining heroically silent; the fountains of a fresh consciousness sweet within them, but not yet flowing into speech, and they too earnest, too expectant, too sure of the future to say aught beneath the strain. “Why do you not speak?” was inquired of one. “Because I can keep silent,” he said, “and the word I am to utter will command me.” No man assumes that attitude until he is already a party to the deepest truth, is the silent side of a seer;

and in a nation where any numbers are passing this more than Pythagorean lustrum, a speech is surely coming that will no more need to apologize for itself than the speech of the forest or the ocean-shore. The region of the trade-winds is skirted with calm. Sydney Smith said of Macaulay, that his talk, to render it charming, “needed only a few brilliant flashes of silence.” We are talkative, but the flashes of silence are not wanting, and there is prophecy in them as well as charm. Said one, of a speaker,—“He was so rarely eloquent, that what he did not say was even better than what he did.” And here, not only are some wholly silent, but in our best writings the impressive not-saying lends its higher suggestion than that expressly put forth. What spaces between Emerson's sentences! Each seems to float like a solitary summer-cloud in a whole sky of silence.

Yes, the fact is already indubitable, a rich life, sure in due time of its rich expression, is forming here. As out of the deeps of Destiny, the Man for the Continent, head-craftsman, hand-craftsman, already puts his foot to this shore. All hail, new-comer! Welcome to great tasks, great toils, to mighty disciplines, to victories that shall not be too cheaply purchased, to defeats that shall be better than victories! We give thee joy of new powers, new work, unprecedented futures! We give the world joy of a new and mighty artist to plan, a new strong artisan to quarry and to build in the great architectures of humanity!

THE POET KEATS.

His was the soul, once pent in English clay,
Whereby ungrateful England seemed to hold
The sweet Narcissus, parted from his stream,—
Endymion, not unmindful of his dream.
Like a weak bird the flock has left behind,

Untimely notes the poet sung alone,
 Checked by the chilling frosts of words unkind;
 And his grieved soul, some thousand years astray,
 Paled like the moon in most unwelcome day.

His speech betrayed him ere his heart grew cold;
 With morning freshness to the world he told
 Of man's first love, and fearless creed of youth,
 When Beauty he believed the type of Truth.

In the vexed glories of unquiet Troy,
 So might to Helen's jealous ear discourse
 The flute, first tuned on Ida's haunted hill,
 Against Ænone's coming, to betray
 In what sweet solitude her shepherd lay.

Yet, Poet-Priest! the world shall ever thrill
 To thy loved theme, its charm undying still!
 Hearts in their youth are Greek as Homer's song.
 And all Olympus half contents the boy,
 Who from the quarries of abounding joy
 Brings his white idols without thought of wrong.

With reverent hand he sets each votive stone,
 And last, the altar "To the God Unknown."

As in our dreams the face that we love best
 Blooms as at first, while we ourselves grow old,—
 As the returning Spring in sunlight throws
 Through prison-bars, on graves, its ardent gold,—
 And as the splendors of a Syrian rose
 Lie unproved upon the saddest breast,—
 So mythic story fits a changing world:
 Still the bark drifts with sails forever furled.
 An unschooled Fancy deemed the work her own,
 While mystic meaning through each fable shone.

HER GRACE, THE DRUMMER'S DAUGHTER.

FORAY, a mass of crags embellished by some greenness, looked up to heaven a hundred miles from shore. It was a fortified position, and a place of banishment. In the course of a long war, waged on sea and land between two great nations, this, "least of all," became a point of some importance to the author-

ity investing it; the fort was well supplied with the machinery of death, and the prison filled with prisoners. But peace had now been of long continuance; and though a nation's banner floated from the tower of the fort, and was seen afar by mariners,—though the cannon occupied their ancient places, ordered for