

much as Dante or Shakspeare learnt of and entered into the hearts of men, by so much was his own nature strengthened and made peculiarly his own. The "Vita Nuova" shows the first stages of that genius, the first proofs of that wide sympathy, which at length resulted in the "Divine Comedy." It is like the first blade of spring grass, rich with the promise of the golden harvest.

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### AT SEA.

THE night is made for cooling shade,  
For silence, and for sleep ;  
And when I was a child, I laid  
My hands upon my breast, and prayed,  
And sank to slumbers deep :  
Childlike as then, I lie to-night,  
And watch my lonely cabin light.

Each movement of the swaying lamp  
Shows how the vessel reels :  
As o'er her deck the billows tramp,  
And all her timbers strain and cramp  
With every shock she feels,  
It starts and shudders, while it burns,  
And in its hinged socket turns.

Now swinging slow, and slanting low,  
It almost level lies ;  
And yet I know, while to and fro  
I watch the seeming pendule go  
With restless fall and rise,  
The steady shaft is still upright,  
Poising its little globe of light.

O hand of God ! O lamp of peace !  
O promise of my soul !—  
Though weak, and tossed, and ill at ease,  
Amid the roar of smiting seas,  
The ship's convulsive roll,  
I own, with love and tender awe,  
Yon perfect type of faith and law !

A heavenly trust my spirit calms,  
My soul is filled with light :  
The ocean sings his solemn psalms,  
The wild winds chant : I cross my palms,  
Happy as if, to-night,  
Under the cottage-roof, again  
I heard the soothing summer-rain.

## BULLS AND BEARS.

[Continued.]

## CHAPTER V.

WHICH TREATS OF THE MODESTY OF  
CANDIDATES FOR OFFICE.

MR. SANDFORD sat in his private room. Through the windows in front were seen the same bald and grizzly heads that had for so many years given respectability to the Vortex Company. The contemplation of the cheerful office and the thought of its increasing prosperity seemed to give him great satisfaction; for he rubbed his white and well-kept hands, settled his staid cravat, smoothed his gravely decorous coat, and looked the picture of placid content. He meditated, gently twirling his watch-seal the while.

"Windham will be here presently, for my note admitted only of an answer in person. A very useful person to have a call from is Windham; these old gentlemen will put up their gold spectacles when he comes, and won't think any the less of me for having such a visitor. I noticed that Monroe was much impressed the other day. Then Bullion and Stearine will drop in, I think,—both solid men, useful acquaintances. If Plotman has only done what he promised, the thing will come round right. I shall not seek office,—oh, no! I could not compromise my position. But if the people thrust it upon me, I cannot refuse. Citizenship has its duties as well as its privileges, and every man must take his share of public responsibility. By-the-by, that's a well-turned phrase; 'twill bear repeating. I'll make a note of it."

True enough, Mr. Windham called, and, after the trivial business-affair was settled, he introduced the subject he was expected to speak on.

"We want men of character and business habits in public station, my young friend, and I was rejoiced to-day to hear

that it was proposed to make you a Senator. We have had plenty of politicians,—men who trade in honors and offices."

"I am sensible of the honor you mention," modestly replied Sandford, "and should value highly the compliment of a nomination, particularly coming from men like yourself, who have only the public welfare at heart. But if I were to accept, I don't know how I could discharge my duties. And besides, I am utterly without experience in political life, and should very poorly fulfil the expectations that would be formed of me."

"Don't be too modest, Mr. Sandford. If you have not experience in politics, all the better; for the ways to office have been foul enough latterly. And as to business, we must arrange that. Your duties here you could easily discharge, and we will get some other young man to take your place in the charitable boards;—though we shall be fortunate, if we find any one to make a worthy successor."

After a few words, the stately Mr. Windham bowed himself out, leaving Sandford rubbing his hands with increased, but still gentle hilarity.

Mr. Bullion soon dropped in. He was a stout man, with a round, bald head, short, sturdy legs, and a deep voice,—a weighty voice on 'Change, though, as its owner well knew,—the more, perhaps, because it dealt chiefly in monosyllables.

"How are you, Sandford? Fine day. Anything doing? Money more in demand, they say. Hope all is right; though it looks like a squall."

Mr. Sandford merely bowed, with an occasional "Ah!" or "Indeed!"

"How about politics?" Bullion continued. "Talk of sending you to the Senate. Couldn't do better,—I mean the city couldn't; *you'd* be a d—d fool