

he meant the blast to waft the wood-sawyer's soul sheer up to the seventh heavens. Then he strode, king-like, to the woman's bed. Another upturned and exultant crow, mated to the former.

The palor of the children was changed to radiance. Their faces shone celestially through grime and dirt. They seemed children of emperors and kings, disguised. The cock sprang upon their bed, shook himself, and crowed, and crowed again, and still and still again. He seemed bent upon crowing the souls of the children out of their wasted bodies. He seemed bent upon rejoining instantly this whole family in the upper air. The children seemed to second his endeavors. Far, deep, intense longings for release transfigured them into spirits before my eyes. I saw angels where they lay.

They were dead.

The cock shook his plumage over them. The cock crew. It was now like a Bravo! like a Hurrah! like a Three-times-three! hip! hip! He strode out of the shanty. I followed. He flew upon the apex of the dwelling, spread wide his wings, sounded one supernatural note, and dropped at my feet.

The cock was dead.

If now you visit that hilly region, you will see, nigh the railroad track, just beneath October Mountain, on the other side of the swamp—there you will see a grave-stone, not with skull and cross-bones, but with a lusty cock in act of crowing, chiseled on it, with the words beneath:

—“Oh! death, where is thy sting?

Oh! grave, where is thy victory?”

The wood-sawyer and his family, with the Signor Beneventano, lie in that spot; and I buried them, and planted the stone, which was a stone made to order; and never since then have I felt the doleful dumps, but under all circumstances crow late and early with a continual crow.

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!—OO!—OO!—OO!—OO!

LETTERS TO SAPPHO.

“The Isles of Greece; the Isles of Greece,
Where burning Sappho loved and sung.”

DOST thou recall that morning, Sappho, when rambling through the island where thou dwellest—the ancient Lesbos—I first saw thy glowing face?

All about thee—the heavens above—the earth beneath—the spreading boughs—the flashing waves of the Ægean Sea—all harmonized with that soul-lit face as it beamed upon me, when putting aside the thick foliage in whose embowering depths thou wert standing, I stood before thee, and our eyes met.

In thine auburn hair the golden grains of wheat were twisted, and the brow arched under thy parted locks shone with the lustre of a soul which wanted no words to express its ardor.

In that first meeting we were conscious of a new inspiration; a single glance revealed the depths of our souls; and we felt that for all the future we were blended into one existence.

Leaving Athens, I had committed myself to the sea, and landed upon the very shore where

the transports of the Greeks had touched the sands, when the princes of Greece united to avenge the cause of Menelaus, and to recover Helen. I explored the ruins of ancient Troy—broken, but yet eloquent memorials of an age of glory. Standing upon the shore in a cloudless day, I looked upon the glorious scenery, and re-peopled every spot about me with the forms of the brave and the beautiful who once thronged these now silent and deserted, but immortal places. Before me was Imbros, the abode of Ceres and Mercury, and just beyond it Samothrace lifted its resplendent snow-capped summit. Behind me I turned and saw Ida towering into the sky—its head covered with perpetual spring—long the abode of gods. Climbing to the summit of Ida, I looked down upon the Hellespont. Europe and Asia, there look upon each other; there the Persian built his bridge of boats, when he poured his Myrmidons into Greece; and there Leander loved and died. Of all this, O Sappho, I shall yet write—for whatever belongs to the history of Greece must possess an interest for thee. Descending once more to the sea, I embarked; and the winds drove my light sails over the Ægean waves to Lesbos.

Lesbos, seated in the bright sea, with its delightful climate, and fertile soil, is favored of Heaven and Earth. Delicious fruits abound in its deep green woods, and the voices of birds make its forests vocal.

Attracted by its verdure, and under the influence of a powerful interest in an island so renowned in the history of Greece, I resolved to explore it. Little did I dream, Sappho, of meeting so beautiful an impersonation of the glories of Lesbos, as I found in thee. Familiar with the classics, I could not, of course, be ignorant of the history of that glowing and bright being who first bore thy name: Sappho, the daughter of Scamandronymus, whose wild, sweet lyre told the story of her passion; whose odes were long the glory of Greece; and who lost her life in the waves of the sea, which yet sings her dirge, in mournful surges sounding along the base of Mount Leucas.

But I did not hope to find in modern Greece, another being inheriting the beauty, the fervor, and the genius of that child of song, who, after her death, long received divine honors from the Lesbians.

I had thought that Greece, though still beautiful, was dead; that its glories were all departed; that the traveler exploring its shores and its mountains would feel, as his eye rested on the scenery so crowded with associations, as the poet felt, whose lines have done more to awaken an interest in the fortunes of thy country than all else that has been written in our day:

“’Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!

So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,

We start, for soul is wanting there.”

Full of thoughts of the Past, I was climbing a bank, covered with crimson flowers, and

grasping the clusters of purple grapes which hung over it, when a voice, rich and thrilling beyond expression, pouring forth a wild song—fixed me motionless where I stood. I feared to move, lest the song should cease, and I should forever lose the tones which woke within me new and deep emotions. It was an ode of Sappho, breathing passion, and uttering mournful and wild strains of grief, which reached me and held me spell-bound.

Like Milton's Comus, I stood and wondered; and could scarcely realize the scene; it was music unearthly in its gushing sweetness and unrivaled glory; and I involuntarily like him exclaimed:

"Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould,
Breathe such divine, enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air,
... Such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now."

The song ceased; its dying notes fell upon my ear, and left me standing with my hand resting upon the unplucked fruit, and my face turned toward the spot from which the music had come with a power so fascinating, that I could not tear my feet from the bank upon which I had mounted until it ceased. It seemed to me that Sappho had returned again to her ancient abode, and stood once more at her shrine. The ode was hers; the music was as wild and sweet as she could have uttered; its burning passion thrilled my frame, and took my soul captive: and when it ceased, I turned with hasty steps to explore the grove, where I hoped to find the being whose voice had so penetrated, and subdued, and captivated me.

Putting aside the foliage which hid from me a rock over which the luxuriant vines were falling, and from which a view could be caught of the sea, there I found thee—not the ancient child of song, raised to the circle of the divinities of Greece, but thee, my Sappho, in thy radiant earthly beauty. The soul flung its light upon thy face, and for a moment I could scarcely feel that thou wert other than immortal. The presence of a stranger gazing upon thee with irrepressible ardor woke thee from the transport into which thine own song had borne thee, and all the woman, startled and half-alarmed, was seen in thy young face.

I hastened to re-assure thee, by making myself known as a wanderer from his own country seeking to explore thine; full of enthusiasm for its ancient glory; acquainted with its literature, and deploring the degradation of modern Greece.

Thy true soul responded to me; we comprehended each other; and accompanying thee to thy home, there I was welcomed by thy kindred with a hospitality which was at once elegant and cordial.

O, Sappho, those were happy hours, when, rambling through the delightful island, we admired nature, and taught each other to love it more. When seated upon some bank, I spoke

to thee of the ancient heroes of Greece; of her statesmen; of her orators; and of her poets; or when, standing upon some crag overlooking the sea, we saw the sun go down beneath its waves, pouring a flood of golden light upon the mountains in view, and leaving a glow upon the western heavens, amidst which the evening star rose with a tremulous lustre, and a calm, like that which spreads so deep tranquillity upon the sleeping sea, came over all nature.

Dost thou recall that hour when, on such an evening, I read thee what I had written of one of the ancient orators of Greece?

I know that thou canst not forget that other hour when, after a conversation which had in it a tone of sorrow; when we spoke of the future—of our separation—and of all the uncertainties which rested upon our fortunes—we both turned our eyes upon Mount Leucas, and saw the sun resting upon its base, but its summit was in deep shadow. I could see that it seemed to thee to be an unhappy omen, and the shadow was upon thy soul; but I cheered thee, and bade thee hope. Presently the shadow began to rise, and it slowly lifted itself, until, at length, the summit of the mountain was bathed in a flood of light, and the marble columns of an ancient temple which crowned it, seemed to stream with flame. Then we said to each other, with clasped hands: So shall it be with our future!

When the hour of separation came, and I said to thee that I must return to my own country, which was in the track of the setting sun, but that I would come to thee again—then thou didst urge me to write to thee—to write from my own western home—to write to thee of the past and the future.

In the presence of others we parted almost in silence; thy tears were repressed; but thy soul was in thy face, and I comprehended all that thy lips would have uttered. I shall write to thee, Sappho, again, and again. Need I say that I can not forget thee? Nor canst thou, Sappho, forget me. H.

A VISIT TO OVERBECK'S STUDIO IN THE CENCI PALACE.

IN Roman Catholic countries Sunday is a holiday. The shops are mostly closed; the streets are thronged with the people clad in every variety of picturesque costume; the churches are all open; high mass is celebrated in the morning; and the splendor of the church-appointments, and the gayety and multitude of the dresses that are clustered before the altar, make a striking and gorgeous picture that is never forgotten.

Sunday is a holiday in such countries; but we are not to suppose that the ordinary pursuits of business continue on that day as on others. Work is suspended, and the workman, dressed in his best, goes to church in the morning, and in the afternoon walks alone, with his family, if he is married, in some of the pleasant gardens that adorn the neighborhood of foreign