

The sermon sounded awkward, and we awkward felt who heard it.  
 'Twas a grief to see him hedge it, 'twas a pain to hear him word it.  
 "When I was in—" was maybe half a dozen times repeated,  
 But that sentence seemed to scare him, and was always uncompleted.

As weeks went on his old smile would occasionally brighten,  
 But the voice was growing feeble, and the face began to whiten;  
 He would look off to the eastward, with a listful, weary sighing,  
 And 'twas whispered that our pastor in a foreign land was dying.

## VI.

The coffin lay 'mid garlands smiling sad as if they knew us;  
 The patient face within it preached a final sermon to us:  
 Our parson had gone touring on a trip he'd long been earning,  
 In that Wonder-land whence tickets are not issued for returning.

O tender, good heart-shepherd! your sweet smiling lips, half parted,  
 Told of scenery that burst on you just the minute that you started!  
 Could you preach once more among us, you might wander without fearing;  
 You could give us tales of glory we would never tire of hearing.

## ADMIRAL HIRAM PAULDING.

THE 19th day of August in the year 1812 should be a day ever memorable in the annals of American history, for on that day the charm of British invincibility on the high seas was broken by the capture of his Majesty's frigate *Guerrière* by the United States frigate *Constitution*.

If a not unnatural spirit of vainglory took possession of the American mind at this quite unlooked-for result of the contest between two ships of war of very nearly equal force, it may be imagined the exuberant joy which filled all patriotic hearts at the tidings of the victories subsequently achieved on the Lakes, where the odds were certainly not in our favor.

The halo which to the popular imagination surrounded Perry's victory on Lake Erie, and the enthusiasm created by his terse dispatch announcing his success, have in a measure obscured the more sanguinary, hotly contested, and important battle on Lake Champlain; but, says Fenimore Cooper, "in the navy, which is better qualified to enter into just estimates of force and all other circumstances that enhance the merits of nautical exploits, the battle of Plattsburg Bay is justly placed among the very highest of its claims to glory." For it was the stubborn determination of Macdonough and his men which rolled back the tide of invasion, and freed the State of New York from all fear of British incursion during the remainder of the war.

The death of Commodore John Hodges Graham, whose munificent bequest of \$150,000 to charitable purposes in this State was but lately announced, left but one officer, and it is believed but one survivor, of the famous fight on Lake Champlain, whose history, the record of a long and useful life spent in the service of his country, it is the purpose of this paper briefly to chronicle.

If it but serve as a stimulus to the apparently waning patriotism of the day, by showing the rising generation what manner of men were those who against very great odds upheld the honor of the American flag, and vanquished the traditional "mistress of the seas," the purpose of the writer will have been accomplished.

Hiram Paulding, late the senior rear-admiral on the retired list of the United States navy, was the son of the celebrated John Paulding, one of the captors of Major André, and was born in Westchester County, New York, on the 11th of December, 1797. He was consequently, at the time of his death, in his eighty-first year.

Brought up on his father's farm, the subject of this sketch led the usual life of a country lad, laboring at farm-work in the summer and attending the village school in winter, until he attained his fourteenth year, when Mr. Pierre Van Cortlandt, then a member of Congress, sent the father a midshipman's warrant for his son. The boy, on receiving this appointment, September 1, 1811, was placed with a certain Master Gibbons, an Irish exile, for the purpose of receiving instruction in mathematics and navigation; but so soon as war was declared with Great Britain his studies were brought to a close, and he was ordered to join Commodore Chauncey's squadron on Lake Ontario.

His journey northward in the summer of 1812 was eventful enough to be recorded at length did space permit. It is sufficient to say, however, that, making the voyage to Albany in an oyster schooner, and from thence to Utica in a lumbering old stage, at the latter place he fell in with a good-natured drum-major bound to Sackett's Harbor, and the two joined *en route* the regiment of Colonel Tuttle, which was making a forced march to the frontier. The regi-

ment reached Sackett's Harbor just in time to repel a raid of the Canadian forces which had landed in that vicinity, and now for the first time in his life the boy saw men bleeding from wounds as they were carried to the rear. His short service had already impressed Colonel Tuttle and his officers with the idea that for one so young he possessed in a remarkable degree intelligence, pertinacity, endurance, and pluck—the four essentials to a successful military career.

His fortunes, however, were not to be cast with Commodore Chauncey's command, though while with it he saw some stirring service; he was soon transferred to the *President*, on Lake Champlain, the flag-ship of the squadron of Master Commandant Macdonough, an officer of great spirit and experience, who had fought side by side with Decatur in all that officer's brilliant achievements before Tripoli. Fortunate indeed was young Paulding to have such a leader so early in his naval career.

But the years 1812-13 were not fortunate ones for the little flotilla. The *Growler* and *Eagle* were captured after a sanguinary contest, and the *President* was soon blockaded in Burlington Bay by the British squadron, Macdonough having but this one vessel—originally a transport—to oppose to the power of the enemy on the lake. Being a man of indomitable energy, he set to work during the winter of 1813-14 to build a squadron which should control the lake. During all this time our American seamen had many sharp skirmishes with the enemy on land and water, in which Paulding participated, and thus became inured to the vicissitudes and dangers of war. Meanwhile the *Saratoga*, of twenty-six guns, and the *Ticonderoga*, of seventeen guns, were built, other lake craft purchased and adapted to service, and by September 3 Macdonough found himself with his improvised squadron anchored in Plattsburg Bay, where he was joined by the brig *Eagle*, of twenty guns, which had been built with unexampled rapidity by the celebrated Henry Eckford, a Scotchman in our service.

About the same time the British army, admirably equipped, and nearly 12,000 strong, appeared before Plattsburg, held by General Macomb with less than 1500 men. The object of the enemy was doubtless to penetrate, if possible, as far as Albany, and the control of Lake Champlain became a matter of vital importance. One of our gun-boats in opposing the march of the British troops along the shore became disabled, and with some of the cutters of the squadron Midshipman Paulding, now attached to the *Ticonderoga*, was sent to tow her to a position of safety. In the teeth of a gale and under a heavy fire, with great difficulty and some loss of life, this, his first responsible service, was accomplished to the satisfaction of his

superiors. Sir George Prevost now merely awaited the arrival of Commodore Downie's squadron to make a combined land and water attack on the Americans. At last, on the 11th September, 1814—a calm and beautiful Sunday morning—its signals were descried, and shortly after it rounded Cumberland Head, and with true British pluck, following Nelson's tactics at Trafalgar, "bows on," steered boldly for the American anchorage.

"As they drifted on their path  
There was silence deep as death,  
And the boldest held his breath  
For a time."

A light breeze set in, and soon the hostile squadron was within range of Macdonough's broadsides—

"By each gun the lighted brand,  
In a bold, determined hand,  
While the flower of Britain's land  
Led them on."

The sequel is known to history. Though greatly superior in force, the enemy was completely crushed, his commodore killed, and all the large vessels captured, some row-galleys, which had previously struck their colors, only escaping because there was not a mast in the American flotilla which would bear the pressure of canvas, so riddled were they by shot. At the close of the fight, of the seventeen British banners which had previously been displayed so vauntingly, not one was to be seen.

The sanguinary nature of this memorable battle may be appreciated when it is stated that the British flag-ship *Confiance* lost in killed and wounded, out of a crew of 300, no less than 124 persons, including the commodore. Macdonough's flag-ship, the *Saratoga*, lost fifty-seven killed and wounded out of a crew of 212 persons, and the other vessels suffered in proportion.

The American squadron being short of officers, our midshipman, though under seventeen years of age, was intrusted with a lieutenant's duties, and had charge of the second division of great guns on board of the *Ticonderoga*, commanded by Lieutenant Stephen Cassin. This vessel bore the whole brunt of the attack of the British row-galleys, and was magnificently fought. Our little hero was not conscious, at the close of the long and bloody contest, that he had performed any very special service; his pride and gratification, then, may be conceived when in the darkness of the ensuing night he overheard his commander Cassin say to one of the lieutenants, "That youngster Paulding is a brave little fellow." Says Cooper, in his history, "There was a common feeling of admiration at the manner in which the *Ticonderoga* defended the rear of the line, and the noble conduct of all on board of her. Once or twice the nearest vessels thought her to be in flames, in con-

sequence of the awful rapidity of her fire." Cassin meanwhile walked his taffrail amid a shower of murderous missiles, perfectly cool and apparently unconcerned, seeming to bear a charmed life, while he directed young Paulding, who had charge of the quarter-deck guns under his eye, to train his cannon upon the advancing foe.

The consequences of the battle were immediate and important. Sir George Prevost retreated in haste, abandoning much of his heavy artillery and stores, and from that moment until the close of the war the frontier was clear of the enemy.

When peace was declared, Paulding joined the squadron of Commodore Decatur, fitted out to demand redress of the Barbary powers. On the 17th and 19th of June, 1815, he participated in the capture of the Algerine vessels *Mashoudah*, of forty-six guns, and *Estedio*, of twenty-two guns. The squadron soon appeared before Algiers, and forced the Dey to terms. Thence it proceeded to Tunis on a similar mission, and the result here can not better be told than in the words of the late Mr. M. M. Noah, of New York, our consul, who, on landing, was admitted to an audience of the Bey.

"Tell your admiral to come and see me," said the Bey. "He declines, your Highness, until those disputes are settled, which are best done on board ship." "But that is not treating me with becoming respect," said the Bey; "Hamuda Pasha, of blessed memory, commanded them to land and wait at the palace until he was ready to receive them." "Very likely, your Highness," said Noah, "but *that* was twenty years ago." After a pause the Bey exclaimed: "I know this admiral; he is the same one who in the war with Sida Yusef, of Trablus, burned the frigate." "The same," said Noah. "Hum! why do they send wild young men to treat for peace with old powers? Then you Americans do not speak the truth. You went to war with England, a nation with a great fleet, and said you took her frigates in equal fight. Honest people always speak the truth," concluded the Bey. "Well, your Highness, that was true," said the consul. "Do you see that tall ship in the bay, with a blue flag flying?—*that* is the *Guerrière*; the one near the small island is the *Macedonian*, captured by Decatur in equal fight; the sloop near Cape Carthage is the *Peacock*, also taken from the English in battle."

"The Bey," continues Mr. Noah, in his narrative, "laid down his telescope, reposed on his cushions, and with a small tortoise-shell comb set with diamonds combed his beard. A small vessel got under way and came near the Tunisian batteries; a pinnace with a few men rowed toward the harbor, and a person in the garb of a sailor was taking soundings. It was Decatur himself."

It is almost needless to add that the Bey

promptly redressed all grievances, so great was the terror of Decatur's name and the prestige won by our navy in the recent war with Great Britain. The memory of these events still survives among the powers of the Barbary coast.

In April, 1816, Midshipman Paulding became a lieutenant by promotion, and until 1818, when he joined the *Macedonian*, served in the *Independence* (seventy-four) and *Prometheus* (brig), the latter in a cruise on our own coast.

The *Macedonian* made a cruise of over three years in the Pacific, during which time her officers had the great good fortune to witness one of the most daring exploits in naval annals—the cutting out of the Spanish frigate *Esmeralda*, by Lord Cochrane, from under the batteries of Callao Castle.

On his return to the United States, Lieutenant Paulding, feeling his deficiency in certain branches of science required by the naval profession, procured a leave of absence, and spent eighteen months in hard study at the Military Academy of Captain Partridge, in Norwich, Vermont, concluding his leave with some weeks spent in the disguise of a common sailor in a rigging loft in Boston, where one day his incognito was penetrated by the sudden entrance of a certain warrant officer who had served under him in the *Macedonian*.

It must be borne in mind that there were no naval academies in those days, and the opportunities afforded by the government to its naval officers for acquiring a knowledge of the scientific branches bearing on the profession were of the most meagre description. Paulding's wise foresight—characteristic of the man—enabled him to take rank with the best-informed men in the navy.

In the autumn of 1822 he joined Commodore Porter's squadron for the suppression of piracy in the West Indies, serving as first lieutenant of the *Sea-Gull*—the first steamer ever used for war purposes. This unique craft had originally been a Jersey ferry-boat, and the wits made very merry over her; but Porter rigged her as a galliot, and with her battery of three cannon she rendered very respectable service in the waters of Cuba, though the croakers in the navy declared she would founder in the first gale she encountered. In 1824, Commodore Porter's squadron having returned to a home port, Paulding was ordered to the frigate *United States*, and made a cruise of nearly four years in the Pacific, while there performing the important service of conveying dispatches from Commodore Hull to the camp of the "Liberator," Simon Bolivar. In this arduous and dangerous journey the young lieutenant traversed a belt of wild, arid, and mountainous country, making a

journey of nearly 1500 miles on horseback. An account of his adventures, under the title of "Six Weeks in the Camp of Bolivar," was subsequently printed in New York, and the pamphlet, which is exceedingly rare, is much sought after by collectors.

While attached to the frigate *United States*, Paulding, in 1826, volunteered for duty in the schooner *Dolphin*, and as her first lieutenant went to the savage Mulgrave Islands in search of the mutineers of the American

With only a cutter's crew Paulding landed, and while holding a parley suddenly seized his man, and covering his body with his human prize, marched him rapidly to the boat, a cocked pistol to his ear, the natives, who were friendly to the mutineer, being so much surprised by the audacity of the proceeding that they made no attempt at recapture until too late to do so.

A very interesting account of this cruise of the *Dolphin*, written by Paulding, was



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whale-ship *Globe*. The *Dolphin* on this occasion was commanded by Lieutenant John Percival, better known in the navy as "Mad Jack"—a seaman of uncommon ability and fearlessness, but extremely eccentric. Among the midshipmen was the late Rear-Admiral Charles Henry Davis, who told the writer of this sketch that the boldest act he ever witnessed in all his life was performed by Lieutenant Paulding in the seizure of one of the mutineers in face of a mob of infuriated savages, several hundred in number, armed with clubs and spears.

published in New York in 1831, the preface being so quaint and humorous as to show beyond dispute that all the wit of the family had not been confined to the author of "The Dutchman's Fireside."\* When the *Dolphin* returned to the coast of South America, Paulding rejoined the frigate, and in 1828 found himself once more in New York.

From 1830 to 1844, though constantly employed at sea, his life was comparatively

\* James K. Paulding, afterward Secretary of the Navy, a cousin of the admiral.

uneventful. For two years he served in the Mediterranean as first lieutenant of the frigate *Constellation*, and in the same waters commanded the schooner *Shark*, of twelve guns, from 1834 to 1837. In February, 1837, he reached the rank of commander, and for three years commanded the *Levant*, on the West India station. In 1841, for the first time in thirty years' service, we find him on "shore duty," as executive officer of the New York Navy-yard, under Commodore James Renshaw. In 1844 he reached the rank of captain, and was sent to the East Indies in command of the *Vincennes*, of twenty guns. This cruise lasted three years, and proved the most dismal of his life, for while in China that dire scourge, the dysentery, broke out among the crew, and a very large proportion of the ship's company succumbed to its fatal effects. Spared himself, Paulding's humane and generous heart was a constant prey to the keenest emotions, witnessing the agonies he was powerless to relieve. The return of Commodore Biddle to the United States left him in command of the Asiatic station, a duty he performed, as he had ever performed all his duties, with zeal, discretion, and entire devotion to his country's interests. In 1848, after a brief respite on shore, he was ordered to command the "crack" frigate of the day, the *St. Lawrence*, of forty-four guns, and sent on a sort of diplomatic cruise to the north of Europe. This was to him probably the most interesting cruise of his life, for the French revolution had set all Europe in commotion, and the agitation for liberty extended to its remotest corners.

Our government was desirous of aiding the Germanic Confederation to establish a navy, and while at Bremerhaven several young Prussians were received on board of the *St. Lawrence* to be instructed in nautical science. Captain Paulding was invited by the late King of Prussia to visit Berlin, and was handsomely entertained at the royal palace. Accompanying Prince Adalbert, the Admiral of Germany, to Frankfort-on-the-Main, he was presented to the members of the German Parliament, who received him with great enthusiasm, and tendered him a high command in the German service, which he politely declined. It is not at all improbable that the German navy of to-day owes much of its efficiency to the ideas instilled by this American sailor into the mind of Prince Adalbert, who was an intelligent and progressive man. Captain Paulding returned home in 1851 to command the Washington Navy-yard, where he remained three years, upon the conclusion of which service he reached the highest naval position in the gift of his country, being appointed by the President to command the West India, or home squadron.

His broad pennant was at first hoisted on

the old sailing frigate *Potomac* (forty-four), but later on in the new steam-frigate *Wabash*—a beautiful vessel, of great power for that day, carrying forty of the new Dahlgren cannon, and over seven hundred men.

Paulding, now in his fifty-eighth year, had reached the goal of his professional hopes, and many anecdotes are related of the ability and dignity of his administration of the affairs of this squadron at a most eventful period. The Captain-General of Cuba declared he was the most distinguished naval officer in bearing that he had ever seen in the port of Havana, and indeed he deserved the compliment. Of stalwart frame and commanding presence, he combined with dignity of mien and courtliness of address the greater dignity of intellect, and, though a strict disciplinarian, a kindly, benevolent manner irresistibly attractive to all seamen who ever came in contact with him. His officers and men universally admired and respected him, and though a man of most positive views and character, it is not known that in a long professional career of sixty-seven years he ever had a single personal enemy in the service. His popularity with the men was once amusingly illustrated during the odious régime of flogging. Said an old sailor (afterward a boatswain famous for his seamanship and incorrigible habit of intemperance), "I would rather have the 'old man' [meaning Paulding] lick me any day than get a first-class 'billet' from any other man."

But the command of the home squadron was no sinecure. On the 8th of December, 1857, he arrested Walker the filibuster, with all his men, at Greytown, in Nicaragua, and sent him to the United States for trial. For this praiseworthy maintenance of treaty obligations and neutrality laws he was promptly relieved from his command by President Buchanan, who hastened in a special message to Congress to disavow all complicity in Paulding's resolute act! The Ostend Manifesto had borne its legitimate fruit, and the Knights of the Golden Circle had no mind for any such doings as the arrest of their agent Walker. Commodore Paulding went into retirement with the sympathy of millions of his fellow-citizens, while the republic of Nicaragua, whose soil it was pretended he had violated, hastened to tender him its thanks, a large tract of very valuable land, and a magnificent jewelled sword, which last, Congress, in 1861, allowed him to accept.

At the period of his relief Commodore Paulding had commanded the squadron nearly three years, but for the remainder of President Buchanan's term he was utterly ignored. He bore it all very patiently, sustained by the consciousness of duty faithfully performed, and bided his time. Great events were now hastening, and the flames



of civil war soon spread far and wide. The first naval officer sent for by President Lincoln was Hiram Paulding, who was detailed to assist Secretary Welles in the Navy Department. His loyalty and devotion to his flag were every where known, and while traitors and trimmers were numerous even in the navy, his voice, at least, gave out no uncertain sound, for it summoned his comrades to the impending conflict for national unity and equal rights to all men under the flag. The noble old man who in his boyhood had seen the proud cross of St. George lowered to the Stars and Stripes amid the smoke and din of desperate battle, was not one to willingly allow a single star to fade from the union of the glorious old banner under which he had fought: so he reasoned with his life-long friend Commodore Tattnall, at heart a Union man. The two men had grown gray together in the navy, had become devoted friends in early life, had named their children after each other, and now, alas! they were to part and turn their swords against each other's breast. Tattnall, a man of chivalric impulses, is said to have shed bitter tears at this interview with his old comrade, and yet, though no sympathizer with secession, no persuasions, entreaties, or remonstrances on the part of Paulding could turn him from his inflexible resolve to cast his fortunes with his native State.

Years after, when the war had ended, the writer was present at an accidental meeting of the two men in New York city. "Why, Joe, you dear old *rebel*, how are you?" said Paulding, clapping the ex-Confederate on the shoulder with a force fit to fell an ox; and thereupon he took the broken-hearted old man to his beautiful home on the shores of Long Island Sound, where he entertained him many days, the sad chapter of the civil war being never once alluded to. Paulding's generous forgetfulness of the past was not lost on the brave sailor who at the disastrous repulse of the British on the Peiho, in China, declared blood to be "thicker than water;" and the two men parted firmer friends than ever, never again to meet on earth, for shortly afterward Commodore Tattnall died.

Among the many onerous duties devolving on Commodore Paulding in 1861 was that most disagreeable task, the destruction of the Norfolk Navy-yard.

This affair, which has been much criticised by some persons unfamiliar with all the facts, and by some military men who kept well to the rear in the dark days of April, 1861, was, under the circumstances in which Commodore Paulding found the yard on April 20, a necessity, painful but unavoidable. Vacillation on the part of the commandant and treason or indifference on the part of his subordinates had led to the

scuttling of the fine steam-frigate *Merrimac* and other vessels even before Commodore Paulding had reached Fortress Monroe from Washington. This reduced affairs to such a condition that the abandonment of the yard became a necessity, the government not having the requisite force to hold it, and the destruction of the public property followed, as a consequence of the *written* orders under which Commodore Paulding was acting. His conduct received the entire approval of President Lincoln and Secretary Welles, who fully realized the stern necessity which prompted his course, it being impossible *at that time* to spare the steamer *Pawnee* for the defense of Norfolk, the national capital being itself in serious jeopardy.

In September, 1861, Commodore Paulding served as a member of the board to examine the plans of iron-cased vessels, and its report is memorable as having recommended the building of the *Monitor*—a creation of the wonderful genius of Ericsson. Shortly after this he was ordered to command the New York Navy-yard, the most important station the government possessed. His duties here were arduous to a degree; but although in his sixty-fifth year, and technically "retired," he served in this trying command during the entire civil war, infusing energy into his subordinates, and sending to the scenes of battle and blockade hundreds of vessels and thousands of men. It was entirely due to his foresight that the *Monitor* was so speedily equipped for service, and a telegram received on the night of March 5, 1862, countermanding her orders to Fortress Monroe, and instructing Captain Worden to lose no time in proceeding with his vessel direct to Washington after passing the capes, was withheld by Commodore Paulding, who had private advices of the danger of longer delay in the dispatch of this vessel to Hampton Roads. This enabled the vessel to confront the *Merrimac* on the 9th of March, and thus end her career of destruction.

In July, 1862, the grade of rear-admiral was created for the first time in American history, and President Lincoln directed by the act to appoint ten of the most distinguished retired officers to that grade. Hiram Paulding was one of the ten so appointed, and, having survived all his comrades, was, at the time of his death, the oldest admiral in the navy.

When the memorable draft riots broke out in New York city in July, 1863, the safety of the most valuable portion of the town from confusion and pillage was largely due to the energy and foresight of this veteran officer, who, not content with causing gunboats to patrol the rivers, dispatched within two hours a naval battalion of seamen and marines to report to General Wool for duty,

and moored vessels at all important points, with their cannon ready to sweep the streets if necessary. This enabled the New York police to make head against the mob, and the riot was after a time put down without other material aid.

In the course of a long, and, as we have seen, very eventful life, and in his many positions of honor and trust, Admiral Paulding always acted with ability and quiet courage tempered with discretion, exhibiting an ever-zealous devotion to the public good, which made him the recipient of several noteworthy marks of distinction.

Congress, by its joint resolution of October 20, 1814, voted him a sword for gallantry on Lake Champlain; the testimonials of Nicaragua have already been alluded to; finally King Victor Emmanuel conferred on him the decoration of the equestrian order of St. Maurice (an Italian order of knighthood), and Congress having authorized its acceptance, it was received by this sturdy republican veteran with a queer twinkle in his blue eyes. But he put it carefully away, and it is probable few of his neighbors ever knew they had an Italian knight "commendatore" residing in their vicinity.

From 1866 to 1869 the admiral was governor of the Naval Asylum in Philadelphia, and in 1870 was assigned to the merely nominal duty of port admiral at Boston, a post he did not solicit, in consequence of his age and infirmities, and which was tendered by the department simply as a compliment for past services, and to increase his rather scanty salary.

This service ended in 1871, after which time he quietly resided on his farm at Lloyd's Harbor, on Long Island Sound. Here, retired from the world and its cares, he led a peaceful, happy life, surrounded by his children and his grandchildren—his sword turned to ploughshare and his spear to pruning-hook.

For many weeks previous to his death, which occurred on Sunday, October 20, 1878, the old man had been gradually failing in health. All his old comrades in the stirring events of 1812-15 had preceded him across the dark river and into the land of shadows. He was alone, and in his moments of suffering often wearied of that loneliness, comparing his lot to that of some war-worn, weather-beaten hulk of the olden time, whose companions had long since disappeared in storm and battle. At last came the final signal from the Great Captain, and obediently the faithful seaman answered the call, and quietly departed on that unknown voyage which knows no ending.

In a lonely corner of the Huntington cemetery, on a gentle slope overlooking the blue waters of the noble Sound—the Connecticut hills in the dim distance—lie the mortal remains of Hiram Paulding, the brave, honest, patriotic sailor.

## A PICTURE AND A PARABLE.

As old-time ingle, warm and wide,  
Shaming our modern manners,  
Where backwood monarchs, side by side,  
Fling up their rival banners,  
And send their gleaming cohorts fast  
The flying shadows after,  
Till warmth and comfort glow at last  
From shining floor to rafter;  
Now glittering in the silver store  
Of heirlooms with a story,  
Now weaving saintly halos for  
The elder's crown of glory;  
But tenderest the fire-light glows,  
And merriest is glancing  
Upon a boy with cheek of rose,  
In baby frolic dancing  
About a loving father's knee,  
Whose brow of care unbending  
To join in all the baby glee  
Is father's fondness lending;  
While, with her loving smile for all,  
The gentle household mother  
Moves queenly through her kingdom small,  
Nor longs for any other,  
But muses, in a happy way,  
Whether on earth there may be  
Another such papa to play  
Bo-peep with such a baby.  
Full well the picture I recall  
My childish fancy greeted,  
And which the scene that most of all  
I liked to have repeated:  
How, when his father's hiding-place  
The boy could not discover,  
A while he stood with puzzled face  
Thinking the matter over,  
Then stooped with sudden roguery  
And airs of mock confiding,  
And peeped beneath a chip to see  
If there papa was hiding;  
And how the trick brought papa out  
With sudden peal of laughter,  
And joyous was the baby's shout,  
And wild the frolic after.

And still my fancy lingers in  
The pretty, childish story,  
And thinks a deeper sense to win,  
As from an allegory;  
For what do we with childish wits—  
More witless children rather—  
Seeking beneath our chips and bits  
Of truth to find the Father—  
"Lo here, lo there"—when every where  
His walls of home do hold us,  
The warmth and love-light of His care  
By day and night infold us?  
And when we lay us down to sleep,  
And scenes of earth forsake us,  
His presence still our souls shall keep,  
His morning kiss shall wake us.  
Does not the Father's pity yearn  
To comfort them that fear Him,  
Until within His arms they learn  
That they are always near Him?