

To meet his look with upturned eye and smile ;
 No hand to press his own with cordial clasp,
 And thrill his heart with friendship's fervid grasp.
 He saw no tear, save those the fountains shed,
 And heard no mourner, save the dove o'erhead ;
 The sable raven sweeping through the sky,
 Turned down on him his bare and burnished eye ;
 Lured by the game he scented as he passed,
 His husky voice came croaking on the blast ;
 And o'er the height of woody mountain-peaks,
 The circling eagle wheels aloft and shrieks,
 To hear beneath, his stranger footsteps press
 The brown leaves 'mid the silent wilderness.
 But still, to be alone, was not to pine,
 And Boone ! true loneliness was only thine.
 To stand upon some mountain's craggy crest,
 And see the sun sink silent in the west,
 The night's dark curtains drawn across day's red,
 And all the vale grow silent as the dead,
 Oh ! then it is when light's fair form hath flown,
 That man may feel how much he is *alone*.
 To sit at night beside thy cabin fire,
 And watch the flames of blazing wood expire,
 With statue Silence, dumb, and all alone,
 And not a voice to answer to thine own,
 Nor household spirit for the empty chair :
 But noiseless Darkness, with her vacant stare,
 Peers through the shadows of the lonely room,
 Then seeks the forest with her sister, Gloom.'

Very spirited is the song of '*The Maize*.' We must admit that we never saw this graceful plant in such perfection, nor to such a wonderful extent, as in our recent visit to the author's 'own native West :'

'A song for the plant of my own native West,
 Where nature and freedom reside,
 By plenty still crowned, and by peace ever blest,
 To the corn ! the green corn of her pride !
 In climes of the East has the olive been sung ;
 And the grape been the theme of their lays,
 But for thee shall a harp of the back-woods be strung,
 Thou bright, ever-beautiful Maize !

'Afar in the forest where rude cabins rise,
 And send up their pillars of smoke,
 And the tops of their columns are lost in the skies
 O'er the heads of the cloud-kissing oak —
 Near the skirt of the grove, where the sturdy arm swings
 The axe till the old giant sways,
 And echo repeats every blow as it rings,
 Shoots the green and the glorious Maize !

'There buds of the buck-eye in spring are the first,
 And the willow's gold hair then appears,
 And snowy the cups of the dog-wood that burst
 By the red-bud, with pink-tinted tears ;
 And striped the bows which the poplar holds up
 For the dew and the sun's yellow rays,
 And brown is the papaw's shade-blossoming cup,
 In the wood, near the sun-loving Maize !'

Not a few passages had we indicated for extract, as we turned over Mr. Fosdick's pages ; and it almost 'gars us greet' to leave unquoted the '*Health to Auld Scotia*,' and '*Mary Lyle, a Ballad*.' But simply, it may not be. We have barely room to commend the book to our readers.

EDITOR'S TABLE

'A DAY'S ANGLING AMONG THE MOUNTAINS. — We hope we have as little envy as is consistent with a tolerably good moral character; but when we read the following, from our 'Up-River' and Green-Mountain correspondent, we did incontinently not only wish that we had been there, but experienced also, we are afraid, a slight twinge of envy toward our more favored friend. But perish the ignoble thought! Whatsoever things are pleasant, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are good, he deserves to enjoy them all:

'I WILL give you an account of a day's trout-fishing in a mountain-stream, not expecting to shed any new charm upon a theme which has been already illustrated with every literary embellishment. For HAWES, HERBERT, and many professed anglers and university-bred sportsmen have so piously followed in the steps of St. IZAAK WALTON and S'RUMPHREY DAVY, and have so exhausted the brooks, that it is like fishing for minnows now-a-days. Moreover, for the last hundred years, in our own country, during which a taste for the recreation of angling has survived, and every stream has been whipped and thrashed with rods, so many note-books have been kept, that little remains to be said about the 'scaly people.'

'The present season has been remarkably good for anglers. In the beginning of the summer, when there was every reason to apprehend a drought, the windows of heaven were opened, and a gentle, soaking, and abundant rain came down; and up to the present time, at intervals of a few days, we have had copious showers and magnificent thunder-storms, filling up all the ponds and streams to the very brims. Never did the waving forests present a richer and more glorious freshness, in all their shades and varieties of living green; never did the grass promise a more abundant harvest, or the shining blade of the corn a better crop. Verily the little hills and the big mountains rejoice on every side. I have a few rural matters to dispose of before speaking of the trout-fishing.

'Not long since, a hen of the old barn-yard breed walked down to the banks of the Winooski River, a little below the falls in this place, and leisurely swam across, with all the facility of a duck. This can be abundantly proved out of the mouths of two or three witnesses, all good men and true, and is as solemn a fact, so far as

the truth is concerned, as any on record. She was not scared into the stream by a dog, nor driven in by a stick, but of her own free will descended to the brink, glided into the wave, and having safely reached the opposite shore, dressed her feathers with the grace of an accomplished web-foot. Several philosophical theories have occurred to me, by which to account for this unnatural conduct. She was probably hatched by a duck, and learned something of her amphibious nature from the progeny with which she was reared. Or she herself unexpectedly found herself the mother of yellow goslings, and tenderly ventured after them, out of parental regard, until at last she learned the 'art of swimming,' and loved to 'practise what she knew.' Or it may be that, oppressed with heat, tortured and infested by small insects, which it is indelicate to name, rumped in plumage and ruffled in temper, with the spirit and decision of a true hen, she boldly swam the flood to enjoy the refreshment of the bath, and to drown her multitudinous foes. And that she gained a point so soon as she had gained *the point*, was testified by triumphant cacklings, while the astounded philosophers who witnessed the exploit went home to consult their natural histories again.

I once knew of a cat who superintended a brood of young chickens, which is also a solemn fact, and as well testified to as the above. '*Natur is natur*,' is a proverbial and homely remark in the country; but there are certain varieties, exceptions, eccentricities, so that the 'wonder-book' never ceases to present a new page. Had it been a Shanghai rooster who accomplished this exploit, the lookers-on would have said, no doubt, that he was fording the stream; but it was a demure, low-built, little 'quiet-heart' of a barn-yard fowl.

'Another feat of bathing, by a biped, (not feathered,) I have to record, the most curious from the days of the 'tired CÆSAR' down to those of the gentle MUSIDORA. I was in a deep romantic gorge, where a way is cloven by the headlong current through the solid rocks. Sixty feet on each hand they rise as even as a wall, and extend for five hundred yards perhaps, where they stop, and the agitated current slides into a smooth enamelled meadow. The Little Palisades, I call them, although the real name of the place is the Falls of Middlesex. In the middle of the boiling current, just beyond a narrow bridge which lacks little of having been completed by Nature, is a high shaft of rocks, which cause it to make a sudden bend, and by opposing, excites the flood into a yeasty foam and roaring passion at the base. I took a notion to clamber to the top of this promontory or peninsula, which required the scrambling agility of a goat, and thence to look down upon the rapids, which resembled those of a cataract, and through the palisades. Whether any one had been there before or not (for most people content themselves with looking down from the bridge) is uncertain; but I found no foot-steps of 'gi-yants' upon the rock. On the summit of this place I discovered a natural bathing-tub, scooped clean out by the hand of Nature, filled to the brim with pure rain-drops, as they had fallen from the clouds. As I lay stretched on my back in this remarkable bath, this columnar reservoir, (for after considerable consideration I got into it,) refreshed and recreated, with the skies above and the agitated flood beneath, it struck me that it was a tub worthy of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, and I would not have come out of it in a hurry, but I heard carriage-wheels approaching, and the cavern was cold as the grotto of Antiparos.

'We will now proceed on the trouting expedition, which for once was accompanied with good luck, and is worthy of record. The morning was cool, cloudy, and gave some indication of showers. All the better. Trouts bite more readily when pattering rain-drops break the glassy surface of the brook which mirrors the crouching

angler. It is the angel of good-luck which goes down into the pool and 'troubleth the water.' I went on invitation of a friend, whose Christian name is GEORGE, and whom I will call on this occasion, in honor of his good-nature, St. GEORGE. NEPTUNE, a large Newfoundland, accompanied the party. We arrived at MARTIN'S Brook, where it passes through some rough clearing, and then plunges again into the woods. Here we turned the pony out to grass, got ready the fishing-rods, and 'wums for bait,' and leaping on a small islet where the water ran pure and cool, invigorated ourselves at the outset with a drink and a few sandwiches, from which circumstance I named the place 'Sandwich Island.' St. GEORGE went up to MARTIN'S Brook, toward the cleared land; I followed it after it had leaped some fifteen or twenty feet over the dam of a saw-mill into the thick woods. It was as inaccessible a spot as was ever laid out by rude Nature in the wilderness. Cold as ice, and clear as crystal, the brook dashed on unimpeded over impediments, volubly babbling. It twisted, and giggled, and dimpled, from chasm to chasm, sometimes going subterranean, until at last it flashed out in the open fields like a sword leaping out of its scabbard. Not so easy the course of the pilgrim upon its banks; for the way was choked up with rocks Titanically scattered, barricaded with logs, bristling with stumps, full of mossy trap-doors, which let down the legs in a squashy muck, up to the very thighs. I was pitched headlong; I sank in; I slipped; I floundered over crackling rails, and forced a passage through persecuting briars. Heated, scratched, lacerated, and soliloquizing in vexation, methought at first it was not what 'trouting' is cracked up to be! It was not like fishing from an English meadow, even in St. WALTON'S time, with daisies growing beneath your feet, larks springing into mid-air, silver stream rolling over golden pebbles, clean sward down to the very marge, with no gnarled roots to hook your hooks—nothing but trout and poetry. *It was better.* All things gather value from variety, from freshness, from novelty. Wildness will be exceedingly precious before long. Gradually the untamed beasts cease to roar and shake their manes. Then the earth itself is becoming 'artificially smooth; scarce a rock or a stump left. You may 'oh!' and 'ah!' for 'a lodge in some vast solitude'—often in vain. By dint of hard work among the underwood, I stepped with great boldness upon a greater 'boulder.' It was about as long as a sarcophagus, shaped somewhat like it, four or five feet in height, and at the base of it lay a cool and deep pool of almost black water. I felt confident there were trouts in it: it looked very trouty. On either hand rose up a wall of vegetation, a thick forest. PHŒBUS APOLLO could not shoot his fierce rays through the impervious leaves.

'With alacrity I struck a barb into the bowels of an earth-worm, and cast lightly in the tempting lure, with a wily and deceptive art which I should be sorry to carry out into common life. It was responded to by an immediate shock at the wrist and elbow, such a peculiar blow as only a trout gives. You feel it to the very marrow. I had hooked a lovely creature in the upper-lip, and he quivered and flashed about with his pictorial body, as if he had a vial of electricity beneath his rosy gills. He was a quarter-pounder. I threw out again from the sarcophagus, and, with a pleasurable spasm, drew out another rosy darling from the wave, and, as he lay in the basket, watched the vital power as it subsided with a tremulous shiver at the extremity of his filmy fins. 'This is a valuable rock,' said I; 'my exertions will be crowned with success; it is good for me to be here; the lines have fallen to me in pleasant places.' But here, after a succession of successes, I was forced to go down and thrust a bare arm up to the elbow to release a fast hook.

'It was necessary to move down stream. In brook-trouting it is always better to pass on, and not seek to get all the fish out of any one hole, where the sport is tempting, or kill off all the innocents in a watery paradise. You will be more judicious if you dip in delicately, and take a dainty morsel here and there. Pass down the stream from rock to rock, from whirlpool to whirlpool, from water-fall to water-fall; for you will thus embasket many more of the agile creatures in the course of a day's fishing, than if you extort from every basin all the treasure which it hath. This is a hard lesson to learn. You might as well exhort the gold-digger to seek for better nuggets when he is having good luck in sifting out the auriferous flakes. If you have water-proof boots, walk right down through the middle of the stream, and throw in ahead of you, by which you will capture one and another of the finny flock, if you do not unadvisedly step upon some slippery stone and fall headlong with a splash. A fisherman is prepared for such things. Forasmuch as the task was difficult, I did not feel disposed to proceed much farther for the present, but sat upon the rock below the mill-dam and surveyed the romantic prospect. The grotto-like coolness of the place, the gloom of the woods, a deep and all-prevalent silence, made me think at that time of the spirit-land. Are the familiar pursuits which belong to the present consistent with the refinement of a rarefied sphere?

'Judge EDMONDS, in one of his excursions beyond the confines of mortal flesh, saw on one occasion a party on horse-back, in purple riding-jackets, with velvet caps and gold bands, attended by dogs. Only think of that! *Attended by dogs!* They must have been spiritualized Italian gray-hounds, musically yelping with attenuated breath along the aerial turnpikes; with needle-like noses, scenting among the golden stars, to chase the deer in many a brilliant and ecstatic leap from cliff to cliff across the vast abysses, while all the concave vault reëchoed to the chorus of the hunt. He also saw a *saw*-mill with two saws! Good heavens! It looked like a vivid reminiscence of this very spot. If there were any fish in the waters which turned the ghostly wheels, those fish were trout, which wagged their fins in pools of bluest ether. What a prize that for one reclining on a bank of amaranth, to put into graceful Indian basket, woven by the fingers of some fairy sprite, some 'Prairie-Fawn,' some 'Dancing-Plume,' or 'Rippling-Water!' So thought I whiles I lay most 'throwly lapped' in reverie, like the JUDGE, and seemed to gaze upon some wild Elysian dell, and on that heavenly saw-mill built upon the rocks. A snow-white miller would have helped the illusion; but *saws* are *saws*, (wise ones included.) He is a poor fisherman who will go a-trouting on a glorious mid-summer-day without spiritual reflections even better than these. It is half the pleasure of the jaunt. So did the heavenly-minded WALTON, quintessence as he was of child-like innocence, who, in writing the lives of saintly men, did picture forth his own. So did he near the charming little river Dove, in good, old, glorious England, where,

'On the green bank seated still,
His quick eye watched the dancing quill;'

or, as it hath been more quaintly writ:

'Attending of his trembling quill.'

So did he keep his mind in calm and trustful quiet, and amid demolished shrines, and sacred seats sequestered, while the very ivy lifted up despairing tendrils unto heaven, or was unclasped from 'ancient consecrated tower,' he still could listen to

the lark, as it rose on its librating wings, and wander in his mind along the crystal stream which flows fast by the golden city — though he beheld no saw-mill there :

'O my beloved nymph, fair Dove!
Princess of rivers! how I love
Upon thy flowery banks to lie,
And view thy silver stream,
When gilded by a summer's beam!
And in it all thy wanton fry,
Playing at liberty:
And with my angle upon them,
The all of treachery
I ever learnt, industriously to try.'

'What an angler! what an angle! what an angel in this rude world! Dexterous as he was with his 'trembling quill' upon the river Dove, he was more dexterous with it on his pure and dove-like page, when it 'trembled' in the hands of that old man of eighty years, whose winters never brought a blighting frost, and whose summers shone for him with fairer sun-shine, and with lovelier flowers. In what an innocent and Doric style he wrote! pure and transparent as the river Dove itself; unadorned and artless; with its snatches of song and little poems sweet as the warbling birds; in its descriptive rural scenes inimitably beautiful. His very name is altogether liquid, interrupted only in its smoothness by the characteristic z, thrown in to give it a little zigzag, like a rock in some vocal stream. IZAAK WALTON! — Pardon the digression, for fishing is a work of patience, and so delicate a fish as trout are only caught at long intervals. They are not dragged out of the water one after another, like slimy, vulgar suckers, which gobble up whatever you choose to throw in. They are bashful; they are shy; they are sportive; they are refined: they taste, they nibble, they vibrate on the top of an eddy like a magnet pointing to the pole. In the mean time you can do what you like. You may take out your tablets and write a poem, or count up all your Christian virtues on your finger-ends; any thing to fill up the chinks of the golden day.

'One — two — three — four — five — TEN of these vivacious creatures did I captivate in that one spot, and saw them dangling before my eyes in all their dazzling, brilliant beauty, spotted with purple satches, covered with silver and gold, and quivering with an intense vitality, which soon left them, unless they were destined to strike out again in the shape of spiritual fish. There was one of the number so superb in hectic hues and coloration, that I would have given something to have laid him upon a white platter, and, as far as a painter's mockery could have done it, to have drawn his likeness, tint for tint and color for color. The fins upon his snow-white belly were of a deep Tyrian purple, and athwart his back there ran two transverse bars of light, like a double-rainbow, with every hue which shines in the prismatic rain-drops. There must have been a piscatorial wailing in the brook when that gorgeous swimmer was missed from the pure element which he graced. A feeling of remorse seized me as I tore the barb from his mouth and the red blood, like that of strawberries, gushed on my fingers. His memory will last, and go down with me through all time, like that of obsolete rainbows, like that of flowers that have flourished in past summers, or grew in gardens which are now waste and desolate. As I contemplated his regal beauty, the heavens grew darker, the thunder muttered in the distance, and the rain began to fall. I scrambled out of the brush-wood, and returned hastily to Sandwich Island. NEPTUNE slumbered beneath the wheels of the chariot, but ST. GEORGE had not returned. In the mean time I threw a brown fly into the stream, which was snapped up by a small

nibbler. Then the rain fell in torrents, and presently I saw my friend lugging his basket, and working his way patiently over the stumps:

'What luck?'

'Pretty good.'

'How many?'

'I have n't counted.'

'I lifted the lid, and, removing the green parsley, rolled over the emollient mass in my hands. He had taken fifty-two — a sporting-basket well-filled, as many as there are weeks in a year, as many as there are cards in a pack — all these while I was angling in the clouds, and wasting the time upon celestial saw-mills.

We washed our hands, and took a drink of grape-blood, and (as Sandwich Island was overflowed) a substantial repast beneath some sheltering boughs. We started out again and fished until the sun sank low. One hundred and twenty fine trouts was the sum-total of the day's sport. But in the afternoon I lost my hooks. How many I caught I will tell if the court rules. St. GEORGE had met with a sad accident, which it is almost indelicate to name. He had come in contact with a sharp splinter, and torn — it would have taken eight tailors to mend them — but his temper was unruffled. He took a well-filled carpet-bag, retired into the secesy of the adjoining woods, and came forth new-panoplied, clean stockings, clean shirt, dry shoes, and span-new breeches. As we returned homeward through the splendid scenery of the mountains, the setting sun shone upon the falling rain, and we saw the rainbow clearly defined, not in front of us, but on our left hand, with its base resting on a meadow.

F. W. S.

A NECESSARY WORD TO NEW CORRESPONDENTS. — Have n't we said, 'for a time, times, or half a time,' that we cannot take upon ourselves to return communications from unknown correspondents? It would require half our working-hours to comply with requisitions in this regard. Moreover, we wish to remark, in respect to those who send us 'hurried' contributions, in prose or verse, that the 'hurry' is entirely on their own side. We are never waiting for matter of any kind. A year's supply, at the very least, is always waiting for us. Asking us to 'correct' articles, too, to make them press-worthy, seems to us a not over-modest proposition, from whomsoever it may come. We wish our correspondents everywhere to 'do their *best*' before they forward their literary ventures. Our *readers* — and they cannot be less than a hundred and fifty thousand every month — *expect* this at our hands. We have much verse sent us that is in no respect 'poetry.' Do but think, that to write poetry, you must *feel* — to describe, you must *observe*. Thoughts peeping from beneath cumbrous word-ornaments that over-load their littleness are too common in much of the verse which is sent us. Take CAMPBELL, BURNS, BYRON — take HALLECK, BRYANT, LONGFELLOW — and remark, that in their most renowned efforts, human *feeling* and pictured *action* are their potent concomitants. *Mere* descriptions of nature, without the associations of humanity, are tame reading, either in prose or verse. 'Look into thy *heart* and write,' is as good advice as ever was given by one poet to another.