

A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust ;
A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill, and which was Joe ?

'No matter : while our home is here,
No sounding name is half so dear :
When fades at length our lingering day,
Who cares what pompous tombstones say ?
Read on the hearts that love us still,
Hic jacet Joe. Hic jacet Bill.

Melody, earnestness and grandeur are displayed in the following :

'Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll !
Leave thy low-vaulted past !
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea !'

Many of the characteristics of his poetry appear in his prose writings. They show suggestiveness, careful thought, poetic diction, aptness of illustration, distinct mental pictures, and an overflow of sentiment in spite of the apparent efforts to suppress it. His thought and his expression are admirably adapted to each other. He is keen in analysis, often expressing every possible phase of a subject, but writes in such form as to awaken new delight at every turn. He mingles humor and wisdom ; he laughs at folly but shows no bitterness ; he despises pretence but fully appreciates strength and character. He adapts his sentences as to length to the importance of his thought, and in other ways shows his mastery of the art of writing and his ability to conceal his art. It would be easy to fill columns with his bright sentences. The following sentences, taken almost at random, will give a taste of his quality.

"Genius has an infinitely deeper reverence for character than character can have for genius : To be sure, genius gets the world's praise, because its work is a tangible product, to be bought, or had for nothing. It bribes the common voice to praise it by presents of speeches, poems, statues, pictures, or whatever it can please with. Character evolves its best products for home consumption ; but, mind you, it takes a deal more to feed a family for thirty years than to make a holiday feast for our neighbors once or twice in our lives. You talk of the fire of genius. Many a blessed woman, who dies unsung and unremembered, has given out more of the real vital heat, that keeps the life in human souls, without a spark fitting through her humble chimney to tell the world about it, than would set a dozen theories smoldering, or a hundred odessimmering, in the brains of so many men of genius."

"The old-world order of things is an arrangement of locks and canals, where everything depends on keeping the gates shut, and holding the upper waters at their level ; but the system under which the young republican American is born trusts the whole unimpeded