

KERAMOS.

Mr. Longfellow's new poem in *Harper's Magazine* for December, has for its subject Pottery—under various national types. Considered simply as a realistic description of ceramic wares and their ornamentation, it is a work displaying an almost magical skill. But it is far more than this—it is an imaginative poem of the highest order, interpreting the subtle analogy which connects art with nature and human life. The poem, with the exquisite illustrations by Fredericks and Abbey, of Harpers', occupies fourteen pages, and we can lay before our readers only a few extracts.

INTRODUCTION.

Turn, turn, my wheel! Turn round and round
Without a pause, without a sound:
So spins the flying world away!
This clay, well mixed with mart and sand,
Follows the motion of my hand:
For some must follow, and some command,
Though all are made of clay!

Thus sang the Potter at his task
Beneath the blossoming hawthorn-tree,
While o'er his features, like a mask,
The quitted sunshine and leaf shade
Moved, as the boughs above him swayed.
And clothed him, till he seemed to be
A figure woven in tapestry,
So sumptuously was he arrayed
In that magnificent attire
Of sable tissue flaked with fire.
Like a magician he appeared;
A conjurer without book or beard;
And while he plied his magic art—
For it was magical to me—
I stood in silence and apart.
And wondered more and more to see
That shapeless, lifeless mass of clay
Rise up to meet the master's hand,
And now contract and now expand,
And even his slightest touch obey;
While ever in a thoughtful mood
He sang his ditty, and at times
Whistled a tune between the rhymes,
As a melodious interlude.

Turn, turn, my wheel! All things must change
To something new, to something strange:
Nothing that is can pause or stay:
The moon will wax, the moon will wane,
The mist and cloud will turn to rain,
The rain to mist and cloud again,
To-morrow be to-day.

DELFT.

What land is this, that seems to be
A mingling of the land and sea?
This land of sluices, dikes, and dunes?
This water-net, that tassels
The landscape? this unending maze
Of gardens, through whose latticed gates
The imprisoned pinks and tulips gaze;
When in long summer afternoons
The sunshine, softened by the haze,
Comes streaming down as through a screen;
Where over fields and pastures green
The painted ships float high in air,
And over all and every where
The sails of windmills sink and soar
Like wings of sea-gulls on the shore?

What land is this! You pretty town
Is Delft, with all its wares displayed;
The pride, the marker-place, the crown
And centre of the Potter's trade.
See! every house and room is bright
With glimmers of reflected light
From plates that on the dresser shine;
Flagons to foam with Flemish beer,
Or sparkle with the Rhenish wine,
And pilgrim-flasks with fleurs-de-lis,
And ships upon a rolling sea,
And tankards pewter-topped, and queer
With grotesque mask and musketeer!
Each hospitable chimney smiles
A welcome from its painted tiles;
The parlor walls, the chamber floors,
The stairway and the corridors,
The borders of the garden walks,
Are beautiful with fadeless flowers,
That never droop in winds or showers,
And never wither on their stalks.

PALISSY.

Who is it in the suburbs here,
This Potter, working with such cheer,
In this mean house, this mean attire,
His manly features bronzed with fire,
Whose figulines and rustic wares
Scarce find him bread from day to day?
This madman, as the people say,
Who breaks his tables and his chairs
To feed his furnace fires, nor cares
Who goes unfed if they are fed,
Nor who may live if they are dead?
This alchemist with hollow cheeks,
And sunken, searching eyes, who seeks,
By mingled earths and ores combined
With potency of fire, to find
Some new enamel hard and bright,
His dream, his passion, his delight?

O Palissy! within thy breast
Burned the hot fever of unrest;
Thine was the prophet's vision, thine
The exultation, the divine
Insanity of noble minds,
That never falters nor abates,
But labors and endures and waits,
Till all that it foresees, it finds,
Or what it can not find, creates?

EGYPT.

And now the winds that southward blow,
And cool the hot Sicilian isle,
Bear me away. I see below
The long line of the Libyan Nile,
Flooding and feeding the parched lands
With annual ebb and overflow:
A fallen palm whose branches lie
Beneath the Abyssinian sky,
Whose roots are in Egyptian sands.
On either bank huge water-wheels,
Belted with jars and dripping weeds,
Send forth their melancholy moans,
As if, in their gray mantles hid,
Dead auhorities of the Thebaid
Knelt on the shore and told their beads,
Beating their breasts with loud appeals
And penitential tears and groans.

This city, walled and thickly set
With glittering mosque and minaret,
Is Cairo, in whose gay bazars
The dreaming traveller first inhales
The perfume of Arabian gales,
And sees the fabulous earthen jars,
Huge as were those wherein the maid
Morgiana found the Forty Thieves
Concealed in midnight ambushade:
And seeing more than half believes
The fascinating tales that run
Through all the Thousand Nights and One,
Fold by the fair Scheherezade.

More strange and wonderful than these
Are the Egyptian deities—
Ammon, and Emoth, and the grand
Osiris, holding in his hand
The lotus; Isis, crowned and veiled;
The sacred Iris, and the Sphinx;
Bracelets with blue-enamelled links;
The Scarabee in emerald mailed,
Or spreading wide his funeral wings;
Lamps that perchance their night-watch kept
O'er Cleopatra while she slept—
All plundered from the tombs of kings.

CHINA.

O'er desert sands, o'er gulf and bay,
O'er Ganges and o'er Himalay,
Bird-like I fly, and flying sing,
To flowery kingdoms of Cathay,
And bird-like poise on balanced wing
Above the town of King-to-teh-ling,
A burning town, or seeming so—
Three thousand furnaces that glow
Incessantly, and fill the air
With smoke uprising, gyre on gyre,
And painted by the lurid glare
Of jets and flashes of red fire.

As leaves that in the autumn fall,
Spotted and veined with various hues,
Are swept along the avenues,
And lie in heaps by hedge and wall,
So from this grove of chimneys whirled
To all the markets of the world,
These porcelain leaves are wafted on—
Light yellow leaves with spots and stains
Of violet and of crimson dye,
Or tender azure of a sky
Just washed by gentle April rains,
And beautiful with celadon.

No less the coarser household wares—
The willow pattern, that we knew
In childhood, with its bridge of blue
Leading to unknown thoroughfares;
The solitary man who stares
At the white river flowing through
Its arches, the fantastic tree,
And wild perspective of the view;
And intermingled among these
The tiles that in our nurseries
Filled us with wonder and delight,
Or haunted us in dreams at night.

And yonder by Nankin, behold!
The Tower of Porcelain, strange and old,
Uplifting to the astonished skies
Its ninefold painted balconies,
With balustrades of twining leaves,
And roofs of tile, beneath whose eaves
Hang porcelain bells that all the time
Ring with soft melodious chime;
While the whole fabric is ablaze
With varied tints, all fused in one,
Great mass of color, like a maze
Of flowers illumined by the sun.

NATURE AND ART.

Art is the child of Nature; yes,
Her darling child, in whom we trace
The features of the mother's face,
Her aspect and her attitude,
All her majestic loveliness
Chastened and softened and subdued
Into a more attractive grace,
And with a human sense imbued.
He is the greatest artist, then,
Whether of pencil or of pen,
Who follows Nature. Never man,
As artist or as artisan,
Pursuing his own fantasies,
Can touch the human heart, or please,
Or satisfy our nobler needs,
As he who sets his willing feet
In Nature's foot-prints, light and fleet,
And follows fearlessly where she leads.

THE
GOLD OF CHICKAREE.

BY
SUSAN and ANNA WARNER.

AUTHORS OF

"WIDE, WIDE WORLD," and "DOLLARS AND CENTS," "WYCH HAZEL," etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE.

The purchases for Chickaree and the Hollow, the various packages that found their destination in Dr. Maryland's house, had all been sent straight off where they were to go. There were however many things bought during those two days of New York work, which had no destination; at least, none as yet known. Such articles had been ordered to the hotel. And it followed, that in the course of a day or two thereafter, the rooms of the suite occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Rollo presented the appearance of a house from which the inhabitants are meditating an immediate journey with all their effects. Packages of all sizes and descriptions had accumulated, to a number which became intrusive upon the notice of said inhabitants.

"What shall we do to make a clearance?" Rollo had said, laughing, as his eyes went round the parlor. "I wish, Hazel, you would look at these things, and see what use you can find for them. Take Byrom to open packages and do them up again, and let him ticket them according to your orders. Will you? and when I come I will help. It is a most ridiculous assortment!"

Accordingly, after luncheon, Hazel put on an apron and summoned Byrom, whom she could not have earlier; she was not afraid of interruptions, not being supposed, as she thought, to be in town. The task set her was an amusing piece of work enough, remembering as she did how and where and why many of the articles had come to be bought. Here were baskets, what an array of baskets! which had been purchased from a poor little discouraged seller of wickerware. A large order had first gone off to Morton Hollow; then as Rollo walked round the store he had picked up this and that and bade the woman send it to the hotel; till the dim eyes had brightened up and the hopeless

face had taken quite another expression. Here was a package of stationery. Hazel remembered the sickly-looking man who had sold it, in a little shop, far down Broadway; she recollected Rollo's cheery talk to the man and some counsel he had given him about his health; which counsel, coming from so free a purchaser, who paid cash with so ready a hand, stood a fair chance of being followed. Here were books, and there were books; here were pictures; there was a package of hardware. Well Hazel remembered a little corner shop into which her husband had turned to get a dog-chain; and where, finding a slim girl keeping shop, and learning that she was doing it for her father who was ill, he had gone on to buy a bewildering variety of things, which he would not order sent to Chickaree, there being perhaps no one in the shop to pack them. Hazel smiled as she recollected how Rollo found out that he wanted all sorts of things from that little establishment, and how the little girl had looked at him and sprung to serve him before he got through.

Byrom was busy unpacking and Hazel examining; the room was in a confusion of papers and twines and ropes; when the door opened, and there entered upon the scene no less a person than Josephine Charteris, née Powder. The lady's look, on taking the effect of things, it is impossible to describe. Hazel was gloved in dainty buff gauntlets, the folds of her scarlet dress half smothered in the great white apron, ruffled and fluted and spotless,—and looked indescribably busy.

"Josephine Powder!—I am not receiving company!" she exclaimed.

"Nonsense! I am glad of it. I want to see you, and I don't want to see other people. How you do look, Hazel! Well—have you really gone and got married, and told nobody? Is it true?"

"Telling people is not one of my strong points," said Hazel. "Phoebe, bring a duster to this chair for Mrs. Charteris."

"It is one of your weak points, I think," said Josephine. "Never mind the chair. What made you do things in that way?"

Wych Hazel dismissed her attendants, and went back to her foot-cushion among the packages. "What makes one do anything?" she asked, beginning upon a series of troublesome knots.

"Him!" said Josephine.—"Not being able to help yourself."

"O is that it?" said Hazel. "There—happily for you, I have found some sugarplums. Do you buy so many now-a-days that you have no taste for more?"

"What on earth are you about?"

"Hard at work on chaos—!"

"What sort of chaos?"

"Don't you see?" said Wych Hazel. "Here are six brackets together, for instance, which should be one in a place; and I am puzzled in what light to hang these pictures;—and these books have no place where to be. And if you want needles, Josephine, or a thimble—or a sewing bird, or any little trifle like notepaper or a clotheshamper, help yourself!"—And her sweet laugh rung out, half for nervousness and half for fun.

"How long have you been married?" was the other lady's impetuous question.

"Since some time last year," said Hazel, dragging up another package.

"Don't be wicked, Hazel! Were you married at Christmas? Kitty Fisher says so, and I didn't believe it. Were you really?"

"I suppose Dr. Maryland does such things 'really,' when he does them at all."

"Yes!" said Josephine, after a moment's pause and with a half groan, "that's the worst of it. I wish I could know it was a sham. I think marriages ought to be broken, if people want them broken. The law ought to be so."

Hazel was silent.

"Don't you think, that when people are tired of each other, they ought not to be bound to live together?"

"But you were tired to begin with."

"No, I wasn't; not so. I thought I could get along with John Charteris. He wasn't a beauty, nor a distinguished speaker, but I thought I could get along with him. Hazel, I hated him before I had been married a week. Men are at your feet till you are tied to them, fast; and then—it's very hard, Hazel!—the man is the master, and he likes it."

"Is that Mr. Charteris?" said Hazel.

"It is every man!"

"Some flourish their sceptres with a difference," said Hazel, her lips at play. "Take another bonbon?"

"It's nothing to laugh at!" said the girl bitterly. "I know you will tell me you warned me,—but what could I do? They were all at me; mamma said I must be married some time; and I thought it didn't make much difference; and now—I think I'll run away. Do you like your husband?"

"No," said Hazel with an indescribable arch of her brows, which was however extremely stately. But as she spoke, the very flush of the morning—all light and joy and promise—stirred and mantled and covered her face. It was unmistakable; words could not have been clearer. She bent down over her parcels, and Josephine, watching her keenly, saw and read. It was very bitter to her.

"Why," she said incredulously, though she was not incredulous, "you used to hate him a year ago. Do you remember when he would not let you ride home with us from the Seaton's one night, and how furious you were? Has he changed?"

"As I never remember hating anybody in my life," said Wych Hazel, "it is perhaps useless to discuss the question. Do you spend the winter here?"

"He had money enough of his own," Josephine went on,—"he had no business to marry you. Well—marriage is a lottery, they say; and I have drawn John Charteris. I suppose I must wear him out. If I could wear him out!—If it was only Jack Charteris!—but he is the sort of man you couldn't say 'Jack' to. Spend the winter here? No, I think not. I shall go to Washington by and by. But I don't see that it signifies much where one is; life is flat when one can't flirt; and John won't let me do that any more, unless I do it on the sly. Do you expect to have anything in the world your own way, with Dane Rollo?"

Hazel felt herself (privately) getting rather "furious" now. Yet the girl at her side stirred her pity, too.

"What sort of a man can you say 'Jack' to?" she inquired, as if she had heard no question.

"You know. A fellow that's anyhow jolly. What are all these things here for?"

"If I were you," said Hazel, "I would make Mr. Charteris so 'jolly' (lend me your word for once) that he would be delighted to have me say 'Jack.'"

"I don't want him to be delighted," said Josephine, "nor to call him Jack. And a man that smokes all the time can't be made jolly. He didn't use to let me see it, you know; and now he don't care. He ought to live in a house by himself, that's all chimney!"

"Counter actions would work a cure," said Wych Hazel, ready to laugh at her own suddenly developed wisdom. "If you make yourself disagreeable, Josephine, I should think he would smoke, and hide you in a haze."

"I don't!" said the girl indignantly. "And nothing on earth will cure a man who smokes. He likes it better than anything except money; far better than me. Try to get your husband—"

Josephine broke suddenly off. The door had opened noiselessly, and Mrs. Powder entered, followed immediately by Miss Molly Seaton.

Greetings and congratulations passed of course, according to form.

"Dane is not at home, my dear?" said the elder lady.

"Husbands are not gallant in these days, mamma," said Josephine.

"But Mr. Rollo is!" said Molly rashly.

"So it seems," said Josephine laughing. "Left his lady-love to put his affairs in order; while he is having a good sleighride somewhere, you bet! But you see, she is busy, like a good child."

"And what are you doing, my dear?" said Mrs. Powder.

Just then the set of Hazel's head would have told keen eyes what she was doing mentally. She was still in her camelshair morning robe; the scarlet folds and the white apron, and herself, making a brilliant spot down among the packages.

"I am putting Mr. Rollo's affairs in order," she said composedly.

"My dear," said Mrs. Powder benevolently, "I am sure he does not want you to open his packages for him."

"I should think you were going to open a shop, if I didn't know better," remarked Molly in evident great curiosity.

"She won't tell," said Josephine. "I suppose she is keeping her own secret. She wants me to believe that she don't feel the chains of wedlock a bit."

"Maybe it is too soon for that," said Molly.

"O is it?" said Mrs. Charteris. "I should like to see that. Just as soon as the minister has done, and said, 'I pronounce you man and wife,'—from that minute a man is changed. He is your very obedient servant when he walks up the aisle; dear me, when he comes down!"

"But you are joking, Mrs. Charteris," said Molly, half alarmed.

"After that, he has the power, and you are queen no longer, but must follow him round the world if he beckons; and he knows it, and he lets you know it too."

"That is a foolish way of talking, Josephine," said her mother. "Of course, there is a certain truth in it, and there ought to be. A man is the head of his house. The only thing to be desired is, that he should rule it well."

"I don't care whether it is well or ill," rejoined Josephine. "What I object to is being ruled at all. It is horrid! You can't talk, mamma, because you know you always held the reins yourself. It's intolerable to have to ask a man for money, unless he is your own father; and to have him put his nose into your affairs and say this must be and that mustn't be. Women know just as well as men how things ought to be."

"I think they do," said Molly.

"And better," added Josephine.

But at this point Hazel gave way and laughed. Such a ring of appreciation and merriment and gladness of heart, as was good to hear. The soft notes made Mrs. Powder smile; but poor Josephine, who could not laugh so, turned aside quick to hide the very different change which came over her face. Before anything further could be said, the door opened again and Rollo came in. He came in with a look upon his face which changed when he saw the three people he had not expected to see. It did not grow less bright, but it changed; the look that was for his wife was for no other on earth; not even for her in the presence of others. He went through the necessary greetings and congratulations with a manner of courtly carelessness, which involun-