

THANKSGIVING.

Oh! the glorious Thanksgivings
Of the days that are no more,
How, with each recurring season,
Wakes their memory o'er and o'er;
When the hearts of men were simpler,
And the needs of life were less,
And its mercies were not reckoned
By the measures of excess.

What a happy turning homeward,
On the eve of that glad day;
With a throng of recollections
Round each object in the way.
Here the school-house with its maple,
Leafless now, and dark and grim,
Shaking with each gust that crossed it
Threat'ning rods on every limb.

There the mill whose towering summit
Boysish feet had loved to climb,
When the distant peak stood beck'ning,
In the glow of even time;
And where boysish hearts had wondered,
Till the coming of the stars
Of the great, wide world that waited
Far beyond those sunset bars.

Ah, how gladly manhood's footsteps
Took again the homeward way,
Fain to leave the world behind them,
Were it only for a day;
Fain to seek the dear old hearthstone,
Warm with loving hearts and true,
While in simple gaitless pleasures
Youth and joy returned anew.

Then how sweet and safe the sleeping
Nest the sheltering roof once more,
With the spongy poplars keeping
Guard above it as of yore,
Homely though the old square chamber,
And its couch but quaint and rude,
Still the dream that smoothes its pillow
Were a bright beatitude.

Heaven send the glad Thanksgiving
Of that older, simpler time,
Tarry with us not in fancy,
Not in retrospective rhyme;
But in true and living earnest,
May the spirit of the day,
Artless plain and unpretending,
Once again resume its sway.

THE CHILDHOOD OF A POET.

The wind that goes blowing where it listeth, once, in the beginning of this century, came sweeping through the garden of this old Lincolnshire rectory, and, as the wind blew, a sturdy child of five years old with shining locks stood opening his arms upon the blast and letting himself be blown along, and as he travelled on he made his first line of poetry and said, "I hear a voice that's speaking in the wind," and he tossed his arms, and the gust whirled on, sweeping into the great abyss of winds. One might perhaps still trace in the noble face of our Poet Laureate the features of this child, one of many deep eyed sons and daughters born in the quiet rectory among the elm-trees.

Alfred Tennyson was born on the 6th of August, 1809. He has heard many and many a voice calling to him since the time when he listened to the wind as he played alone in his father's garden, or joined the other children at their games and jousts. They were a noble little clan of poets and of knights, coming of a knightly race, with castles to defend, with mimic tournaments to fight. Somersby was so far away from the world, so behindhand in its echoes (which must come there softened through all manner of green and tranquil things, and as it were hushed into pastoral silence, and though the early part of the century was stirring with clang of legions, few of its rumors seemed to have reached the children. They never heard at the time of the battle of Waterloo. They grew up together playing their own games, living their own life; and where is such a life to be found as that of a happy, eager family of boys and girls before Doubt, the steps of Time, the shocks of Chance, the blows of Death, have come to shake their creed?

These handsome children had beyond most children that wondrous toy at their command which most people call imagination. The boys played great games like Arthur's knights; they were champions and warriors defending a stone heap, or again they would set up opposing camps with a king in the midst of each. The king was a willow wand stuck into the ground, with an outer circle of immortals to defend him of firmer, stiffer sticks. Then each party would come with stones, hurling at each other's king, and trying to overthrow him. Perhaps as the day wore on they became romancers, leaving the jousts deserted. When dinner-time came, and they all sat round the table, each in turn put a chapter of his history underneath the bowl—long endless histories, chapter after chapter diffuse, absorbing, unending, as are the stories of real life of which each sunrise opens on a new part; some of these romances were in letters, like *Clarissa Harlowe*. Alfred used to tell a story which lasted for months, and which was called "The Old Horse."

Alfred's first verses, so I once heard him say, were written upon a slate which his brother Charles put into his hand one Sunday at Louth, when all the elders of the party were going into church, and the child was left alone. Charles gave him a subject—the flowers in the garden—and when he came back from church little Alfred brought the slate to his brother all covered with written lines of blank verse. They were made on the models of Thomson's *Seasons*, the only poetry he had ever read. One can picture it all to one's self, the flowers in the garden, the verses, the little poet with waiting eyes, and the young brother scanning the lines. "Yes, you can rite," said Charles, and he gave Alfred back the slate.

I have also heard another story of his grandfather, later on, asking him to write an elegy on

his grandmother, who had recently died, and when it was written, putting ten shillings into his hands and saying, "There, that is the first money you have ever earned by your poetry, take my word for it, it will be the last."—Mrs. THACKERAY-RITCHIE, in *Harper's*.

TENNYSON'S YOUTH.

Alfred Tennyson, as he grew up toward manhood, found other and stronger inspirations than Thomson's gentle *Seasons*. Byron's spell had fallen on his generation, and for a boy of genius it must have been absolute and overmastering. Tennyson was soon to find his own voice, but meanwhile he began to write like Byron. He produced poems and verses in profusion and endless in abundance; trying his wings, as people say, before starting on his own strong flight. One day the news came to the village—the dire news which spread across the land, filling men's hearts with consternation—that Byron was dead. Alfred was then a boy about fifteen.

"Byron was dead! I thought the whole world was at an end," he once said, speaking of these bygone days. "I thought everything was over and finished for every one—that nothing else mattered. I remember I walked out alone, and carved 'Byron is dead' into the sandstone."

I have spoken of Tennyson from the account of an old friend, whose recollections go back to those days, which seem perhaps more distant to us than others of earlier date and later fashion. Mrs. Tennyson, the mother of the family, so this same friend tells me, was a sweet and gentle and most imaginative woman; so kind-hearted that it had passed into a proverb, and the wicked inhabitants of a neighbouring village used to bring their dogs to her windows and beat them in order to be bribed to leave off by the gentle lady, or to make advantageous bargains by selling her the worthless curs. She was intensely, fervently religious, as a poet's mother should be. After her husband's death (he had added to the rectory, and made it suitable for his large family) she still lived on at Somersby with her children and their friends. The children were growing up, the elder sons were going to college. Frederick, the eldest, went just to Trinity, Cambridge, and his brothers followed him there in turn. Life was opening for them, they were seeing new aspects and places, making new friends, and bringing their home to their Lincolnshire rectory. "In Memoriam" gives many a glimpse of the old home, of which the echoes still reach us across half a century.—Mrs. THACKERAY-RITCHIE, in *Harper's*.

A TURKEY HUNTER'S ADVENTURE.

R. L. Duffy, while hunting turkeys in Wilcox County, Ga., recently, had a strange adventure which is worth printing. He left home before daybreak and, just as it was light enough to see an object a few yards, he entered the swamp where he knew the turkeys had a roosting place. He sat himself at the foot of a large tree, and in a few minutes he saw the drove of turkeys playing on the ground, as they usually do when they leave their roost. Mr. Duffy laid his gun across a small log, and began taking sight, when he noticed that the log either moved or his gun slipped. He readjusted the gun across the log and again took aim, when the log again moved. This excited him and he forgot the turkeys and began to wonder what could be the matter. On farther investigation he was almost paralyzed with fear at finding that what he supposed was a log on which he had rested his gun was nothing more than a huge gopher snake. The reptile was about thirty-eight feet long, in the imagination of Mr. Duffy, and, although the gopher snake was never known to attack a man without being wounded or disturbed, Mr. Duffy thought it best to leave the swamp, and he did so. We shall probably hear something more from this monster reptile.

MISCELLANY.

An autograph letter of Lord Beaconsfield to Mr. Francis George Heath is prefixed to a new edition of his handbook to Burnham Beeches, in which the author of "Lothair," having mentioned that he passed part of his youth in the shade of Burnham Beeches, added: "I am not surprised that the ancients worshipped trees. Lakes and mountains, however glorious, in time weary. Sylvan scenery never palls."

BOUGUEREAU'S fine painting, "Alma Parens," noticed recently in the *Home Journal*, has been sold from the Goupil gallery to Mr. Blanchard, President of the Erie Railway. The work was a conspicuous feature of the Paris salon exhibition, and so valuable was it considered to be when brought to this country that a duty of four thousand dollars was demanded for its passage through the Custom House. The sale is said to be for twenty thousand dollars.

MINISTER MORTON'S private residence in Paris is an imposing building on the Place des Etats (named in honor of our country), and is a very grand establishment. He entertains quite royally, not even Lord Lyons nor the Duke Fernan-Nunez, the Spanish Envoy, outdoing him in the splendor of his balls and dinners. The chateau of the Duchesse Bujoneon, near Poissy, was occupied by him during the summer, and he did the honors there to many of his American friends.

THOMAS NASH, the artist, lives in a large roomy house standing on the corner of two pretty streets in Morristown, N. J. It has large porches, and almost hidden by the trees and shrubbery. A rustic fence, which Mr. Nash bought at the Centennial, surrounds the yard, in which is a fountain and several pieces of statuary. The interior of the house is furnished elegantly; at the Centennial exhibition alone its owner invested twenty-five thousand dollars in furniture, etc.

COLONEL INGERSOLL has moved into his new house at Washington, next door to Senator Sherman's. His family is a very charming one. Mrs. Ingersoll has a wonderful tact as a hostess, and her two daughters are gifted the same way. During the winter they give weekly receptions. Every one with a decent coat and gentlemanly manner is welcome. But, somehow, the gatherings are not satisfactory. The best people do not go to the Ingersolls. The spectre of atheism is over the house. His family feel it, and the colonel finds that he has not obtained friends nor reputation by his anti-Christian assaults. Consequently he is giving up lecturing.

AMONG the noticeable lady speakers at the Reform Convention recently held in Leeds, England, was Miss Bright, a daughter of the "great tribune," who made a capital speech on woman suffrage. So, too, did Miss Jane Cobden, one of the five daughters of the late famous free-trader, all of whom are said to be "remarkable for beauty and intelligence." Miss Jane Cobden being "strikingly like her father; possessing the same calm, reflective countenance and the same deep, penetrating eyes." Miss Cobden is spoken of as the most energetic of her family, and is the founder of a liberal club, where men and women are admitted upon terms of equality, both sexes being appointed to office.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY speaks as follows of her recent visit to the former home of Harriet Martineau, now occupied by a Quaker family: "I chatted with these friends in the drawing-room where Emerson, Garrison, Charlotte Bronte, and many of the other great sons of earth had come to honor Harriet Martineau in the days gone by. I sat at the table in her library where she had penned so many noble thoughts, looked into the chamber where she had slept, suffered and died, and out at the beautiful landscape she enjoyed in those last sad days. In the kitchen, the same range, dresser, table and chairs stand there as she left them, and her favorite clock and yellow spotted cat, now sixteen years old, still keeps faithful watch on the threshold.

The anniversary of the discovery of America was celebrated in Madrid by a banquet of three hundred covers in the opera house, which was brilliantly illuminated and decorated with flags, the standards of Spain and the American republics, both Anglo-Saxon and Spanish. Speeches in several languages were delivered, after which a statue of Columbus was unveiled. The menu, which was an international curiosity, was:—Soup—Isabel, the Catholic-American Soup; fish from the port of Potos, from which Columbus set sail on his first voyage to America; entrees, loin d'Ameral, Castilian partridge, Andes pheasants, Jamaica punch, roasted Brazilian peacecock, Estramadura beans, Havana sweet breads, New York tees, Granada fruit, and Porto-Rico coffee.

The home of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth who has during the last forty years poured out upon the world such an avalanche of the lightest fiction, is called "Prospect Cottage," and certainly deserves the name, situated as it is in the outskirts of Georgetown, D. C., on a bluff that overlooks the Potomac and commands a view of the wide range of hills and river beyond. The house is an odd gabled affair of very antique pattern, with low eaves and covered with trailing ivy; the rooms are small and few, but exceedingly tasty—a veritable sanctum for one whose thoughts and life drift naturally into a literary vein. Mrs. Southworth herself is tall and rather angular, but exceedingly hospitable, and has many friends. Her receptions are quiet, cosy, inexpensive affairs, thoroughly cordial and enjoyable. She is one of the few ladies who at the present day does not think it necessary to spend lavishly in order to draw guests within her doors.

—STEDMAN, the poet-critic and banker, complains of erroneous rumours which are circulating to the effect that he has abandoned his Wall street business and will henceforth devote himself exclusively to literary pursuits. "This is just now calculated to injure me," he said recently to a correspondent of the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*: "I have, in fact, abandoned writing to go into business, because I could not make a living for myself and family by mere brainwork. Now, if I am deprived of the means to pursue an occupation in which I have been moderately successful, and which I understand, ends my literary life, I shall never write another line. I shall have neither the time to devote to it nor the heart to engage in it. I am a critic and a poet, if you please. The largest income to be derived from literature comes through the novel. The successful novelist, in these days has a golden road before him, but I could not write a novel if I tried, and, I was about to say, I would not if I could, for my reputation has been won, what measure of it I have, by my verse, not by my prose writing. On some accounts I regret now that I ever began in these later years to write criticism. It is a thankless task."

PERE HYACINTHE is now in his fifty-seventh year. He has a broad and well developed chest,

though his shoulders droop after the fashion of those of women. The brow is expansive and smooth as ivory. The eyes are small, and generally dead and dull in the expression except at times, when he carries away the multitude by the passion and of his eloquence. In addressing an audience in the Cinq d'Été he often reminds one of the Hyacinthe who once preached those wonderful sermons to the Catholic éfite of Paris from the pulpit of Notre Dame. At intervals, however, he seems to forget his sacred calling, and will bury his hands in his breeches pockets while discoursing on the rights and prerogatives of divinity! His style of speaking is bold and classic, partaking alike of the fervor of Lacordaire and the stern logic of Bossuet. His gestures are nearly always perfect, and his voice is strong and sonorous. Happy in his exordium, he is happier still in his peroration, for he winds up his discourses in an admirably vehement manner suitable to the tastes of his listeners, who are borne along as on a wave by the magic of his enthusiasm and the art of his peculiar oratory.

WOMAN'S INCONSTANCY. — Francis I. of France wrote one day with a diamond on a window of the Chateau of Chaubaud the two lines—

Souvent femme varie:
Bien fou qui s'y fie.

which, being literally translated, may run thus—

A woman changes oft:
Who trusts her is right oft.

His sister, Queen Margaret of Navarre, protested against the sentiment as a slander, declared she could quote twenty instances of man's fickleness, and then added, "And can you quote as many instances of woman's inconstancy?" It so happened that a few weeks before this a gentleman of the court had been thrown into prison upon a serious charge, and his wife was reported to have eloped with the page. Francis triumphantly cited this case, but Margaret warmly defended the lady, and declared that time would prove her innocence. Not many days had elapsed before it was proved that it was not the lady who had eloped, but the husband. During one of her visits to him in prison they had exchanged clothes, and he was thus enabled to deceive the jailer and make good his escape, while his devoted wife remained in his place. According to promise, Francis destroyed the pane of glass, but the couple is remembered, though the incident which proved it false has long since been forgotten.

TENNYSON'S DEBILITY. — There is a place called Somersby, in Lincolnshire, where an old white rectory stands on the slope of a hill, and the winding lanes are shadowed by tall ashes and elm-trees, and where two brooks meet at the bottom of the green field. It is a place far away from us in silence and in distance, lying up on the "ridged wolds." They found the horizon of the rectory garden, whence they are to be seen flowing to meet the sky. I have never known Somersby, but I have often heard it described, and the pastoral country all about, and the quiet scattered homes. One can picture the rectory to one's self with something of a monastic sweetness and quiet; an ancient Norman cross is standing in the churchyard, and perhaps there is still a sound in the air of the beating of flocks. It all comes before one as one reads the sketch of Tennyson's native place in the *Homes and Haunts of the British Poets*: the village not far from the fens, "in a pretty pastoral district of softly sloping hills and large ash-trees." The little glen in the neighborhood is called by the old monkish name of Hoywell. Mr. Tennyson sometimes speaks of this glen, which he remembers white with snow-drops in the season; and who will not recall the exquisite invocation:

"Come from the wolds that belt the gray hill-side,
The seven elms, the poplars four,
That stand beside my father's door,
And chiefly from the brook that flows
To purify our matted cross and rattle I send,
Or duple in the dark of rainy eves...
O! hither lead thy feet!
Four round mine ears the livelong bleat
Of the thick-wooled sheep from watted folds,
Upon the ridged wolds."

Mrs. JULIA WADE Howe gives the following account of the amount of brain work undertaken and successfully carried through by Margaret Fuller in Boston during the winter of 1836-7:— "To one class she gave elementary instruction in German, and that so efficiently that her pupils were able to read the language with ease at the end of three months. With another class she read in twenty-four weeks Schiller's "Don Carlos," "Artists," and "Song of the Bell;" Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea," "Götz von Berlichingen," "Iphigenia," the first part of "Faust" and "Clavigo;" Lessing's "Nathan de Weise," "Minna" and "Emilia Gallotti;" parts of Træck's "Phantasia," and nearly all the first volume of Richter's "Titan." With the Italian class she read parts of Tasso, Petrarch, Ariosto, Alfieri and the whole hundred cantos of Dante's "Divina commedia." Besides these classes she had also three private pupils, one of them a boy unable to use his eyes in study. She gave this child oral instruction in Latin, and read to him the history of England and Shakespeare's plays in connection. The lessons given by her in Mr. Alcott's school were, she said, valuable to her, but also very fatiguing. Though already so much overtaken, Margaret found time and strength to devote one evening every week to the viva voce translation of German authors for Dr. Channing's benefit, reading to him mostly from De Wette and Herder.