

Letters," and fantastic "Snow Images," and queer old "Houses with Seven Gables." They have presented "Life" to us as in a kaleidoscope, giving us now its "Reveries," and now its "Dreams," and now its strangely woven "Threads," and its most fascinating "Romance." Great is the power of eloquence, both as it falls from the lips of the living and as it is echoed along the track of ages. New England has not been unmindful of this. Largely did she avail herself of it in the olden time. Nor has her recent history been a stranger to its triumphs. The men of this generation have looked on a living trio, the like of which, it may be doubted if the world can furnish. Need I name him, the sleeper at Marshfield, the clear shining of whose logic was as the fullness of noontide; or him of Cambridge, the light of whose genius comes gently and winningly over us, like that day-dawn which he has so exquisitely painted; or him at the head of the Boston bar, the outburst of whose vivid imagination is as the rainbow for mingled beauty, and as the meteor for startling strangeness—yea as a shower of shooting stars, or a whole hemisphere suddenly illumined by auroral splendors? We forget not the sweet influence of poesy, of great potency whether in ballads or in epics. We listen gratefully and exultingly to the "Psalms of Life," and the unique forest melodies, which Longfellow has poured forth; to the grave and "soul-like" tones of Dana's harp; to Whittier's hymns of lofty cheer for honest toil, and his clarion notes of rebuke for