

cibly and yet so modestly, as it appears, upon his own claims to honor, that, despite the obvious disadvantages resulting therefrom, he is immediately successful. In this manner he goes on step by step until he himself attains the position of his former friend. His eminence is not the reward of patriotic toil, nor yet of true integrity, but of a subtle and effective eloquence, a superior power of exaggerating or repressing truth, of enforcing a knowledge of one's own merits, and rendering absurd the claims of others. To him who covets success in politics, this is almost indispensable. Whether the principles that govern the actions of a man be good or evil, his power depends almost wholly on the ability he possesses of explaining those principles in a manner satisfactory to others. Neither, as we have remarked, is such explanation made so fully or so well elsewhere, or by other means, as within the closet and in confidential conversation. In public, the same statements and the same reasoning are subject to the scrutiny of all; but in private, language is with ease adapted to the capacity of comprehension and to the disposition of the auditor. In one case, from its very nature, the subject under consideration is dealt with less minutely than in the other. Many objections apparently trifling in themselves, yet forming together an insuperable barrier to the success of a doctrine, are not so easily advanced nor so easily refuted in public as in private. This assertion need not be repeated, for its truth is found in the history of almost every successful statesman.

But for the sake of social enjoyment, more than influence, should the conversational powers of every individual be cultivated. The pleasure that man experiences in the companionship of his fellows is heightened in proportion to the degree of intellectual refinement found in their mutual interchange of thoughts and feelings. For one of refined sentiments to hold communion with another, whose mind bears only the impress of nature, although his heart be noble and endued with every virtue, is unsatisfactory, nay, even sometimes revolting. A kind and generous thought, if clothed in awkward language, meets no similar response from him to whom it is addressed, while the most unmeaning, if magnificently garbed, receives a hundred times its proper meed of attention.

Now, if all who in any degree possess this talent which gives to life such peculiar charms—this great stepping-stone to influence and respectability in the world, would properly attend to its application—there are probably few things that would contribute more than this to universal happiness. The faculties of the human mind would

be found to expand individually, and the whole mind increase its power. Those who enjoyed the society of Samuel Johnson derived no doubt, from the frequent exercise of his great conversational abilities, more instruction and amusement than they could have done from a thorough perusal of his works. A certain stateliness of diction frequently enters into a written composition that is wanting in extemporaneous expressions. This kind of stateliness, oftentimes approaching bombast, is the least pleasing characteristic of Johnson's style. The anecdotes of him that Boswell has preserved for us, show that in a measure at least his language in private was free from this, while his *sayings* exhibit the same originality and independent way of thinking as do his *writings*.

In conversation, a look, a tone effects its purpose; in writing, everything depends upon the peculiar force and felicity of the expressions employed. To prescribe rules for the government of either were of course absurd. But in the former more particularly, a careful observance, upon all occasions, of that propriety of thought and diction which a moment's reflection will suggest, will surely prove the precursor of ultimate excellence.

TO THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

BY G. C.

Hark! Sprites their airy harp have strung,
Heard'st thou how wildly sweet it rung?
As thro' the chords the breezes sung,
And mournful sighed;
Or sinking low the vales among,
In whispers died.

In solemn murmurs now they rise,
Its utmost art the zephyr tries,
Each varying gale alternate plies,
With tuneful skill,
And wakes each nerve that sleeping lies,
With rapture's thrill.

Methinks 'tis haply such a strain,
As Angels breathe to soothe the pain
Of dying Saints until they're ta'en
To Realms above,
On high the glorious meed to gain,
Their Maker's Love.

'Tis thus the charms of Pleasure steal,
O'er the young mind with joys unreal;
They last, while blows the balmy gale,
Then with it fly,
And leave behind them sorrow's wail
And plaintive sigh.