

surface into due form from the outside. In this way all this exquisite flower-work was produced, and every blossom and leaf, every ear of corn, lily, and primrose, was wrought by the eye and hand of the artist, and each thing bears the mark of his mind and his touch. The work requires generally several repetitions of the process, and the bowl is emptied and filled again. The medallions were made in the same way, instead of being cast from the wax, which is much the easiest way, but does not leave the same fine lines and vital expression."

But no matter how beautiful or appropriate the testimonial, it has but little interest in this case, when compared to the man for whom it was made. His father was Peter Bryant, a physician of Cunnington, Hampshire, Mass., where his son, the subject of this brief notice, was born. The father took extreme care of the moral, religious and physical education of his children, and was rewarded by seeing them at a very early age show a development which to others was a matter of wonder. William Cullen contributed to the "Poet's Corner" of the *County Journal* before he was ten years of age, and his friends had printed for him two considerable poems, entitled "The Embargo" and "The Spanish Revolution," when he was but fourteen. These passed to a second edition, in which it was found necessary to print a certificate of the author's age to relieve the mind of the sceptical public on the question. He was in his nineteenth year when he wrote his "Thanatopsis," a poem full of beauty, in which he describes nature's charms as only a lover of nature can, and in the following lines, gives some advice which would better befit him at the close than at the beginning of his long and honorable life:—

"Stranger, if thou hast learned a truth which needs

No school of long experience, that the world
Is full of guilt and misery, and hast seen
Enough of all its sorrows, crimes and cares
To tire thee of it, enter this wild wood
And view the haunts of Nature."

He entered at Williams College, where he took a high rank, and was admitted to the Bar in 1815. Here again his abilities gave him a first place amongst his associates; but ten years later he removed to New York, where he engaged in the more congenial pursuit of an editor of the *New York Review*. In the following year he became connected with the *Evening Post*, and in a few years had complete control of its editorial columns, which he still retains.

An edition of his poems was published at Cambridge in 1821, and an edition complete up to that time in 1832. A copy of the latter fell into the hands of Washington Irving, then in England, who caused another edition to be published there, since which time Bryant's poems have been, probably, thought more of across the Atlantic than at home.

Mr. Bryant has several times visited Europe, and on one occasion extended his journey to Egypt and Syria. An interesting volume commemorates his wanderings in the old land, as well as others in his own, of which he has seen very much more than most of his countrymen. Even now, at his present advanced age, he is actively engaged in the management of his paper, and is brought prominently to the foreground on occasions such as the present Centennial, when the nation is to be represented in the realms of eloquence or poetry; and he exhibits a vigor which always remains a matter of surprise, but which he ascribes to a good early training, and a habit of not touching intoxicating beverages.