

on the face of it a visible pick-thank kind of character—a thing greatly to be avoided, both at Chicago and here!

These objections do not vanish on reflection, but on the contrary gather weight. Nevertheless, if you and the literary world feel nothing of the like and the Project do take fire and go on, it continues certain that my poor contribution of a copy of my books shall not by any means be wanting.

Believe me always, yours, with many regards,

T. CARLYLE.

THE LILY AND THE LINDEN.

BY ASTRA.

Far away under skies of blue,
In a pleasant land beyond the sea,
Bathed in sunlight and washed with dew,
Budded and bloomed the fleur-de-lis.

'Thro' mists of morning, one by one,
Grandly the perfect leaves unfold,
And the dusky glow of the sinking sun
Flushed and deepened its hues of gold.

She saw him rise o'er the rolling Rhine,
She saw him set in the Western sea,
"Where is the empress, garden mine,
"Doth rule a realm like the fleur-de-lis?"

"The forest trembles before my breath
"From the island oak to the Northern pine,
"And the blossoms pale with the hue of death,
"When my anger rustles the tropic vine.

"The lotus wakes from its slumbers lone
"To waft its homage unto me,
"And the spice-groves lay before my throne,
"The tribute due to the fleur-de-lis!"

So hailed she vassals far and wide
Till her glance swept over a hemisphere,
But noted not, in her queenly pride,
A slender sapling growing near.

Slow uprising o'er glade and glen
Its branches bent in the breezes free,
But its roots were set in the hearts of men,
Who gave their lives to the linden tree.

"Speak, oh! Seer of the mighty mien!
"Answer, Sage of the mystic air!
"What is the lot of the linden green!
"What is the fate of the lily fair?"