

him to the front as a patriot, statesman and orator, as the late civil war made General Grant out of the unknown leather-merchant of Galena. The call "to arms" aroused the genius that was in Grant. The "battle-cry of freedom" fired the soul of Henry, and his eloquence gushed out.

Evidently Patrick Henry did not take much stock in the idea that "sublime scenes" made him what he was. For, he said to a young man, seeking his advice about the study of law, "*Study men, not books.*" He was himself a student of human nature, and not of Dame Nature. Herein lay his power as pleader and public speaker. He did not mean to say that books are of no account. His pleas and speeches are positive proof that he was a careful reader of history, biography, science and literature. At least, he never dreamed that mountain scenery inspired his eloquence. He must have known more about it than anyone else.

There is more theory than fact in the present view of the value of "nature studies." Here and there a poetic and aspiring soul is lifted into a grander career by the beautiful and sublime in Nature, while the great majority of dwellers amidst the same environment plod on, living in the common-place way! Genius is easily inspired to noble action; but the vast multitude of men do not possess genius. Great souls may receive a mighty impulse from a *hint* of Nature; but the rank and file of human souls are not great, and it is well they are not. The falling apple was both a revelation and inspiration to the genius of Sir Isaac Newton, but it meant nothing to the thousands who beheld its fall. He discovered the law of gravitation in it; all other people discovered nothing. Tempests had burst upon the world with lurid lightnings from the days of Adam down to Franklin, who, of all the population, in all the

generations, saw that lightning and the electric fluid were identical. The eye of Franklin's genius was sharp and piercing, while the mass of people had no genius to be sharp.

"Woodman, Spare That Tree," is a fine poem; Morris never wrote a better one. He told the history of it as follows:

"Riding out of town a few days ago, in company with a friend, an old gentleman, he invited me to turn down a little romantic woodland pass not far from Bloomingdale. 'Your object?' I inquired. 'Merely to look once more at an old tree planted by my grandfather, long before I was born, under which I used to play when a boy, and where my sisters played with me. There I often listened to the good advice of my parents. Father, mother, sisters, all are gone; nothing but the old tree remains. And a paleness overspread his fine countenance, while tears came to his eyes. After a moment's pause he added, 'Don't think me foolish. I don't know how it is; I never ride out but I turn down this lane to look at that old tree. I have a thousand recollections about it, and I always greet it as a familiar and well-remembered friend.' These words were scarcely uttered when the old gentleman cried out, 'There it is!' Near the tree stood a man with his coat off, sharpening an axe. 'You are not going to cut that tree down, surely?' 'Yes, but I am, though,' said the woodman. 'What for?' inquired the old gentleman, with choking emotion. 'What for?' I like that. Well, I will tell you; I want that tree for firewood?' 'What is the tree worth to you for firewood?' 'Why, when down, about ten dollars.' 'Suppose I should give you that sum,' said the old gentleman, 'would you let it stand?' 'Yes.' 'You are sure of that?' 'Positive.' 'Then give me a bond to that effect.' We went into