

marble the fierce voluptuous beauty of the Egyptian Queen. Another catches the colouring of Claude, in his “Twilight in the Wilderness.” And if, as I have somewhere heard, it is to the writer of the ballad-song that true poetic fame belongs, that song which is heard at lonely camp-fires, which is sung by sailors at the wheel as the canvas-clouded ship reels on under the midnight gloom through the tumbling seas,—the song which has reached the heart of a nation, and lives for ever in the memory of a people,—then let us remember, when we listen to those wondrous notes on whose wings float the simple words, “Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home;” let us remember the land whose memory called them forth from the heart of an American exile.

And now we must away.