

SILVER FROST.

(Too late for last issue.)

Ye trees! undeck your heads, so lowly bowed—
 With this illusive glitter weighed and dressed;
 Simplicity is burdened to be proud,
 And fairest is an humble garb and best.
 These crowns and jewels hung in the morning gleams,
 Reflect the glamour fancies lend to dreams,
 Poured loose from lavish casket—all the rays
 Of amber pendants softening the glare;
 And golden balls caught from the sun's own blaze;
 An amethysts, set on a twig, ensnare
 The eye with tender gleam to charm away
 From one great emerald, filled with summer day.
 To sight entrancing, yet withal how cold,
 This borrowed wealth of transitory reign!
 So fair, my heart forgets, while I behold,
 Its hope of summer luxury and calm.
 Yet, only to the eye doth such remain
 A constant loveliness, for heart is warm
 And lives not in adornment quick to die
 Beneath the touch, like rainbow never caught,
 Hope striving reaches never. Cast them by,
 Those jewels you cannot keep; true charms, unsought,
 Unlearned, with simple beauty, will combine
 To wed you soon with Spring. Then will your arms,
 Draped modestly, invite the winds to rest
 Mid drowsy shadows; then will you entwine
 The earth's fair bosom, rich in charms,
 When joyous loveliness with you is best.
 Unloose, unloose your forms! their glitter chills,
 Tho' Fancy smiles to look when far away.
 True beauty is so kind it ne'er repels;
 And adoration loves to touch the feet,
 And feel the presence make its love more sweet.
 My fickle eye led longing mind astray
 An eager hour, on you to turn
 Its favor, losing in the sudden flood
 Of glory round you drawn, the simpler good,
 Your truer self; but, love did soon return,
 When wandering thought was weary, glad to dwell
 In places loved and known so well.
 Afield, this liberal splendour mocks decay,
 As if the clover, brown and bloomless thing
 Was not long dead, but new awakening,
 Cased in a crystal globe. Thus false away—
 Vain borrowing of foreign brightness, when,
 Sweet summer hues live not, come not again—
 Vain glory to conceal the blighting hand
 Laid heavily upon the land.
 A bird, wing-weary, seeks to pause, poor thing;
 But not a perch invites to rest, and seeds
 Are sealed to hungry bill—that cruel deeds
 Must add to beauty's reckoning!
 Unloose ye branches from this gaudy state,
 For comely dress 'twill not be long to wait.

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J. F. HERBIN.

MACAULAY.

MACAULAY'S writing is full, free, precise, and read with enjoyment, unabated by effort. Each thought is presented in terms so admirably suited to it, that, though not a single word can be erased without impairing the sense, the blenish of deficiency in language could never suggest itself to the most critical. On the contrary the wonderful adaptation of words to conceptions and the evident ease with which they are applied, attest no feeble control of the English vocabulary. The sentences, arranged with that artistic diversity of length and variety of structure which precludes tedium, succeed each other, so naturally and smoothly that we almost seem to receive the thoughts as they moved, unencumbered by language, through the great essayist's mind. The highest virtue of the style with all its elegance and luxuriance of diction, appears in the unclouded distinctness of meaning. It is not surprising that one whose pen never traced an ambiguous clause, and in whose works it would be impossible to find a solitary word, misused or redundant phrase, should denounce, with scorn and disgust, the diffuse, obscure and confused paragraphs of Saddler. Johnson's stately but prolix and overlaiden periods, must in many cases be reviewed repeatedly before their purport is altogether certain; while Hallam, though sufficiently concise, seems enveloped in a caul of darkness, which it requires more than one persual to remove. Macaulay rarely selects a topic calculated to please the commonplace reader, or likely to afford occasion for humor or satire. His themes rather bear in themselves the promise of uninteresting narration or research, with little to invite the attention of those whose emotions must be effected or passions stirred, e'er any book can secure their admiration. But when passed through the mould of his intellect, dry truths and sober reasoning grow comely and attractive, radiant with interest, and alive with pleasantry.

Whatever the character of his subject, Macaulay's productions are prized alike by all orders of the reading portion of humanity. In them the scholar discovers refinements of learning, and philosophical methods of thought, according well with his own tastes; while the careless and frivolous disposition unallured by these qualities, yet finds delight in the unfailing richness of phraseology and the striking and numberless modes of presentation. His works resemble some