"It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in his tranquility;
The gentleness of heav'n is on the sea:
Listen!—the mighty Being is awake!
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder, everlastingly."

One short extract more, from the same "mighty" poet, who, like the ocean he describes, speaketh, "everlastingly:"—

"The clouds are split asunder, and I see
The clear moon, and the glory of the heavens.
There! in a black-blue vault she sails along,
Follow'd by multitudes of stars, that, small,
And sharp, and bright, along the dark abyss
Drive as she drives. How fast they wheel away,
Yet vanish not! The wind is in the tree,
But they are silent!—still they roll along,
Immeasurably distant; and the vault
Still deepens its unfathomable depth."

To me, these words express the very soul of the scenes described; and it is the power of expressing that soul which constitutes a man a poet. If you will look up *thoughtfully* to the heavens, on a clear but tempestuous night, "when the wind is in the tree, and the stars are silent," your minds will speak to your hearts, and the scene to both, and, for the moment, you will be sublime poets. *Every man* is poetical, when feeling strongly, he reflects deeply. And if there are (which I doubt) men who cannot communicate the soul's electricity to the souls of others—if the heart *ever* fails to make itself understood—depend upon it, there is some misgiving in the speaker, some want of sincerity, something reserved or suppressed. *Then* begins the "strife of poor humanity's afflicted will, struggling *in vain* with ruthless destiny;" and that strife constitutes the moral tragic, as opposed to the physical. "Back!" says truth, smiling through her tears—"not yet, not yet, my poor child, can I take thee to my bosom. Repent! thou hast offended: the want of a single ray of light makes thee all darkness." Alas, young men! there are worse misfortunes than those which accident inflicts upon us—even those direst ones which our want of honesty inflicts upon ourselves!

To the principle that poetry is self-communion, perhaps you will still object, that there is one description of poetry—the metaphorical—to which it does not apply. But, unless a metaphor be sentimental—that is, unless it be, at least, an image and a sentiment—it cannot be poetical, though it may be illustrative. We *feel* the metaphor in Wordsworth, when he says of the placid sea, "The mighty Being *is awake*." The metaphor is perfect. It is an image, a thought, and a sentiment. To the perfection of a metaphor, these *three* conditions are necessary—*it must be, at once, an image, a thought, and a sentiment:* and the more *complete* a metaphor is the more *poetical* it is. No figurative author can live, unless his figures possess two of the three requisites; the metaphors of the highest minds possess them all. There are men without number who can pour out metaphors with amazing fluency, and such men are commonly mistaken for men of poetical minds: it would be as correct to say that ice is of the poetical temperament. Such men are utterly unimaginative, cold in heart, and barren of soul. Good writers and good speakers never use a metaphor, if plain words will express their meaning as briefly and as well. The late Lord Castlereagh, of liberal and diplomatic memory, was a metaphorical speaker: but his mind was not even "the mind of his own eyes"—his images were pictures of nothing—yet some of them have obtained notoriety, at least, if not fame; and they who never saw "the great statesman now no more," may remember his "fundamental feature." Truths which have become proverbs, are almost always expressed metaphorically. *Money makes the old mare trot.* The picture is before you! But why does money make the old mare trot? Because the mare cannot work without food, and food cannot be procured without an equivalent, the representative of which is money. This proverb, then, possesses *two* of the conditions of vitality—*it is an image, and thought;* it speaks to the intellect, and to the fancy, *but not to the heart:* it is not poetry. But the kind-hearted among you can make *poetry* of it, by thinking of the cheerful gratitude of the poor old mare! Our greatest masters of metaphor in prose and verse, are Shakspeare, Junius, and a writer whom I will not name, because, though he is the author of one of the very best books in the world, it is doubted by some men whether, on the whole, his writings have done good or harm. We all remember Shakspeare's "unwedgeable and gnarled oak." This metaphor "is not one," do you say? It is perfect, however, as Wordsworth's. *It is an image, a thought, and a sentiment.* It brings before the imagination the instruments and the action—before the mind, the stubborn texture of the substance acted upon—before the *heart*, the almost eternal struggle of the all but immortal tree with time and death. "The plumage of the noble bird," says Junius, when strangely endeavouring to prove that the trappings of royalty are necessary to the security of the throne—"The plumage of the noble bird supports his flight; strip him of his beauty, and you fix him to the earth." In this sentence he says more, and says it better, then he could, *without the metaphor*, in ten times the number of words; and, the metaphor being perfect, is poetical in the highest degree. During the war of our oligarchy with the colonies, Lord Howe addressed a proclamation to the Americans, bemoaning the insulted dignity of the crown, (meaning the lords and squires,) but saying not a word about slaughtered brethren, widowed mothers, and orphan children. The nameless writer to whom I have alluded, and who was employed by Congress to answer the proclamation, said, in reply, "He pities the plumage, but *forgets* the dying bird." The same author, having shewn that governments hitherto have done more harm than good, and that, if men were wise and good legislation would be unnecessary, says, "Government, like dress, is a badge of lost innocence: it is a temple built on the ruins of paradise." Need I now tell you that these prose metaphors are poetry? They want not the aid of verse to constitute them such; they require not rhyme to make them remembered; the world will not let them be forgotten: possessing all the three requisites of vitality, as metaphors, they are poetry in the highest; and, *therefore*, they can never die. Mere metaphors, then, are *not* poetry. On the contrary, those writers who use them most, are the most unpoetical. Their metaphors may hide the extent of their mental poverty, but cannot place before us, in mournful grandeur, that fallen angel "whose *stature* reached the sky, and on whose crest *sate horror plumed*." It is easy to liken swiftness to a dove's wing; but to make poetry of the image, you must put your hearts into it; and the poetry will be none the worse if you put your heads into it also; for poetry is truth—the *heart's* truth. What were the words uttered by Mary of Scotland, when she first approached the window of her prison at Fotheringay? "Oh, that I had the wings of a dove, *that I might flee away and be at rest!*" Is *this* poetry?" Ay, and such poetry as is to be found only in the pages of inspiration. Perhaps the very highest poetry never yet found words—never yet was expressed metaphorically or otherwise; for it is not the melodious sound, but the inexpressive feeling; not the angel's wing, but the truthful spirit, eternal in its truth. The Almighty himself may not have uttered it; but it is homed in our hearts, be they bad or good, if we have hearts, for truth is there undeceivable; yes, undeceivable, for, though the heart often deceives the head, no man's head ever yet, for a single moment, deceived his heart. Castlereagh's heart was not deceived, when conscience gave him a crimson necklace; Cardinal Beaufort's heart was not deceived, when he died and made no sign. The truth was in their hearts, but in their hearts the truth was not hallowed; their wicked minds were always warned, and they believed—and, at last, they trembled. But now for the end. If it be sinful to waste any thing, why should we waste this lecture? Young men! my hair is already grey. I have lived in eventful times, and witnessed marvellous changes. You will witness changes still more marvellous. William Hazlitt, *using a metaphor which is perfect*, said, *in prose which is poetry*—"That the great world of electricity lies all undiscovered before us; *like America, asleep for centuries by the side of her unconscious sister.*" It may not be in the destiny of any one of you, to invent and perfect a machine which shall be worked without cost by the electric fluid, and supersede the giant power of steam; but if, in my course through life, any truth has been more strongly impressed upon my mind than another, it is this—that (did they but know it) men possess collectively, and therefore individually, the greatest of all powers, except that of Him who is, and was, and shall be—I mean the power of co-operation. Use that power, as true poets write their verses, earnestly, and without selfishness; let the exercise of it be "its own exceeding great reward;" use it in a manner worthy of the living image of the everlasting God, remembering that the great family of man is one family, and that God is its father. And then, if any true-hearted man tells you that he does not understand poetry, tell him, in reply, that it is the business of his life, and that he *practises* it every day. "For Wisdom lives with children round her knees." And this will be the first great discovery which honest co-operation will enable you to make. The most valuable things in the world are men; and when the majority of you think so, wo be to them who shall dare to throw away a man! You will, then, hear no more of emigration-committees. But now, mark! He who compels, or willingly suffers, a human being to remain in ignorance, does much worse than throw away a man; he converts a man into a beast, fit only to beget creatures destined to live and perish miserably—creatures without *minds*, and therefore not men! In furtherance, then, of that co-operation which can alone put an end to such wickedness and misery, may God hallow and bless in your thoughtful hearts *the truth*, which is poetry; not that barren understanding which meaneth no evil, but that only fearless and truly pious one, *which meaneth good!* I must now conclude this long exemplification of a principle which is perhaps of little importance, but which must be of some, or you would not have come to hear me talk about it. I thank you for your thanks, your applause—and your silence, the best applause; and surely I have reason to be proud and thankful, if I have at all deserved the approbation of the townsmen of Daniel Sykes and Andrew Marvel.

Anecdote of John Adams.—Behind the house of John Adams, lies a meadow of some extent, with which is connected an anecdote he was wont himself to relate to the last days of his life. We extract its narration from the History of Quincy, the author of which has heard it from his own lips. It is interesting, as showing that from accidental circumstances often spring the most important changes in the lives and fortunes of distinguished men. We only premise, when young, President Adams senior, was but little attached to books. Study was to him a task.

"When I was a boy, I had to study the Latin grammar, but it was dull and I hated it. My father was anxious to send me to college, and therefore I studied grammar till I could bear with it no longer: and going to my father, I told him I did not like to study, and asked for some other employment. It was opposing his wishes, and he quick in his answer, 'Well, John,' said he, 'if Latin grammar does not suit, you may try ditching; perhaps that will. My meadow yonder needs a ditch, and you may put by Latin and try that.'

"This seemed a delightful change, and to the meadow I went. But I found ditching harder than Latin, and the first forenoon was the longest I ever experienced. That day I ate the bread of labor, and glad was I when night came on. That night I made some comparison between Latin grammar and ditching, but said not a word about it. I dug the next forenoon, and wanted to return to Latin at dinner; but it was humiliating, and I could not do it. At night toil conquered pride, and I told my father—one of the severest trials of my life—that if he chose I would go back to Latin grammar. He was glad of it, and if I have since gained any distinction, it has been owing to the days' labor in that abominable ditch.—*American Mag.*

THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA.

Translated from the German of Schiller.

It comes! it comes! the South's armada proud—
Th' Atlantic groans beneath the load;
With clank of chains, with thunders long and loud,
It comes, and brings another god!

A floating host of direful citadels—
Its equal never yet has ploughed the sea—
The Invincible its name shall be.
Proudly each keel the trembling wave repels.
The dread that on it waits
That haughty title consecrates.
Trembling and slow the billows glide
Beneath the fleet that o'er them sweeps;
It bears destruction far and wide;
Proudly it sails, whilst every tempest sleeps.

Now near thy shores it rides the wave,
Thou blessed Island, empress of the sea!
These fearful host of galleons threaten thee,
Britannia, island of the brave!
Wo to thy sons, free-born and proud!
Behold it there, a bursting thunder-cloud!

Say, who for thee that glorious prize has gained,
That made thee queen of every land on earth?
Wast not thyself, by proud and haughty kings constrained,
That to the wisest law of states gav'st birth?
The glorious scroll, thy kings to citizens that made,
To princes raised thy people free.
Thy fleets' o'erwhelming mastery—
Was't not thy arm, 'gainst butchering hosts array'd,
That gained it on the blood-stained sea?
And won by whom?—Oh blush, ye nations at the word!
Won only by thy genius and thy sword.

Unhappy land! behold they come! these fire-emitting giant masses!
Behold them, and forbode thy glory's fall!
Now trembling watch the nations all,
And every free-born heart indignant burns,
And every pure and pious spirit mourns
In sorrow at thy glory's fall.

But, lo! the Almighty God looked down,
Saw high in air thy foemen's lion flags display'd,
Saw thy inevitable ruin frown—
"And shall my Albion perish thus?" he said—
"My race of heroes be destroy'd?
That only dam that stems oppression's tide
Should fall?—that bulwark 'gainst the tyrant's sway
Should from the face of earth be swept away?
No! ne'er shall that fair land of Freedom's birth,
That strong defence of man's just rights, be crush'd!"
Th' Almighty breathed o'er earth,
And far to every wind the Armada rushed!*

N.

* Alluding to the medal which appeared at the time, representing a fleet decoyed by a storm, with the motto, "Afflavit Deus, et dissipati sunt."

A woman may be of great assistance to her husband, in business, by wearing a cheerful smile continually upon her countenance. A man's perplexities and gloominess are increased a hundred fold when his better half moves about with a continual scowl upon her brow.

Lord Mansfield being told of a very young lady having married a gentleman of seventy years of age, his Lordship said, "she had better married *two thirty-fives*."