

bridge, which seems to span with easy stride the peaceful lakelet below. Solidity is, to some extent, a characteristic of this specimen of architectural skill; yet beauty—unmarred beauty is decidedly its leading feature. The style is suspension. The four shapely granite towers that rise in strict uniformity at opposite extremities of the structure, are elegantly fashioned and embossed with exquisitely traced fantastical images and striking representations in bold relief. The sides of the bridge present, in beautiful array, all the intricacy of plan and delicacy of construction that could, with propriety, be adapted to the end for which it is designed.

The prospect from this arch is pleasing and pretty. The mirror-faced pool below is encircled with a granitic margin, elegantly curved and polished, while on the glassy surface of the water float the sylph-like forms of numerous swans. These gliding about peacefully and easily seem, nevertheless, to be conscious of their graces and charms, nay, even to look down with an air of contempt and disdain, upon the less beautified aquatic birds that chance to float rather close to their *Swanic* majesties. Stationed upon the bridge, we have also an unlimited view of the Garden, and of the greater portion of the elm-studded Common. These now are being rapidly thronged with the gay, the fashionable, and the business portion of the citizens. Some of the *elite* whom we observe sitting beneath the umbrageous trees of the common are probably discoursing, with Yankee rapidity and zest, the general topics of the day; while others, fiddled upon by the fingers of joy, with great éclat promenade the shady avenues, lisping sweeter cadences than politics *ever* knew. From the bridge we pass back slowly toward the Common, on which a band of musicians are now discoursing sweetest lays. The tender strains falling upon the ear from the distant hill have a tendency to lull the mind into a kind of satisfied languid quiescence; but when the roar of the drum and the shrill clear voice of the bugle join in with the softer notes of the more delicate instruments, they well forth unitedly glorious reverberating symphonies, swelling round and round in long reduplications of sweetness, that call up the liveliest and purest emotions of the soul, and weave in its exalted realm the fabrics of consummate bliss.

Reluctantly we continue our walk toward the spot at which we entered this little Eden, and, arriving there, turn to review, perhaps for the last time, the beauteous scenery we have traversed. The sun is just setting,—“burning the threshold of the night.” His fiery rays, darting across the western horizon, spread long shadows of the lofty trees upon the grassy lawns. The flowers in meek-

ness bend their gentle heads as the flame of the great lamp for a moment flickers and struggles dying, yet dying, struggles. The very air now seems permeated with fragrance ambrosial; and with widely-expanded hearts we imbibed the soul-comforting, heart-refreshing spirit with which it seemed pregnant. But we leave the enchanting ground. Another day has come and gone, and lurid twilight following rapidly, yet stealthily, in its train, begins to usher in the gloom of night.

GENIUS *versus* LABOR.

WE think that it will not be overstepping the bounds of reason or propriety, when we assert our opinion, that the world is indebted but in a very small degree to the achievements of unpremeditated Genius. The ideas entertained by a large class of individuals as to the exact value and extent of that unnamable Apollo, are somewhat chaotic, and certainly not to be defined. It bears a prestige and a character undeserved; its very name suggests some transcendent quality. At its mention, one thinks of a mighty talisman, at whose command hidden wonders were revealed; of an “open sesame” to inner secret caverns, where gems of infinite value glitter; of the Philosopher’s stone turning pale leaden lumps into glittering massy gold. This fanciful idea of that technical term is certainly intruding upon the ideal. Yet there is another extreme. Those who maintain a universal equality of innate power, that dame Nature bestows her gifts with impartial hand, are perhaps, as far removed from a just conception in an opposite direction. We may hold more tenable ground in an intermediate position. Let us take away the idea of mighty problems solved without effort; of leaping into fame by means of a self-acting propeller, and substitute a proper proportion of rigorous, assiduous toil. Then call the result by any name you please. By such a union of culture and *ingenium*, we may easily account for almost every seeming prodigy of nature or transcendent power of intellect. It is sad to reflect how much of this soul vitality lies unknown and unsought, mouldering and decaying in its bud, because it has not come into contact with the nerving, amplifying forces of culture and education; because the hard hands of toil, which can alone render forces effective, have neither been allowed to fashion it into symmetry, nor to utilize it.

Earth has her countless gems hidden in deep unfathomable mines; Ocean her pearls buried in soundless caverns; yet not more effectually are they concealed, than those uncultivated gems of talent which perish for lack of nurturing care.

There are Hampdens and guiltless Cromwells, whom the world needs to lead the van of another social revolution; Wilberforces, whose tones renewing all the eloquence of yore, should penetrate the damps and darkness of moral and intellectual slavery; Miltons, who might mark and impress our nineteenth century Literature with the rugged grandeur of the past. But the

“Hands that the rod of Empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre,”

have never learned to wield the pen or the golden tongue of speech. Seldom do we see the flame burst forth uncalled. External influences mould, educate and direct. Cromwell, the hero of Carlyle, was only drawn from his retreat where he directed his plough, by the exigencies of the times, to be the central mind of Europe. From such a stand-point as we take, the secret of intellectual excellence is not undiscernable. The biographies of men who have fought and won, and our own experience, throws a ray of light upon it. In the centre of that galaxy where the subtle perception, vivid imagination, capacity of thought and fertility of invention shine so conspicuously, appears one with steadier radiance than any, which we may denominate—Application—Industry. We hear that a certain person was never very brilliant, but an indefatigable worker; another one learned almost by intuition. One is called talented, the other dull. But heights are accessible to the dauntless climber, to which the irregular efforts of showy brilliancy cannot attain; the loftiest pinnacle of enduring fame is open to the patient plodder, above the highest flight of eagle pinions. Give us, then, the faculty of noble, God-like action, the spirit that beholds in toil a necessity of life; whose sweetest rest is motion; the energy which gropes in darkened cells for light, and all sweating, wields the pick-axe in the deep mines of Truth, both in the day of hurrying activity, and amid the silence of a sleeping world.

It is a wise and universal law that labour is a necessity to health. Without it the mind, however richly endowed, is

“A spot of dull stagnation without light,”
“A still salt pool locked in with bars of sand.”

Indeed it may well be doubted whether that mind can claim the quality of native force and capacity, unless it is possessed of that indwelling fundamental principle. Thoughts, inventions, discoveries, are not cast like drift wood upon the strand of the great mind-ocean; they were generated amid the labourings and throbings of every soul-pulse aroused, and kindled into a burning intensity of action. Every trophy, torn from the mysteries of the Unknown, has been bought by long years of travail, at times so agonizing,