SECTION VI.

I.

22. AN IDEAL FARM.

AS a work of art, I know few things mōre pleasing to the eye, or more capable of affording scope and gratification to a taste for the beautiful, than a well-situated, well-cultivated farm. The man of refinement will hang with never-wearied gaze on a landscape by Claude[1] or Salvator:[2] the price of a section of the most fertīle land in the West would not purchase a few square feet of the canvas on which these great artists have depicted a rural scene. But nature has forms and propōrtions beyŏnd the painter's skill; her dĭvīne pencil touches the landscape with living lights and shadows, never mingled on his pallet.

2. What is there on earth which can more entirely charm the eye or gratify the taste than a noble farm? It stands upon a southern slope, gradually rising with variegated ascent from the plain, sheltered from the north-western winds by woody heights, broken here and there with mŏss-covered boulders, which impart variety and strength to the outline.

3. The native fŏrest has been cleared from the greater part of the farm; but a suitable pōrtion, carefully tended, remains in wood for economical purposes, and to give a picturesque[3] effect to the landscape. The eye ranges round three-fourths of the horīzon over a fertīle expanse—bright with the cheerful waters of a rippling stream, a generous river, or a gleaming lake—dotted with hamlets, each with its modèst spire; and, if the farm lies in the vicinity of the cōast, a distant glimpse from the high

[1] **Claude,** a landscape painter, called Lorraine, from the province of that name, where he was born in 1600. He was an orphan at 12 years of age, and displayed but a dull intellect in his youth. His works in Rome were so numerous and beautiful that he was recognized as one of the great masters at 30 years of age. For more than forty years afterward he presided in Italy, and painted until very old.

[2] **Salvator Rosa,** an Italian painter, poet, musician, and actor, was born in Arenella, near Naples, June 20, 1615, and died in Rome, March 15, 1673.

[3] **Pĭct'ūr ĕsque',** expressing that peculiar kind of beauty that is pleasing in a picture, natural or artificial.

grounds, of the mysterious, everlasting sea, completes the prospect.

4. It is situated ŏff the high rōad, but near enough to the village to be easily accessible to the church, the school-house, the pōst-ŏffice, the railroad, a sociable neighbor, or a traveling friend. It consists in due propōrtion of pasture and tillage, meadōw and woodland, field and gardən. A substantial dwelling, with everything for convenience and nŏthing for ambition—with the fitting appendages of stable and barn and corn-barn and other farm-buildings, not forgĕtting a spring-house with a living fountaĭn of water—occupies, upon a gravelly knoll, a position well chosen to commānd the whōle estate.

5. A few acres on the front and on the sides of the dwelling, set apart to gratify the eye with the choicest forms of rural beauty, are adorned with a stately avenue, with noble, solitary trees, with graceful clumps, shady walks, a velvet lawn, a brook mûrmuring over a pebbly bed, here and there a grand rock whose cool shadow at sunset streams ăcrŏss the field; all displaying, in the real loveliness of nature, the original of those landscapes of which art in its perfection strives to give us the counterfeit presentment.

6. Animals of select breed, such as Paul Potter,[1] and Morland,[2] and Landseer,[3] and Rosa Bonheur[4] never painted, rōam the pastures, or fill the hurdles and the stalls; the plow walks in rustic majesty ăcrŏss the plain, and opens the genial bosom of the earth to the sun and air; nature's holy mystery of seed-time is solemnized beneath the vaulted cathedral sky; silent dews, and gentle showers, and kindly sunshine, shed their sweet

[1] **Paul Potter,** a Dutch painter, the superior of all contemporary artists in cattle pieces, was born in Enkhuysen in 1625, and died in Amsterdam, Jan. 15, 1654.

[2] **George Morland,** an English painter, born in London, June 26, 1763; died there in 1806. At the present day his well-authenticated pictures bring large prices.

[3] **Sir Edwin Landseer,** a painter of animals, was born in London in 1803. No English painter of the century has been more universally popular. For more than 40 years he has been a royal academician, and in 1850 he was knighted. His labors have been very lucrative.

[4] **Rosa Bonheur,** a French painter of animals whose works are widely known and have been compared to Landseer's, daughter of Raymond Bonheur, also a painter, was born at Bordeaux, May 22, 1822.

influence on the teeming soil; springing verdure clothes the plain; golden wavelets, driven by the west wind, run over the joyous wheat-field; and the tall maize fläunts in her crispy leaves and nodding tăssels.

7. While we labor and while we rest, while we wake and while we sleep, Gŏd's chemistry, which we can not see, goes on beneath the clods; myriads and myriads of vital cells ferment with elemental life; germ and stalk, and leaf and flower, and silk and tassel, and grain and fruit, grow up from the common earth. The mowing-machine and the reaper—mute rivals of human in'dustry—perform their gladsome task. The well-filled wagon brings home the ripened trĕasures of the year. The bow of promise[1] fulfilled spans the foreground of the picture, and the gracious covenant is redeemed, that while the earth remainèth, summer and winter, heat and cold, and day and night, and seed-time and harvèst, shall not fail.

EVERETT.

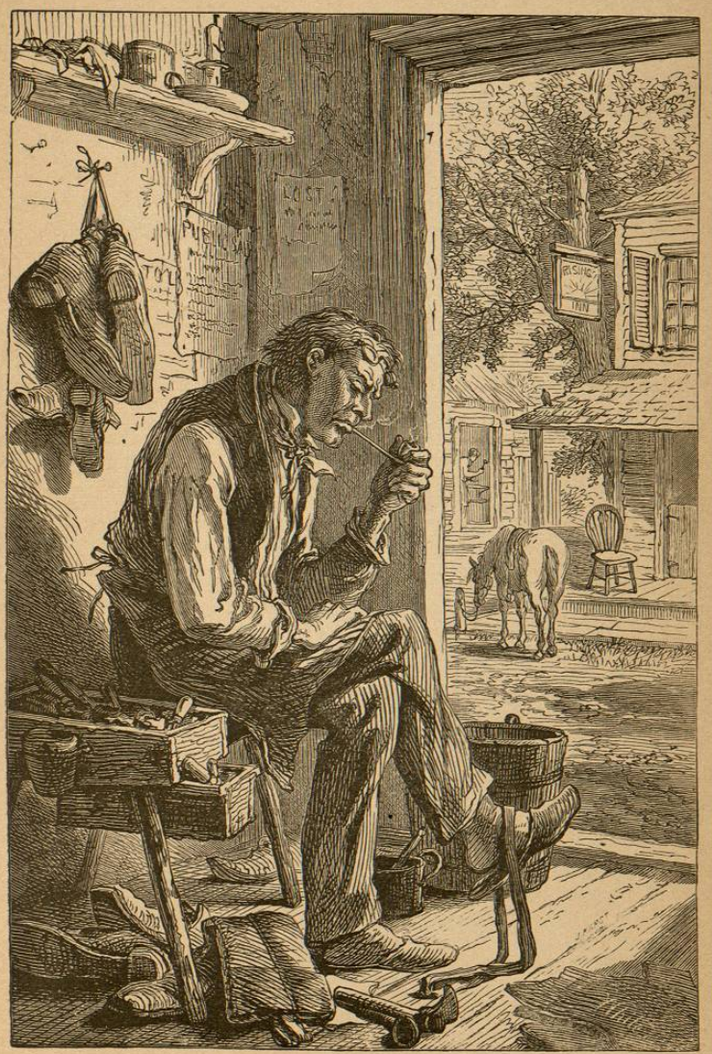
EDWARD EVERETT, an American statesman, orator, and man of letters, was born in Dorchester, near Boston, Mass., April 11th, 1794. He entered Harvard College in 1807, where he graduated with the highest honors at the early age of seventeen. In 1815, he was elected Greek Professor at Harvard College. He now visited Europe, where he devoted four years to study and travel, and made the acquaintance of Scott, Byron, Campbell, Jeffrey, and other noted persons. He was subsequently a member of both houses of Congress, Governor of Massachusetts, Embassador to England, President of Harvard College, and Secretary of State. As a scholar, rhetorician, and orator, he has had but few equals. Through his individual efforts, chiefly as lecturer, the sum of about $90,000 was realized and paid over to the Mount Vernon fund, and sundry charitable associations. He died in January, 1865.

II.

23. THE STRANDED VILLAGE.

OVER the wooded northern ridge,
Between its houses brown,
To the dark tunnel of the bridge
The street comes straggling down.

[1] **Bow of promise,** the rainbow. "I will set My bow in the clouds," God said to the patriarch Noe after the deluge, "and it shall be the sign of a covenant between Me and between the earth. . . . . And I will remember My covenant with you and with every living soul that beareth flesh, and there shall no more be waters of a flood, to destroy all flesh." (Gen. ch ix., v. 13–15.)



The toll-man in his cobbler's stall
Sits smoking with closed eyes.

2. You cătch a glimpse through birch and pine
Of gable, roof, and pōrch,
The tavern with its swinging sign,
The sharp horn of the church.

3. The river's steel-blue crescent curves
To meet, in ebb and flow,
The single broken wharf that serves
For sloop and gundelow.

4. With salt sea-scents ălŏng its shōres
The heavy hay-bōats crawl,
The long antennæ[1] of their ōars
In lazy rise and fall.

5. Along the gray abutment's wall
The idle shad-net dries;
The toll-man in his cobbler's stall
Sits smoking with closed eyes.

6. You hear the pier's low undertone
Of waves that chafe and gnaw;
You start—a skipper's horn is blown
To raise the creaking draw.

7. At times a blacksmith's anvil sounds
With slow and sluggard beat,
Or stage-cōach on its dusty rounds
Wakes up the staring street.

8. A place for idle eyes and ears,
A cobwebbed nook of dreams;
Left by the stream whose waves are years
The străndèd village seems.

9. And there, like other mŏss and rust,
The native dweller clings,
And keeps, in uninquiring trust,
The old, dull round of things.

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[1] **An tĕn′ næ**, movable, articulated organs of sensation, attached to the heads of insects, and crustācea—animals with crust-like shells, such as lobsters, shrimps, and crabs. There are two in the former and usually four in the latter. They are used as organs of touch, and, in insects, are vulgarly called *horns*, and also *feelers*.

10. The fisher drops his patient lines,
The farmer sows his grain,
Content to hear the murmuring pines
Instead of railrōad-train. WHITTIER.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, an American poet, was born near Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1808. In 1828, he became the editor of a Boston newspaper entitled the "American Manufacturer," and later on edited the "New England Weekly Review," at Hartford. He has been a prolific and popular writer in prose and verse. A complete edition of his poems, in two volumes, appeared in 1863; "Snow-Bound, a Winter Idyl," in 1866; "The Tent on the Beach, and other Poems," in 1870.

III.

24. THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

WE sat within the farm-house ōld,
Whose windōws, looking ō'er the bāy,
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cōld,
An easy entrance, night and dāy,

2. Not far ăwāy we saw the pōrt—
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town—
The light-house—the dismantled fōrt—
The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

3. We sat and talked until the night,
Descending, filled the little rōōm;
Our faces faded from the sight—
Our voices ōnly broke the gloom.

4. We spake of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been, and might have been,
And who was changed, and who was dead;

5. And all that fills the hearts of friends,
When first they feel, with secret pain,
Their lives thencefōrth have separate ends,
And never can be one again;

6. The first slight swerving of the heart,
That words are powerlèss to express,
And leave it still unsaid in part,
Or say it in too great excess.

7. The vĕry tones in which we spake
Had something strange, I could but mark;
The leaves of mĕmòry seemed to make
A mōurnful rustling in the dark.

8. Oft died the words upon our lips,
As suddenly, from out the fire
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
The flames would leap and then expire.

9. And, as their splendor flashed and failed,
We thought of wrecks upon the main—
Of ships dismantled, that were hailed
And sent no answer back again.

10. The windōws rattling in their frames—
The ocean, rōaring up the beach—
The gusty blast—the bickering flames—
All mingled vaguely in our speech;

11. Until they made themselves a part
Of fancies floating through the brain—
The lŏng-lŏst ventures of the heart,
That send no answers back again.

12. O flames that glowed! O hearts that yearned!
They were indeed too much akin—
The drift-wood fire without that burned,
The thoughts that burned and glowed within.
LONGFELLOW.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, the most widely known, and in many respects the most admirable of American poets, was born in Portland, Maine, on the 27th of February, 1807. His earliest poems were written for the "U. S. Gazette" while he was still a student at Bowdoin College, and from that period he has been recognized as one of the first writers in prose and verse of this century. His prose works are "Outre Mer," a collection of tales and sketches, "Hyperion," a romance, and "Kavanagh." The first collection of his poems, entitled "Voices of the Nght," was published in 1839. It was followed by "Ballads and other Poems," in 1841; "The Spanish Student," a play, in 1843; "Poems on Slavery," in 1844; "The Belfry of Bruges, and other Poems," in 1845; "Evangeline, a Tale of Acadie," in 1847. By the latter poem, and "Hiawatha," published in 1855, he is, perhaps, most generally known, although many of his minor poems are household words wherever English is spoken. He is an accomplished translator from several languages. He died March 24, 1882.

IV.

25. ASPECTS OF NATURE.

THE diverse aspects of nature, like the manifold meanings of art, are so many voices which penetrate the heart and speak to the intelligence. Everything in the visible world—the world which we see and hear—expresses the heart's thought or responds thereto. It is the old story in another language; for nature, too, is what the fall of man has made it. Its scenes and effects have a mysterious analogy with the dispositions we bear within—bŏth with those we would resist and those whose triumph we would secure.

2. The result of this connection is that this inanimate,[1] insensible nature is not without its effect on us—that our mŏral impressions depend upon it, and it does us good or harm according to the page which arrests our attention; in this great book of nature we find ourselves modified. By turns it strengthens or seduces us, troubles or călms; causes to circulate in our veins the pure air of the mountains with its swift and buŏyant life, or the perfumed breezes of the valley with their perfidious softness. We yield to the influence of the phenomena which it displays in our sight.

3. Thus its grand perturbability[2] unsettles us; a terrible fatality seems to urge us toward the yawning chasm. The rocks, piled and jagged, like petrified tempests, remind us of other terrible and lasting ravages. Vertigo seizes us on steep and lŏfty heights; and a close and narrow horizon fatigues the eye, which requires space as the soul requires a future. The sublime majesty of the ocean, or the Alps, transports us, gives us glimpses of other heavens beyond the clouds; yet soon the need of rest, even from admiration, forces itself upon us.

4. In consequence of this reaction, when urged by a longing for strength and peace, we fly the foaming, hurrying tŏrrent—the running stream which makes us dream too much—the river which flows into the distance. Instinctively, and as if to assure the free possession of ourselves, we pause on the shore of those peaceful lakes—those wonderful sheets whose aspect, at once

[1] **In ăn′i mate,** not animated; void of life.

[2] **Per turb′a bĭl′i ty,** capacity for change.

solemn and serene, raises the tone of our meditations. In such a tranquil and harmonious mood, nŏthing appeals or responds to us more perfectly than those shadowy tarns[1] hidden in the recesses of the mountains, whose glassy surface is another ăzure sky.

5. What thought and feeling does it not awaken—that solitary, remote, silent, nameless lake? Pure, limpid waters in a verdant cup—a single glance takes in their charming unity. Living, but restrained within limits which they can not pass, they seem like wisdom reconciled to necessity. Ask the lake the secret of its deep inner life, and it answers by the rich vegetation of its border. Life and its blessings are everywhere on its banks, and in its bosom; danger, nowhere. The wave upon its surface stirs not the golden sands of its bed; it hides no ruins, for it has seen no shipwreck. SWETCHINE.

ANNE SOPHIE SOIMONOFF was born in Moscow in 1782. In 1799 she married General Swetchine, at that time military commandant and provisional governor of St. Petersburg. In 1815 she became a convert to the Catholic faith, and was in consequence obliged to exile herself from Russia. She died in Paris, September 10, 1857. Her life and works were published in two volumes by the Count de Falloux, in 1859. A translation, made by Harriet W. Preston, was published in Boston in 1867, and has passed through eight editions. She was a graceful and thoughtful writer, and exerted much influence among the literary and religious celebrities of her day.

V.

26. THE GOLDEN SEA.

A SONG for the gōlden sea!
A song for the wide and wondrous main!
For the wind-swept waves of the golden grain
That sway on the sunlit lea![2]

2. Over the mighty deep,
Over the waste of the waters vast,
The stormy rack and the roaring blast
In Nemesis[3]-fury sweep.

[1] **Tarn,** a mountain lake; a pool.

[2] **Lēa,** grass or sward-land; a pasture or a meadow.

[3] **Něm′e sis,** in Grecian mythology, the goddess of retributive justice or vengeance.

3. Woe for the ships that gave
Their priceless freight to the traitorous tide,
And dâred, in their boasted strength, to glide
Over the slumbering wave!

4. Woe for the storm-rent sails,
For the riven mâsts and the parted ropes,
And the human power that vainly copes
With the strength of ocean gales!

5. Oh terrible unto me,
In peaceful mask, or in warlike crest,
With storm or zephyr to stir its breast,
Is ever the watery sea!

6. But sing for the wave of gold—
For the shining bĭllōws that whisper low
To the summer breezes, that come and go,
Of their magical wealth untold.

7. Sweet store of the sunlit lea!
Ah, richest trĕasures of gōlden grain!
Ah, priceless freight of the creaking wain,
Of the land's proud argosy!

8. From heaven that smiles above,
From the golden touch of the royal sun,
The shining sea of the vale hath won
The rârest gift of his love.

9. For he came in regal pride
To bathe in the dewy and verdant sea,
And lo! on the breast of the fragrant lea,
A bright Pactolus[1]-tide!

10. Gŏne was the emerald hue,
But over the wind-swept meadows rolled
The wondrous billows of shining gold,
With diamond crests of dew.

[1] **Păc tō'lus**, a river in Lydia, Asia Minor, famous for its golden sands. Its modern name is Sarabat.

11. While ships to death go down,
The golden waves of the plain are rife
With glorious dower of wealth and life,
Their glad explorer's crown.

12. This is the priceless boon
Of the golden sea, that the sickle cleaves—
The billowy heaps of the banded sheaves,
Upreared in the summer's noon.

13. Then swell the harvest glee!
Of gleaner's carol and reaper's strain,
Be this the ringing and glad refrain:
"*All hail to the golden sea!*"

SKIDMORE.

HARRIET M. SKIDMORE, a writer of more than usual poetical ability, whose contributions to various Catholic periodicals, over the signature "Marie," were collected and published in one volume, entitled "Beside the Western Sea," in 1877.

SECTION VII.

I.

27. PRISON SCENE FROM "CALLISTA."

TWO men make their appearance about two hours before sunset, and demând admittance to Callista. The jailer âsks if they are not the two Greeks, her brother and the rhetorician,[1] who had visited her before. The junior of the strangers drops a purse heavy with coin into his lap, and passes on with his companion. When the mind is intent on great subjects or aims, heat and cold, hunger and thirst, lose their power of enfeebling it; thus, perhaps, we must account for the remarkable energy now displayed bōth by the two ecclesiastics and by Callista herself.

2. She, too, thought it was the unwelcome philosopher come again: she gave a start and a cry of delight when she saw it was Cæcilius. "My father," she said, "I want to be a Christian, if I may; He came to save the lost sheep. I have learnt

[1] **Rhĕt o rĭ'cian**, one who teaches the art of rhetoric, or the principles and rules of correct and elegant writing or speaking.