

flower its richness or hue during life, the moment it has ceased to exist actually becomes a bleaching agent, and robs it of its beautiful tints. Most of the colors employed in dyeing are of a vegetable origin, and every house wife knows what havoc sunlight makes upon her papered rooms, her curtains, and her carpets. Even such of the precious gems as owe their value to the richness of their colors, are injured by exposure to the light. The ancients noticed this fact in connection with the opal and the amethyst especially.

THE BOAR-HUNT.

BY H. ADDISON.

I had heard so much of this exciting sport, I was so anxious to partake of the inspiring influence of this noble chase, that I was up and dressed a full hour too soon, awaiting Charles Fitzroy, who had agreed to come over and breakfast with me previous to starting. The powerful exercise we were about to undergo requiring the stamina-conferring preparation of a good meal. At the appointed time my friend arrived. Never had I seen him in such high spirits. After a few moments' pause he confided to me the cause of his joy. Maria Selby had consented to accept his hand. He had cut out at least a dozen envious rivals, and gained the love of one of the loveliest girls that ever visited India. I could not do otherwise than congratulate him; at the same time I expressed my surprise that he could thus have left her for even a single day. With a look of triumph he assured me that so strong was her attachment to him that she had even consented to be present at the sport; a fact of which he was not a little proud, since it gave him an opportunity of displaying his superior horsemanship (he was one of the finest equestrians in Bengal) in her loved presence.

Presently our horses came round, and we trotted off to the appointed place of meeting. On our way we argued about the distance it was possible to throw our spears. For a trifling bet Charles undertook to send his weapon completely across the river which ran beside us, and which was about a hundred yards wide. I accepted his challenge. He made the trial, and succeeded. The question now was, how to get back his spear. Fortunately we saw at a short distance a man about to cross the stream with his cows. The custom is to drive these animals into the water, who instantly swim across to their usual feeding grounds, the owner holding on by the tail of one of them, which not only assists him in swimming, but scares away the alligators which here abound. A bargain was soon struck; for the sake of a few pence (pence) the native undertook to bring back the missile which Charley had so skillfully launched. In a few minutes more he was across the stream, and already held the javelin in his hand. The cows, however, who had willingly gone towards the rich pasture on the other side, sturdily refused to return; so the man was compelled to plunge in, and swim back as best he could. He was just about the middle, when we saw him make a sudden dart forward, almost out of the water, and utter a fearful scream. Again and again he called for help. I was about rushing in to his rescue, thinking he had been seized with sudden cramp, when I was suddenly laid hold of by my syce, who, with a face of terror, unable from agitation to speak, kept pointing to the river. Twice the cowherd disappeared, and as often rose, apparently struggling in great agony. A second object now became visible. Once it showed its wide jaws above the surface. The water was instantly stained with blood. I turned away in sickening horror,—my pulses almost burst their bonds in terror and disgust. No help could be afforded, no aid could save the poor wretch. The scene was over, nothing but the encrimsoned current remained to tell us that we had been the unconscious cause of a fellow being's death, who, for the sake of a few pence, perhaps to support a wife and children, now left destitute, had met with the most dreadful doom,—had become the prey of the ferocious alligator.

Such an omen at starting was not likely to give us a great relish for our coming sport. When we joined our friends, we were melancholy, and unfit to partake of their noisy merriment; yet, as Miss Selby was present, and had come here purposely to meet Fitzroy, it was impossible to turn back or leave them; so, *coute qui coute*, we mingled with the group, and soon became engaged in the animating chase. Would that my pen could do justice to the inspiring boar hunt! Its dangers, its difficulties,—the scope it gives for showing dexterity both as a spearman and a rider,—the rate at which you traverse the unfrequented wilds of India,—the excitement when the hog stands at bay, and only yields to the superior address of the bold sportsman, who risks his life in approaching him,—the very horse you bestride sharing in your triumph, though conscious of his peril,—all this, and more, gives zest to a chase, generally acknowledged to be first in the world.

Charley, however, for some time hung back: the scene of the morning had cut him up terribly. I kept close to him. Having ridden out with him, I determined not to leave him, even though I lost the cream of the sport. Maria Selby, encouraged by her father, under his efficient protection, was at least a hundred yards in advance of us. The ground was

uneven. We had to cross several nullahs (streams). This our fair protegee did with perfect safety. Charles Fitzroy, though unwilling to join her, on account of his low spirits, keeping her always in sight. A second hog had been sprung, and we were going at a rattling pace, when suddenly, as Miss Selby crossed a high ridge, so high as to show herout from sight, we heard her utter a loud cry. In a moment Fitzroy's spurs were in his horse's sides; like lightning he dashed after her, and with a sudden bound cleared the bank. A cry of terror—a shout of despair—and in the next instant I was beside him. How shall I paint the scene?—how shall I even touch upon it? She had fallen—Fitzroy's hunter had but too well cleared his leap—he had carried his rider across the ridge—his fore-foot had alighted on the chest of the poor girl, who now lay a corpse in the arms of him who would have sacrificed a thousand lives to have saved hers! While on the other side stood the maddened father, pouring out curses, calling down maledictions on the head of his daughter's unintentional destroyer. For a while Fitzroy seemed to doubt the truth of what he beheld; he kept frantically calling to her who now lay dead in his arms. The father's revilings he scarcely seemed to hear. Not a tear dimmed his eyes—his misery was beyond tears. His senses had temporarily yielded to the shock; for he continued calling on her in a frenzy of grief to look up and smile upon him. He suddenly seemed to recollect himself, and at a glance read the whole extent of his misery. He let the corpse gently down, and with a sudden spring wrenched my spear from my hand,—in the next instant he had driven it through his heart! He fell across the body of her whom he had destroyed,—her whom he had loved so well. Their blood mingled in one stream. Their souls, it may be fairly hoped, arose together to a purgatorial heaven.

AUTUMN.

The summer's task is done—
O'er ripen'd fruit drops from the bending bough,
In red and golden hues, the forest's now,
Are glitt'ring in the sun.

Gone every summer bird,
Yet, through the short'n'd days warm noon-tide hours,
Where bloom, in sunny nooks, pale autumn flowers,
The bee's low voice is heard,

Down sloping sunbeams fall
Athwart the meadows, yet with verdant green,
Where one, of still sweet countenance is seen,
With faded coronal.

Lo! where she cometh now,
Calm Autumn! with a wreath around her thrown,
Of wheat ears, and wild flowers over-blown,
Twined with the cypress bough.

Some tears into her eyes
Up from her gentle heart their way will force,
As she o'erspreads with leaves her sister's
corpse,
That all unburied lies.

Not with a saddened mien,
But contemplative, calm, expressing still
Sweet resignation to a higher will,
In joy and hope serene,

Like one, who trustingly
Borne on the sounding waves of time and change,
Sees, with clear eye of Faith, far off and strange,
A bright eternity!

' Sweet sabbath of the year!
Whence comes this holiest influence of thy day,
When earth with summer flowers no more is gay,
And woods and fields are serene?

From every mortal heart,
Father of love! what thanks to thee are due,
Who mak'st all seasons lovely to our view,
By thy divinest art.

JAMES ALDRICH.

From the Dial.

CROMWELL.

THOUGH we grant Oliver to have been but a patching tailor at constitution mending, we must claim for him a larger fraction of humanity than the ninth, which tradition awards to that useful, man making class of artisans. Manhood,—real, soul inspired manhood, most have abandoned more than ordinary under the buff jerkin of that sturdy yeoman. Else how should he, in times when manliness was far from rare, have stood out in bold relief beyond all others figures carved in that panel of England's history? That portion too, be it remarked, which is of all the most soul stirring in the perusal. Place the record before the mind of generous youth or aspiring man, and whether coinciding with the Common wealth doctrines or not, he shall not fail to be touched by the recital of those twenty years' events. Great action speaks to all. The universal

perception of heroism in Cromwell's character grants him the stamp of true greatness. Great was he in the outward, for in political rank none stood above him; great must he have been in the inward, for of exterior advantages to raise him to outward eminence he had none. His years of education dissipated, his fortune mean, his dress slovenly, his speech disagreeable, his person coarse, how happened it that to the topmost round of ambition's ladder he was enabled to climb?

Never can it be permitted, that we may conclude the whole English nation at any period to have been so besotted as to be deceived by pretensions for a longer time than is usually given to a nine day's wonder. At this era, moreover, there was too much acuteness, intelligence and determination in activity, to allow a hollow usurper to defraud us of our good opinions. If impartiality will not aid Englishmen to see this, nationality must. The cosmopolitan asserts it; the patriot admits it.

Destiny is the sternest master the blindest friend, the most puzzling guide which men can have. His scholars, at times the most active, are anon the most inert of the human race. He accepts neither assistance nor resistance from his pupils; and when one appears must to be instructing his fellows, the great teacher is most instructing and constructing him. Kings and republicans are equally pupils of a power which, now through external circumstances, now through central life, influences human action to some great event.

Why do they not suffer the embarkation of that moneyless, rough, active, zealous puritan to the more congenial shores of New England? He stands there on the wharf, the ship is about to sail, happy society in perspective is beheld on the other side of the ocean, warm and wealthy friends will accompany him. He may thus escape from a country in which it is difficult to earn one's bread, offensive to express one's thoughts, almost impossible to live a pure life, to one where the outward burdens are lighter, and the new conception, if not the new birth, of freedom is realized. He will cease longer to be oppressed by Royalty and Episcopacy in their strongholds. He aims at a land and a brotherhood where long prayers may consist with long potses, and he may wait daily on the Lord without neglecting his corps.

But no; the sharp, gray eyed frantic, humble as he is, must be detained. They issue that royal order in council, sad council for royalism, and he must remain. Thus goes on the work of Destiny. The ball then passes to the other side, and Cromwell becomes the player. Earnestness is a thing not to be annihilated by order in council; and if you will not allow its activity to be manifested in emigration, which is its quiet, natural course in this man, it takes another, and for you more troublesome, form. He is now member of Parliament for the town of Cambridge. Just the character to be chosen by a town, which is too near a neighbor of a Protestant Rome to be ignorant of its corruptions.

Providence has evidently adopted him as an instrument for its end. That bronze mind is roughly cast, and little polished; but there is that in him which will not let him be turned aside from his purpose. Moreover, he has a purpose. Reverie is, for the moment, past for him. He has the revelation, and now he comes forth to action. To trail argument and long drawn speech he never descends. His tactics are not talkative, but active. To place his cause on the rotten stage of logical precision were to forecast defeat. He gives facts,—buddled, truly, like a basket of many colored yarns entangled, but still facts. Evils he recounts, needless of exaggeration, but they are known to all. Abuses he exposes, of which all are convinced, for the proof is in their own suffering. Rights and just wants he asserts, and the assertion suffices, for they find a sympathy in every bosom: Zeal, too, he displays; the earnestness, the sincerity, which cannot be feigned, is seen in him by the thousands, the millions, who cannot be deceived by the zeal, the earnestness, the sincerity they are self conscious of.

Here lies the point. We all see, we all feel the eternal rectitude, but we do not all act it. We do not even verbally affirm it. In the dark and troublous hour, when the flame of liberty is all but extinguished, when it most demands a bold hand to add replenishing oil, then are fewer spirits found to take the foremost place. When again the lamp burns brightly, multitudes, gladdened by its brightness can talk of heroism, and applaud the actor, but can no more.

Action is the assertion of greatness. Nobility is essentially epic. Man himself is the darkened glass through which he darkly sees. Children and nations, while they are the most open to fraud, are the last to be deceived. They know while they are cheated where integrity lies. They award no honor to the man who says but does not, who talks largely but acts little, who speculates freely, and in his being or doing is narrow.

Turned from dissipation to married life by the reforming spirit, averted from gambling fury to religious zeal,—debarred by liberal expenditure to farming,—debarred from emigration by royal ordinance,—chosen as the representative of wronged citizens, he attacks jobbing lords—yet here finding not the exact sphere for action, he suffers not himself to be clipped of his fair proportions,—he is not to be the victim of circumstances, he will at least select them. At the age of forty three years

he enters the army. Until then the idle student, the domestic husband, the struggling farmer, the religious zealot, the quiet, humble emigrant, the talking legislator. Employments all distant enough from that military leader. Yet this is the chosen path for his exertions.

How deep must be that feeling, how sincere those convictions, how lively that indignation, which permits men, having the Christian Scriptures in one hand, to take up the sword with the other. We laugh at the joke, 'Say your prayers and keep your gunpowder dry.'—but the union of these two spirits in act is no frivolous matter to the actor. Mistaken the actor may be, nay, must be, whether the deeply indignant wealth producer at the plough or in the shop, or the flighty spendthrift in the Senate or the Church. No vote in form of parliament can hallow this union,—and a blind depressive man teaching only can calm the nervous trembling which comes over the Christ taught mind at the mere suggestion to unite violence and love.

Sincerity, however, is quite consistent with this unholy blindness. Sincere are kings, sincere are people. Blind both. Sincere, too, is Cromwell. No sophistry can deprive him of this negative merit. Politicians, who know no other value in social science than to make a trade of it, will vainly endeavor to sneer this attribute out of countenance. If Cromwell throws the ink about at the signing of the bloody warrant, or urges the bottle at convivial meetings, there is a deeper purpose in it than a dirty face or a drunken man. In an age of sincerity, activity and conscientiousness, he alone is the greatest, who is most sincere, most active, most conscious.

Tested by the measure of success, who doubts the mastership in this mind? Have we not the many discordant elements in England brought to something like discipline? Are not for the first time, Scotland and Ireland subjugated, like younger brothers by the elder, in order to be compacted into one family? Look at the foreign relations. Are not all nations standing respectfully hating or admiring the new wonder, the alarming precedent? Do we not originate lasting treaties with Portugal, highly advantageous to our commerce? Do we not successfully battle with the Dutch, and fight them into fellowship? Is not Spain a suitor for England's favor? Is not mighty France at least civil; and rising Sweden on good terms? Let it be hypocrisy which controls the puritanical zealot,—let it be cleverness only which guides the state vessel so pleasantly over the wide ocean,—still he must have the wreath entwined for him who is greatly clever.

The clever minded world knows only of cleverness, and enjoys only its triumphs, appreciates only its principles; ignorant that the cleverness it so well knows, and so much enjoys, stands on a much deeper basis. The clever hero himself is not always aware of this, and consents to be defrauded of his nobler claim, by accepting renown for the witty usufruct which should be given to the more capital. Not so, rely upon it, is it with Cromwell. Beneath contradictory appearances, confused utterance, and rough manners, there are the noble purpose, the clear conception, the straightforward action: Originality, creativeness, sincerity, perhaps ever lack polish.

Unless there be some yet unadmitted pusillanimity in royal armies, a victory, by 8,000 undisciplined zealots over 20,000 well drilled hirelings bespeaks some eminence for the leader, as well as for those he leads. The greater number, too, make a brave resistance. How much braver the assailants. Heroism, or sincerity, or some deep quality must be here at work to produce such results. Spite of the desire to blot out all remembrance of those facts, or to distort or to discolor them, they there remain trophies of what a people can do, when the season ripens their ideal purpose into a seed bearing action.

But destiny changes the hands, and the other players are now to have an inning. Providence toys with souls, when souls would toy with it. Whosoever plays frivolously is no longer an imitative; he is discharged from again starting the ball, but has to repel it as best he may. So long as our hero keeps his heart unviolated, preserves the promises which in the sanctuary of his soul he made to the eternal spirit, his power is intact. He coquets to his rain, and plays false to himself.

Cromwell, with a robust frame, which might have served him twenty years longer, quits this earthly tenement at fifty nine. So soon fails the body, when the soul is derelict from its high purpose,—as on the other hand, a lofty aim, an infinite inspiration, fills our existence and prolongs our time.

At mature age, when calm judgment should mellow youthful zeal, when domestic opposition is mastered, and foreign relations are amicably secured, why is not the leader in these events elevated to a Lycurgus height, and induced to excel in brilliant utility all his previous acts, by the stamp of permanency, as far as holy, unreserved devotion can bestow it? Fatal shortsightedness! He errs not so much in fighting with the Book of Pence in his hand, as in courting his opponents with the words of peace on his lips. The former might be unconscious zeal, but must succeed,—the latter is conscious diplomacy, which must fail. Adherence to principle is the sole security for the attainment of manhood or its manhood