

of blood was upon their brows! I could not shake them off! They flitted before me—pursued, ever, pursued me—I roamed through many a land. I sought friends and happiness, and peace, in vain; I was regarded as a madman, or at best, the visionary enthusiast. Men listened as I told my Utopian dream, but shook their heads when I asked for aid to consummate the scheme of aggrandizement. I had so long cherished, as my life's soul, at last, I was spurned and scoffed at and shamefully treated. I became a wanderer and beggar from city to city—was content to lie down in the straw and partake of the food which the dogs rejected. I was even denied my birthright, for when I wished to return to my native land, my countryman, in authority as my nation's representative abroad, refused to acknowledge my claims as an American and grant the passport which would restore me to my once fond home in the western world.

But my cup of bitterness—though already full—was yet to overflow! I thought of my daughter and wished to see her once more in life. My prayer was heard. Ah, yes—I ventured to pray! Relief came, and again I landed at the great city, where long years before I walked in pride, in honor and renown. But I was easily altered now. A new generation inhabited the dwellings, crowded the streets and occupied the places of trust and emolument. I was unknown! A few brief years had made me a stranger in my own land, and now there was none to welcome back the exile and outcast. My child still lived. I sent for her to meet her stricken and humbled father. Her home was in the sunny south; soon intelligence came, that she hastened to be pressed to this old withered bosom, to give it warmth and life! She embarked for the north; days passed—weeks, months, and years! She came not to meet her poor old father! Oh, horrible suspense! Why did she not come! The ocean keeps the secret!

I realized acutely my utter loneliness in the world. The proud tree was fiven of its branches by the lightning's fury. The trunk, blasted and blackened, stood a monument of wonder and dread! It is worm-eaten to its inmost heart! How long must it stand! Not long! The storm is breaking over it even now! The blasts—ah! how rough! The demons of the storm—see—see! They come! Oh God! that bloody one—he! There again! There!—there!

Such was the abrupt termination of the manuscript. The writings were doubtless traced during the last few hours of existence, even, perhaps, at the moment when the messenger of death came to call the mortal to eternity—causing a void in his history which no pen may ever supply. And this is human glory!

From the Knickerbocker.  
BOOK KEEPING.

OR THE RICH MAN IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.  
We are indebted to a friend for the following authentic anecdote of an old New York merchant, whose name, were we permitted to mention it, would sound familiarly in the ears of many of our metropolitan readers: "In old times it was the custom of the merchants of the city of New York to keep their accounts in pounds, shillings and pence currency. About fifty years ago, a frugal, industrious Scotch Merchant, well known to the then small mercantile community of this city, had by dint of fortunate commercial adventure and economy been enabled to save something like four thousand pounds; a considerable sum of money at that period, and one which secured to its possessor a degree of enviable independence. His places of business and residence were, as was customary at that time, under the same roof. He had a clerk in his employment whose reputation as an accountant inspired the utmost confidence of his master, whose frugal habits he emulated, with the true spirit and feeling of a genuine Caledonian. It was usual for the accountant to make an annual balance sheet, for the inspection of his master, in order that he might see what had been the profits of his business for the past year. On this occasion the balance-sheet showed to the credit of the business six thousand pounds, which somewhat astonished the incredulous merchant. 'It cannot be said he; ye had better count up again. I dinna think I ha' had as profitable a business as this represents.' The clerk with his usual patience re-examined the statement, and declared that it was 'a right,' and that he was willing to wage his salary upon its correctness. The somewhat puzzled merchant scratched his head with surprise and commenced adding up both sides of the account for himself. He proved right; 'I did na think,' said he, 'that I was worth over four thousand pounds; but ye ha' made me a much richer man. Weel, weel, I may ha' been mair successful than I had tho't, and I'll na' quarrel wi' myself for being worth six thousand instead.' At early candle light the store was regularly closed by the faithful accountant; and as soon as he had gone, the sorely perplexed and incredulous merchant commenced the painful task of going over and examining all the accounts for himself. Night after night did he labor in his solitary counting house; alone, to look for the error, but every examination confirmed the correctness of the clerk, until the old Scotchman began to believe it possible that he was really worth six thousand pounds. Stimulated by this addition to his wealth, he soon felt a desire to improve the condition of his household; and with that view, made purchase of new furniture, carpets, and other elegancies, consistent with the position of a man possessing the large fortune of six thousand pounds. Painters and carpenters were set to work to tear down and build up; and in a short

time the gloomy-looking residence in Stone-street was renovated to such a degree as to attract the curiosity and envy of all his neighbors. The doubts of the old man would still however obtrude themselves upon his mind; and he determined once more to make a thorough examination of his accounts. On a dark and stormy night he commenced his labors, with the patient investigating spirit of a man determined to probe the matter to the very bottom. It was past the hour of midnight, yet he had not been able to detect a single error; but still he went on. His heart beat high with hope, for he had nearly reached the end of his labor.

A quick suspicion seized his mind as to one item in the account. 'Eureka!' He had found it. With the frenzy of a madman, he drew his broad-brimmed white hat over his eyes, and rushed into the street. The rain and storm were nothing to him! He hurried to the residence of his clerk, in Wall-street, reached the door, and seized the faithful old huge knocker, with which he had rapped until the neighborhood was roused with the flood alarm. The unfortunate clerk poked his nightcap out of an upper window, and demanded, 'What's there? It's me you dom scoundrel!' said the frenzied merchant; 'ye've added up the year of our Lord among the pounds! Such was the fact. The addition of the year of our Lord among the items had swelled the fortune of the merchant some two thousand pounds beyond the amount.

From Graham's Magazine.  
A T U M N.  
From the hill a voice of sighing  
Steals in mournful measures on;

From the vale a voice replying  
Tells of treasured beauties gone.

Gray and shapeless mists are hovering,  
Phantom-like, above the plain.  
Like a shroud the dead things covering

On the earth's cold bosom lain,  
Summer's children there a-sleeping,  
With their faded eyelids down;

While the pale year o'er them weeping,  
Twines the cypress in her crown,  
Yet another autumn's coming,

When cold mists shall veil the heart;  
And the hopes that now are blooming,  
One by one shall all depart.

When the flowers of love we cherish,  
At our feet shall drooping lie;  
When our earthly joys shall perish,  
All our earthly pleasures fly.

Then, when wild winds, bleak and dreary,  
Round our trembling souls shall rave,  
Glad we'll turn, though worn and weary,  
To a Spring beyond the grave.

E. C. CHURBUCK.  
From Graham's Magazine.

E G O T I S M.  
AS MANIFESTED IN THE WORKS AND LIVES OF GREAT AND SMALL MEN.

MAN, after all that can be said in his favor, is but a little being—endowed with very respectable capacities, no doubt, and capable of much progress—but still, as he appears to the eye in his daily walks, lamentably little. What we call great men, are great only, in a relative sense. Their intellectual dimensions appear colossal from the stunted minds with which they are compared or contrasted. But they are not great in any absolute meaning of the term, and their superiority over the mass would perhaps be hardly discernible, if the mind's eye should obtain a glance at the whole scale of being, as it runs on a very slightly inclined plane from dust to Deity. Human Nature, indeed, has every inducement to be humble. Its frailty, its imperfection, its comparative helplessness, its insufficiency, for itself, are facts which are continually pushing themselves upon its notice. Even the haughty Hidalgo, who, when he stumbled and fell, exclaimed furiously, "This comes of walking upon the earth," unconsciously feigned out a lesson on humility. All the circumstances of man's being are silent teachers of the foolishness of pride. Whether we survey the past or the present, in the history of our own lives, or that of the race, little is seen to justify self-exaltation, and much to call forth self-abasement. The greatest of historians unconsciously, the greatest of satirists, a satirist before whom Horace and Juvenal, Dryden and Pope, dwindle into insignificance. There is a terrible pertinency in many a sentence of Tacitus, compared with which the keenest sarcasm of the moral poet is tame. History might be personated as Socrates pointing her "slow moving finger" at the records of folly and crime which have so great a preponderance in the annals of the race. And yet with this long array of facts to produce humility of spirit, there is no infirmity of our infirm nature, more general, and more difficult of eradication, than Egotism—personal pride—intense and all absorbing self-exaltation. This sentiment is, not confined to the high, to the blow, or to those who are unfortunate enough to be neither. It pervades and permeates all. It falls, like the rain, on the just and on the unjust, on the great and on the mean. It may display itself in singular methods, it may lurk under fantastic forms, and at times there may be a difficulty of distinguishing it, amidst its numerous and cunning disguises; but whether it be hid beneath affected modesty, or apparently remorseless self-exaltation, or be exhi-

bited in the most ridiculous and sickening forms of self-adulation, it is still found to be the one spirit, assuming different garbs—vanity manifesting itself in variety. It is the mind's magnifying mirror, in which we delightfully survey ourselves, amplified to gigantic size. By turns, it is a shield, against whose tough surface the shafts of envy, malice, and scorn fall harmless—an armour of Milan, steel, through which the sharpest axe of criticism cannot hew its way—the mind's citadel, to which it retires when driven from every other defence. Or we may call it the heart's physician, when diseased with the shame which clings to unsuccessful effort, and unrealized expectations; and in its soothing balm, or stimulating cordial, the soul is lulled into sweet repose from restless misgivings, or roused into stern defiance of calumny, calamity and persecution. The vocabulary of egotism, too, is time honored, and is never worn by wear. It is "gray with age and godlike." It meets every trial of pride, every exigency of impudence, every check to folly. The quack, enraged with the public for their strange refusal to be poisoned with his pills, and indignant at his contemptuous epithets applied to himself, and his discoveries, talks with as much confidence of persecution, unappreciated excellence, and Galileo, as any champion of political innovation or moral reform. Egotism, in fact, whether pruned by moral and intellectual energy, or by low chicanery and brazen impudence, values its expression but little. Its loud, clear tones of conscious importance, its deprecating whine, its bullying and impudent defiance of opposing opinions, its free-masonry of glances, gestures and looks, invade the eye, ear and heart from all quarters—from the cell of the ascetic, from the hermitage of the devotee, from the study of the scholar, from the palace of the prince. The high-souled, and strong hearted martyr, daring death for opinion's sake—the great author, mocking the malice or ignorance of contemporary judgment, and proudly casting his glance into far time for encouragement and consolation—the brainless braggart of Grub-street, the obsequious lackey in the train of Bathos, vain of his own nonsense and vapidity, and spending his life in digging the grave of his works—have one sentiment at least in common, to declare them to be of one blood—the sentiment of their own personal importance. It is a star which rises with them at birth, and only sets in the gloom of death.

To note the operation of this all-comprehending, all-appropriating sentiment of egotism, as its manifestations are seen in great and small men, in history and in society, is worthy of a more philosophical brain than is now brooding over it. Its highest manifestation, however, is probably in those minds where it is developed in connection with a strong understanding, a vivid imagination and an invincible will. It then is the parent of daring courage, both in action and speculation, and strengthens and braces the mind to bear up against every thing which conflicts with it. All great social, political, and religious reformers have been egotists. Those men who have stamped enduring images of themselves on the world's imagination, and modes of thought, have not been skeptics, troubled with a modest distrust of their own powers or hair-splitting logicians, whose opinions were kept unsettled by the subtle process of analytical reasoning to which they were continually subjected; but men of iron, who deemed themselves entrusted with special missions of measureless import, and who had an unshakable trust in the truth of their opinions, and of their own capacity to inweave them into the very texture of society. To such persons opposition has but piled fuel on flame. Each of them felt within his own soul the ability to withstand every corporeal and mental torture which tyranny or ignorance had at its command. Standing alone amid myriad enemies, they have not quaked, or bated "one jot of heart or hope," but their courage deepened and enlarged in proportion as danger grew imminent. They have generally been successful. There was a forest like rush to their course, before which even the fierceness of unchecked passions was tamed. Such men have often been fanatics and bigots; their zeal, at times, "has soared into malignity or foamed into madness," but in their worst hallucinations they have ever been characterized by a stern strength of character, a freedom from fear, and an absence of all those faults which which spring from meanness and littleness of mind which ever redeem them from the obloquy of vulgar fanaticism. In history they tower up above surrounding objects, like "cities set upon a hill, which cannot be hid." Their actions impress up with a solemn interest and respect, which we do not feel for common heroism, and their words are greater than other men's deeds. In Luther we have a noble specimen of what courage can be in used into a man whose passions are strong, whose sense of personality is quick and keen, and who acts under the inspiration of great principles, to achieve great ends.

We all feel that to force the will of such a man is indeed ailing with a straw, against a champion armed in adamant; that his strong, great impulses and greater passions are leagued with his intellect and conscience in a manner to make all whether prince, pope, or devil, give way before him. His indomitable energy of soul nothing could subdue. When told to beware of pursuing a journey, for fear of a certain Duke George, who bore the great reformer no good will, he proudly answered, that he would not turn from his path though it rained Duke Georges nine days running. When warned from entering Worms, on account of the number of enemies in that place, he answered, in the same spirit of fierce intrepidity, "though there be as many devils in Worms as roof tiles, I will go." Every one feels the difference between a man of this make, and such

men as Erasmus and Melancthon. Words like these are not spoken, and deeds like these are not done by persons whose humility produces distrust of their powers, or whose catholic and enlarged spirit shrinks from dogmatism. There are, indeed, certain periods when humility almost ceases to be a virtue, and when zeal, fanaticism and uncompromising strength it be, is necessary. Men are warranted in not continually checked in their journey in the path of duty by intellectual scruples. Such persons must be, to a very great extent, egotists before man, however humble they may be before God; but it is an egotism almost justified in its highest soundings by the grandeur and majesty of soul with which it is accompanied.

In view of these facts it is pleasant to think, that in egotism there is provided some balm for the wounds, and countermeasures of indifferently good and decidedly bad writers. As far as the individual is concerned, a poor bard's happiness, in his self-deceptive consciousness of fame, as those who possess it in reality. He wraps himself up very complacently in the cloak of his conceit, and lies down to pleasant dreams. Very delightful, like wine, to see the sympathy which exists among small authors for each other, notwithstanding their many jealousies, which tend to divide contemporaries in commonplace. For the mediocre authors of the past, there is always a chosen class of scribes, wasters in the present, to hold them in remembrance, however nameless they may be to the rest of the world. Thus we often observe the trite and motey antiquarian, hunting among the dead and damned authors of remote periods for rather precious morsels of mediocrity, which Time has mercifully rendered scarce, and then attempting to bully his ten readers into the conceit that they were priceless pearls. And we often see, small reviewers, standing like so many critical Canutes, to roll back with their fiat, the waters of Luthes, as they come rushing in to wash away all traces of authors whom the world is very willing to let die, or sending their voices into past time, to bid mouldering reputations burst their caskets, and revisit the glimpses of the moon. As deep as this, to deep, so shallowness crieth unto its like in all ages. If such be the strength of that love which knits commonplace to commonplace, how strong must be the parental love which links the commonplace writer to his own soul's progeny! The affliction which a parent feels for his child, has been the theme of eloquent composition, ever since the first-born of our common parents introduced the sentiment into the human bosom. The depth, the disinterestedness, the purity, the intensity of the sentiment, is too universal a fact to need comment. But what is it when compared with the measureless affection, which an author, good or bad, feels for the children of his brain, from the moment they are born to the period of their damnation or beatitude? The little "wee things" may not receive the most tender treatment from the world; they may fall victims to the bludgeons of bungling literary bullies, in the by-places and lanes of letters; or, in running the smack of criticism, receive many cruel blows and stabs; but whatever be their fate, though the world scoff and spit at them, and tread the slight frames under its brutal hoof, though they are reviled and persecuted, and snuffed at, and obtain from all mouths the worst possible titles, they are ever sure that there is one warm heart which joys in their glory and sorrow in their sorrow, and that there is one bosom to which they can always return, and find rest and peace, and comfort and consolation. Beautiful and praiseworthy is this feeling of intellectual paternity; and when we see some young men, with respectable talents, who would acquire much reputation and reward in the grocery or hardware line, smitten with the love of literary distinction, and voluntarily taking upon themselves the responsibilities and cares of the paternal office—when we see their idea-children buffeted about by newspaper scribblers, and their puny forms, and scantily clothed backs, undergoing the punishment of the knot—we feel how great must that love and courage be, which will impel them to claim paternity for such travellings of the mind; when such a claim is accompanied with so much ridicule and disgrace. If there be one fact which strikes the observer of society more than another, it is the melancholy truth that the innate egotism and pride of man converts society itself into a huge band, associated together for the purpose of preventing any of its members from rising above the mediocrity of the rest. Every attempt at rebellion is observed, and, if possible, crushed. The first duty of a new writer is to fight. He must carry the battlement of egotism by storm. But this of course, requires great talents, and those who are cursed with the desire without being blessed with the power, are often doomed to much vexation and disappointment. From mediocrity, therefore, there is no resource but in world conceits. If cannot bully society into acquiescence in its mediocrity, it must fall back and repose on the first principle of individual human nature. There is no doubt that many young writers of great promise have been murdered in their first gridding contest with the selfish egotism of society; so the general disposition not to award praise and encouragement to blame and persecution, be with any justice substantiated in its practice, but this is true very rarely of authors who show neither the promise nor perseverance of good. Driven back upon themselves by the bullets of criticism of the world, they are the phantom of their conceits, the old-fashioned own beasts. If their book be not received with effect, only to place them in a humiliating position in society, and to make their labors in their ears, to drink the rich music of their voices in