THE SEED AND THE SOWERS.

Ever so little the seed may be,
Ever so little the land,
But when it is sown it must grow, you see,
And develop in nature, wood, flower, or tree;
The combination, the air, and the dew are free
At its command.

If the seed be good, we rejoice in hope
Of the harvest it will yield,
We wait and watch for its springing up,
Admire its growth, and count on the crop
That will come from the little seeds we drop
In the great wide field.

But if we carelessly scatter evil
Seeds we may happen to find,
We can not let culture or weather stay behind,
We sow one and have on the highway side,
Whether they're loved or whether they're tried,
We never mind.

Yet every sower must one day reap
From the seed he has sown.
How carefully then it becomes us to keep
A watchful eye on the seed, and seek
To sow what is good, that we may not weep
Or wailed our own.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Hawthorne's Sketches.

Out of the masterly "Passages from Hawthorne's American Note-Books," just issued by Ticknor & Fields, we shall give our readers a few exquisite examples. In these fragments of limpid prose we have the same pure force that sometimes swelled into volume and vigor in the great romances which are the pride of our literature; the same exquisite charm is here, the same classic style, the same felicity of expression, the same numerical poetry. We know of nothing in American art which gives so nearly the sensation of walking through galleries of Raphael's and Leonardo's rough drawings as the promenade, now within the reach of every reader, among the sketches of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Some literary artists—it was perhaps Hawthorne himself who first raised the cry—insist that the life of a novelist must be wholly without shade, without tone, without atrial distance; yet, when the master chooses to set his hand to the delineation, how much of artistic quality he finds! Nobody will detect a lack of rich tone in these delicate drapery-studies and experimental poses. The book is for sale by Mr. G. W. Fitcher, No. 808 Chestnut street.

HAWTHORNE AT SALEM.

June 18, 1835.—A walk in North Salem in the decline of yesterday afternoon,—beautiful weather, brisk, sunny, with a western or northwest wind and cool breezes, and just a slight superfluity of heat. The verdure, both of trees and herbage, is now in its prime, the leaves elastic, all life. The grass-fields are plentiously beatrewn with white-weed, large spaces as white as a sheet of snow, at a distance, yet with an indescribably warmer tinge than snow,—living white, intermixed with living green. The hills and hollows beyond the Cold Spring copiously shaded, principally with oaks of good growth, and some walnut-trees, with the rich sun brightening in the leaves of the open spaces, and mellowing and fading into the shade,—and single trees, with their cool spot of shade, in the warm sunshine, and a gleam of light gently picturesque. The surface of the land is so varied, with woodland mingled, that the eye cannot reach far away, except now and then in vistas perhaps across the river, showing houses, or a farm-house amid surrounding village, in Upper Beverly. In one of the sunny bits of pasture, which irregularity in with oakandale, I saw a gray mare feeding, and as I drew near a colt sprang up from the long grass,—a very neat and lady-like colt, with the face, and I tried to startle him, so as to make him gallop; but he stretched his long legs, one after another, walked quietly to his mother, and began to suck,—jerking his tail, not being very hungry. Then he rubbed his head, alternately, with each hind leg,—he was a playful little beast.

I bathed in the cove, overhung with maples and walnuts, the water cool and thrilling. At's distance it sparkled bright and blue in the breeze and sun. Then I went home by the swimming-hole, and, several left to melt away on the shore. On the shore, sprouting amongst the sand, grew a very little fern-plant, growing somewhat like asparagus. It is an excellent salad at this season, salt, yet with an herb-like vivacity, and very tender. I strolled slowly through the pastures while the twilight deepened into grave, fantastic gestures in the sun. It is a pretty sight to see the cattle come brightening the extreme of a road which shortly becomes deeply overshadowed by trees on both sides. At the Cotton factory, I saw a girl, from six to nine, were seated on the stones in which the fountain is set and plashed in the water. It was a pretty picture, and would have been prettier, if they had shown bare legs, instead of pantaloons. By the time I overhung them, and the sun was so nearly gone that a pleasant gray cloud made the spot sombre, in contrast with these light and laughing little figures. On perceiving me, they rose up, tittering among themselves, as seemed that there was a sort of playful malice in those who first saw me, for they allowed the other to keep on paddling, without warning her of my approach. I passed along, and heard them come chattering behind.

IDEAS AND CONCEPTIONS, 1835.

A shadow is perhaps the best performer,—a type of the extreme doctrines on the subject of slaves, cold water, and other such topics. He goes about the streets haunting most eloquently, and is the point of making many converts, when his labors are suddenly interrupted by the appearance of the keeper of a madhouse, whence he has escaped. Much may be made of this idea.

A change from a gay young girl to an old woman; the melancholy events, the details of which have clustered around her character, and gradually imbued it with their influence, till she becomes a lover of sick-chambers, taking pleasure in receiving dying breaths, and in laying out the dead, also having her mind full of funeral reminiscences, and possessing more sequaintances beneath the burial turf than above it.

A well-concreted train of events to be thrown into one focus, by confining the circumstance, unsuspected till the catastrophe, yet exerting its influence from beginning to end.

On the common, at dusk, after a sultry noon two days ago, the grass was all in a tremble, with the ground, without much spreading beyond the original space, where the ox had gushed from the gutter. It was about the height of a man. The evening clear, but with an autumnal chill.

The world is so sad and solemn, that things seem to be at rest, as if, in a moment of ecstasy, the universe should be arrested in its progress, and the tide of eternity brim and brim, and yet not overflow. Here, in the vicinity and gayety of his nation; making this his home from darkness to daylight, and enjoying here what little domestic comfort and confidence there is for him; and then going home at the close of the day, and sitting down to blockheads who sneer at him, and returning at about ten o'clock in the evening (for I was awake, and heard the footsteps, certainly no supper) to his solitary room and bed. Before retiring, he goes to B——'s bedside, and, if he finds him awake, stands talking French, expressing his dislike of the Among, ——"*Ve hate, ve hate ze French*" ——thus giving vent to the stifled bitterness of his heart. Then, he goes home, and, lighting up early, at sunrise or before, humming to himself, scuffling about his chamber with his thick boots, and at last ringing his departure for a solitary ramble till breakfast. Then he comes in, looking so vivacious enough, eats prettily heartily, and is off again; singing French *chansons* aloud as goes down the grassy walk. "poor Old" low has nobody to sympathize with him but B——, and, since the acquaintance has established between two utterly different characters.

Then here is myself, who am likewise a queer character in my way, and have come to spend a week or two with my friend of half a lifetime,—the longest space, probably, that we are ever destined to spend together; for Fate seems preparing changes for both of us. My circumstances, at least, cannot long continue as they are and have been; and B——, too, stands between high prosperity and utter ruin.

HAWTHORNE AT THE MENAGERIE.

This day an exhibition of animals in the vicinity of the village, under a pavilion of selvedge,—the floor being the natural grass, and here and there a rock partially protruding. A pleasant, and tolerably a strong exhibition, a spot of glimmering brightness in some parts. Crowded,—row above row of women, on an amphitheatre, on one side, and men in the inner pavilion an exhibition of anacondas,—four,—which the showman took, one by one, from large boxes, under some blankets, and hung round his shoulders. They seemed sluggish and torpid when first taken out, and usually began to assume life, to stretch, to contract, lengthwise, and round the neck and person, thrusting out their tongues and erecting their heads. The weight was as much as the strongest could bear, and they hung down almost to the ground when not contorted, yet still round as a man's arm, or thigh, almost,—spotted and richly variegated. Then he put them into the box again, their heads emerging and writhing, and, at last, the showman thrust back again. He gave a descriptive and historical account of them and a fanciful and poetical one also. A man put his head into the lion's mouth, and the spectators looking on so attentively that a breath could not be heard. That was imprudence, and he escaped in a moment perhaps,—more so than the thing itself.

In the evening the caravan people were at the tavern, talking of their troubles in coming over the mountain,—the overturn of a cage containing a lion and two hyenas. They are a rough, ignorant set of men, apparently incapable of taking any particular enjoyment from the life of variety and adventure which they lead. There was the man who put his head into the lion's mouth, and, I suppose, the man about whom the anacondas twined, talking about their suppers, and blustering for hot meat, and calling for some things or drink, without quality. Of the will dignity of men familiar with the nobility of nature.

HAWTHORNE'S TENDENCY TO MYSTERY.

May 9th, 1840.—Lights and shadows are continually flitting across my inward sky, and I know neither whence they come nor whither they go; nor do I inquire too closely into them. It is dangerous to look too minutely into such phenomena. It is apt to create a substance where at first there was a mere shadow. * * * If at any time there seem to be an expression intelligible from one soul to another, it is best not to strive to interpret it in earthly language, but wait for the soul to make itself understood; and, were we to wait a thousand years, we need deem it no more than that we can spare. It is not that I have any love of mystery, but because I abhor it, and because I have often felt that words may be a thick and darksome veil of mystery between the soul and the truth which it seeks. Writing, even by indeed, if we had no better means of communicating ourselves, no falser garb in which to stray our essential being, than these poor rags and tatters of Babel. Yet words are not without their use even for purposes of explanation,—but merely for explaining outward acts and all sorts of external things, leaving the soul's life and action to explain itself in its own way.

I have a strong disquisition I have scribbled; I would not read it over for sixpence.

AN INCIDENT IN HAWTHORNE'S BROOK FARM

September 28th, 1841.—A picnic party in the woods, yesterday, in honor of little Frank Dana's birthday; being six years old. We strolled out, after dinner, with Mr. Bradford, and to a lonesome glade we met the apparition of an Indian chief, dressed in appropriate costume of blanket, leathers and moccasins, and armed with a musket. Almost at the same time, a young gypsy circumvented us from another side, and offered to tell my fortune. While she was doing this, the goddess Diana by her gray attire, and bit of crescent in the hand. The fortune-teller and goddess were in fine contrast, the latter being a blonde, fair, quiet, with a moderate composure; and the gypsy (O. G.) piece of brunette, with a high-boned, rich-colored visage, and a mouth of these very pretty, at least pretty enough to make fifteen years seem romantic. Accompanied by Diana and the wild wood, we went onward, and came to a company of fantastic figures, assembled in a ring for a dance or a game. There was a Swiss girl, an Indian squaw, a Knight of the Jim Crow order, one or two foresters, and several people in Christian dress, with wholesome children of all ages. Then followed childish games, in which the grown people took part with mirth enough—while I, whose nature is to be a mere spectator both of sport and serious business, lay under the trees and looked on. Meanwhile, Mr. Emerson and Miss Fuller, who arrived an hour or two before, came forth into the glade, and where we were assembled. Here followed much talk. The ceremonies of the day concluded with a cold collation of cakes and fruit. All was pleasant enough,—an excellent piece of work,—"would 't were done!" It has left a fantastic impression on my memory, this intermingling of wild and fabulous characters with the tame and homely (some) in the secluded nook of the woods, remember them, with the sunlight breaking through the green embowering branches, and they appearing and disappearing confusedly,—perhaps starting out of the earth; as if the every-day life of Nature were suspended for this particular occasion. There were the Knight and Indian, and the gypsy, and the Swiss girl, and the foresters, and the showman thrust back again. He gave a descriptive and historical account of them and a fanciful and poetical one also. A man put his head into the lion's mouth, and the spectators looking on so attentively that a breath could not be heard. That was imprudence, and he escaped in a moment perhaps,—more so than the thing itself.

ISLES OF SHOALS, 1852.

The passengers brought by the Spy, yesterday, still remain with us. They consist of a cage containing a lion and two hyenas, sorts of people, rude, shrewd, and simply, and half-witted enough; wondering at sharks, and equally at lobsters; taking pleasure, table with their coats off; helping themselves out of the dish with their own forks; taking pudding on the plates off which they have eaten meat. People at just this stage of manners are more disagreeable than at any other stage. They are aware of some decencies, but not so deeply aware as to make them a matter of conscience. They may be heard talking of the financial affairs of the expedition, reckoning what money each has paid. One counts out twenty-five and four cents, which the latter has overpaid. "Its of no consequence, sir," says his friend, with a tone of conscious liberality, "that's near enough." This is a most tremendously hot day.

It has been raining more or less all the forenoon, and, on the Island of Appledore, as Mr. Leighton says, "half a gale" from the southeast. Through the opening of our sailor valley, towards the sea, there is the prospect of a tumbling sea, with hundreds of white-sails coasting one another out. In front of the' hotel, being to leeward, the water near the shore is but slightly ruffled, but farther the sea is agitated, and the surf breaks over Square Rock. All around the horizon, landward as well as seaward, the view is shut in by a mist. Sometimes I have a dim sense of the continent beyond, but so very distinct, that the thought of the other world to the uncultivated soul. The sheep feed in their desolate pasture. The wind shakes the house. A loon, seeking, I suppose, some quieter resting-place than on the open waves, was swimming past, just now in the cove not more than a hundred yards from the hotel. Judging by the poher which this "half a gale" makes with the sea, it must have been a terrific time, indeed, when that gray mass of water was poured across the islands.

AT ANTIOCH NOTE, ISLES OF SHOALS, 1853.

The hotel is kept by a Prussian, an old soldier, who fought at the Battle of Waterloo. We may see, from our barn,—a gray, heavy, round-skulled old fellow, troubled with the asthma, who, I fancy, was a stalwart sloop had, apparently, just been taking a drop of comfort, but still seemed downcast. He is, at times, very kind to children. The Wave, of Kittery, for Portsmouth; and I know not why, but there was something that made me smile in his grim and gloomy look, his rusty, jammed hat, his rough and grisly beard, and his pipe, with a broken cutlass, with much action of the jaws, getting out the pipe as soon as possible, as two children, one about fifteen and the other about twelve, were sitting on the door-step, with their heads together, and the girl, with a whitening wake, until we came to the Island. Then the story was also loose, and Mr. Thaxter rowed ashore against a head sea.

One of the game among our Christmas books this year is Sentimental Tommy, or Dr. Holland's "Katrina." Taking advantage of the popularity of this very general and tender heart-romance, the publishers have engaged the services of the favorite draughtsman, Hennessy and Griswold to present the poet's conceptions more visibly to the eye. We are interested in the contained inquiry—what, if Hennessy; if he had had the courage to pitch resolutely into the fire the blocks which bear the slighter sketches, retaining only what are best, his Katrina gallery would have been among the most hopeful exhibitions of his capacity. Some of these drawings (as those on pages 16, 14, 259), are really artistic; others appear to have taken their style from American illustrated newspapers. As for the other, the heroine of Katrina, the pretty antique type, the toned paper, the handsome die that has been designed for the cover—these *dencoir* of a Christmas publisher have been accurately fulfilled, and gift-purchasers and recipients will be sure to find new beauties in a poem so handsomely presented.—The volume will be found among the stock of Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

We are very glad that the "Cameos from English History" by Miss Charlotte Mary Yonge, author of the Heir of Redcliffe, have been reproduced in this country. We have had no of similar work. Each hero of British story is presented in portrait by Miss Yonge with the brilliancy of her pencilling, the sympathy of the special pleader, and generally with the truthfulness of the sincere student. The only exceptions are where the writer's strong Romanism has led her to overlook the facts, and cause her to paint in high-lights excessively, as in the saintly profile she executes of the Black Prince, and in her zeal for sincerity, and we have no word of animadversion except just this passing advertisement to the protestant reader of a bias he must expect to find, and to allowance for.

The beauty and vividness of the style make this book of portraits a delightful companion for young people just escaping from their dry or historical studies.

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