

circumstance that it was thought worthy to accompany the Holy Bible in the hands of William, it seems rational to infer that it was a choice book, full of marrow and fatness.

The piety of the two daughters seems to have had its distinctive features. Susanna was speculative and doctrinal. She loved to talk with the minister and the deacons about atonement, justification, and original sin. Mr. Cotton's work upon the new covenant of grace was to her a great treasure. She kept it on the mantle, and when visitors came in, would often take it down and expound from it some knotty point of doctrine or settle some questionable tenet of belief; while the meek, humble and retiring Rebecca, would take the "Practice of Piety" in her hand, go into her closet and weep and pray in secret, and at night repose with it under her pillow. To Susanna was also bequeathed a "Sucking Calf called Trubb." And here it may be necessary to guard the reader against a very natural mistake, into which this passage is calculated to lead him. The most learned commentators on this passage are of opinion, and I think justly, that this sucking calf called Trubb, in the will of Mr. Scadlock, was not meant and should not be taken to signify a domestic animal; but that it was the title of some religious work in use and in good repute in those early days. And from the circumstance of its having been bequeathed to Susanna, we may infer that its character was rather doctrinal than practical.

Last of all, Mrs. Scadlock is named as executrix of this last will and testament of her beloved husband; thereby showing, that after so many years of toil and change in this world of trial and difficulty, the love and confidence which ever ought to accompany married life through its whole journey, still with them remained unimpaired. And as another testimonial honorable to the memory of William, he was associated with his mother in the labor of seeing the will faithfully executed.

But I have pursued these speculations so far, that it is time to close; and any further gleanings from these old records must be deferred to another season.

New York, Dec. 1839.

THE FADED STARS.

I.

I mind the time when Heaven's high dome
Woke in my soul a wondrous thrill—
When every leaf in Nature's tome
Bespoke Creation's marvels still:
When mountain, cliff, and sweeping glade,
As Morn unclosed her rosy bars,
Woke joys intense—but nought e'er bade
My heart leap up like ye—bright stars!

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II.

Calm ministrants to God's high glory!
Pure gems around His burning throne!
Mute watchers o'er Man's strange, sad story
Of Crime and Wo through ages gone!
'Twas yours, the wild and hallowing spell
That lured me from ignobler gleams—
Taught me where sweeter fountains swell
Than ever bless the worldling's dreams.

III.

How changed was Life!—a waste no more,
Beset by Want, and Pain and Wrong,
Earth seemed a glad and fairy shore,
Vocal with Hope's inspiring song.
But ye, bright sentinels of Heaven!
Far Glories of Night's radiant sky!
Who, as ye gemmed the brow of Even,
Has ever deemed Man born to die?
* * * * *

IV.

—'Tis faded now!—that wondrous grace
That once on Heaven's forehead shone;
I read no more in Nature's face
A soul responsive to my own.
A dimness on my eye and spirit
Stern Time has cast, in hurrying by;
Few joys my hardier years inherit,
And leaden dullness rules the sky.

V.

Yet mourn not I!—a stern, high duty
Now nerves my arm and fires my brain:
Perish the dream of shapes of Beauty!
So that this strife be not in vain;
To war on Fraud, entrenched with Power—
On smooth Pretence and specious Wrong—
This task be mine, though Fortune lower—
For this be banished sky and song!

New York, Dec. 1839.

H. O.

THE WORTHIES OF VIRGINIA.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

"Take off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest, is holy ground." Yes, verily, it is so. It is the soil consecrated by the ashes of the great and the good. The *Worthies of Virginia!* Well may the eye kindle, and the pulse throb, as we approach a theme so majestic, so full of lofty and patriotic associations.

Even like the heroes of Ossian, each leaning from his cloud of mist, do we behold the noble array of Patriots, Orators, and Statesmen, sweep by us in the sternness and grandeur of other days. Virginia! a name associated with the proudest days of English royalty, and made still more proud in its second baptismal with the blood of freemen. In all ages the patriot of every land shall turn his face thitherward and do homage, even as the pilgrim at the shrine of Mecca.

The Worthies of Virginia! Let us pause ere we enter their thrice holy penetralia. Centuries disappear, and we behold a princely saloon in which

are congregated stately dames and gallant knights, the grace and the chivalry of Old England. A haughty princess, with an air of stiff courtesy—her queenly bearing but ill disguising her woman's coquetry—is presenting a parchment to a knightly courtier, who kneels to receive it.

They are the Queenly Elizabeth, and the Chivalric RALEIGH. The noble, generous, accomplished, but unfortunate Raleigh.

The parchment contains letters patent, granting him full power "for the discovering and settling new lands and countries, not actually possessed by any christians." Under these auspices was the country now called Virginia, discovered; and thus it is that Sir Walter Raleigh must be claimed as one of the early worthies of the State, as without his persevering enterprise, this "goodly country," might have remained still longer unknown.

The early discoverers give the following description of the country, which would of itself be found sufficiently inviting at the present day. "The soyle is most plentiful, sweete, wholesome, and fruitfull of all others; there are about 14 several sorts of sweete smelling tyber trees: the most parts of the underwood Bayes and such like: such Oakes as we have, but far greater and better."

Years pass away, with their sufferings, trials, and disappointments, and another of the Worthies of Virginia appears upon the stage. A man distinguished by all the constituents of greatness, by all the attributes of a hero. Intrepid, brave, generous and persevering, daunted by no perils, dismayed by no hardships, his clear, vigorous mind penetrated the dim mist of futurity, and beheld, though "as in a glass darkly," yet did he behold something of the ultimate greatness of the country for which he toiled and suffered. 'In perils by land, in perils by sea, in fasting, and nakedness,' a captive and condemned to die, he neither shrinks nor is dismayed; the same unflinching resolution impels him onward, and the same buoyancy of hope cheers him in every difficulty.

JOHN SMITH, or, as the chroniclers of the day invariably distinguish him, 'Captaine John Smith,' was one of the most extraordinary men of the great age in which he lived. He should be regarded as the shadowing wing of Virginia; for to his valor, skill and judgment in counteracting the subtle policy of the great Powhatan, may she be said to owe her very existence.

There is still another, the beautiful personation of all that is loveliest in woman—the meek, loving child of the forest, whose history seems like a tale of romance, with its sad melancholy close—who rises like a beam of beauty upon the sight, winning the admiration and gratitude of every heart, capable of one solitary response to all that is lovely in woman and heroic in our race. "That blessed POCAHONTAS, the great king's daughter of Virginia," (to quote the admiring, if not loving language of

'Captaine John Smith,') beams forth in those dark and perilous times, like some kindly spirit, hushing the tempest of savage passion, dispensing comfort and succor to the disheartened exile, and with her own gentle bosom warding off all the evils that threaten the infant colony of Jamestown. Blessings ever upon the kindly savage, the loveliest of the Worthies of Virginia!

But we will delay no longer to enter this holy of holies; the temple of American greatness. With hushed breath and reverent footsteps, even with sandals put from off our feet, let us approach the shrine of all that is great in human glory.

WASHINGTON, the great amongst the august of the earth! The son of Virginia; but she may not, she dare not engross him. His fame is the world's. It belongs to the length and breadth of the great country which he was instrumental in redeeming from oppression. His fame has gone forth wherever the stirrings of freedom have been felt. Wherever liberty hath spread her glorious pinions, her word of magic—her watchword from vale and mountain top—hath been and will be forever, WASHINGTON. The deep peal of human voices, like the heavings of the great ocean, resound that one name, from the hoary cliffs of the Oregon still onward to the snow-capt Andes; and the mighty Alps take up the echo from her many peaks and glittering glaciers. Let Virginia exult, that the cradle and the tomb of earth's greatest belong to herself; but let her exult with awe and holiest reverence—for the wide earth shall claim him, and his cenotaph shall be erected in the heart of every freeman.

Let us lay aside the prejudices of party, forget the animosities engendered by political excitement, and look upon the Worthies of Virginia in their simple greatness; not as popular leaders, but far-seeing and profound statesmen, true patriots, zealous and uncompromising advocates for the rights of liberty without license, and republicanism without anarchy and misrule.

JEFFERSON, the sage and the philosopher! He bears in his hand that noblest of all documents not the result of inspired wisdom, the Declaration of American Independence; a document, which, whether we regard it as a specimen of strong and fervid eloquence, of manly remonstrance, or of deep and solemn appeal, is every way sustained and wonderful. The writer speaks as if he felt himself to be the voice of a great and outraged people, giving indignant utterance to its many wrongs and oppressions, and in the face of Heaven, and the whole earth for witnesses, declaring they shall be endured no longer.

Had Thomas Jefferson done nothing more than this, had he no other claims upon the admiration of the country, it were glory enough for one man. Wherever oppression has planted his foot, the indignant freeman spurns him from the soil, in the

very language which the gifted Jefferson adopted for our own aggrieved and insulted country.

JAMES MADISON—the accomplished scholar, the elegant expounder of the constitution! **MADISON**, **HAMILTON** and **JAY**, noble triumvirate! With what assiduous labor did they bend their splendid talents to the task of recommending and elucidating that constitution prepared for their adoption, and that too to a people jealous of their rights, who had toiled and bled in their defence, and were ever on the alert, lest the revolution they had achieved should result only in a change of masters—a people nobly and virtuously resolved to see to it, that they did not exchange the glaring usurpation of a foreign power for the equally to be dreaded tyranny of aspiring demagogues. Such a people would regard the best and wisest institutions with distrust and suspicion; and whatever appeared to throw light upon the proceedings of those they had delegated to legislate for them, was read with avidity. Thus was produced the *Federalist*, a work that will bring imperishable renown upon the great men whose patriotism and public spirit called it into existence.

JAMES MONROE—the upright and modest republican! Others may have been more brilliant, but no man ever more happily illustrated in his own practice, the simple dignity and straight-forward devotion to public duty, so becoming the chief magistrate of a great Republic. At last, as if to affix the final seal of worthiness upon him, he was suffered to depart upon our great day of national jubilee; the day, fatal shall we dare to say, to Presidents! and ever ominous to tyrants.

PATRICK HENRY! The schoolboy as he reads of Demosthenes and Cicero, and feels his blood kindle at their eloquence, instinctively turns to the fervid oratory of our own gifted countrymen, and triumphantly cites the bold, daring Patrick Henry, as worthy to compete with the great Grecian himself. Then, as his eye glows with enthusiasm over the splendid diction and elegant imagery of **WIRT**, he deems him more than equal to the Roman. Half in wonder, half in dread, he pauses over the keen, cynical **RANDOLPH**, whose sarcasms were as stinging and adhesive as the nettle on the burr that annoys him in his woodland rambles.

JOHN MARSHALL! Who shall worthily describe this most excellent amongst the Worthies of Virginia! He who wore so meekly the judicial robe. The upright judge. Acute, skillful and profound, let his crowning grace be his *integrity*. Not a stain hath he left upon the spotless ermine. With no rash hand did he presume to touch the ark of our liberties. Woe to him, who shall dare profane, even with a touch, our holiest of holies; yea, though it may shake and tremble amidst the tumults of popular excitement.

But we must forbear. It was but a reverent glance that we wished to take of the few amidst

the many Worthies of Virginia. Let us veil our faces, for we have been with the great of the earth. Rather let us go forth from this inner temple, bearing with us a portion of their own spirit. With lips touched as with a live coal from the pure altar of freedom.

Let Virginia be proud, as she well may, in view of the great men who have risen up in her midst; let her exult in her great glory; but let her see to it, that her march be still onward, that her rising sons be worthy of such fathers. Let her not be content with childish retrospection, looking backward forever upon the radiant scroll of fame, upon which is blazoned the names of so many of the great of the earth who claim her for their parent. But let her go on, pointing to those great names as an incitement to her onward career, glorying in her resplendent heritage, yet ever, with an emulous ambition, resolving that of her it shall never be said—her glory is departed.

New York, Dec. 1839.

THE POWER OF DEATH.

Inexorable death!

Come when thou wilt in thy terrific power,
Thou com'st unbidden—in unwelcome hour—

And all whose life is breath,

At thy approach—the myriads of the sea,
Of earth and air—submissive bow to thee.

All climes confess thy reign—

All tribes and people, civilized and rude,

In busy scene, in peaceful solitude,

And on the bounding main,

Must sink 'neath thy dominion firm and fast,
Like unremembered generations past.

O'er all thou rul'st elate—

In earthquake, avalanche, and lava form,

In fire and famine, pestilence and storm,

And cup inebriate:

In infidel revenge, and bigot zeal,

Thou madly flam'st the pile, or bar'st the steel.

When war awakes in wrath,

Thou ridest furious on the arrow's wing,

And sabre's edge—thou rushest with the sling,

And tread'st the charger's path:

When carnage tires, in sullen state alone

Thou brood'st unseen, to hear the wounded groan.

I've passed through pleasant vales,

And sweet sequestered groves, where smiling peace

Blest sturdy labor with a rich increase—

There, thy recorded tales,

Tell, that the rustic in his humble field,

Thou strik'st as sure as warrior on the field.

The mightiest of the brave—

At whose great bidding nations bend the knee—

Must, at thy summons, yield his life to thee,

Obedient as a slave.

Kings, priests, and sages, like the unlettered clown

Who turns the sod, shall to the grave go down.