

these fragrant plants. The sweet-scented vernal grass—*Anthoxanthum*—fills the air of New England with its delightful odor during the hay-making season.

Sugar-cane, the products of which are so essential to a race delighting in sweets, is a graminaceous plant, claimed by both continents, and its use antedates history, though sugar, as an article of food, has been in use in Europe but a comparatively short period. This is one of the long-lived grasses, well-kept plantations existing more than half a century.

The Dhoura, or Egyptian maize, produces a coarse grain much used by the lower classes in the Orient. This plant is the source of one of the chief grain products of Egypt, being next to wheat in importance. It fed the numberless toilers on the banks of the Nile territories before the Christian era, and the mode of its culture there is the same now as then, as is shown by the prehistoric sculptures yet remaining in that land so full of memorials of an unknown past. In some portions of Asia this plant yields three harvests in the course of the year. The cereals have been the principal food of Egypt through the historic ages.

While the alimentary properties of grasses and their products have furnished support to so great a proportion of animal life on the earth, yet one species, valueless for food, and of no special importance at the present day, for a long period of the world's history outranked all others in importance—the Papyrus *Orientalis* of the Nile.

Allusion has been made to the manufacture and uses of this plant in a former paper. In this place it ranks in its own distinctive family, the Graminæ, and, as

such, can not be overlooked. This coarse but not ungraceful sedge grows from four to ten feet in height, with culms perhaps an inch in diameter, from the tissues of which the writing rolls of antiquity were wrought. The monumental structures and carvings on the banks of the Nile have been hardly more enduring than the records written on the papyri. They penetrate far into prehistoric times, being found in the catacombs of the Pharaohs.

The Saracenic invasion ruined the manufacture and sale of papyrus sheets, and since that period it has been lost sight of in modern inventions, and the once renowned reed has become a neglected and comparatively useless weed of the stagnant waters of the East.

We close our sketch with the *bamboo*—*Bambusa*—which is one of the most useful and beautiful of the tropical aborescent grasses. This grass affords to the sea-islander nearly all he needs for shelter, clothing, and weapons. He builds his huts and boats of its larger stalks and weaves mats, nets, and cordage of its fibers. The slender branchlets form his weapons—bows, arrows, and lances.

Among the more civilized Chinese and Japanese, besides furnishing material for houses and fences, bamboo is manufactured into furniture and many useful implements, which often find their way to more enlightened lands.

Sir James Smith calls the bamboo the "Giant of the Grasses." Its culms often attain to the height of a hundred feet in a single season, and with their graceful, drooping branches, or laterals, from which depend slender willow leaves, they form one of the loveliest and most distinguishing objects of a tropic landscape.

ANNIE E. COLE.

HOW THEY TALKED.

MY RECOLLECTIONS OF PROMINENT AMERICANS.

AS I sit in my library and recall the friends of other days, I think, though so many are lost to me—dear, beautiful ones, who, weary with the toil of life, turned their face to the wall, and left me

to mourn for them—I am less sad and lonely than most of those who survive.

My memory is a perpetual source of enjoyment, for it unfailingly preserves all that is wholesome to be remembered and

although it is tenacious of all impressions, it has a divine faculty of winnowing the wheat from the chaff. I scarcely ever forget anything. I can recall the very words and looks of persons, and even their dress, the hour and place where a conversation occurred, as freshly and as vividly as though not a day had intervened.

Some of these friends were silent, observant, others full of a fine glow and enthusiasm. W. C. Bryant was one of the most reserved of men, but his fine eye would kindle under a happy turn of thought, and his ideas would then flow into words as aptly chosen as the language of his written poetry. I do not think he affected the conversation of women, and I have often had them wonder how I could find anything by which to sustain a colloquy with him. He never paid a direct compliment to a woman, but talked right on, just as he would talk with a man of ideas. He thus paid her understanding the best tribute. Mr. Bryant was thoroughly the gentleman in manner, listened well, was very quiet; no twisting or wriggling, which we so often see in writers of some pretension, and which is so very offensive to a person of culture. He was refined to fastidiousness; somewhat cold, rather intolerant, exact in morals, constant in friendship, and altogether a man to live long and be respectfully talked about to the last. His poetry will live, being artistic; and if not belonging to the high impassioned range, is altogether his own.

C. F. Hoffman conversed fluently and well. Though conservative in the highest sense, he had a keen admiration for a progressive idea well expressed. He recited admirably, reproducing the author's conception with the imparted interest of a finely modulated voice, and often with a penetration that carried the thought onward beyond what was apparent in the author's experience. He was animated, gay, courteous, with an electric play of fancy, pathos, tenderness, and enthusiasm. His own mind lent a grace to the thought of his colloquist, who was apt to feel that nothing was easier than to converse with

famous people, till he tried it with somebody of less genius, when he learned the difference between the electric spark of the inspired man, and the dog-trot commonplace of mere talent. I remember Margaret Fuller would often look worn, weary, and revolted at the commonplace twaddle of society, and the only time I ever saw her look positively handsome was in conversation with Mr. Hoffman. Her pedantry amused him, and he knocked her theories right and left with a thorough appreciation of her intellect, and at the same time with a good-natured audacity,



N. P. WILLIS.

a gallant courtesy, and fine discrimination, which made his irony pleasing, and brought to the surface that humanizing love of admiration which disarmed the most ultra of women, and made her as placable as "a sucking dove."

John Neal was an excellent converser; indeed he cared very little for the opinions or predilections of those about him, but poured onward like an avalanche, indifferent to what might be bruised or uprooted in its pathway. He was terribly in earnest. The only person who reminds me of Neal is George Francis Train, both being overwhelmed with a superabundance of ideas, which they poured out, whether apt, or otherwise, to the occasion. Both were poetic, but Neal was a poet, and Train essentially prosaic; he rhymed,

but that does not constitute poetry. Both were favorites with women, for the reason that both were like women, intuitive; and though both imagined themselves to be essentially masculine, and both *were* manly, yet they never came in contact with a large-hearted woman, who did not feel a



EDGAR A. POE.

maternal instinct to protect them, while small women were afraid of them. Indeed a full woman always becomes a protector to the full man, as well as to the weak of both sexes.

Rufus W. Griswold, the compiler of American Literature, was a pleasant, gossiping man in conversation, full of whim and absurdity, as tricky as a pretty woman; never seeming in earnest, yet at heart very much so, and of fixed and tenacious opinions. If one wished to know how earnest he could be, he had only to name James Fenimore Cooper and Napoleon Buona-partre, when he would become really eloquent. Time will prove that the first is as well worth talking about as the latter, and when we shall have a generation of largely organized men and women, Cooper will grow into higher favor.

Willis was conventional, full of fancy and compliment, but not in the large sense suggestive. He belonged essentially to the artificial and luxurious. He lacked depth and comprehensiveness; took al-

ways the best he found floating on the surface of society; what was most tasteful and most artistic. I used to think he might have made more of his genius, but subsequently became convinced that it was neither large nor exacting, and that he achieved all he was capable of doing. Mr. Willis had the foolish vanity of a man of the world, who was willing to be thought a much worse or a more killing man than he really was, where women were concerned. It is to be hoped that the more enlightened views growing upon the minds of the sex will eventually disabuse the minds of men of many of these weak, ridiculous notions which were a part of the training which Mr. Willis in his youth received from such sybarites as Lady Blessington and Count D'Orsay.

Edgar A. Poe was ordinarily a reserved man, stately and self-involved, full also of a quaint suggestiveness. Always, everywhere, he seemed a person who could not be placed where he ought to be; so much so, that when his "Raven" appeared, I felt that he was there—there in that weird, solitary atmosphere. With women he was more at home; not that there was anything weak or unmanly in his appearance, but I think he had confidence in women, and trusted his best utterances to them. All poets have more or less of this feeling, but it was pre-eminent in Mr. Poe. Perhaps they all feel a mother-want. Good Mrs. Clem supplied much of this to him.

Mr. Poe, now so many years in his grave, is having a literary resurrection. It galled him to be misconstrued by the conceited clique of Boston, and the coldness of Longfellow, Emerson, and others was too much felt by him. That two men like Emerson and Longfellow, whose theories of life were in accepted channels, and not altogether original, rich men also, surrounded by cliques, should turn upon this child of imagination a cold aspect is more to be regretted than wondered at. Poe never was, for any length of time, free from pecuniary anxiety, while these men, having married rich women, never suffered from this cause. Knowing how super-

ciliously the Boston cliquers treated him, I never so much wondered at his hostility. Poe accused Longfellow of plagiarizing from me, which brought me a letter from Longfellow to explain what is unexplainable.

Orestes A. Brownson was Johnsonian. He liked a monologue better than colloquy; was humorous, philosophic, dictatorial. In talking with me he was very apt to slide into "Sir," instead of "Madam," which was not displeasing to me. His reading was simply enormous; he never forgot anything, and would surprise a listener by illustration and quotation from some out-of-the-way author, just to show that there was nothing new under the sun, and that those who plumed themselves upon saying a new or original thing, were, in reality, repeating in a poorer way what some finely-cultured mind had reached centuries before. Dogmatic as he naturally was, his humility and childlike docility in all matters pertaining to his religious belief were truly touching.

Extremes are apt to approximate. George Ripley, the apostle of Brookfarm, out of which experience Hawthorne constructed his romance of "Blithedale," a Massachusetts scholar, and very proud of his native State; and William Gilmore Simms, a South Carolina scholar, and he also proud of his native State, were very similar in the style, though greatly differing in the subject matter of their conversation. They were finished, concise, elegant. They talked in paragraphs, so well worded that every syllable might be put into a book, and it would read well there.

Mr. Ripley had no superior in the country as a critic, and the *Tribune* owes much more to his taste, judgment, and learning

than is generally known to the public. His conversation was genial, full of a subtle, refined insight rarely rising to enthusiasm, and yet in character Mr. Ripley was an enthusiast of a high order; a poet in heart and expression, without the incumbrance of the art. His prose has the finish of Irving, and a great deal more of breadth and penetration. He was fond of the society of superior women, as all superior men are; and he fully sympathized with the highest aspirations of the sex.



WM. GILMORE SIMMS.

These men were entirely devoid of any pretentiousness; they talked from the love of companionship and not from a love of display. They were gentlemen—truly such, in birth and culture; and where one has enjoyed the society of such men and such women, who for many years met every week and sometimes oftener, they can easily forego the vapidness of modern fashionable intercourse.

Many of the leading politicians were men not only of ideas, but of peculiar tact and appositeness in expressing them;

indeed the training which these men undergo in the ranks of party, and by the necessities of public speaking, is nearly equal to the close logical training of the student of the law, to which must be superadded a peculiar fluency of manner, a quick repartee, and a familiarity with those tones and feelings most likely to influence human emotions.

Warwick of party, was one of the most agreeable talkers one can well meet. He traveled much, was a close observer of men and events, and his judgment rarely at fault in anticipating results; indeed, so remarkable was he in this respect that he illustrates the opinion that a cool, observant mind, an intellect unswayed by the imagination, is very nearly akin in its

conclusions to the character of a prophet; what the one foresees by a divine intuition, the other also foresees by the deductions of reason.

Mr. Weed had seen and been in correspondence with most of the distinguished men of the age; had talked familiarly with crowned heads, shared in the diplomacy of courts, been intimate with dignitaries of the church, familiar with politicians at home and abroad, and acquainted with the literati of his own country and



WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Wendell Phillips is a refined and ready converser, whose ideas, in spite of the limitations of the one subject to which he devotes himself, circle largely and embrace all topics familiar to the scholar and the man of letters. His voice is singularly persuasive, and with a manner always earnest, he has the eloquence and taste of a Greek. Certainly he is no charlatan, but is entirely convinced of the justice of the opinions he holds and publicly advocates.

Thurlow Weed, so aptly called the

Europe. He read much, was a profound student of Shakespeare, and probably Charles Dickens had nowhere a more devoted admirer of his writings than in Thurlow Weed.

Mr. Weed's letters from abroad are models of a pure epistolary style, graphic, concise, always to the point. He had talent at such a white heat that it was equivalent to genius, and being talent it was far more available to him than the faculties of a man of genius are apt to be to the possessor of them. He was a good

listener as well as talker, always allowing his colloquist a fair chance to speak, and yet nobody was better able to cut off a bore, or to silence the insolent. He was also a splendid hater, and knew how to strike down an enemy with a telling blow.

In social life he was pre-eminently genial, considerate for others, kind to the

destitute, forbearing to the erring. His deeds of benevolence were many, and some of them truly romantic, and thus this man, once the pride and the terror of party, was a most kindly and agreeable man in the home circle, abounding in anecdote, and courteous and obliging.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

KEEP THE WHEEL TURNING.

If ye want to get on in this big warl' o' oors,
Ye maan tread ower the nettles as weel as the
floors.

Be sober an' honest, nae secrets reveal,
Hae patience—ye'll prosper by turning the wheel.

I mind my auld grannie aft telt me when young
To mind what I said—aye to guard weel my
tongue.

I thocht on her words as she filled up her reel ;
She lived an' was honest through turning the
wheel.

There's naething like aye keeping on the alert ;
We kenna how soon a chance might come oor airt
To better oorselves, ay, and help us to speel
The steep hill o' life—ca' awa' at the wheel.

When ye've a few pounds in yer pooch, ye can
say—

“Come weel or come woe, I can manage my
way ;”

'Tis the great po'er o' wealth that can build a
heich bell—

Sae, if ye'd obtain it, keep turning the wheel.

TOM M'LAGHLAN.

INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL CULTURE.

THE history of man shows the failure of teachers in religion and morals to make men truthful and honest. This truth holds good in nations where the Bible is taken for a standard of right and wrong, as well as in those countries where the people bow at the feet of Mahomet or worship at the shrine of Buddha, or an imaginary deity. Even in Puritan New England, where the school-house and the church stand side by side, and the young have the advantages of excellent intellectual culture and the religious training, according to the Episcopal and other creeds of different Christian denominations, vice and sensuality abound ; and men in high stations, both in Church and State, violate the laws of the land, and in prisons, and sometimes upon the gallows, suffer the penalty of their crimes. There is a cause for this state of morals ; and we affirm that it is the result of error on the part of intellectual, moral, and re-

ligious teachers in educating and training the youthful mind.

It is affirmed by those who have the education of the race under their supervision, that the youthful minds should be educated at home by parents. This is true, but how can the young be educated at home when the parents are ignorant, and have no intellectual and moral culture ? Or in countries where the public school reaches all, how are the children to be taught morality at home when both parents are violators of all the commands of the Decalogue ? Furthermore, how can any instructor, private or public, teach the young the principles of honesty without a knowledge of the innate faculties of the mind to be educated ? Educate the intellect and neglect conscience, and a people, like the inhabitants of New England, having learned men, great in science, theology, and law, but in numerous cases deficient in the eternal principle of