

Does the prince of serpents hiss?

Keep cool:

Show your stiffest upper lip:

When he sees that you are firm,
You will find that off he'll slip.

Keep cool.

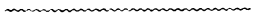
Let your ills be what they may,

Keep cool:

Seize this truth with heart and hand—

He that ruleth well himself,
Can the universe withstand.

Keep cool.



BE CHATTY.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

IN the scripture record of the miracle of casting out a dumb devil, it is said that after the ejection, the man spake. Far be it from me to tamper with forbidden arts—to descend into the arcana of the sorcerer, for the material whereby to exorcise the sullen fiend; yet, when I have seen the good cheer of a whole household shrouded by the sulky humor of one, I have forgotten the scruples of my piety, and have found myself instinctively uttering the words of the exorcist, “Te adjuro per”—and have stayed my speech in terror at the profane presumption. There are those that will not be charmed, charm we never so wisely; and it were well to leave them till such time as a miracle shall be wrought in their behalf.

But to all others, to those who can feel the freshness and the buoyancy of heart which are the best evidence of a

strong, healthful and honest humanity, we would say — Be chatty. Talk, even if you fail to say brilliant or profound things: for the great thought is for the few, while the harmless, pleasant one is appreciated by the many. The eagle lives in the cold mountain region, amid the glacier and the tempest; but the birds that sing nestle in vales and woodlands, close to earth, and thence bear their music towards heaven.

Give way to moods — be they whimsical, grotesque, or even “funny:” — and when these are past, be wise — but not over-wise — grave, earnest, and whole-hearted. This is the way to build up a true humanity — a being of fibre, of resource and reliability — instead of becoming, what education is apt to make us, cut and angled, pasteboard and painted images — such good conventionalists that we can be warranted “safe,” “not liable to break out of harness,” &c.

Never trust your silent man with long, thin, compressed lips. He who is afraid to give his thoughts an airing, has those not safe to be trusted out. Do not mistake his owl-dom for thought. It is out of “abundance” that the mouth speaks; and where it is silent, there is either bankruptcy or something worse. Thought grows stagnant when not coined to utterance. Young has said some really fine things upon this subject, which show in the morbidity of his “thoughts” like stars of “night.” The life turns inward upon itself, when expression is denied, and generates intolerable evils; just as damp caverns produce the toad, the lizard and the bat. None are so nearly allied to the angels that they can dare sit and commune only with themselves, trusting, in sublime egotism, to the scheme of truth thus elaborated — which, being mixed with the passions and prejudices from which none are exempt, will be but a distorted, earth-made idol, instead of the pure effulgence which we are bound to

seek. The danger, too, is great, lest by this solitary brooding, we become like those deadly serpents, of which it is said that sometimes, having no means of relieving themselves of the poison which they generate, it accumulates and is re-absorbed again and again into the system, till at length they swell and die, from their own venom.

It is too much the disposition among our people, to defraud the home circle of the treasures of thought and fancy, for the purpose of casting them before the public. He or she who should feel that the dearest offering, the brightest garland, is the very one, above all others, to grace the shrine of the Penates, will sit in solitary abstraction, concocting a story or rounding a paragraph which is to appear in a Magazine, there to be read by indifferent and careless eyes—perhaps not read at all, and forgotten—while the same things, given with a glowing heart by a voice dear to the few, might be long remembered and treasured in the affections, as gems of worth and beauty. It is weak and foolish to leave the good ever at our feet, to pursue a will-o-the-wisp.

“I am not ambitious in my love,”

said the simple hearted Miranda:—the prettiest thing she could have said; for love, to exist at all, must have a lodgment fixed, such as ambition does not afford, and there be cherished: it must have smiles of tenderness, and words of affectionate fondness, which sink into the soul's utterance of sympathy and perfect peace.

There is nothing more subtly fascinating than a graceful tone of conversation. I will not say that all may excel in this most desirable and elegant accomplishment; but I do say that, with an ordinary share of attention, by readiness of sympathy, the absence of self, and the presence of a pleasant voice, all may become chatty, agreeable, and so essential to the social circle, that its

members will feel as if a limb were lost when one is absent. And here let me remark, that where the character is harmonious, the voice is always in keeping.

Let us talk, then; talk, and not write — or write to give new charms to home. Talent is so universal among us, that almost any one of ordinary ability may construct a respectable story, may do the second-hand work of translating, or, with a tolerably musical ear, measure language into verse. But let not such imagine that it is incumbent upon them to go forth, and unfurl the banner of twaddledom in the face and eyes of a whole community.

Genius, unlike talent, is an especial dowry from the hand of God, missioned forth direct and truthful; and sorrowful likewise — its office being not one of enjoyment merely, but also of suffering. For this cause was it given to the world, that it might be a mouth-piece for the many — a great beating heart — not a half, not a distorted, but a full humanity. It treads the wine-press that others may drink, and become strong and joyful. It has neither staff nor scrip for its journey: alone, and pierced by the archers, it yet goes onward, impelled by a power which, though felt, is but imperfectly comprehended.

Genius has its errors. Manifold they may be; but they are the errors of impulse, and not the gross, hypocritical ones of a cold, unimpassioned intellect. And through these very errors, it sometimes, in its recoil, grasps at a great truth which the world will embrace and honor. The man of genius *must* act, write and speak; because it is a great necessity of his being. Cromwell, who stands as the embodiment of democracy, acted from the stirrings of his great, rough, strong manhood, which was too earnest to be still; and Milton wrote his cathedral song in blindness and neglect, because the swelling anthems of the spiritual world so vibrated in his own soul that he could not be silent. And John Wesley, who com-

bined the politician and the preacher, felt himself circumscribed, and suffocated, in houses built with hands; and he led forth his people to woods and rocks, re-converting the universe into God's own temple. He founded a new order of things, because of the primitive urgency of his own strong being.

Such are the Mount Blancs of our race, standing apart as points by means of which we measure the infinite distances of inferior minds. The dreamy eloquence of Coleridge will long be remembered; but what is said of his talent in conversation, is the best tribute to his genius, giving it the stamp of earnest, unaffected truth—the impulse of thought without the stirrings of vanity. “It was his subject that inspired him, not his auditor; and he talked as well to a plough-boy as to a philosopher.”

There are many of whom it might be said, that however beautiful may be their written thought, their conversation is far more excellent and effective. All may have affectionate and endeared listeners in their own circle: and it is amid the congenial only that the truly gifted find themselves “enlarged,” as the old Pilgrims used to say; that is, find a free utterance—the rein given to thought, fancy and humor. They cast themselves upon the protection of love, and sing forth the melodies of a harp of a thousand strings. Well for such it is, that they feel themselves protected by taste and conventionalism. Otherwise they would be silent: for who could talk, in a case like that of which the poet speaks, where he says,

“There’s a chiel amang ye takin’ notes,
And faith he ’ll prent it;”

or plunge into all the vagaries of a lively and varied intellect, with a Boswell by his side, wrapt in silent admiration? The unpremeditated out-pourings of thought, where friend meets friend, are the most beautiful utterings of language; the inspirations of recognized and appre

ciated thought—the highest and holiest of all human inspirations : and these are pleasures in which all may share, in a greater or less degree.

Be CHATTY, then. Live not as if seeking some far off, unattainable good, but open your eyes to the blossoms lying at the threshold of the nearest door. Give the tongue its work to do, as usher to the soul. Talk, and make glad the hearts about you. Dread a silent household ; for where gladness is, (and gladness cannot be long banished from innocent hearts,) it will sing forth its secret harmonies, just as the brook, the bird and the young child, find a voice. It is the stagnant and slimy pool that is silent ; while the clear fresh stream sings rejoicing on its way.

THE NECESSITY OF KEEPING ONE'S FRIEND IN ONE'S POCKET.

ONE OF MADAM MIDNIGHT'S PAPERS, REVISED.

That all bodies gravitate or incline to the centre, is a proposition philosophically illustrated and mathematically proved, by the incomparable Sir Isaac Newton. It is on this principle only that we can account for our being fixed and confined to the earth, that we are circumscribed by the atmosphere, and that we are constantly attended by, and constantly attend, the planets that seem to roll round us. Any one that wants farther demonstration than has already been given us by that great man, let him but step to that part of the globe directly opposite to where I reside, and he will find himself firmly fixed to the earth there, notwithstanding the soles of his feet are over against