after speeches by Messrs. Evarts, Blatchford, G. W. Curtis, General Nye, and Judge Tracey of California, the last-named said: "We wage no war upon the South, we harbor no malice against the South. We merely mean to *fence them in*" (pointing significantly to a rail exhibited on the platform); "this is all we propose to do to stop the extension of slavery, and Abe Lincoln has split the rails to build the fence."

What speaker at this time would have been so bold as to foretell that that man was raised up to free his country from slavery—that his hand would write the Proclamation of Emancipation?

Saturday, after the convention adjourned, the committee appointed by the convention to notify Lincoln formally of his nomination, with the Hon. George Ashmun, the Chairman of the Convention, at the head, went to Springfield, accompanied by several hundred men, carrying "rails," which, after marching in procession through the streets of Springfield, they stacked like muskets in the Hall of Representatives of the State House. The cannon's roar responded to the flash of the telegraph throughout the country. Bonfires blazed everywhere. The enthusiasm of Lincoln's immediate friends and supporters was contagious, and spread throughout the North, as the record of the candidate became known.

The result of the convention, though unexpected to the country, was a natural one. As soon as the friends of the different candidates were ready to sacrifice their individual preferences to the demand for success, the contest was at an end.

Sunday night many of the delegates left Chicago for their homes. The sleeping-coaches were crowded. Col. Curtin and several of his friends occupied one of the sections. Just before dropping off to sleep, Curtin murmured: "Pettis, don't forget Reeder's announcement—the sweetest sound that ever greeted my ears—'Pennsylvania casts fifty-two votes for Abraham Lincoln of Illinois!'"

Frank B. Carpenter.

AN INSPIRED LIFE.

"Deep," "true," and "simple," wrote Ralph Waldo Emerson, "your audience should be very large." "So deeply and poetically thoughtful, so true in language, so complete as a whole, these sonnets stand apart here in these qualites," the elder Dana, the poet, wrote to William Cullen Bryant, who, cordially agreeing with his friend's praise, spoke of the sonnets as possessing "extraordinary grace and originality." Such was the judgment of our elder poets on the poetical work of Jones Very, which appeared in the year 1839—a modest little collection of three essays in prose and some fifty sonnets, published in Boston at the suggestion of Emerson.

That edition has long been exhausted; but the little volume is still treasured in many private libraries, and some of the sonnets have since been widely copied into various publications. Hawthorne placed them long ago in his "virtuoso's collection," with the appreciative remark: "a poet whose voice is scarcely heard among us as yet, by reason of its depth."

On the 28th of August, 1813, Jones Very, the poet, was born at Salem on Massachusetts Bay, then the principal entry port of the country for East Indian merchandise. He was the son of Captain Jones Very, and of Mrs. Lydia Very, a cousin of his father. Both had by their own exertions acquired a considerable general culture, and both were fond of writing verses, an accomplishment possessed in a marked degree by two other

of their children besides our poet. The contributions of his brother, the Rev. Washington Very, and his sister Miss L. L. A. Very, may be found in various collections of household and sacred poetry.

Jones Very was a shy, modest lad, of a gentle, confiding nature, which endeared him to his teachers and intimate friends; though a certain reserve of manner and marked maturity of thought, very early developed, tended to limit somewhat the circle of his school-boy intimates. Until he was nine years old he was sent to a private day school for children; then he was taken to sea by his father, with whom he made several voyages. His father died in 1824, and young Jones was sent to a public grammar school in his native town, where he at once attracted attention by his exceptionally good scholarship and sedate demeanor. His great desire was to go to college and pursue a strictly literary life; "to go," as he expressed it, "to the depths of literature." This he had to postpone for the more immediate duty of assisting his mother in providing for her family of three younger children, his two sisters and the brother before alluded to. He, therefore, went into an auctioneer's room in Salem.

Obtaining from the proceeds of an exchange the books he needed in order to fit himself for college, he mastered their contents and prepared himself to teach till he could find means to enter Harvard. With the assistance of an uncle, he was, in 1834, enabled to do so, joining the sophomore class in that year. In 1836 he was graduated at Harvard with second honors, and was appointed a tutor in Greek, studying meantime at the theological school connected with the university, from which latter, however, owing to ill health, he was never formally graduated; in 1843 he was duly licensed as a preacher by the Cambridge Association.

In 1838 he returned to Salem in search of much-needed rest, and after his health was restored, he again assisted his former teacher, Mr. Oliver, in conducting his classical school. Very had an ardent love for the Greek language and its literature. His pupils say he "fairly breathed the spirit of Greek literature," and that the charm with which he surrounded the study vanished from Harvard with him. He sought, besides, to influence personally the young men under his charge. Many of his best sonnets appeared at this time (1837–8) often on the backs of the young men's Greek exercises, as another means of influencing them for good.

Very first printed his poems in the columns of the newspapers then published in his native town, where they may still be found side by side with the tales of his more widely known friend and admirer, Hawthorne. Later productions were contributed to the undergraduates' publication, "Harvardiana," and to "The Dial," the periodical edited by Margaret Fuller. In 1839, as has been said, Emerson induced Very to publish a selection of his work; and many letters, which at this time passed between them, and between Emerson and Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody, show the warm interest which he took in Very, both as a man and as a writer. He writes to Miss Peabody, in 1838, of the "true and high satisfaction" he has had from Very's conversation and lecture, and "heartily congratulates" himself "on being, as it were, anew in such company."

The "lecture" here alluded to is the first of three prose essays included in the little volume before spoken of. It is on the subject of epic poetry, and is followed by two others on "Shakspere" and on "Hamlet." They have much of the melodious movement that marks the lyric quality of his verse.

The poetry in this volume consists of some fifty sonnets, and with them a few lyrical pieces of rather more varying merit. Never was poetry more unpremeditated. The form is always the simpler Shaksperian measure of three quatrains and a couplet. Very himself regarded them as inspirations, and waited, like the prophets of old, for the message.

"Father, I wait thy word. The sun doth stand
Beneath the mingling line of night and day,
A listening servant, waiting thy command
To roll rejoicing on its silent way.
The tongue of time abides the appointed hour
Till on our ear its solemn warnings fall;
The heavy cloud withholds the pelting shower,
Then every drop speeds onward at thy call;
The bird reposes on the yielding bough
With breast unswollen by the tide of song;
So does my spirit wait thy presence now
To pour thy praise in quickening life along,
Chiding with voice divine man's lengthened sleep
While round the Unuttered Word and Love their
vigils keep."

He was impressed with the belief that all sin consists in self-will, all holiness in unconditional surrender to the will of God; and therefore felt entirely confident that if any one would make it his object not to do his own will in anything, but constantly to obey the will of God, he would be led by Him and taught of Him in all things. Indeed, he strove with all his energies to surrender his own desires to the inward Light, and felt as a consequence, when he was moved to speak, that he *knew* absolutely the truth of what he delivered, though he was never other than humble and modest.

THE PRESENCE.

"I sit within my room, and joy to find
That Thou who always lov'st, art with me here,
That I am never left by Thee behind,
But by Thyself Thou keep'st me ever near;
The fire burns brighter when with Thee I look,
And seems a kinder servant sent to me;
With gladder heart I read Thy Holy Book,
Because Thou art the eyes by which I see;
This aged chair, that table, watch, and door
Around in ready service ever wait;
Nor can I ask of Thee a menial more
To fill the measure of my large estate,
For Thou Thyself, with all a father's care,
Where'er I turn, art ever with me there."

Very constantly spoke of God in this way as he met his friends in the street; never with a trace of cant or puritanical whining, but as naturally and simply as if the subject were "the weather," or any other topic of common interest. He felt all this to be so intensely real and vital, he was often inexpressibly grieved as he looked round among his fellows to find how much alone he stood; and at last he breaks out:

ENOCH.

"I looked to find a man who walked with God,
Like the translated patriarch of old;—
Though gladdened millions on His footstool trod,
Yet none with Him did such sweet converse hold;
I heard the wind in low complaint go by,
That none its melodies like Him could hear;
Day unto day, spoke Wisdom from on high,
Yet none like David turned a willing ear;
God walked alone, unhonored through the earth;
For Him no heart-built temple open stood,
The soul, forgetful of her nobler birth,
Had hewn Him lofty shrines of stone and wood,
And left unfinished and in ruins still
The only temple He delights to fill."

It seemed to him that the world was becoming pagan. Men seemed to him to have lost their sight, and to be dying in the darkness of a prison. At the time these sonnets were produced (1838–39), he was in a state of great mental exaltation, and was thought, by persons who did not know him, to have lost his reason. But the persons who knew him intimately all declared that the statement that he had, in any sense, "lost his reason" was certainly untrue. Mr. Oliver, his teacher and near neighbor and friend, is positive on this point; as is Miss Peabody, who suggests that there was an intensity, rather than a lack of action of the higher intellectual powers. She says that the Rev. Dr. Channing, who saw Very at this time, was greatly impressed and touched with his gentleness and modesty, and his complete conviction that his word was the utterance of the Holy Spirit. The lower activities of the brain, upon which the senses operate, seemed to have been in a measure suspended. "Yet," she reports Dr. Channing as saying, "there was an iron sequence of thought." "Men in general," said Dr. Channing, "have lost or never found this higher mind—*their* insanity is profound—*his* is only superficial. He has not," the Doctor concluded, "lost his reason; he has only suppressed his senses."

The Rev. Dr. Clarke observed in a notice of Very, prefacing some sonnets he sent at this time to "The Western Messenger": "that the fact that in his intellect all other thoughts had become merged as it were in the great thought of his connection with God, was more probably "an evidence of monosania than of mono-mania."

Emerson, whose house Very had been visiting, wrote to Miss Peabody under date of October, 1838: "I have been very happy in his visit. I wish the whole world were as mad as he. He is profoundly sane, and, as soon as his thoughts subside from their present excited to a more natural state, I think he will make all men sensible of it." Again in June, 1839, Emerson wrote to the same lady of another visit he has just induced Very to make him: "He has been serene, intelligent, and true in all the conversation I have had with him," and he added that he should himself go to town and arrange for the publication of Very's book.

After some time the undue exhilaration under which Very was acting ceased, and the work-a-day balance of his faculties was restored. He, however, still retained his view that complete self-abnegation was necessary to, and would result in, identification with the Holy Spirit.

After his return from Cambridge, Very did not again leave Salem for any length of time; but lived quietly with his mother, brother and sisters, and of late, since the death of his mother and brother, with his sisters alone. He was never married; nor was he permanently settled in charge of a parish, though he occasionally went from home to supply for a short time some Unitarian pulpit. It seemed to be with his ministerial as with his collegiate life: his rare gifts were not of the kind that would likely make him popular. Yet in the pulpit his extreme modesty never stood in his way; he felt there that he had a "message" not his own to deliver, and with great humility he confidently addressed himself to the task.

The verses he has left are of considerable amount and of varying poetical merit; in all that he has done the benign and gentle spirit of his personality makes itself felt.

Some of his happiest efforts have been transcriptions of Nature. Here is one that shows the delicate feeling in his poetry, and illustrates in a measure one phase of his quiet genius:

THE TREE.

"I love thee when thy swelling buds appear
And one by one their tender leaves unfold,
As if they knew that warmer suns were near,
Nor longer sought to hide from winter's cold:
And when with darker growth thy leaves are seen,
To veil from view the early robin's nest,
I love to lie beneath thy waving screen
With limbs by summer's heat and toil oppressed;
And when the autumn winds have stript thee bare,
And round thee lies the smooth, untrodden snow,
When naught is thine that made thee once so fair,
I love to watch thy shadowy form below,
And through thy leafless arms to look above
On stars that brighter beam, when most we need their love."

It is as simple and charming as Chaucer's apostrophe to the daisy, and how beautiful is the concluding couplet! Very constantly reminds us in this way of another age; and, even, in his personal appearance there was something that suggested a more tranquil past. Not that he was more conservative in his dress than many of his contemporaries in the quiet old town in which he lived; yet when one saw the tall, slight figure gazing off from some of the many rocky hill-tops of the wild pasture land about Salem,—outlined against a glowing twilight sky, or perhaps disappearing down some distant valley mellowed with a golden, afternoon sunlight,—it at once brought to mind the gentle presence in Matthew Arnold's "Scholar Gipsy" "roaming the country side a truant boy,"

"With every doubt long blown by time away."

He was, however, far from being a recluse, and all sorts of men—clergymen, sportsmen, working-men, and, above all, children—loved to ramble with him, as indeed, he did with them. One of these sometimes rather strangely assorted companions of Very's walks said to the writer: "Well, yes! I *did* like to meet Mr. Very when I was out gunning; I don't set up to be much of a religious man, you know, but the fact is, you couldn't walk far with him without feeling better for it somehow."

Mr. Very spent his mornings in study, and his afternoons in these rambles, usually unaccompanied by friends.

"The flowers I pass have eyes that look at me,
The birds have ears that hear my spirit's voice,
And I am glad the leaping brook to see,
Because it does at my light step rejoice."

He would return from these rambles and commit to paper the words there "given" him. When one reads the remarkable sonnet on the Columbine, one feels that it is not all a pretty conceit of the poet's fancy, that he belongs indeed to the blithe company,

"Nodding our honey-bells 'mid pliant grass;"

one feels, too, that the spirit of a flower is speaking in these graceful, tremulous lines:

"Nature! my love for thee is deeper far
Than strength of words, though spirit-born, can tell;
For while I gaze they seem my soul to bar,
That in thy widening streams would onward swell,
Bearing thy mirrored beauty on its breast,—
Now, through thy lonely haunts unseen to glide,
A motion that scarce knows itself from rest,
With pictured flowers and branches on its tide:
Then by the noisy city's frowning wall,
Whose armëd heights within its waters gleam,
To rush, with answering voice to ocean's call,
And mingle with the deep its swollen stream,
Whose boundless bosom's calm alone can hold
That heaven of glory in thy skies unrolled."

So this pure-hearted man lived his wholly uneventful life, and died, in the town where he was born; but the memory he has left still lingers as a benediction, to cheer and bless all who come under its gentle influence. Perhaps the best account of Very, as a man, is contained in an epitome of his character given by his life-long friend, the Rev. Robert C. Waterston:

"He was good as goodness itself, true as truth. With his knowledge and wisdom he was as simple as a child—transparent and artless. He was the extremest possible distance from pomposity or pretension, and when he believed that the poetry, which came to him like the breath of heaven, did actually come from heaven, it was so naturally and simply said one felt it was his profoundest conviction. It was a sacred idea—a divine reality."

On the 8th of May, 1880, Jones Very died, and entered on the "New Birth" he had long since sung in some of his noblest numbers:

"'Tis a new life;—thoughts move not as they did
With slow, uncertain steps across the mind,
In thronging haste fast pressing on, they bid
The portals open to the viewless wind
That comes not, save when in the dust is laid
The crown of pride that gilds each mortal brow,
And from before man's vision melting fade
The heavens and earth,—their walls are falling now.
Fast crowding on, each thought asks utterance strong;
Storm-lifted waves swift rushing to the shore,
On from the sea they send their shouts along,
Back through the cave-worn rocks their thunders roar;
And I, a child of God, by Christ made free,
Start from death's slumbers to Eternity."

William P. Andrews.