

equal to every individual of *them* in virtue, in understanding, and in bodily strength? Were this to be admitted, instead of being a free people, as we have hitherto supposed, and mean to continue ourselves, we should suddenly be found the slaves, not of one, but of one hundred and sixty thousand tyrants." The Boston people had been "bold in their enmities against the house of Stuart," and were consequently "now devoted to ruin by that unseen hand which governs the momentous affairs of this great empire." The town is to be reduced to beggary by "a few worthless ministerial dependents," who, "by their treacheries, hope to obtain the dignity of British knighthood.....If the pulse of his people shall beat calmly under this experiment, another and another will be tried, till the measure of despotism be filled up..... The cowards who would suffer a countryman to be torn from the bowels of their society in order to be thus offered a sacrifice to Parliamentary tyranny would merit that everlasting infamy now fixed on the authors of the act." Against all these acts of oppression "we do, on behalf of the inhabitants of British America, enter this our solemn and determined protest.....with that freedom of language and sentiment which becomes a free people, claiming their rights as derived from the laws of nature, and not as the gift of their chief magistrate. Let those flatter who fear; it is not an American art.....They know, and will therefore say, that kings are the servants, not the proprietors, of the people.....The whole art of government consists in the art of being honest.....This, sire, is the advice of your great American Council, on the observance of which may perhaps depend your felicity and future fame, and the preservation of that harmony which alone can continue, both to Great Britain and America, the reciprocal advantages of their connection.....The God who gave us life gave us liberty at the same time; the hand of force may destroy, but can not disjoin them. This, sire, is our last, our determined, resolution."

Thus did the young member of the Virginia Burgesses announce the great principles which lie at the foundation of free government. The Declaration of Independence was only the fuller and more solemn enunciation of the same fundamental idea.

In passing from the youth and early manhood of Jefferson we leave behind the romance of his life—henceforth he is the politician, leveler, freethinker, "apostle of democracy," and President. But he no doubt looked back often on the bright days when he was a student and squire of dames at Williamsburg. In that famous old Apollo Room of the Raleigh Tavern, where he "danced with Belinda" once and was "happy," he sat now with his great contemporaries making history.

Is it fanciful to believe that the member of the House of Burgesses mused and sighed as his gaze dwelt again on the old familiar walls where music once sounded and bright eyes beamed in the happy hours of his youth? The minuet must have played again in his memory, and the laughter of Belinda have drowned the voices of his great associates! A stormier music than the violin's was approaching, and the roar of cannon would soon extinguish the weird laughter; but doubtless he heard it, and thought of his lost youth, as he placed his feet on the rugged path which he was destined to follow thenceforth through life, beginning the great career which made him so famous.

With that after-career the present familiar sketch has nothing to do. From the end of the Revolution to his death Jefferson was a "public man," living in the broad light of publicity, or when not filling great public stations of ambassador, cabinet officer, party leader, and President, a retired planter at Monticello, scarcely notable save as an elegant and hospitable host, a devotee of literature, and a skillful and energetic cultivator of the soil. He raised fine horses and improved cattle, managed a large estate with success—though what his activity acquired his lavish hospitality dissipated speedily—carried on an enormous correspondence, through which he drilled his political views into the minds of men of influence in all parts of the country, and died at last, full of years and honors, the head of a great party, the founder of a new system, the world-wide famous "apostle of democracy."

FORGOTTEN.

By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

ONCE, looking through a little sheaf
Of papers stored from girlhood years,
I chanced upon a faded leaf,
And read, half smiling, half in tears,

This legend on the wrapping set
In delicate girl-writing small:
"Never this day, this leaf, forget;"
And, lo! I had forgot it all.

Nor could I think with all my care
What it did ever mean, and so
I slowly let the summer air
Waft it away, and watched it go

With dreaming gaze. And is it thus,
I mused, with this world's joy and grief?
"Never forget," it seems to us,
As I wrote on my little sheaf;

When, lo! without our knowledge, curled
Our scroll of earth; its story small
Comes not into that higher world;
Besides—we have forgot it all!