The sumach they seem to take occasionally as a corrective acid — abstracting one here and there from the crowded cones. Some bitter berries they must regard as tonics, and so leave almost wholly alone, or partake of sparingly, until the straits of hunger compel them to fall back upon them as a last resource. The mountain-ash trees consequently have a time in which they are left to adorn the stony mountain-sides, or the door-yards to which they have been transplanted for ornamentation. And it must be from some similar cause that the berries of the black-alder are suffered to remain on the branches so late—happily for those who love to see brilliant things, for they, lingering after every flower and gay leaf has gone, and every other bush has been denuded of its fruit, give the last offering of color to the November landscape. Seen in low places, along the borders of a swamp, or in some "run" in an orchard or mowing-field, or in a wet spot by the roadside, they look like jets of fire, of the intensest live scarlet. Sometimes one has a glimpse of one of these bushes, so lighted up, as he is whirled through a tract of low ground in the cars, and the effect is as if he had caught sight of a fire — they show so vividly where all else is ashen grayness or dullest brown. And then one is thankful that the birds have spared them.

If you should taste them, you would readily conjecture that they would not be over-pleasing to a bird, for they are of a sickening bitter, and the smell, on breaking the skin, is like a photographer's rooms when the chemicals have just been used. But, after the action of the weather for a month or two has abated their disagreeableness, and food is growing dearer, the birds come to them willingly.

Taking one thing with another, the supply of birds' food does not fail; but here at the North, when there are heavy falls of snow, and it lies deep on the earth, as is frequently the case before the winter is at an end, the prospect for the feathered folk is often dubious. All the delicate species have betaken themselves to the South in good season; but there are brave tribes that remain and grow hardy, enduring the cold, and willing to take their chance as to food; and they sing as cheerily as if there were a dinner for them on every bush, and the sky were as genial as in midsummer. These, when the fall of snow comes, hold counsel together, and sit a while in a melancholy way, and survey the wide, white waste, above which nothing eatable is to be seen, either for man or bird—absolutely nothing but the folded leaf-buds, snugly packed away in reserve for the coming spring. But despair is not a word known to such a buoyant spirit as the chickadee and his associates, and they betake themselves with our consent to the haunts of men, where they cheerfully accept the dry fare in the seed-pods of weed or flower still standing in the garden, varied by what berries remain on the ornamental shrubs, and the crumbs about the door-steps, till a thaw settles the snow, when they are back to the orchards and woods again.

A. B. HARRIS.

## THE HAUNTING FACE.

I SAID: "I will not know thee whence thou art,
And, though thou livest, thou art dead to me;
I seal thee in thy coffin, far apart
From all my life, from all my memory;
I weight thee down with firm resolve and scorn,
Within thy outcast's grave to lie forlorn."
And yet, thou hauntest me!

I said: "O face, I bring thee all my gold,
With jewels, sandal-wood, and spices rare;
I bring the dearest years my life doth hold,
With hoarded memories, and dreamings fair,
To build a royal tomb where thou in state
Shalt lie, with guard of honor at the gate."
And yet, thou hauntest me!

I said: "Thou art not beautiful, O face!
Thy cheeks are wan; thy far-off eyes are dim.
But here is one with budding, youthful grace,
Who proffers me a cup filled to the brim
With life's elixir. See! I quaff its wine,
While love's enchantment, to the full, is mine."
And yet, thou hauntest me!

I said: "The wonders of the world are vast;
Mine eyes shall see them." Forth I go, in quest
Of the red-belted lightning, coming fast
From out the east, and shining toward the west;
I hunt the northern lights o'er icebergs high;
I seek the star-cross in the southern sky.
And yet, thou hauntest me!

I said: "My heart is failing me for fear;
My schemes are shadows, and my hopes a dream;
I grasp them, and behold! they disappear—
Nor loves, nor friends, nor joys, are what they seem.
I will begin anew; I will subject
Myself, and live the straitest of my sect."
And yet, thou hauntest me!

I said: "Art here again, O haunting face?
Speak, then, and take my curse!" The pale lips part:
"Thy life's one love thou canst not thus efface—
I but reflect the image in thine heart;
Thine own heart knows me, though thy lips may lie;
O false to thine own self! it cannot die,
This love that haunteth thee!"

CONSTANCE F. WOOLSON.

## MISCELLANY.

### *MILTON AND SHAKESPEARE.*

BOOKS, scarce enough in the days of good King Hal and the Maiden Queen, had multiplied amazingly by the time of the Commonwealth, and Milton was a bookworm to the tips of his fingers. Under the last of the Tudors a man's religious opinions, in spite of the quarrel with Rome, were a matter of little importance, so long as he was content not to deny the royal supremacy, and thought no foreign prince or potentate hath authority within these realms. But, when "that bauble" had been taken away, when a Puritan republic had displaced a splendid monarchy, when men cut their love-locks short, prayed through their nose, and appealed to the sword of the Lord and of Gideon, it behooved every one to have an opinion upon prevenient grace, upon justification by faith, upon regeneration, the fruitlessness of symbols and good works, and the rest of such obscure matters; and upon all and every one of them Milton held the very strongest opinions—how Shakespeare would have smiled!—and cordially loathed those who either had no opinions at all or held opinions the very reverse of those entertained by himself. All that the Renaissance had done for Shakespeare and for the early manhood of the nation he represented, was to give him and it a consciousness of their native power, and to inspirit them to its unfettered exercise. While striking off old fetters, the fetters of childhood and the unfounded fancies of youth, it imposed no new ones. It loosened the tongue, without dictating to it either style, thoughts, or opinions. But the Reformation, as Hallam has said, was just as intolerant as the Roman Catholicism against which it rebelled; nay, it was more intolerant than Roman Catholicism ever was, till, catching fanaticism and narrowness from its rival, it searched out man's secret thoughts and sent them to the stake for non-conformity to its dogmas. Learning certainly had increased, though Puritanism was trying hard to check it, by a denunciation of pagan writers which almost equaled the virulence of the early Christian fathers. Luckily, Milton was learned, or, we may add, he would have been nothing. He presses the whole of Olympus into the service of his peculiar theological creed, and so became readable when he would otherwise have been intolerable. He is a close student, a splendid scholar; and while, as we have said, the Renaissance did nothing more for Shakespeare than, so to speak, loosen his tongue, the Renaissance and the Reformation together moulded Milton's style no less than his thoughts. We must not look in him for the turbid stream of eloquence which flows through the works of Shakespeare. He is a calm, stately river. We shall find no "disordered twigs," no "savagery," in the whole of Milton's compositions. Every thing in them is well-ordered; we have "hedges even-pleached;" we bid farewell forever to extravagance, to riotous imagery, to redundant metaphors, to gorgeous pleonasm, to mob-like similes, which jostle and run against each other till we do not know where one begins and the other ends. The reign of excess is over, as is that of toleration; and, instead of the "sweet south, stealing and giving odors," we shall have the smell of the midnight lamp.

And, firstly, let us see how the immoderate has become the measured; how amplification has yielded to precision, and how a style that, as we have said, in the hands of Shakespeare resembled the hurling of words at each other by inspired giants, has subsided into that of the cultured human being, whose very sonorousness is calculated:

". . . . As when the potent rod
Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,
Waved round the coast, up-called a pitchy cloud
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darkened all the land of Nile:
So numberless were those bad angels seen,
Hovering on wing under the cope of hell,
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;
Till, at a signal given, the uplifted spear
Of their great sultan, waving to direct
Their course, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain;
A multitude like which the populous North
Poured never from her frozen loins, to pass
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons
Came like a deluge on the south, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands."

Here every word is in its proper place; there is not a word too much, and the parallelism of the similes is complete throughout. But note how the similes are drawn, not from observation, and are not the result of an out-