solidate the several States under a powerful central government than to labor for the aggrandizement of the great commonwealth that he represented. He sought to strengthen the Union. He had been a member of the Congress of the Confederation, and had witnessed the evils that existed under that feeble and imperfect system. In the convention which framed the Federal Constitution, he had contributed all his influence to construct a strong government. And in his long career as a statesman he insisted that the safety, the prosperity, and the glory of the country would be advanced only by upholding the General Government in the plenitude of its power. He always held that the old system was a league, but that the new one was a government. His patriotism was intense and conspicuous. He was opposed to the declaration of war against Great Britain in 1812, but after it was made he exerted all his strength in conducting it with energy. He contributed powerfully to the success of the Government.

Seated in his place in the Senate, he was the very impersonation of dignity and decorum. Never was the presence of a Roman senator more imposing. At the opening of the administration of Mr. Adams, he had reached a time of life when he could not hope to achieve anything that could add to the splendor of his fame. He belonged to a class saluted with respect by Cicero in the Senate of Rome — the Conscript Fathers. Mr. Adams promptly tendered him the mission to England, and Mr. King accepted it. Thirty years after General Washington had appointed him to that important post, he appeared once more in England as the Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary of the United States. He was no more seen in the Senate. The last splendid representative of the Federal party disappeared from the old Senate Chamber forever.

Nathaniel Macon, of North Carolina, differed widely from Mr. King in politics, in manners, in taste, and in dress. He was a conspicuous representative of the Republican party of that period; dignified, but not courtly; scrupulous in his dress, but always appearing as a country gentleman, with easy but not imposing manners; he was a fine type of a class who were in full sympathy with the people. His appearance is described by a senator who entered the chamber but a little while before Mr. Macon retired from it, as "always wearing the same dress—that is to say, a suit of the same material, cut, and color, superfine navy-blue, the whole cut from the same piece, and in the fashion of the time of the Revolution, and always replaced by a new one before it showed age. He was neat in his person, always wore fine linen, a fine cambric stock, a fine fur hat with a brim to it, fair top-boots—the boots outside of the pantaloons, on the principle that leather was stronger than cloth."

Mr. Macon was Speaker of the House for many years, and when he took his seat in the Senate he was a statesman of large experience, great attainments, and profoundly learned in constitutional law. He was the friend of Jefferson, and agreed with his views of the Government. Their personal and political friendship was close and enduring; Jefferson invited him to take a place in his cabinet, but the invitation, while it gratified Mr. Macon, was declined. Mr. Macon regarded his friend as the greatest of statesmen; and Jefferson said, "Nathaniel Macon is the last of the Romans."

Mr. Macon was friendly to the National Government, but he believed a strict construction of the Constitution to be essential to the success of the federal system and the protection of the rights of the people; he loved the people; he had faith in them; he contributed all his strength and his influence to uphold the power of the General Government within the sphere of its appropriate action; but he vigorously resisted the first attempt of the Federalists to confer upon it any authority not granted in the plain words of the Constitution. It seemed to him that the prosperity and the glory of the country were to be advanced by restraining the Government within these limits, which had been so clearly ordained by the convention that had constructed the new and complex system.

The barriers set up for the protection of the rights reserved to the States and to the people were to be maintained with as much vigilance as the dikes of Holland which shut out the wild billows of the North Sea. A government to be controlled by the will of a majority of Congress must, in the course of time, become an imperial despotism. To confer upon the National Government the right to construe the Constitution in a broad, unrestricted sense, so as to determine the extent of its own powers, and to enforce its own construction upon the States and the people, would be to construct an absolute, gigantic, irresistible despotism under the name of a federal republic.

Such were Mr. Macon's views; no purer statesman ever appeared in any parliamentary body in any country on the globe. Cato, when he opposed the imperial power of Cæsar; Chatham, when he spoke in indignant tones in behalf of the colonies—neither was a nobler friend to the cause of mankind than was Nathaniel Macon in resisting the powerful efforts made in his day to destroy the barriers which had been erected for the protection of constitutional liberty. In the language of a senator already quoted, "He was above executive office, even the highest the President could give; but not above the lowest the people could give, taking that of justice of the peace in his county, and refusing that of Postmaster-General at Washington. He was opposed to nepotism, and to all quartering of his connections on the Government; and in the course of his forty years' service, with the absolute friendship of many administrations, and the perfect respect of all, he never had office or contract for any of his blood. He refused to be a candidate for the vice-presidency, but took the place of elector on the Van Buren ticket in 1836. He was against paper money and the paper system, and was accustomed to present the strong argument against both in the simple phrase that this was a hard-money government, made by hard-money men, who had seen the evil of paper money, and meant to save their posterity from it.

Mr. Macon was an earnest Christian; he studied the Bible habitually, and his illustrations were often drawn from its pages. Upon attaining the age of seventy years, in conformity with a purpose long settled, he resigned his seat in the Senate, against the remonstrances of friends, and retired forever from public life.

HENRY W. HILLIARD.

TOM.

YES, Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew.
Just listen to this:
When the old mill took fire, and the flooring fell through,
And I with it, helpless, there, full in my view,
What do you think my eyes saw through the fire,
That crept along, crept along, nigher and nigher,
But Robin, my baby-boy, laughing to see
The shining? He must have come there after me,
Toddled alone from the cottage without
Any one's missing him. Then, what a shout—
Oh! how I shouted, "For Heaven's sake, men,
Save little Robin!" Again and again
They tried, but the fire held them back like a wall,
I could hear them go at it, and at it, and call,
"Never mind, baby, sit still like a man,
We're coming to get you as fast as we can."
They could not see him, but I could; he sat
Still on a beam, his little straw-hat
Carefully placed by his side, and his eyes
Stared at the flame with a baby's surprise,
Calm and unconscious, as nearer it crept.
The roar of the fire up above must have kept
The sound of his mother's voice shrieking his name
From reaching the child. But *I* heard it. It came
Again and again—O God, what a cry!
The axes went faster, I saw the sparks fly
Where the men worked like tigers, nor minded the heat
That scorched them—when, suddenly, there at their feet
The great beams leaned in—they saw him—then, crash,
Down came the wall! The men made a dash—
Jumped to get out of the way—and I thought
"All's up with poor little Robin," and brought
Slowly the arm that was least hurt to hide
The sight of the child there, when, swift, at my side
Some one rushed by, and went right through the flame
Straight as a dart—caught the child—and then came
Back with him—choking and crying—but—saved!
Saved safe and sound!
Oh, how the men raved,
Shouted, and cried, and hurrahed! Then they all
Rushed at the work again, lest the back-wall
Where I was lying, away from the fire,
Should fall in and bury me.
Oh! you'd admire
To see Robin now, he's as bright as a dime,
Deep in some mischief, too, most of the time;
Tom, it was, saved him. Now, isn't it true
Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew?
There's Robin now—see, he's strong as a log—
And there comes Tom, too—
Yes, Tom was our dog.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.