

THE PLAYTHINGS ON THE GRAVE.

For the N. Y. Tribune. THE PLAYTHINGS ON THE GRAVE. (GREENWOOD CEMETERY.) A LITTLE GRAVE—a grave so small, It scarce can be a grave at all; With soft grass for a mother's knees, And shaded by the hickory trees. His name and race no stone discloses, His life was like the first Spring roses, That from the new bees ask embraces, But fade ere they dare show their faces. The sunbeams slanted on the spot Where he was buried; I forgot, While musing on the common lot, The sun. He sank; I knew it not. They strewed his playthings on the grave, Where the grass grows above the brave Good boy, not six nor seven years old— Too young to sleep beneath that mold. And there they were, the gun, the top, Carelessly cast upon the slope Of the small hillock, that up-rears Its ridge to catch a parent's tears. Shells that were wrested from the deep Great sea, whose waters never sleep, But ceaselessly their heavings keep, Both while men laugh, and while they weep. Were scattered, with such other toys As gladden the light hearts of boys; A trumpet and a tambourine, A box to keep his money in. No marble, wrought by human skill, Had held such pathos. I weep still, Remembering how the tears fell then, That are for women, not for men. I take that small grave as a text, And speak to others, nothing vexed By puzzles metaphysical— God's greatness overshadows all. Men work for food in daily dreams, They eat their food in daily dreams, Believe the false that only seems, And doubt the truth that comes in gleams. Mistaking images that pass Away, like faces from the glass, Or wind that sweeps the seeded grass, For substances, alas! alas! The Petrel, bird of storms, is found Five hundred leagues from any ground; He dwells on the Atlantic wave; He screams above the sailor's grave. How many tens of centuries Ere mankind built their theories, Skimming the foamy tracks of whales, Did he outstride the stoutest gales, Upon three thousand miles of sea From land to land perpetually Rolling, and not a wave could stay, From day to night, from night to day, Without an anthem! Where are gone The anthem, and the sea-bird's moan? Where is the splendor of the morn That rose on seas, ere man was born? Where are the roses of the years, Ere Mother Eve knew mother's cares? Where is the clang of Tubal-Cain's First brass, and where are Jubal's strains? Where is the rainbow Noah saw And heard a law, or thought a law? The rainbow fades, the beauty lives; The creature falls, the race survives. The individual is form, A lecting shade, a literal worm, A sigh breathed by the passing breeze Entangled in the boughs of trees. O mother, still thy beating heart: O father, keep thy part From this dear child, believe his soul Is mingled with the perfect Whole. Antagonist to Time and Space, Mind spins a circumscribed place, Reviews the childhood of the race, And seeks the Author, face to face. And rushes on to know the end, Then falls, it trusts, before a friend, Pleading for answer to its fear— Is answered: 'Man upon the bier' Is further answered, lest despair Should fall to beating empty air: 'The Son of Man was everywhere, 'When there was no Earth anywhere. 'When neither Matter was, nor Law, 'When no space was, nor nebula. It bows, it trusts, before a friend— What is the end? What is the end? And still the answer from the dear Abyss is: 'Man upon the bier.' But answers whisper from above, 'Lo, God is Great, and God is Love.' Before the awful mysteries, Before the vast sublimities, I fall upon my knees and pray; 'O pass the Night, and come the Day! O, mocking Hope! O, idle Trust! As well as dust, and wed with dust, And sleep with worms when all is hushed From individual being thrust. The life I had, before my birth Into this life of tears and mirth, Circled in oceans round the earth, You say. Well, that was little worth. I must rejoice in my own being, Short sighted, I must love my seeing; I do not want Omniscient eyes— The pleasure is in the surprise. The recognition of the trees, Which all men feel, and no man sees, The friendly nod of all the flowers, That greet me in the Summer hours, Is dear to me, their fellow creature, And known but through the veil of Nature: A something would be lost from all, If I were preternatural. What monstrous creeds our heads invent! 'Twixt our content and discontent There is so short an interval, We would be nought by being All. Can't your eyes upward to the stars, Cry the superb astronomers: He made them, He is very great, And they are dust beneath his feet. I know the stars in bulk are great; Unweighed, I cannot guess their weight; I know that they are far apart— There is more space 'twixt my heart. Further than the furthest star, To where my lamp and Bibi's are, My thought can reach. The truest soul As in a nutshell holds the whole. Lo, I am greater than the stars. Your wondrous systems are the bars Of this stage of development— I turn from them in discontent. I ask for insight into Life, What mean the transport and the grief?

YOU POINT TO THE MATERIAL, Applauding the mechanical.

Enlarge the bee's or beaver's powers, His work will be as great as ours; And magnify the faculties Of man, and he shall show the skies With similar rolling orbs of light, His kindred heavens shall shine as bright, With interchange of day and night, As those you say are infinite. Appears some sage Geologist, With some fine fossil in his fist: He talks of races and formations, Unfolding all by generations. Not a whit wiser for Lamarck Or Cuvier, I am in the dark, Am like to perish in the dark, For science cannot find the Ark. Creator, Lord, and loving Spring Of Love within me, I will fling Myself on thy sustaining breast, Confident there, to find my rest. All that I am, I am from Thee. All that I have, I had from Thee. I do not think that Thou art far Away. Nay, where Thou art, we are. I love to know. I think to know Is man's best happiness below; But all the knowledge he can teach, Is but the infant's grasp at thee. Be Thou my teacher. Make my land Thee, above all, to understand, Defend us from the prate of fools, And from the bigotry of churches, And from the physical researches Into the origin of this Or that huge faith, that comes amiss To all unquiet souls that scan The meaning and design of Man. O, make us liberal to our race, And do not let us doubt thy grace. I see some twilight of a day To come—not very far away, When full assurance shall be given To all beneath the cope of Heaven, Of Thy large goodness. God of All, Thou wilt not let the savage fall; Thou wilt not fail the smallest creature, Thou, the sustainer of all nature. I hold no part in wretched creeds That blaspheme Deity. The weeds Of our religion choke the blossoms, And there is midnight in our bosoms. LOSSING'S PICTORIAL FIELD BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION. No. 10, is issued by Harper & Brothers, and fully sustains the interest of that national work. Among other personal details, we find a sketch of David Kinnison, the only survivor of the "Boston Tea-Party," now in his one hundred and fiftieth year. David Kinnison was born the 17th of November, 1756, in Old Kingston, near Portsmouth, province of Maine. Soon afterward his parents removed to Benbow, and thence in a few years to Lebanon (Maine), at which place he followed the business of farming until the commencement of the Revolutionary war. He is descended from a long lived race. His great-grandfather, who came from England at an early day, and settled in Maine, lived to a very advanced age; his grandfather attained the age of one hundred and twenty years and ten days; his father died at the age of one hundred and three years and nine months; his mother died while he was young. He has had four wives, neither of whom is now living; he had four children by his first wife and eighteen by his second; none by the last two. He was taught to read after he was sixty years of age, by his grandnephew, and learned to sign his name while a soldier of the Revolution, which is all the writing he has ever accomplished. He was one of seventeen inhabitants of Lebanon who, some time previous to the "Tea Party," formed a club which held secret meetings to deliberate upon the grievances offered by the mother country. These meetings were held at the tavern of one Colonel Gooding, in a private room hired for the occasion. The landlord, though a true American, was not enlightened as to the object of their meeting. Singular clubs were formed in Philadelphia, Boston, and the towns around. With these the Lebanon Club kept up a correspondence. They (the Lebanon Club) determined, whether assisted or not, to destroy the tea at all hazards. They repaired to Boston, where they were joined by others; and twenty-four disguised as Indians, having on board, twelve armed with muskets and bayonets, the rest with tomahawks and clubs, having first agreed, whatever might be the result, to stand by each other to the last, and that the first man who faltered should be knocked on the head and thrown over with the tea. They expected to have a fight, and did not doubt that an effort would be made for their arrest. "But" (in the language of the old man) "we cared no more for our lives than for three straws, and determined to throw the tea overboard. We were all at the bayonets, the rest with tomahawks. They pledged themselves in an event, while it should be dangerous to do so, to reveal the names of the party—a pledge which was faithfully observed until the war of the Revolution was brought to a successful issue. Mr. Kinnison was in active service during the whole war, only returning home once from the time of the destruction of the tea until peace had been declared. He participated in the affair at Lexington, and, with his father and two brothers, was at the battle of Bunker Hill, all four escaping unhurt. He was within a few feet of Warren when that officer fell. He was also engaged in the siege of Boston; the battles of Long Island, White Plains, and Fort Mifflin; skirmishes on Staten Island, the battles of Stillwater, Red Bank, and Germantown; and, lastly, in a skirmish at Saratoga Springs, in which his company (scouts) were surrounded and captured by about three hundred Mohawk Indians. He remained a prisoner with them one year and seven months, about the end of which time peace was declared. After the war he settled at Danville, Vermont, and engaged in the old occupation of farming. He resided there eight years, and then removed to Wells, in the State of Maine, where he remained until the commencement of the last war with Great Britain. He was in service during the whole of that war, and was in the battles of Sackett's Harbor and Williamsburg. In the latter conflict he was badly wounded in the hand by a grape shot, the only injury which he received in all his engagements. Since the war he has lived at Lyme and at Sackett's Harbor, New-York. At Lyme, while engaged in felling a tree, he was struck down by a limb, which fractured his skull and broke his collar-bone and two of his ribs. While attending a "training" at Sackett's Harbor, one of the cannon, having been loaded (as he says) "with rotten wood," was discharged. The contents struck the end of a rail close by him with such force as to carry it across his neck and badly shatter both his legs midway between his ankles and knees. He was confined a long time by this wound, and, when able again to walk, both legs had contracted permanent "fever sores." His right hip has been drawn out of joint by rheumatism. A large scar upon his forehead gives conclusive testimony of its having come in contact with the beils of a horse. In his own language, he "has been completely bunged up and stove in." When last he heard of his children there were but seven of the twenty-two living. These were scattered abroad, from Canada to the Rocky Mountains. He has entirely lost all traces of them, and knows not that any are still living. Nearly five years ago he went to Chicago with the family of William Mack, with whom he is now living. He is reduced to extreme poverty, and depends solely upon his pension of ninety-six dollars per annum for subsistence, most of which he pays for his board. Occasionally he is assisted by private donations. Up to 1848 he has always made something by labor. "The last season,"

SELECTED, IN ALMOST EVERY INSTANCE, FROM THE NAMES OF FAMILIAR OBJECTS, AND IN THE EARLIER PART OF THE BOOK, FROM THOSE OF A PHYSICAL CHARACTER.

selected, in almost every instance, from the names of familiar objects, and in the earlier part of the book, from those of a physical character. The simplicity of its plan, the copious illustrations which it presents, and the evident fidelity and pains-taking with which it has been prepared, recommend this volume to the attention of educators, and we have little doubt will secure to it an extensive circulation. (D. Appleton & Co.) "THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN MILTON," edited by Sir Egerton Brydges, contains all Milton's poetical writings complete in one volume, accompanied by a Biography by the Editor, and an extensive collection of critical and explanatory notes from the most judicious annotators. For convenience, accuracy, copiousness, and elegance this edition has long borne the palm in England, and its republication in the present shape will be welcomed with great satisfaction by every American student of the Divine Bard. A course of lessons on Milton, with a faithful study of the notes in this edition, would be far more valuable exercise in literature, than the fashionable dabbling with a variety of languages, which is so often made an apology for the neglect of severe mental action. (800 pp. 88c. Appleton, Philadelphia and New-York.) "POPULAR EDUCATION," by IRA MAYHEW. (12mo. 467 pages. Harper & Brothers.) A valuable treatise on the subject to which it is devoted, discussing it, in its various details, with great comprehensiveness of view, with a rich copiousness of illustration, and with excellent common sense. Without aiming at an unprofitable originality, the author has availed himself freely of the best materials furnished by eminent writers, but has molded them into a shape bearing the impress of his own mind, and vivified and enriched throughout by the action of his personal experience and reflection. This volume deserves an extensive perusal and cannot fail to exert a good influence on the cause of popular education. "HISTORY OF REBY," the mystical title of a small volume of Poems, by T. H. CHEVREUX, M. D. showing a singular variety of versification, in style and rhythm often resembling the late Edgar A. Poe, and in substance, presenting a strange combination of Oriental warmth, religious fancy, and imaginative subtlety. The execution is very unequal, vibrating between the sublime and ridiculous, and again suddenly plunging into the depths of bathos. (Spalding & Shepherd.) "HISTORY OF MEDICAL EDUCATION," by N. S. DAVIS, M.D. gives a brief account of the progress of Medical Science in the United States, from the first settlement of the British Colonies to the present time. It contains many facts of interest to the Profession, in collecting which the author has made free use of the writings of Beck, Williams, Rush, Romayne, and other eminent physicians. (12mo. pp. 228. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.) Phillips, Sampson & Co. have published a series of illustrated Annuals, including "THE GEMS OF BEAUTY," edited by EMILY PERCIVAL, with elegant embellishments by several eminent American artists; "THE AMARANTH," with contributions from American writers; "FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING," a clever juvenile entitled, "THE LITTLE MESSENGER BIRDS, OR THE CHIMES OF THE SILVER BELLS." (Sold by Dewitt &avenport.) "A NEW MEMOIR OF HANNAH MORE," by Mrs. HELEN C. KNIGHT, presents the leading facts in the life of the distinguished female moralist, in a pleasing and energetic style. The volume is richer in incidents than would have been anticipated from the modest and retiring character of the subject, and forms a very agreeable piece of biographical reading. (12mo. pp. 311. M. W. Doad.) "THE FAMILY SHIP MEDICINE CHEST COMPANION," on the plan of Savory's Compendium of Domestic Medicine, and intended to afford assistance to those who are removed from medical and surgical aid. It gives a brief and intelligible description of the principal diseases and medicines, with a glossary of the most common medical terms. (12mo. 416 pages. Philad., Lindsay & Blakiston.) "TREASURED THOUGHTS FROM FAVORITE AUTHORS," collected and arranged by CAROLINE MAY, consists of extracts from eminent writers both of America and England, among whom are Coleridge, Carlyle, Miss Edgeworth, Bishop Taylor, Southey, Fuller, Mrs. Jameson, and a great variety of others equally miscellaneous. (12mo. pp. 339. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.) "VIEWS OF THE MICROSCOPIC WORLD," by JOHN BROCKLESBY—a well-arranged and interesting treatise on this attractive branch of natural science, compiled from the most authentic sources, with the results of the author's own observations, especially in the department of crystallizations. (12mo. pp. 146. Pratt, Woodford & Co.) "HISTORY OF MY PETS," by GRACE GREENWOOD—A beautiful juvenile work, got up in a neat and appropriate manner by Ticknor & Co. Boston, presenting an excellent specimen of the versatility and power of adaptation of this celebrated authoress. It will be a great favorite with juvenile readers, and should not be overlooked by the good Santa Claus. "MONTEVERDI AND OTHER POEMS," by FRANCIS JANE CROSBY, (12mo. pp. 203.) is an original volume of miscellaneous poetry by a pupil of the New-York Institution for the Blind, displaying great sweetness of feeling and a happy talent of versification. "THE EVENING LIFE," by JEREMIAH CHARLTON, (12mo. pp. 228—Lewis Colby,) is an interesting volume, composed of selections and original matter adapted to give light and comfort amid the shadows of declining years. "THE LIFE OF ALEXANDER CARSON," L.L.D. by GEORGE C. MOORE, relates the biography of that eminent scholar and divine in a style of unusual vivacity and point. (12mo. pp. 156. Edward H. Fletcher.) "WINTER EVENINGS," by MARIA HACK, (12mo. pp. 438.) A new edition of these popular tales of travelers, furnishing an admirable selection of instructive narratives for juvenile readers, is issued by D. Appleton & Co. "GIFT FOR YOUNG LADIES," by EMILY VERNON. A selection of pieces in prose and verse from various popular writers, highly creditable to the good taste of the compiler. (24mo. pp. 124. Hartford: W. J. Hamersley.) "AMERICAN PRACTICAL MECHANICS' POCKET BOOK," for 1851, contains a valuable record of scientific facts, with a variety of useful tables. (Kingsley & Longbottom.) "FOREST FLOWERS OF THE WEST," by ANNA S. RICEY, is a new specimen of the prolific Western muse, and contains some sweet and vigorous stanzas. (12mo. pp. 138. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.) "JUDITH IN TABRIS," a translation of this noble play of GOTTIÈRE, by Prof. G. J. Adler, is published by D. Appleton & Co.

THE ALMANACH PROPHETIQUE A French Almanach for 1851, full of prophecies, alchymies and enigmatic matters, is sold by R. Garrigue, Astor House, Barclay st.

"EVERY DAY WONDERS" (24mo. pp. 136. Phillips, Sampson & Co.) is a reprint of a useful English publication giving a brief and lucid statement of the principal facts in physiology. An abridged edition of "MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND MINISTRY OF SUMMERFIELD," by JOHN HOLLAND is issued by the American Tract Society. (12 mo. pp. 338.) "FORRESTER'S ILLUSTRATED JUVENILE KEEPSAKE," is filled with excellent matter for young people, with handsome embellishments. (Boston: William Gould.) Whig Pencillings at the Capital... No. 1. Washington, Sunday, Dec. 23. To the Editors of The Tribune: Through the medium of your independent and widely circulating paper I ask permission, as a Whig subaltern who has done some service for eighteen years past in the Whig cause, to tell to the public some home-truths relative to the line of policy, in certain matters of removals and appointments, of the present Whig Administration. I will "nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice." It will be more in sorrow than in anger that I will give my home-truths and make my strictures. What I write shall be reliable and as courteously couched as circumstances will warrant. You may agree with me or not. You may condemn or refute my positions. My motto is "Strike, but hear." I wish the public to hold me, and not you, responsible and accountable for whatever my pencillings may be worth. I am but an anonymous writer. So I wish to be considered; but if I should trench too hard upon any official's sensibilities, you know who I am and where I am to be found, to answer for the misdeeds which may be alleged to have been done by the pen. Although I am no 'Seward man,' yet I hold that it is not good policy to attempt to drive Mr. Seward and his many Whig friends' out of the Whig party. He and his peculiar Whig adherents may have and hold their 'higher law' notions, as well as their religious tenets, whatever they may be, and I care not, so that they do not get their 'higher law' notions nor their religious tenets engraved on the laws of the country. Mr. SEWARD is a very able, strong and popular man. He has the power of making and keeping more friends in one year than Mr. President FILLMORE could make in a lifetime. If Mr. SEWARD and his friends were to desert the Whig cause, the party that ought to be in power would be broken up and merged in new parties, the CLAY, WEBSTER and FILLMORE Whigs will do well to hold on to and not separate from the SEWARD Whigs. But it is not upon this theme that this series of pencillings is commenced. The policy of the Administration, in the matter of removals and appointments, is to be attended to. Mr. President FILLMORE and the members of his Cabinet are excellent and worthy Whigs and most high-minded and upright men. But in policy they are mere boys. They have no moral courage. They are afraid of the very shadows of the dead Galphins. They dare not give a place to any one who ever exposed and denounced those defunct Galphins. Just look at the state of the case: CHARLES M. CONRAD, a good man and a worthy Whig, signed a report in favor of the Galphin allowance and made a speech justifying the operation. He is Secretary of War. Mr. ALLEN A. HALL resigned the office of Assistant Secretary of the Treasury to edit *The Republic* and defend the Galphin allowance. He did defend it until he nearly ruined *The Republic* and then gave up the task. He has since been employed in the Treasury Department, and it is rumored that he is to have a *Chargé d'Affaires* abroad. Mr. CHAS. E. CLARK, member of the House of Representatives from New York, was induced to make a speech in defense of the Galphin allowance. He ran for a reelection, and the people of his district threw him overboard. [Yes, but he ran ahead of his Whig associates—even WASHINGTON HUNT, Ed. Trib.] Mr. KING of New-Jersey, signed the Report justifying the Galphin allowance, and made a speech in its support. His district has since gone to the Locco-Focos. [But would not have done so had he been a candidate for reelection. Ed. Trib.] Mr. DODGE, the excellent and worthy Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, stoutly defended the Galphin allowance at the time it was under discussion in the *New-Orleans Bulletin*, which paper he then edited. On the other hand, Mr. JAMES BROOKS, the only Whig Member of Congress who took the bill by the horns and exposed and reprobated the odious Galphin allowance, has been re-elected by an overwhelming majority. The truth is, the Galphin swindle "stinks in the nostrils of the people." And yet the Administration is afraid to displace those who allowed it. I arraign the members of the Cabinet, jointly and singly, for not doing their duty to the Whig party. They have no right to seat themselves in their cushioned six thousand dollar seats and proclaim that they are satisfied and contented, and therefore, that all the Whigs of the country who have been striving and struggling for the last twenty years to put their mighty highestes where they now happen to be, ought to be satisfied and contented also! If the Board of Commissioners are to have the honest and capable Whigs, who have done good service in the cause of our party, as good a right to them as the Locco-Focos who are in a majority of them in most of the Executive Departments. Yea, a better right. But how stands the fact? Mr. Secretary CORWIN, who has kept the promise of hope to the ears of anxious and deserving Whigs for months past, to be broken to the hope at the end of every month, has managed to appoint and promote about as many Locco-Focos as Whigs. 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