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James Freeman Clark

THE DIAL.

VOL. IV.

JULY, 1843.

No. I.

THE GREAT LAWSUIT.

MAN *versus* MEN. WOMAN *versus* WOMEN.

THIS great suit has now been carried on through many ages, with various results. The decisions have been numerous, but always followed by appeals to still higher courts. How can it be otherwise, when the law itself is the subject of frequent elucidation, constant revision? Man has, now and then, enjoyed a clear, triumphant hour, when some irresistible conviction warmed and purified the atmosphere of his planet. But, presently, he sought repose after his labors, when the crowd of pigmy adversaries bound him in his sleep. Long years of inglorious imprisonment followed, while his enemies revelled in his spoils, and no counsel could be found to plead his cause, in the absence of that all-promising glance, which had, at times, kindled the poetic soul to revelation of his claims, of his rights.

Yet a foundation for the largest claim is now established. It is known that his inheritance consists in no partial sway, no exclusive possession, such as his adversaries desire. For they, not content that the universe is rich, would, each one for himself, appropriate treasure; but in vain! The many-colored garment, which clothed with honor an elected son, when rent asunder for the many, is a worthless spoil. A band of robbers cannot live princely in the prince's castle; nor would he, like them, be content with less than all, though he would not, like them, seek it as fuel for riotous enjoyment, but as his principality, to administer and guard for the use of all living things therein. He cannot be satisfied with any one gift of the earth, any one department of knowledge, or telescopic peep at the heavens. He feels

himself called to understand and aid nature, that she may, through his intelligence, be raised and interpreted ; to be a student of, and servant to, the universe-spirit ; and only king of his planet, that, as an angelic minister, he may bring it into conscious harmony with the law of that spirit.

Such is the inheritance of the orphan prince, and the illegitimate children of his family will not always be able to keep it from him, for, from the fields which they sow with dragon's teeth, and water with blood, rise monsters, which he alone has power to drive away.

But it is not the purpose now to sing the prophecy of his jubilee. We have said that, in clear triumphant moments, this has many, many times been made manifest, and those moments, though past in time, have been translated into eternity by thought. The bright signs they left hang in the heavens, as single stars or constellations, and, already, a thickly-sown radiance consoles the wanderer in the darkest night. Heroes have filled the zodiac of beneficent labors, and then given up their mortal part* to the fire without a murmur. Sages and lawgivers have bent their

* Jupiter alloquitur,

Sed enim, ne pectora vano
Fida metu paveant, Ceteas spernite flammæ,
Omnia qui vicit, vincet, quos cernitis, ignes ;
Nec nisi maternâ Vulcanum parte potentem
Sentiet. Aeternum est, à me quod traxit, et expers
Atque immune necis, nullaque domabile flammæ
Idque ego defunctum terrâ, cœlestibus oris
Accipiam, cunctisque meum lætabile factum
Dis fore confido. Si quis tamen, Hercule, si quis
Fortè Deo doliturus erit, data præmia nollet ;
Sed meruisse dari sciet, invitæque probabit.
Assensere Dei.

Ovid, Apotheosis of Hercules, translated into clumsy English by Mr. Gay, as follows.

Jove said,

Be all your fears forborne,
Th' Cætean fires do thou, great hero, scorn ;
Who vanquished all things, shall subdue the flame ;
The part alone of gross maternal frame,
Fire shall devour, while that from me he drew
Shall live immortal, and its force renew ;
That, when he's dead, I'll raise to realms above,
May all the powers the righteous act approve.
If any God dissent, and judge too great
The sacred honors of the heavenly seat,
Even he shall own his deeds deserve the sky,
Even he, reluctant, shall at length comply.
Th' assembled powers assent.

whole nature to the search for truth, and thought themselves happy if they could buy, with the sacrifice of all temporal ease and pleasure, one seed for the future Eden. Poets and priests have strung the lyre with heart-strings, poured out their best blood upon the altar which, reared anew from age to age, shall at last sustain the flame which rises to highest heaven. What shall we say of those who, if not so directly, or so consciously, in connection with the central truth, yet, led and fashioned by a divine instinct, serve no less to develop and interpret the open secret of love passing into life, the divine energy creating for the purpose of happiness; — of the artist, whose hand, drawn by a preëxistent harmony to a certain medium, moulds it to expressions of life more highly and completely organized than are seen elsewhere, and, by carrying out the intention of nature, reveals her meaning to those who are not yet sufficiently matured to divine it; of the philosopher, who listens steadily for causes, and, from those obvious, infers those yet unknown; of the historian, who, in faith that all events must have their reason and their aim, records them, and lays up archives from which the youth of prophets may be fed. The man of science dissects the statement, verifies the facts, and demonstrates connection even where he cannot its purpose.

Lives, too, which bear none of these names, have yielded tones of no less significance. The candlestick, set in a low place, has given light as faithfully, where it was needed, as that upon the hill. In close alleys, in dismal nooks, the Word has been read as distinctly, as when shown by angels to holy men in the dark prison. Those who till a spot of earth, scarcely larger than is wanted for a grave, have deserved that the sun should shine upon its sod till violets answer.

So great has been, from time to time, the promise, that, in all ages, men have said the Gods themselves came down to dwell with them; that the All-Creating wandered on the earth to taste in a limited nature the sweetness of virtue, that the All-Sustaining incarnated himself, to guard, in space and time, the destinies of his world; that heavenly genius dwelt among the shepherds, to sing to them and teach them how to sing. Indeed,

“Der stets den Hirten gnädig sich bewies.”

“He has constantly shown himself favorable to shepherds.”

And these dwellers in green pastures and natural students of the stars, were selected to hail, first of all, the holy child, whose life and death presented the type of excellence, which has sustained the heart of so large a portion of mankind in these later generations.

Such marks have been left by the footsteps of man, whenever he has made his way through the wilderness of men. And whenever the pigmies stepped in one of these, they felt dilate within the breast somewhat that promised larger stature and purer blood. They were tempted to forsake their evil ways, to forsake the side of selfish personal existence, of decrepit skepticism, and covetousness of corruptible possessions. Conviction flowed in upon them. They, too, raised the cry; God is living, all is his, and all created beings are brothers, for they are his children. These were the triumphant moments; but, as we have said, man slept and selfishness awoke.

Thus he is still kept out of his inheritance, still a pleader, still a pilgrim. But his reinstatement is sure. And now, no mere glimmering consciousness, but a certainty, is felt and spoken, that the highest ideal man can form of his own capabilities is that which he is destined to attain. Whatever the soul knows how to seek, it must attain. Knock, and it shall be opened; seek, and ye shall find. It is demonstrated, it is a maxim. He no longer paints his proper nature in some peculiar form and says, "Prometheus had it," but "Man must have it." However disputed by many, however ignorantly used, or falsified, by those who do receive it, the fact of an universal, unceasing revelation, has been too clearly stated in words, to be lost sight of in thought, and sermons preached from the text, "Be ye perfect," are the only sermons of a pervasive and deep-searching influence.

But among those who meditate upon this text, there is great difference of view, as to the way in which perfection shall be sought.

Through the intellect, say some; Gather from every growth of life its seed of thought; look behind every symbol for its law. If thou canst *see* clearly, the rest will follow.

Through the life, say others; Do the best thou knowest to-day. Shrink not from incessant error, in this gradual, fragmentary state. Follow thy light for as much as it will

show thee, be faithful as far as thou canst, in hope that faith presently will lead to sight. Help others, without blame that they need thy help. Love much, and be forgiven.

It needs not intellect, needs not experience, says a third. If you took the true way, these would be evolved in purity. You would not learn through them, but express through them a higher knowledge. In quietness, yield thy soul to the causal soul. Do not disturb its teachings by methods of thine own. Be still, seek not, but wait in obedience. Thy commission will be given.

Could we, indeed, say what we want, could we give a description of the child that is lost, he would be found. As soon as the soul can say clearly, that a certain demonstration is wanted, it is at hand. When the Jewish prophet described the Lamb, as the expression of what was required by the coming era, the time drew nigh. But we say not, see not, as yet, clearly, what we would. Those who call for a more triumphant expression of love, a love that cannot be crucified, show not a perfect sense of what has already been expressed. Love has already been expressed, that made all things new, that gave the worm its ministry as well as the eagle; a love, to which it was alike to descend into the depths of hell, or to sit at the right hand of the Father.

Yet, no doubt, a new manifestation is at hand, a new hour in the day of man. We cannot expect to see him a completed being, when the mass of men lie so entangled in the sod, or use the freedom of their limbs only with wolfish energy. The tree cannot come to flower till its root be freed from the cankering worm, and its whole growth open to air and light. Yet something new shall presently be shown of the life of man, for hearts crave it now, if minds do not know how to ask it.

Among the strains of prophecy, the following, by an earnest mind of a foreign land, written some thirty years ago, is not yet outgrown; and it has the merit of being a positive appeal from the heart, instead of a critical declaration what man shall *not* do.

“The ministry of man implies, that he must be filled from the divine fountains which are being engendered through all eternity, so that, at the mere name of his Master, he may be able to

cast all his enemies into the abyss ; that he may deliver all parts of nature from the barriers that imprison them ; that he may purge the terrestrial atmosphere from the poisons that infect it ; that he may preserve the bodies of men from the corrupt influences that surround, and the maladies that afflict them ; still more, that he may keep their souls pure from the malignant insinuations which pollute, and the gloomy images that obscure them ; that we may restore its serenity to the Word, which false words of men fill with mourning and sadness ; that he may satisfy the desires of the angels, who await from him the development of the marvels of nature ; that, in fine, his world may be filled with God, as eternity is." *

Another attempt we will give, by an obscure observer of our own day and country, to draw some lines of the desired image. It was suggested by seeing the design of Crawford's Orpheus, and connecting with the circumstance of the American, in his garret at Rome, making choice of this subject, that of Americans here at home, showing such ambition to represent the character, by calling their prose and verse, Orphic sayings, Orphics. Orpheus was a lawgiver by theocratic commission. He understood nature, and made all her forms move to his music. He told her secrets in the form of hymns, nature as seen in the mind of God. Then it is the prediction, that to learn and to do, all men must be lovers, and Orpheus was, in a high sense, a lover. His soul went forth towards all beings, yet could remain sternly faithful to a chosen type of excellence. Seeking what he loved, he feared not death nor hell, neither could any presence daunt his faith in the power of the celestial harmony that filled his soul.

It seemed significant of the state of things in this country, that the sculptor should have chosen the attitude of shading his eyes. When we have the statue here, it will give lessons in reverence.

Each Orpheus must to the depths descend,
 For only thus the poet can be wise,
 Must make the sad Persephone his friend,
 And buried love to second life arise ;
 Again his love must lose through too much love,
 Must lose his life by living life too true,
 For what he sought below is passed above,

* St. Martin.

Already done is all that he would do ;
Must tune all being with his single lyre,
Must melt all rocks free from their primal pain,
Must search all nature with his one soul's fire,
Must bind anew all forms in heavenly chain.
If he already sees what he must do,
Well may he shade his eyes from the far-shining view.

Meanwhile, not a few believe, and men themselves have expressed the opinion, that the time is come when Euridice is to call for an Orpheus, rather than Orpheus for Euridice ; that the idea of man, however imperfectly brought out, has been far more so than that of woman, and that an improvement in the daughters will best aid the reformation of the sons of this age.

It is worthy of remark, that, as the principle of liberty is better understood and more nobly interpreted, a broader protest is made in behalf of woman. As men become aware that all men have not had their fair chance, they are inclined to say that no women have had a fair chance. The French revolution, that strangely disguised angel, bore witness in favor of woman, but interpreted her claims no less ignorantly than those of man. Its idea of happiness did not rise beyond outward enjoyment, unobstructed by the tyranny of others. The title it gave was Citoyen, Citoyenne, and it is not unimportant to woman that even this species of equality was awarded her. Before, she could be condemned to perish on the scaffold for treason, but not as a citizen, but a subject. The right, with which this title then invested a human being, was that of bloodshed and license. The Goddess of Liberty was impure. Yet truth was prophesied in the ravings of that hideous fever induced by long ignorance and abuse. Europe is conning a valued lesson from the blood-stained page. The same tendencies, farther unfolded, will bear good fruit in this country.

Yet, in this country, as by the Jews, when Moses was leading them to the promised land, everything has been done that inherited depravity could, to hinder the promise of heaven from its fulfilment. The cross, here as elsewhere, has been planted only to be blasphemed by cruelty and fraud. The name of the Prince of Peace has been profaned by all kinds of injustice towards the Gentile whom

he said he came to save. But I need not speak of what has been done towards the red man, the black man. These deeds are the scoff of the world; and they have been accompanied by such pious words, that the gentlest would not dare to intercede with, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Here, as elsewhere, the gain of creation consists always in the growth of individual minds, which live and aspire, as flowers bloom and birds sing, in the midst of morasses; and in the continual development of that thought, the thought of human destiny, which is given to eternity to fulfil, and which ages of failure only seemingly impede. Only seemingly, and whatever seems to the contrary, this country is as surely destined to elucidate a great moral law, as Europe was to promote the mental culture of man.

Though the national independence be blurred by the servility of individuals; though freedom and equality have been proclaimed only, to leave room for a monstrous display of slave dealing, and slave keeping; though the free American so often feels himself free, like the Roman, only to pamper his appetites and his indolence through the misery of his fellow beings, still it is not in vain, that the verbal statement has been made, "All men are born free and equal." There it stands, a golden certainty, wherewith to encourage the good, to shame the bad. The new world may be called clearly to perceive that it incurs the utmost penalty, if it reject the sorrowful brother. And if men are deaf, the angels hear. But men cannot be deaf. It is inevitable that an external freedom, such as has been achieved for the nation, should be so also for every member of it. That, which has once been clearly conceived in the intelligence, must be acted out. It has become a law, as irrevocable as that of the Medes in their ancient dominion. Men will privately sin against it, but the law so clearly expressed by a leading mind of the age,

"Tutti fatti a sembianza d' un Solo;
Figli tutti d' un solo riscatto,
In qual ora, in qual parte del suolo
Trascorriamo quest' aura vital,
Siam fratelli, siam stretti ad un patto:
Maladetto colui che lo infrange,

Che s' innalza sul fiacco che piange,
Che contrista uno spirito immortal.*

“All made in the likeness of the One,
All children of one ransom,
In whatever hour, in whatever part of the soil
We draw this vital air,
We are brothers, we must be bound by one compact,
Accursed he who infringes it,
Who raises himself upon the weak who weep,
Who saddens an immortal spirit.”

cannot fail of universal recognition.

We sicken no less at the pomp than the strife of words. We feel that never were lungs so puffed with the wind of declamation, on moral and religious subjects, as now. We are tempted to implore these “word-heroes,” these word-Catos, word-Christis, to beware of cant above all things; to remember that hypocrisy is the most hopeless as well as the meanest of crimes, and that those must surely be polluted by it, who do not keep a little of all this morality and religion for private use.† We feel that the mind may “grow black and rancid in the smoke” even of altars. We start up from the harangue to go into our closet and shut the door. But, when it has been shut long enough, we remember that where there is so much smoke, there must be some fire; with so much talk about virtue and freedom must be mingled some desire for them; that it cannot be in vain that such have become the common topics of conversation among men; that the very newspapers should proclaim themselves Pilgrims, Puritans, Heralds of Holiness. The king that maintains so costly a retinue cannot be a mere Count of Carabbas fiction. We have waited here long in the dust; we are tired and hungry, but the triumphal procession must appear at last.

Of all its banners, none has been more steadily upheld, and under none has more valor and willingness for real sacrifices been shown, than that of the champions of the

* Manzoni.

† Dr. Johnson's one piece of advice should be written on every door; “Clear your mind of cant.” But Byron, to whom it was so acceptable, in clearing away the noxious vine, shook down the building too. Stirling's emendation is note-worthy, “Realize your cant, not cast it off.”

enslaved African. And this band it is, which, partly in consequence of a natural following out of principles, partly because many women have been prominent in that cause, makes, just now, the warmest appeal in behalf of woman.

Though there has been a growing liberality on this point, yet society at large is not so prepared for the demands of this party, but that they are, and will be for some time, coldly regarded as the Jacobins of their day.

"Is it not enough," cries the sorrowful trader, "that you have done all you could to break up the national Union, and thus destroy the prosperity of our country, but now you must be trying to break up family union, to take my wife away from the cradle, and the kitchen hearth, to vote at polls, and preach from a pulpit? Of course, if she does such things, she cannot attend to those of her own sphere. She is happy enough as she is. She has more leisure than I have, every means of improvement, every indulgence."

"Have you asked her whether she was satisfied with these indulgences?"

"No, but I know she is. She is too amiable to wish what would make me unhappy, and too judicious to wish to step beyond the sphere of her sex. I will never consent to have our peace disturbed by any such discussions."

"'Consent'—you? it is not consent from you that is in question, it is assent from your wife."

"Am not I the head of my house?"

"You are not the head of your wife. God has given her a mind of her own."

"I am the head and she the heart."

"God grant you play true to one another then. If the head represses no natural pulse of the heart, there can be no question as to your giving your consent. Both will be of one accord, and there needs but to present any question to get a full and true answer. There is no need of precaution, of indulgence, or consent. But our doubt is whether the heart consents with the head, or only acquiesces in its decree; and it is to ascertain the truth on this point, that we propose some liberating measures."

Thus vaguely are these questions proposed and discussed at present. But their being proposed at all implies much thought, and suggests more. Many women are considering

within themselves what they need that they have not, and what they can have, if they find they need it. Many men are considering whether women are capable of being and having more than they are and have, and whether, if they are, it will be best to consent to improvement in their condition.

The numerous party, whose opinions are already labelled and adjusted too much to their mind to admit of any new light, strive, by lectures on some model-woman of bridal-like beauty and gentleness, by writing or lending little treatises, to mark out with due precision the limits of woman's sphere, and woman's mission, and to prevent other than the rightful shepherd from climbing the wall, or the flock from using any chance gap to run astray.

Without enrolling ourselves at once on either side, let us look upon the subject from that point of view which to-day offers. No better, it is to be feared, than a high house-top. A high hill-top, or at least a cathedral spire, would be desirable.

It is not surprising that it should be the Anti-Slavery party that pleads for woman, when we consider merely that she does not hold property on equal terms with men; so that, if a husband dies without a will, the wife, instead of stepping at once into his place as head of the family, inherits only a part of his fortune, as if she were a child, or ward only, not an equal partner.

We will not speak of the innumerable instances, in which profligate or idle men live upon the earnings of industrious wives; or if the wives leave them and take with them the children, to perform the double duty of mother and father, follow from place to place, and threaten to rob them of the children, if deprived of the rights of a husband, as they call them, planting themselves in their poor lodgings, frightening them into paying tribute by taking from them the children, running into debt at the expense of these otherwise so overtaxed helots. Though such instances abound, the public opinion of his own sex is against the man, and when cases of extreme tyranny are made known, there is private action in the wife's favor. But if woman be, indeed, the weaker party, she ought to have legal protection, which would make such oppression impossible.

And knowing that there exists, in the world of men, a

tone of feeling towards women as towards slaves, such as is expressed in the common phrase, "Tell that to women and children;" that the infinite soul can only work through them in already ascertained limits; that the prerogative of reason, man's highest portion, is allotted to them in a much lower degree; that it is better for them to be engaged in active labor, which is to be furnished and directed by those better able to think, &c. &c.; we need not go further, for who can review the experience of last week, without recalling words which imply, whether in jest or earnest, these views, and views like these? Knowing this, can we wonder that many reformers think that measures are not likely to be taken in behalf of women, unless their wishes could be publicly represented by women?

That can never be necessary, cry the other side. All men are privately influenced by women; each has his wife, sister, or female friends, and is too much biassed by these relations to fail of representing their interests. And if this is not enough, let them propose and enforce their wishes with the pen. The beauty of home would be destroyed, the delicacy of the sex be violated, the dignity of halls of legislation destroyed, by an attempt to introduce them there. Such duties are inconsistent with those of a mother; and then we have ludicrous pictures of ladies in hysterics at the polls, and senate chambers filled with cradles.

But if, in reply, we admit as truth that woman seems destined by nature rather to the inner circle, we must add that the arrangements of civilized life have not been as yet such as to secure it to her. Her circle, if the duller, is not the quieter. If kept from excitement, she is not from drudgery. Not only the Indian carries the burdens of the camp, but the favorites of Louis the Fourteenth accompany him in his journeys, and the washerwoman stands at her tub and carries home her work at all seasons, and in all states of health.

As to the use of the pen, there was quite as much opposition to woman's possessing herself of that help to free-agency as there is now to her seizing on the rostrum or the desk; and she is likely to draw, from a permission to plead her cause that way, opposite inferences to what might be wished by those who now grant it.

As to the possibility of her filling, with grace and dignity,

any such position, we should think those who had seen the great actresses, and heard the Quaker preachers of modern times, would not doubt, that woman can express publicly the fulness of thought and emotion, without losing any of the peculiar beauty of her sex.

As to her home, she is not likely to leave it more than she now does for balls, theatres, meetings for promoting missions, revival meetings, and others to which she flies, in hope of an animation for her existence, commensurate with what she sees enjoyed by men. Governors of Ladies' Fairs are no less engrossed by such a charge, than the Governor of the State by his; presidents of Washingtonian societies, no less away from home than presidents of conventions. If men look straitly to it, they will find that, unless their own lives are domestic, those of the women will not be. The female Greek, of our day, is as much in the street as the male, to cry, What news? We doubt not it was the same in Athens of old. The women, shut out from the market-place, made up for it at the religious festivals. For human beings are not so constituted, that they can live without expansion; and if they do not get it one way, must another, or perish.

And, as to men's representing women fairly, at present, while we hear from men who owe to their wives not only all that is comfortable and graceful, but all that is wise in the arrangement of their lives, the frequent remark, "You cannot reason with a woman," when from those of delicacy, nobleness, and poetic culture, the contemptuous phrase, "Women and children," and that in no light sally of the hour, but in works intended to give a permanent statement of the best experiences, when not one man in the million, shall I say, no, not in the hundred million, can rise above the view that woman was made *for man*, when such traits as these are daily forced upon the attention, can we feel that man will always do justice to the interests of woman? Can we think that he takes a sufficiently discerning and religious view of her office and destiny, ever to do her justice, except when prompted by sentiment; accidentally or transiently, that is, for his sentiment will vary according to the relations in which he is placed. The lover, the poet, the artist, are likely to view her nobly. The father and the philosopher have some chance of lib-

erality ; the man of the world, the legislator for expediency, none.

Under these circumstances, without attaching importance in themselves to the changes demanded by the champions of woman, we hail them as signs of the times. We would have every arbitrary barrier thrown down. We would have every path laid open to woman as freely as to man. Were this done, and a slight temporary fermentation allowed to subside, we believe that the Divine would ascend into nature to a height unknown in the history of past ages, and nature, thus instructed, would regulate the spheres not only so as to avoid collision, but to bring forth ravishing harmony.

Yet then, and only then, will human beings be ripe for this, when inward and outward freedom for woman, as much as for man, shall be acknowledged as a right, not yielded as a concession. As the friend of the negro assumes that one man cannot, by right, hold another in bondage, so should the friend of woman assume that man cannot, by right, lay even well-meant restrictions on woman. If the negro be a soul, if the woman be a soul, apparelled in flesh, to one master only are they accountable. There is but one law for all souls, and, if there is to be an interpreter of it, he comes not as man, or son of man, but as Son of God.

Were thought and feeling once so far elevated that man should esteem himself the brother and friend, but nowise the lord and tutor of woman, were he really bound with her in equal worship, arrangements as to function and employment would be of no consequence. What woman needs is not as a woman to act or rule, but as a nature to grow, as an intellect to discern, as a soul to live freely, and unimpeded to unfold such powers as were given her when we left our common home. If fewer talents were given her, yet, if allowed the free and full employment of these, so that she may render back to the giver his own with usury, she will not complain, nay, I dare to say she will bless and rejoice in her earthly birth-place, her earthly lot.

Let us consider what obstructions impede this good era, and what signs give reason to hope that it draws near.

I was talking on this subject with Miranda, a woman, who, if any in the world, might speak without heat or bit-

terness of the position of her sex. Her father was a man who cherished no sentimental reverence for woman, but a firm belief in the equality of the sexes. She was his eldest child, and came to him at an age when he needed a companion. From the time she could speak and go alone, he addressed her not as a plaything, but as a living mind. Among the few verses he ever wrote were a copy addressed to this child, when the first locks were cut from her head, and the reverence expressed on this occasion for that cherished head he never belied. It was to him the temple of immortal intellect. He respected his child, however, too much to be an indulgent parent. He called on her for clear judgment, for courage, for honor and fidelity, in short for such virtues as he knew. In so far as he possessed the keys to the wonders of this universe, he allowed free use of them to her, and by the incentive of a high expectation he forbade, as far as possible, that she should let the privilege lie idle.

Thus this child was early led to feel herself a child of the spirit. She took her place easily, not only in the world of organized being, but in the world of mind. A dignified sense of self-dependence was given as all her portion, and she found it a sure anchor. Herself securely anchored, her relations with others were established with equal security. She was fortunate, in a total absence of those charms which might have drawn to her bewildering flatteries, and of a strong electric nature, which repelled those who did not belong to her, and attracted those who did. With men and women her relations were noble; affectionate without passion, intellectual without coldness. The world was free to her, and she lived freely in it. Outward adversity came, and inward conflict, but that faith and self-respect had early been awakened, which must always lead at last to an outward serenity, and an inward peace.

Of *Miranda* I had always thought as an example, that the restraints upon the sex were insuperable only to those who think them so, or who noisily strive to break them. She had taken a course of her own, and no man stood in her way. Many of her acts had been unusual, but excited no uproar. Few helped, but none checked her; and the many men, who knew her mind and her life, showed to her

confidence as to a brother, gentleness as to a sister. And not only refined, but very coarse men approved one in whom they saw resolution and clearness of design. Her mind was often the leading one, always effective.

When I talked with her upon these matters, and had said very much what I have written, she smilingly replied, And yet we must admit that I have been fortunate, and this should not be. My good father's early trust gave the first bias, and the rest followed of course. It is true that I have had less outward aid, in after years, than most women, but that is of little consequence. Religion was early awakened in my soul, a sense that what the soul is capable to ask it must attain, and that, though I might be aided by others, I must depend on myself as the only constant friend. This self-dependence, which was honored in me, is deprecated as a fault in most women. They are taught to learn their rule from without, not to unfold it from within.

This is the fault of man, who is still vain, and wishes to be more important to woman than by right he should be.

Men have not shown this disposition towards you, I said.

No, because the position I early was enabled to take, was one of self-reliance. And were all women as sure of their wants as I was, the result would be the same. The difficulty is to get them to the point where they shall naturally develop self-respect, the question how it is to be done.

Once I thought that men would help on this state of things more than I do now. I saw so many of them wretched in the connections they had formed in weakness and vanity. They seemed so glad to esteem women whenever they could!

But early I perceived that men never, in any extreme of despair, wished to be women. Where they admired any woman they were inclined to speak of her as above her sex. Silently I observed this, and feared it argued a rooted skepticism, which for ages had been fastening on the heart, and which only an age of miracles could eradicate.

Ever I have been treated with great sincerity; and I look upon it as a most signal instance of this, that an intimate friend of the other sex said in a fervent moment, that I deserved in some star to be a man. Another used as high-

est praise, in speaking of a character in literature, the words "a manly woman."

It is well known that of every strong woman they say she has a masculine mind.

This by no means argues a willing want of generosity towards woman. Man is as generous towards her, as he knows how to be.

Wherever she has herself arisen in national or private history, and nobly shone forth in any ideal of excellence, men have received her, not only willingly, but with triumph. Their encomiums indeed are always in some sense mortifying, they show too much surprise.

In every-day life the feelings of the many are stained with vanity. Each wishes to be lord in a little world, to be superior at least over one; and he does not feel strong enough to retain a life-long ascendant over a strong nature. Only a Brutus would rejoice in a Portia. Only Theseus could conquer before he wed the Amazonian Queen. Hercules wished rather to rest from his labors with Dejanira, and received the poisoned robe, as a fit guerdon. The tale should be interpreted to all those who seek repose with the weak.

But not only is man vain and fond of power, but the same want of development, which thus affects him morally in the intellect, prevents his discerning the destiny of woman. The boy wants no woman, but only a girl to play ball with him, and mark his pocket handkerchief.

Thus in Schiller's *Dignity of Woman*, beautiful as the poem is, there is no "grave and perfect man," but only a great boy to be softened and restrained by the influence of girls. Poets, the elder brothers of their race, have usually seen further; but what can you expect of every-day men, if Schiller was not more prophetic as to what women must be? Even with Richter one foremost thought about a wife was that she would "cook him something good."

The sexes should not only correspond to and appreciate one another, but prophesy to one another. In individual instances this happens. Two persons love in one another the future good which they aid one another to unfold. This is very imperfectly done as yet in the general life. Man has gone but little way, now he is waiting to see whether woman can keep step with him, but instead of

calling out like a good brother ; You can do it if you only think so, or impersonally ; Any one can do what he tries to do, he often discourages with school-boy brag ; Girls cant do that, girls cant play ball. But let any one defy their taunts, break through, and be brave and secure, they rend the air with shouts.

No ! man is not willingly ungenerous. He wants faith and love, because he is not yet himself an elevated being. He cries with sneering skepticism ; Give us a sign. But if the sign appears, his eyes glisten, and he offers not merely approval, but homage.

The severe nation which taught that the happiness of the race was forfeited through the fault of a woman, and showed its thought of what sort of regard man owed her, by making him accuse her on the first question to his God, who gave her to the patriarch as a handmaid, and, by the Mosaical law, bound her to allegiance like a serf, even they greeted, with solemn rapture, all great and holy women as heroines, prophetesses, nay judges in Israel ; and, if they made Eve listen to the serpent, gave Mary to the Holy Spirit. In other nations it has been the same down to our day. To the woman, who could conquer, a triumph was awarded. And not only those whose strength was recommended to the heart by association with goodness and beauty, but those who were bad, if they were steadfast and strong, had their claims allowed. In any age a Semiramis, an Elizabeth of England, a Catharine of Russia makes her place good, whether in a large or small circle.

How has a little wit, a little genius, always been celebrated in a woman ! What an intellectual triumph was that of the lonely Aspasia, and how heartily acknowledged ! She, indeed, met a Pericles. But what annalist, the rudest of men, the most plebeian of husbands, will spare from his page one of the few anecdotes of Roman women ? — Sappho, Eloisa ! The names are of thread-bare celebrity. The man habitually most narrow towards women will be flushed, as by the worst assault on Christianity, if you say it has made no improvement in her condition. Indeed, those most opposed to new acts in her favor are jealous of the reputation of those which have been done.

We will not speak of the enthusiasm excited by actresses, improvisatrici, female singers, for here mingles the charm of beauty and grace, but female authors, even

learned women, if not insufferably ugly and slovenly, from the Italian professor's daughter, who taught behind the curtain, down to Mrs. Carter and Madame Dacier, are sure of an admiring audience, if they can once get a platform on which to stand.

But how to get this platform, or how to make it of reasonably easy access is the difficulty. Plants of great vigor will almost always struggle into blossom, despite impediments. But there should be encouragement, and a free, genial atmosphere for those of more timid sort, fair play for each in its own kind. Some are like the little, delicate flowers, which love to hide in the dripping mosses by the sides of mountain torrents, or in the shade of tall trees. But others require an open field, a rich and loosened soil, or they never show their proper hues.

It may be said man does not have his fair play either; his energies are repressed and distorted by the interposition of artificial obstacles. Aye, but he himself has put them there; they have grown out of his own imperfections. If there is a misfortune in woman's lot, it is in obstacles being interposed by men, which do *not* mark her state, and if they express her past ignorance, do not her present needs. As every man is of woman born, she has slow but sure means of redress, yet the sooner a general justness of thought makes smooth the path, the better.

Man is of woman born, and her face bends over him in infancy with an expression he can never quite forget. Eminent men have delighted to pay tribute to this image, and it is a hacknied observation, that most men of genius boast some remarkable development in the mother. The rudest tar brushes off a tear with his coat-sleeve at the hallowed name. The other day I met a decrepit old man of seventy, on a journey, who challenged the stage-company to guess where he was going. They guessed aright, "To see your mother." "Yes," said he, "she is ninety-two, but has good eye-sight still, they say. I've not seen her these forty years, and I thought I could not die in peace without." I should have liked his picture painted as a companion piece to that of a boisterous little boy, whom I saw attempt to declaim at a school exhibition.

"O that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last."

He got but very little way before sudden tears shamed him from the stage.

Some gleams of the same expression which shone down upon his infancy, angelically pure and benign, visit man again with hopes of pure love, of a holy marriage. Or if not before, in the eyes of the mother of his child they again are seen; and dim fancies pass before his mind, that woman may not have been born for him alone, but have come from heaven, a commissioned soul, a messenger of truth and love.

In gleams, in dim fancies, this thought visits the mind of common men. It is soon obscured by the mists of sensuality, the dust of routine, and he thinks it was only some meteor or ignis fatuus that shone. But, as a Rosicrucian lamp, it burns unwearied, though condemned to the solitude of tombs. And, to its permanent life, as to every truth, each age has, in some form, borne witness. For the truths, which visit the minds of careless men only in fitful gleams, shine with radiant clearness into those of the poet, the priest, and the artist.

Whatever may have been the domestic manners of the ancient nations, the idea of woman was nobly manifested in their mythologies and poems, where she appeared as Sita in the Ramayana, a form of tender purity, in the Egyptian Isis, of divine wisdom never yet surpassed. In Egypt, too, the Sphynx, walking the earth with lion tread, looked out upon its marvels in the calm, inscrutable beauty of a virgin's face, and the Greek could only add wings to the great emblem. In Greece, Ceres and Proserpine, significantly termed "the great goddesses," were seen seated, side by side. They needed not to rise for any worshipper or any change; they were prepared for all things, as those initiated to their mysteries knew. More obvious is the meaning of those three forms, the Diana, Minerva, and Vesta. Unlike in the expression of their beauty, but alike in this, — that each was self-sufficing. Other forms were only accessories and illustrations, none the complement to one like these. Another might indeed be the companion, and the Apollo and Diana set off one another's beauty. Of the Vesta, it is to be observed, that not only deep-eyed, deep-discerning Greece, but ruder Rome, who represents the only form of good man (the always busy warrior) that

could be indifferent to woman, confided the permanence of its glory to a tutelary goddess, and her wisest legislator spoke of Meditation as a nymph.

In Sparta, thought, in this respect as all others, was expressed in the characters of real life, and the women of Sparta were as much Spartans as the men. The Citizen, Citizenne, of France, was here actualized. Was not the calm equality they enjoyed well worth the honors of chivalry? They intelligently shared the ideal life of their nation.

Generally, we are told of these nations, that women occupied there a very subordinate position in actual life. It is difficult to believe this, when we see such range and dignity of thought on the subject in the mythologies, and find the poets producing such ideals as Cassandra, Iphigenia, Antigone, Macaria, (though it is not unlike our own day, that men should revere those heroines of their great princely houses at theatres, from which their women were excluded,) where Sibylline priestesses told the oracle of the highest god, and he could not be content to reign with a court of less than nine Muses. Even Victory wore a female form.

But whatever were the facts of daily life, I cannot complain of the age and nation, which represents its thought by such a symbol as I see before me at this moment. It is a zodiac of the busts of gods and goddesses, arranged in pairs. The circle breathes the music of a heavenly order. Male and female heads are distinct in expression, but equal in beauty, strength, and calmness. Each male head is that of a brother and a king, each female of a sister and a queen. Could the thought, thus expressed, be lived out, there would be nothing more to be desired. There would be unison in variety, congeniality in difference.

Coming nearer our own time, we find religion and poetry no less true in their revelations. The rude man, but just disengaged from the sod, the Adam, accuses woman to his God, and records her disgrace to their posterity. He is not ashamed to write that he could be drawn from heaven by one beneath him. But in the same nation, educated by time, instructed by successive prophets, we find woman in as high a position as she has ever occupied. And no figure, that has ever arisen to greet our eyes, has been received

with more fervent reverence than that of the Madonna. Heine calls her the Dame du Comptoir of the Catholic Church, and this jeer well expresses a serious truth.

And not only this holy and significant image was worshipped by the pilgrim, and the favorite subject of the artist, but it exercised an immediate influence on the destiny of the sex. The empresses, who embraced the cross, converted sons and husbands. Whole calendars of female saints, heroic dames of chivalry, binding the emblem of faith on the heart of the best-beloved, and wasting the bloom of youth in separation and loneliness, for the sake of duties they thought it religion to assume, with innumerable forms of poesy, trace their lineage to this one. Nor, however imperfect may be the action, in our day, of the faith thus expressed, and though we can scarcely think it nearer this ideal than that of India or Greece was near their ideal; is it in vain that the truth has been recognised, that woman is not only a part of man, bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, born that men might not be lonely, but in themselves possessors of and possessed by immortal souls. This truth undoubtedly received a greater outward stability from the belief of the church, that the earthly parent of the Saviour of souls was a woman.

The Assumption of the Virgin, as painted by sublime artists, Petrarch's Hymn to the Madonna, cannot have spoken to the world wholly without result, yet oftentimes those who had ears heard not.

Thus, the Idea of woman has not failed to be often and forcibly represented. So many instances throng on the mind, that we must stop here, lest the catalogue be swelled beyond the reader's patience.

Neither can she complain that she has not had her share of power. This, in all ranks of society, except the lowest, has been hers to the extent that vanity could crave, far beyond what wisdom would accept. In the very lowest, where man, pressed by poverty, sees in woman only the partner of toils and cares, and cannot hope, scarcely has an idea of a comfortable home, he maltreats her, often, and is less influenced by her. In all ranks, those who are amiable and uncomplaining, suffer much. They suffer long, and are kind; verily, they have their reward. But wherever man is sufficiently raised above extreme poverty, or

brutal stupidity, to care for the comforts of the fireside, or the bloom and ornament of life, woman has always power enough, if she choose to exert it, and is usually disposed to do so in proportion to her ignorance and childish vanity. Unacquainted with the importance of life and its purposes, trained to a selfish coquetry and love of petty power, she does not look beyond the pleasure of making herself felt at the moment, and governments are shaken and commerce broken up to gratify the pique of a female favorite. The English shopkeeper's wife does not vote, but it is for her interest that the politician canvasses by the coarsest flattery. France suffers no woman on her throne, but her proud nobles kiss the dust at the feet of Pompadour and Dubarry, for such flare in the lighted foreground where a Roland would modestly aid in the closet. Spain shuts up her women in the care of duennas, and allows them no book but the Breviary ; but the ruin follows only the more surely from the worthless favorite of a worthless queen.

It is not the transient breath of poetic incense, that women want ; each can receive that from a lover. It is not life-long sway ; it needs but to become a coquette, a shrew, or a good cook, to be sure of that. It is not money, nor notoriety, nor the badges of authority, that men have appropriated to themselves. If demands made in their behalf lay stress on any of these particulars, those who make them have not searched deeply into the need. It is for that which at once includes all these and precludes them ; which would not be forbidden power, lest there be temptation to steal and misuse it ; which would not have the mind perverted by flattery from a worthiness of esteem. It is for that which is the birthright of every being capable to receive it, — the freedom, the religious, the intelligent freedom of the universe, to use its means, to learn its secret as far as nature has enabled them, with God alone for their guide and their judge.

Ye cannot believe it, men ; but the only reason why women ever assume what is more appropriate to you, is because you prevent them from finding out what is fit for themselves. Were they free, were they wise fully to develop the strength and beauty of woman, they would never wish to be men, or manlike. The well-instructed moon flies not from her orbit to seize on the glories of her

partner. No; for she knows that one law rules, one heaven contains, one universe replies to them alike. It is with women as with the slave.

“Vor dem Sklaven, wenn er die Kette bricht,
Vor dem freien Menschen erzittert nicht.”

Tremble not before the free man, but before the slave who has chains to break.

In slavery, acknowledged slavery, women are on a par with men. Each is a work-tool, an article of property, — no more! In perfect freedom, such as is painted in Olympus, in Swedenborg's angelic state, in the heaven where there is no marrying nor giving in marriage, each is a purified intelligence, an enfranchised soul, — no less!

Jene himmlische Gestalten
Sie fragen nicht nach Mann und Weib,
Und keine Kleider, keine Falten
Umgeben den verklärten Leib.

The child who sang this was a prophetic form, expressive of the longing for a state of perfect freedom, pure love. She could not remain here, but was transplanted to another air. And it may be that the air of this earth will never be so tempered, that such can bear it long. But, while they stay, they must bear testimony to the truth they are constituted to demand.

That an era approaches which shall approximate nearer to such a temper than any has yet done, there are many tokens, indeed so many that only a few of the most prominent can here be enumerated.

The reigns of Elizabeth of England and Isabella of Castile foreboded this era. They expressed the beginning of the new state, while they forwarded its progress. These were strong characters, and in harmony with the wants of their time. One showed that this strength did not unfit a woman for the duties of a wife and mother; the other, that it could enable her to live and die alone. Elizabeth is certainly no pleasing example. In rising above the weakness, she did not lay aside the weaknesses ascribed to her sex; but her strength must be respected now, as it was in her own time.

We may accept it as an omen for ourselves, that it was

Isabella who furnished Columbus with the means of coming hither. This land must pay back its debt to woman, without whose aid it would not have been brought into alliance with the civilized world.

The influence of Elizabeth on literature was real, though, by sympathy with its finer productions, she was no more entitled to give name to an era than Queen Anne. It was simply that the fact of having a female sovereign on the throne affected the course of a writer's thoughts. In this sense, the presence of a woman on the throne always makes its mark. Life is lived before the eyes of all men, and their imaginations are stimulated as to the possibilities of woman. "We will die for our King, Maria Theresa," cry the wild warriors, clashing their swords, and the sounds vibrate through the poems of that generation. The range of female character in Spenser alone might content us for one period. Britomart and Belphoebe have as much room in the canvass as Florimel; and where this is the case, the haughtiest Amazon will not murmur that Una should be felt to be the highest type.

Unlike as was the English Queen to a fairy queen, we may yet conceive that it was the image of a queen before the poet's mind, that called up this splendid court of women.

Shakspeare's range is also great, but he has left out the heroic characters, such as the Macaria of Greece, the Britomart of Spenser. Ford and Massinger have, in this respect, shown a higher flight of feeling than he. It was the holy and heroic woman they most loved, and if they could not paint an Imogen, a Desdemona, a Rosalind, yet in those of a stronger mould, they showed a higher ideal, though with so much less poetic power to represent it, than we see in Portia or Isabella. The simple truth of Cordelia, indeed, is of this sort. The beauty of Cordelia is neither male nor female; it is the beauty of virtue.

The ideal of love and marriage rose high in the mind of all the Christian nations who were capable of grave and deep feeling. We may take as examples of its English aspect, the lines,

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more."

The address of the Commonwealth's man to his wife as she looked out from the Tower window to see him for the last time on his way to execution. "He stood up in the cart, waved his hat, and cried, 'To Heaven, my love, to Heaven! and leave you in the storm!'"

Such was the love of faith and honor, a love which stopped, like Colonel Hutchinson's, "on this side idolatry," because it was religious. The meeting of two such souls Donne describes as giving birth to an "abler soul."

Lord Herbert wrote to his love,

"Were not our souls immortal made,
Our equal loves can make them such."

In Spain the same thought is arrayed in a sublimity, which belongs to the sombre and passionate genius of the nation. Calderon's Justina resists all the temptation of the Demon, and raises her lover with her above the sweet lures of mere temporal happiness. Their marriage is vowed at the stake, their souls are liberated together by the martyr flame into "a purer state of sensation and existence."

In Italy, the great poets wove into their lives an ideal love which answered to the highest wants. It included those of the intellect and the affections, for it was a love of spirit for spirit. It was not ascetic and superhuman, but interpreting all things, gave their proper beauty to details of the common life, the common day; the poet spoke of his love not as a flower to place in his bosom, or hold carelessly in his hand, but as a light towards which he must find wings to fly, or "a stair to heaven." He delighted to speak of her not only as the bride of his heart, but the mother of his soul, for he saw that, in cases where the right direction has been taken, the greater delicacy of her frame, and stillness of her life, left her more open to spiritual influx than man is. So he did not look upon her as betwixt him and earth, to serve his temporal needs, but rather betwixt him and heaven, to purify his affections and lead him to wisdom through her pure love. He sought in her not so much the Eve as the Madonna.

In these minds the thought, which glitters in all the legends of chivalry, shines in broad intellectual effulgence, not to be misinterpreted. And their thought is revered by the world, though it lies so far from them as yet, so far, that it seems as though a gulf of Death lay between.

Even with such men the practice was often widely different from the mental faith. I say mental, for if the heart were thoroughly alive with it, the practice could not be dissonant. Lord Herbert's was a marriage of convention, made for him at fifteen; he was not discontented with it, but looked only to the advantages it brought of perpetuating his family on the basis of a great fortune. He paid, in act, what he considered a dutiful attention to the bond; his thoughts travelled elsewhere, and, while forming a high ideal of the companionship of minds in marriage, he seems never to have doubted that its realization must be postponed to some other stage of being. Dante, almost immediately after the death of Beatrice, married a lady chosen for him by his friends.

Centuries have passed since, but civilized Europe is still in a transition state about marriage, not only in practice, but in thought. A great majority of societies and individuals are still doubtful whether earthly marriage is to be a union of souls, or merely a contract of convenience and utility. Were woman established in the rights of an immortal being, this could not be. She would not in some countries be given away by her father, with scarcely more respect for her own feelings than is shown by the Indian chief, who sells his daughter for a horse, and beats her if she runs away from her new home. Nor, in societies where her choice is left free, would she be perverted, by the current of opinion that seizes her, into the belief that she must marry, if it be only to find a protector, and a home of her own. x

Neither would man, if he thought that the connection was of permanent importance, enter upon it so lightly. He would not deem it a trifle, that he was to enter into the closest relations with another soul, which, if not eternal in themselves, must eternally affect his growth.

Neither, did he believe woman capable of friendship, would he, by rash haste, lose the chance of finding a friend in the person who might, probably, live half a century by his side. Did love to his mind partake of infinity, he would not miss his chance of its revelations, that he might the sooner rest from his weariness by a bright fireside, and have a sweet and graceful attendant, "devoted to him alone." Were he a step higher, he would not carelessly

enter into a relation, where he might not be able to do the duty of a friend, as well as a protector from external ill, to the other party, and have a being in his power pining for sympathy, intelligence, and aid, that he could not give.

Where the thought of equality has become pervasive, it shows itself in four kinds.

The household partnership. In our country the woman looks for a "smart but kind" husband, the man for a "capable, sweet-tempered" wife.

The man furnishes the house, the woman regulates it. Their relation is one of mutual esteem, mutual dependence. Their talk is of business, their affection shows itself by practical kindness. They know that life goes more smoothly and cheerfully to each for the other's aid; they are grateful and content. The wife praises her husband as a "good provider," the husband in return compliments her as a "capital housekeeper." This relation is good as far as it goes.

Next comes a closer tie which takes the two forms, either of intellectual companionship, or mutual idolatry. The last, we suppose, is to no one a pleasing subject of contemplation. The parties weaken and narrow one another; they lock the gate against all the glories of the universe that they may live in a cell together. To themselves they seem the only wise, to all others steeped in infatuation, the gods smile as they look forward to the crisis of cure, to men the woman seems an unlovely syren, to women the man an effeminate boy.

The other form, of intellectual companionship, has become more and more frequent. Men engaged in public life, literary men, and artists have often found in their wives companions and confidants in thought no less than in feeling. And, as in the course of things the intellectual development of woman has spread wider and risen higher, they have, not unfrequently, shared the same employment. As in the case of Roland and his wife, who were friends in the household and the nation's councils, read together, regulated home affairs, or prepared public documents together indifferently.

It is very pleasant, in letters begun by Roland and finished by his wife, to see the harmony of mind and the difference of nature, one thought, but various ways of treating it.

This is one of the best instances of a marriage of friendship. It was only friendship, whose basis was esteem; probably neither party knew love, except by name.

Roland was a good man, worthy to esteem and be esteemed, his wife as deserving of admiration as able to do without it. Madame Roland is the fairest specimen we have yet of her class, as clear to discern her aim, as valiant to pursue it, as Spenser's Britomart, austere set apart from all that did not belong to her, whether as woman or as mind. She is an antetype of a class to which the coming time will afford a field, the Spartan matron, brought by the culture of a book-furnishing age to intellectual consciousness and expansion.

Self-sufficing strength and clear-sightedness were in her combined with a power of deep and calm affection. The page of her life is one of unsullied dignity.

Her appeal to posterity is one against the injustice of those who committed such crimes in the name of liberty. She makes it in behalf of herself and her husband. I would put beside it on the shelf a little volume, containing a similar appeal from the verdict of contemporaries to that of mankind, that of Godwin in behalf of his wife, the celebrated, the by most men detested Mary Wolstonecraft. In his view it was an appeal from the injustice of those who did such wrong in the name of virtue.

Were this little book interesting for no other cause, it would be so for the generous affection evinced under the peculiar circumstances. This man had courage to love and honor this woman in the face of the world's verdict, and of all that was repulsive in her own past history. He believed he saw of what soul she was, and that the thoughts she had struggled to act out were noble. He loved her and he defended her for the meaning and tendency of her inner life. It was a good fact. x

Mary Wolstonecraft, like Madame Dudevant (commonly known as George Sand) in our day, was a woman whose existence better proved the need of some new interpretation of woman's rights, than anything she wrote. Such women as these, rich in genius, of most tender sympathies, and capable of high virtue and a chastened harmony, ought not to find themselves by birth in a place so narrow, that in breaking bonds they become outlaws. Were there as much x

room in the world for such, as in Spenser's poem for Britomart, they would not run their heads so wildly against its laws. They find their way at last to purer air, but the world will not take off the brand it has set upon them. The champion of the rights of woman found in Godwin one who plead her own cause like a brother. George Sand smokes, wears male attire, wishes to be addressed as *Mon frère* ; perhaps, if she found those who were as brothers indeed, she would not care whether she were brother or sister.

We rejoice to see that she, who expresses such a painful contempt for men in most of her works, as shows she must have known great wrong from them, in *La Roche Mauprat*, depicting one raised, by the workings of love, from the depths of savage sensualism to a moral and intellectual life. It was love for a pure object, for a steadfast woman, one of those who, the Italian said, could make the stair to heaven.

Women like Sand will speak now, and cannot be silenced ; their characters and their eloquence alike foretell an era when such as they shall easier learn to lead true lives. But though such forebode, not such shall be the parents of it. Those who would reform the world must show that they do not speak in the heat of wild impulse ; their lives must be unstained by passionate error ; they must be severe lawgivers to themselves. As to their transgressions and opinions, it may be observed, that the resolve of Eloisa to be only the mistress of Abelard, was that of one who saw the contract of marriage a seal of degradation. Wherever abuses of this sort are seen, the timid will suffer, the bold protest. But society is in the right to outlaw them till she has revised her law, and she must be taught to do so, by one who speaks with authority, not in anger and haste.

If Godwin's choice of the calumniated authoress of the "Rights of Woman," for his honored wife, be a sign of a new era, no less so is an article of great learning and eloquence, published several years since in an English review, where the writer, in doing full justice to Eloisa, shows his bitter regret that she lives not now to love him, who might have known better how to prize her love than did the egotistical Abelard.

These marriages, these characters, with all their imperfections, express an onward tendency. They speak of aspi-

ration of soul, of energy of mind, seeking clearness and freedom. Of a like promise are the tracts now publishing by Goodwyn Barmby (the European Pariah as he calls himself) and his wife Catharine. Whatever we may think of their measures, we see in them wedlock, the two minds are wed by the only contract that can permanently avail, of a common faith, and a common purpose.

We might mention instances, nearer home, of minds, partners in work and in life, sharing together, on equal terms, public and private interests, and which have not on any side that aspect of offence which characterizes the attitude of the last named; persons who steer straight onward, and in our freer life have not been obliged to run their heads against any wall. But the principles which guide them might, under petrified or oppressive institutions, have made them warlike, paradoxical, or, in some sense, Pariahs. The phenomenon is different, the law the same, in all these cases. Men and women have been obliged to build their house from the very foundation. If they found stone ready in the quarry, they took it peaceably, otherwise they alarmed the country by pulling down old towers to get materials.

These are all instances of marriage as intellectual companionship. The parties meet mind to mind, and a mutual trust is excited which can buckler them against a million. They work together for a common purpose, and, in all these instances, with the same implement, the pen.

A pleasing expression in this kind is afforded by the union in the names of the Howitts. William and Mary Howitt we heard named together for years, supposing them to be brother and sister; the equality of labors and reputation, even so, was auspicious, more so, now we find them man and wife. In his late work on Germany, Howitt mentions his wife with pride, as one among the constellation of distinguished English women, and in a graceful, simple manner.

In naming these instances we do not mean to imply that community of employment is an essential to union of this sort, more than to the union of friendship. Harmony exists in difference no less than in likeness, if only the same key-note govern both parts. Woman the poem, man the poet; woman the heart, man the head; such divisions are only important when they are never to be transcended. If

nature is never bound down, nor the voice of inspiration stifled, that is enough. We are pleased that women should write and speak, if they feel the need of it, from having something to tell; but silence for a hundred years would be as well, if that silence be from divine command, and not from man's tradition.

While Goetz von Berlichingen rides to battle, his wife is busy in the kitchen; but difference of occupation does not prevent that community of life, that perfect esteem, with which he says,

“Whom God loves, to him gives he such a wife!”

Manzoni thus dedicates his *Adelchi*.

“To his beloved and venerated wife, *Enrichetta Luigia Blondel*, who, with conjugal affections and maternal wisdom, has preserved a virgin mind, the author dedicates this *Adelchi*, grieving that he could not, by a more splendid and more durable monument, honor the dear name and the memory of so many virtues.”

The relation could not be fairer, nor more equal, if she too had written poems. Yet the position of the parties might have been the reverse as well; the woman might have sung the deeds, given voice to the life of the man, and beauty would have been the result, as we see in pictures of *Arcadia* the nymph singing to the shepherds, or the shepherd with his pipe allures the nymphs, either makes a good picture. The sounding lyre requires not muscular strength, but energy of soul to animate the hand which can control it. Nature seems to delight in varying her arrangements, as if to show that she will be fettered by no rule, and we must admit the same varieties that she admits.

I have not spoken of the higher grade of marriage union, the religious, which may be expressed as pilgrimage towards a common shrine. This includes the others; home sympathies, and household wisdom, for these pilgrims must know how to assist one another to carry their burdens along the dusty way; intellectual communion, for how sad it would be on such a journey to have a companion to whom you could not communicate thoughts and aspirations, as they sprang to life, who would have no feeling for the more and more glorious prospects that open as we advance, who would never see the flowers that may be

gathered by the most industrious traveller. It must include all these. Such a fellow pilgrim Count Zinzendorf seems to have found in his countess of whom he thus writes.

“Twenty-five years’ experience has shown me that just the help-mate whom I have is the only one that could suit my vocation. Who else could have so carried through my family affairs? Who lived so spotlessly before the world? Who so wisely aided me in my rejection of a dry morality? Who so clearly set aside the Pharisaism which, as years passed, threatened to creep in among us? Who so deeply discerned as to the spirits of delusion which sought to bewilder us? Who would have governed my whole economy so wisely, richly, and hospitably when circumstances commanded? Who have taken indifferently the part of servant or mistress, without on the one side affecting an especial spirituality, on the other being sullied by any worldly pride? Who, in a community where all ranks are eager to be on a level, would, from wise and real causes, have known how to maintain inward and outward distinctions? Who, without a murmur, have seen her husband encounter such dangers by land and sea? Who undertaken with him and sustained such astonishing pilgrimages? Who amid such difficulties always held up her head, and supported me? Who found so many hundred thousands and acquitted them on her own credit? And, finally, who, of all human beings, would so well understand and interpret to others my inner and outer being as this one, of such nobleness in her way of thinking, such great intellectual capacity, and free from the theological perplexities that enveloped me?”

An observer* adds this testimony.

“We may in many marriages regard it as the best arrangement, if the man has so much advantage over his wife that she can, without much thought of her own, be, by him, led and directed, as by a father. But it was not so with the Count and his consort. She was not made to be a copy; she was an original; and, while she loved and honored him, she thought for herself on all subjects with so much intelligence, that he could and did look on her as sister and friend also.”

Such a woman is the sister and friend of all beings, as the worthy man is their brother and helper.

Another sign of the time is furnished by the triumphs of female authorship. These have been great and constantly

* Spangenberg.

increasing. They have taken possession of so many provinces for which men had pronounced them unfit, that though these still declare there are some inaccessible to them, it is difficult to say just *where* they must stop.

The shining names of famous women have cast light upon the path of the sex, and many obstructions have been removed. When a Montague could learn better than her brother, and use her lore to such purpose afterwards as an observer, it seemed amiss to hinder women from preparing themselves to see, or from seeing all they could when prepared. Since Somerville has achieved so much, will any young girl be prevented from attaining a knowledge of the physical sciences, if she wishes it? De Staël's name was not so clear of offence; she could not forget the woman in the thought; while she was instructing you as a mind, she wished to be admired as a woman; sentimental tears often dimmed the eagle glance. Her intellect, too, with all its splendor, trained in a drawing room, fed on flattery, was tainted and flawed; yet its beams make the obscurest school house in New England warmer and lighter to the little rugged girls, who are gathered together on its wooden bench. They may never through life hear her name, but she is not the less their benefactress.

This influence has been such that the aim certainly is, how, in arranging school instruction for girls, to give them as fair a field as boys. These arrangements are made as yet with little judgment or intelligence, just as the tutors of Jane Grey, and the other famous women of her time, taught them Latin and Greek, because they knew nothing else themselves, so now the improvement in the education of girls is made by giving them gentlemen as teachers, who only teach what has been taught themselves at college, while methods and topics need revision for those new cases, which could better be made by those who had experienced the same wants. Women are often at the head of these institutions, but they have as yet seldom been thinking women, capable to organize a new whole for the wants of the time, and choose persons to officiate in the departments. And when some portion of education is got of a good sort from the school, the tone of society, the much larger proportion received from the world, contradicts its purport. Yet books have not been furnished, and a little elementary

instruction been given in vain. Women are better aware how large and rich the universe is, not so easily blinded by the narrowness and partial views of a home circle.

Whether much or little has or will be done, whether women will add to the talent of narration, the power of systematizing, whether they will carve marble as well as draw, is not important. But that it should be acknowledged that they have intellect which needs developing, that they should not be considered complete, if beings of affection and habit alone, is important.

Yet even this acknowledgment, rather obtained by woman than proffered by man, has been sullied by the usual selfishness. So much is said of women being better educated that they may be better companions and mothers of *men*! They should be fit for such companionship, and we have mentioned with satisfaction instances where it has been established. Earth knows no fairer, holier relation than that of a mother. But a being of infinite scope must not be treated with an exclusive view to any one relation. Give the soul free course, let the organization be freely developed, and the being will be fit for any and every relation to which it may be called. The intellect, no more than the sense of hearing, is to be cultivated, that she may be a more valuable companion to man, but because the Power who gave a power by its mere existence signifies that it must be brought out towards perfection.

In this regard, of self-dependence and a greater simplicity and fulness of being, we must hail as a preliminary the increase of the class contemptuously designated as old maids.

We cannot wonder at the aversion with which old bachelors and old maids have been regarded. Marriage is the natural means of forming a sphere, of taking root on the earth: it requires more strength to do this without such an opening, very many have failed of this, and their imperfections have been in every one's way. They have been more partial, more harsh, more officious and impertinent than others. Those, who have a complete experience of the human instincts, have a distrust as to whether they can be thoroughly human and humane, such as is hinted at in the saying, "Old maids' and bachelors' children are well cared for," which derides at once their ignorance and their presumption.

Yet the business of society has become so complex, that it could now scarcely be carried on without the presence of these despised auxiliaries, and detachments from the army of aunts and uncles are wanted to stop gaps in every hedge. They rove about, mental and moral Ishmaelites, pitching their tents amid the fixed and ornamented habitations of men.

They thus gain a wider, if not so deep, experience. They are not so intimate with others, but thrown more upon themselves, and if they do not there find peace and incessant life, there is none to flatter them that they are not very poor and very mean.

A position, which so constantly admonishes, may be of inestimable benefit. The person may gain, undistracted by other relationships, a closer communion with the One. Such a use is made of it by saints and sibyls. Or she may be one of the lay sisters of charity, or more humbly only the useful drudge of all men, or the intellectual interpreter of the varied life she sees.

Or she may combine all these. Not "needing to care that she may please a husband," a frail and limited being, all her thoughts may turn to the centre, and by steadfast contemplation enter into the secret of truth and love, use it for the use of all men, instead of a chosen few, and interpret through it all the forms of life.

Saints and geniuses have often chosen a lonely position, in the faith that, if undisturbed by the pressure of near ties they could give themselves up to the inspiring spirit, it would enable them to understand and reproduce life better than actual experience could.

How many old maids take this high stand, we cannot say; it is an unhappy fact that too many of those who come before the eye are gossips rather, and not always good-natured gossips. But, if these abuse, and none make the best of their vocation, yet, it has not failed to produce some good fruit. It has been seen by others, if not by themselves, that beings likely to be left alone need to be fortified and furnished within themselves, and education and thought have tended more and more to regard beings as related to absolute Being, as well as to other men. It has been seen that as the loss of no bond ought to destroy a human being, so ought the missing of none to hinder

him from growing. And thus a circumstance of the time has helped to put woman on the true platform. Perhaps the next generation will look deeper into this matter, and find that contempt is put on old maids, or old women at all, merely because they do not use the elixir which will keep the soul always young. No one thinks of Michael Angelo's Persian Sibyl, or St. Theresa, or Tasso's Leonora, or the Greek Electra as an old maid, though all had reached the period in life's course appointed to take that degree.

Even among the North American Indians, a race of men as completely engaged in mere instinctive life as almost any in the world, and where each chief, keeping many wives as useful servants, of course looks with no kind eye on celibacy in woman, it was excused in the following instance mentioned by Mrs. Jameson. A woman dreamt in youth that she was betrothed to the sun. She built her a wigwam apart, filled it with emblems of her alliance and means of an independent life. There she passed her days, sustained by her own exertions, and true to her supposed engagement.

In any tribe, we believe, a woman, who lived as if she was betrothed to the sun, would be tolerated, and the rays which made her youth blossom sweetly would crown her with a halo in age.

There is on this subject a nobler view than heretofore, if not the noblest, and we greet improvement here, as much as on the subject of marriage. Both are fertile themes, but time permits not here to explore them.

If larger intellectual resources begin to be deemed necessary to woman, still more is a spiritual dignity in her, or even the mere assumption of it listened to with respect. Joanna Southcote, and Mother Anne Lee are sure of a band of disciples; Ecstatica, Dolorosa, of enraptured believers who will visit them in their lowly huts, and wait for hours to revere them in their trances. The foreign noble traverses land and sea to hear a few words from the lips of the lowly peasant girl, whom he believes especially visited by the Most High. Very beautiful in this way was the influence of the invalid of St. Petersburg, as described by De Maistre.

To this region, however misunderstood, and ill-developed, belong the phenomena of Magnetism, or Mesmerism,

as it is now often called, where the trance of the Ecstatica purports to be produced by the agency of one human being on another, instead of, as in her case, direct from the spirit.

The worldling has his sneer here as about the services of religion. "The churches can always be filled with women." "Show me a man in one of your magnetic states, and I will believe."

Women are indeed the easy victims of priestcraft, or self-delusion, but this might not be, if the intellect was developed in proportion to the other powers. They would then have a regulator and be in better equipoise, yet must retain the same nervous susceptibility, while their physical structure is such as it is.

It is with just that hope, that we welcome everything that tends to strengthen the fibre and develop the nature on more sides. When the intellect and affections are in harmony, when intellectual consciousness is calm and deep, inspiration will not be confounded with fancy.

The electrical, the magnetic element in woman has not been fairly developed at any period. Everything might be expected from it; she has far more of it than man. This is commonly expressed by saying, that her intuitions are more rapid and more correct.

But I cannot enlarge upon this here, except to say that on this side is highest promise. Should I speak of it fully, my title should be Cassandra, my topic the Seeress of Prevorst, the first, or the best observed subject of magnetism in our times, and who, like her ancestresses at Delphos, was roused to ecstasy or phrenzy by the touch of the laurel.

In such cases worldlings sneer, but reverent men learn wondrous news, either from the person observed, or by the thoughts caused in themselves by the observation. Fenelon learns from Guyon, Kerner from his Seeress what we fain would know. But to appreciate such disclosures one must be a child, and here the phrase, "women and children," may perhaps be interpreted aright, that only little children shall enter into the kingdom of heaven.

All these motions of the time, tides that betoken a waxing moon, overflow upon our own land. The world at large is readier to let woman learn and manifest the capacities of her nature than it ever was before, and here is a less encumbered field, and freer air than anywhere else.

And it ought to be so ; we ought to pay for Isabella's jewels.

The names of nations are feminine. Religion, Virtue, and Victory are feminine. To those who have a superstition as to outward signs, it is not without significance that the name of the Queen of our mother-land should at this crisis be Victoria. Victoria the First. Perhaps to us it may be given to disclose the era there outwardly presaged.

Women here are much better situated than men. Good books are allowed with more time to read them. They are not so early forced into the bustle of life, nor so weighed down by demands for outward success. The perpetual changes, incident to our society, make the blood circulate freely through the body politic, and, if not favorable at present to the grace and bloom of life, they are so to activity, resource, and would be to reflection but for a low materialist tendency, from which the women are generally exempt.

They have time to think, and no traditions chain them, and few conventionalities compared with what must be met in other nations. There is no reason why the fact of a constant revelation should be hid from them, and when the mind once is awakened by that, it will not be restrained by the past, but fly to seek the seeds of a heavenly future.

Their employments are more favorable to the inward life than those of the men.

Woman is not addressed religiously here, more than elsewhere. She is told to be worthy to be the mother of a Washington, or the companion of some good man. But in many, many instances, she has already learnt that all bribes have the same flaw ; that truth and good are to be sought for themselves alone. And already an ideal sweetness floats over many forms, shines in many eyes.

Already deep questions are put by young girls on the great theme, What shall I do to inherit eternal life ?

Men are very courteous to them. They praise them often, check them seldom. There is some chivalry in the feeling towards "the ladies," which gives them the best seats in the stage-coach, frequent admission not only to lectures of all sorts, but to courts of justice, halls of legislature, reform conventions. The newspaper editor "would be better pleased that the Lady's Book were filled up ex-

clusively by ladies. It would then, indeed, be a true gem, worthy to be presented by young men to the mistresses of their affections." Can gallantry go farther?

In this country is venerated, wherever seen, the character which Goethe spoke of as an Ideal. "The excellent woman is she, who, if the husband dies, can be a father to the children." And this, if rightly read, tells a great deal.

Women who speak in public, if they have a moral power, such as has been felt from Angelina Grimke and Abby Kelly, that is, if they speak for conscience' sake, to serve a cause which they hold sacred, invariably subdue the prejudices of their hearers, and excite an interest proportionate to the aversion with which it had been the purpose to regard them.

A passage in a private letter so happily illustrates this, that I take the liberty to make use of it, though there is not opportunity to ask leave either of the writer or owner of the letter. I think they will pardon me when they see it in print; it is so good, that as many as possible should have the benefit of it.

Abby Kelly in the Town-House of ———

"The scene was not unheroic, — to see that woman, true to humanity and her own nature, a centre of rude eyes and tongues, even gentlemen feeling licensed to make part of a species of mob around a female out of her sphere. As she took her seat in the desk amid the great noise, and in the throng full, like a wave, of something to ensue, I saw her humanity in a gentleness and unpretension, tenderly open to the sphere around her, and, had she not been supported by the power of the will of genuineness and principle, she would have failed. It led her to prayer, which, in woman especially, is childlike; sensibility and will going to the side of God and looking up to him; and humanity was poured out in aspiration.

"She acted like a gentle hero, with her mild decision and womanly calmness. All heroism is mild and quiet and gentle, for it is life and possession, and combativeness and firmness show a want of actualness. She is as earnest, fresh, and simple as when she first entered the crusade. I think she did much good, more than the men in her place could do, for woman feels more as being and reproducing; this brings the subject more into home relations. Men speak through and mostly from intellect, and this addresses itself in others, which creates and is combative."

Not easily shall we find elsewhere, or before this time, any written observations on the same subject, so delicate and profound.

The late Dr. Channing, whose enlarged and tender and religious nature shared every onward impulse of his time, though his thoughts followed his wishes with a deliberative caution, which belonged to his habits and temperament, was greatly interested in these expectations for women. His own treatment of them was absolutely and thoroughly religious. He regarded them as souls, each of which had a destiny of its own, incalculable to other minds, and whose leading it must follow, guided by the light of a private conscience. He had sentiment, delicacy, kindness, taste, but they were all pervaded and ruled by this one thought, that all beings had souls, and must vindicate their own inheritance. Thus all beings were treated by him with an equal, and sweet, though solemn courtesy. The young and unknown, the woman and the child, all felt themselves regarded with an infinite expectation, from which there was no reaction to vulgar prejudice. He demanded of all he met, to use his favorite phrase, "great truths."

His memory, every way dear and reverend, is by many especially cherished for this intercourse of unbroken respect.

At one time when the progress of Harriet Martineau through this country, Angelina Grimke's appearance in public, and the visit of Mrs. Jameson had turned his thoughts to this subject, he expressed high hopes as to what the coming era would bring to woman. He had been much pleased with the dignified courage of Mrs. Jameson in taking up the defence of her sex, in a way from which women usually shrink, because, if they express themselves on such subjects with sufficient force and clearness to do any good, they are exposed to assaults whose vulgarity makes them painful. In intercourse with such a woman, he had shared her indignation at the base injustice, in many respects, and in many regions done to the sex; and been led to think of it far more than ever before. He seemed to think that he might some time write upon the subject. That his aid is withdrawn from the cause is a subject of great regret, for on this question, as on others, he would have known how to sum up the evidence and take, in the

noblest spirit, middle ground. He always furnished a platform on which opposing parties could stand, and look at one another under the influence of his mildness and enlightened candor.

Two younger thinkers, men both, have uttered noble prophecies, auspicious for woman. Kinmont, all whose thoughts tended towards the establishment of the reign of love and peace, thought that the inevitable means of this would be an increased predominance given to the idea of woman. Had he lived longer to see the growth of the peace party, the reforms in life and medical practice which seek to substitute water for wine and drugs, pulse for animal food, he would have been confirmed in his view of the way in which the desired changes are to be effected.

In this connection I must mention Shelley, who, like all men of genius, shared the feminine development, and, unlike many, knew it. His life was one of the first pulse-beats in the present reform-growth. He, too, abhorred blood and heat, and, by his system and his song, tended to reinstate a plant-like gentleness in the development of energy. In harmony with this his ideas of marriage were lofty, and of course no less so of woman, her nature, and destiny.

For woman, if by a sympathy as to outward condition, she is led to aid the enfranchisement of the slave, must no less so, by inward tendency, to favor measures which promise to bring the world more thoroughly and deeply into harmony with her nature. When the lamb takes place of the lion as the emblem of nations, both women and men will be as children of one spirit, perpetual learners of the word and doers thereof, not hearers only.

A writer in a late number of the *New York Pathfinder*, in two articles headed "Femality," has uttered a still more pregnant word than any we have named. He views woman truly from the soul, and not from society, and the depth and leading of his thoughts is proportionably remarkable. He views the feminine nature as a harmonizer of the vehement elements, and this has often been hinted elsewhere; but what he expresses most forcibly is the lyrical, the inspiring and inspired apprehensiveness of her being.

Had I room to dwell upon this topic, I could not say

anything so precise, so near the heart of the matter, as may be found in that article ; but, as it is, I can only indicate, not declare, my view.

There are two aspects of woman's nature, expressed by the ancients as Muse and Minerva. It is the former to which the writer in the *Pathfinder* looks. It is the latter which Wordsworth has in mind, when he says,

"With a placid brow,
Which woman ne'er should forfeit, keep thy vow."

The especial genius of woman I believe to be electrical in movement, intuitive in function, spiritual in tendency. She is great not so easily in classification, or re-creation, as in an instinctive seizure of causes, and a simple breathing out of what she receives that has the singleness of life, rather than the selecting or energizing of art.

More native to her is it to be the living model of the artist, than to set apart from herself any one form in objective reality ; more native to inspire and receive the poem than to create it. In so far as soul is in her completely developed, all soul is the same ; but as far as it is modified in her as woman, it flows, it breathes, it sings, rather than deposits soil, or finishes work, and that which is especially feminine flushes in blossom the face of earth, and pervades like air and water all this seeming solid globe, daily renewing and purifying its life. Such may be the especially feminine element, spoken of as Femality. But it is no more the order of nature that it should be incarnated pure in any form, than that the masculine energy should exist unmingled with it in any form.

Male and female represent the two sides of the great radical dualism. But, in fact, they are perpetually passing into one another. Fluid hardens to solid, solid rushes to fluid. There is no wholly masculine man, no purely feminine woman.

History jeers at the attempts of physiologists to bind great original laws by the forms which flow from them. They make a rule ; they say from observation, what can and cannot be. In vain ! Nature provides exceptions to every rule. She sends women to battle, and sets Hercules spinning ; she enables women to bear immense burdens, cold, and frost ; she enables the man, who feels maternal love, to nourish his infant like a mother. Of late she plays still

gayer pranks. Not only she deprives organizations, but organs, of a necessary end. She enables people to read with the top of the head, and see with the pit of the stomach. Presently she will make a female Newton, and a male Syren.

Man partakes of the feminine in the Apollo, woman of the masculine as Minerva.

Let us be wise and not impede the soul. Let her work as she will. Let us have one creative energy, one incessant revelation. Let it take what form it will, and let us not bind it by the past to man or woman, black or white. Jove sprang from Rhea, Pallas from Jove. So let it be.

If it has been the tendency of the past remarks to call woman rather to the Minerva side, — if I, unlike the more generous writer, have spoken from society no less than the soul, — let it be pardoned. It is love that has caused this, love for many incarcerated souls, that might be freed could the idea of religious self-dependence be established in them, could the weakening habit of dependence on others be broken up.

Every relation, every gradation of nature, is incalculably precious, but only to the soul which is poised upon itself, and to whom no loss, no change, can bring dull discord, for it is in harmony with the central soul.

If any individual live too much in relations, so that he becomes a stranger to the resources of his own nature, he falls after a while into a distraction, or imbecility, from which he can only be cured by a time of isolation, which gives the renovating fountains time to rise up. With a society it is the same. Many minds, deprived of the traditional or instinctive means of passing a cheerful existence, must find help in self-impulse or perish. It is therefore that while any elevation, in the view of union, is to be hailed with joy, we shall not decline celibacy as the great fact of the time. It is one from which no vow, no arrangement, can at present save a thinking mind. For now the rowers are pausing on their oars, they wait a change before they can pull together. All tends to illustrate the thought of a wise contemporary. Union is only possible to those who are units. To be fit for relations in time, souls, whether of man or woman, must be able to do without them in the spirit.

It is therefore that I would have woman lay aside all thought, such as she habitually cherishes, of being taught and led by men. I would have her, like the Indian girl, dedicate herself to the Sun, the Sun of Truth, and go no where if his beams did not make clear the path. I would have her free from compromise, from complaisance, from helplessness, because I would have her good enough and strong enough to love one and all beings, from the fulness, not the poverty of being.

Men, as at present instructed, will not help this work, because they also are under the slavery of habit. I have seen with delight their poetic impulses. A sister is the fairest ideal, and how nobly Wordsworth, and even Byron, have written of a sister.

There is no sweeter sight than to see a father with his little daughter. Very vulgar men become refined to the eye when leading a little girl by the hand. At that moment the right relation between the sexes seems established, and you feel as if the man would aid in the noblest purpose, if you ask him in behalf of his little daughter. Once two fine figures stood before me, thus. The father of very intellectual aspect, his falcon eye softened by affection as he looked down on his fair child, she the image of himself, only more graceful and brilliant in expression. I was reminded of Southey's *Kehama*, when lo, the dream was rudely broken. They were talking of education, and he said,

"I shall not have Maria brought too forward. If she knows too much, she will never find a husband; superior women hardly ever can."

"Surely," said his wife, with a blush, "you wish Maria to be as good and wise as she can, whether it will help her to marriage or not."

"No," he persisted, "I want her to have a sphere and a home, and some one to protect her when I am gone."

It was a trifling incident, but made a deep impression. I felt that the holiest relations fail to instruct the unprepared and perverted mind. If this man, indeed, would have looked at it on the other side, he was the last that would have been willing to have been taken himself for the home and protection he could give, but would have been much more likely to repeat the tale of Alcibiades with his phials.

But men do *not* look at both sides, and women must leave off asking them and being influenced by them, but retire within themselves, and explore the groundwork of being till they find their peculiar secret. Then when they come forth again, renovated and baptized, they will know how to turn all dross to gold, and will be rich and free though they live in a hut, tranquil, if in a crowd. Then their sweet singing shall not be from passionate impulse, but the lyrical overflow of a divine rapture, and a new music shall be elucidated from this many-chorded world.

Grant her then for a while the armor and the javelin. Let her put from her the press of other minds and meditate in virgin loneliness. The same idea shall reappear in due time as Muse, or Ceres, the all-kindly, patient Earth-Spirit.

I tire every one with my Goethean illustrations. But it cannot be helped.

Goethe, the great mind which gave itself absolutely to the leadings of truth, and let rise through him the waves which are still advancing through the century, was its intellectual prophet. Those who know him, see, daily, his thought fulfilled more and more, and they must speak of it, till his name weary and even nauseate, as all great names have in their time. And I cannot spare the reader, if such there be, his wonderful sight as to the prospects and wants of women.

As his Wilhelm grows in life and advances in wisdom, he becomes acquainted with women of more and more character, rising from Mariana to Macaria.

Macaria, bound with the heavenly bodies in fixed revolutions, the centre of all relations, herself unrelated, expresses the Minerva side.

Mignon, the electrical, inspired lyrical nature.

All these women, though we see them in relations, we can think of as unrelated. They all are very individual, yet seem nowhere restrained. They satisfy for the present, yet arouse an infinite expectation.

The economist Theresa, the benevolent Natalia, the fair Saint, have chosen a path, but their thoughts are not narrowed to it. The functions of life to them are not ends, but suggestions.

Thus to them all things are important, because none is

necessary. Their different characters have fair play, and each is beautiful in its minute indications, for nothing is enforced or conventional, but everything, however slight, grows from the essential life of the being.

Mignon and Theresa wear male attire when they like, and it is graceful for them to do so, while Macaria is confined to her arm chair behind the green curtain, and the Fair Saint could not bear a speck of dust on her robe.

All things are in their places in this little world because all is natural and free, just as "there is room for everything out of doors." Yet all is rounded in by natural harmony which will always arise where Truth and Love are sought in the light of freedom.

Goethe's book bodes an era of freedom like its own, of "extraordinary generous seeking," and new revelations. New individualities shall be developed in the actual world, which shall advance upon it as gently as the figures come out upon his canvass.

A profound thinker has said "no married woman can represent the female world, for she belongs to her husband. The idea of woman must be represented by a virgin."

But that is the very fault of marriage, and of the present relation between the sexes, that the woman does belong to the man, instead of forming a whole with him. Were it otherwise there would be no such limitation to the thought.

Woman, self-centred, would never be absorbed by any relation; it would be only an experience to her as to man. It is a vulgar error that love, a love to woman is her whole existence; she also is born for Truth and Love in their universal energy. Would she but assume her inheritance, Mary would not be the only Virgin Mother. Not Manzoni alone would celebrate in his wife the virgin mind with the maternal wisdom and conjugal affections. The soul is ever young, ever virgin.

And will not she soon appear? The woman who shall vindicate their birthright for all women; who shall teach them what to claim, and how to use what they obtain? Shall not her name be for her era Victoria, for her country and her life Virginia? Yet predictions are rash; she herself must teach us to give her the fitting name.

THE YOUTH OF THE POET AND THE PAINTER.

LETTER I.

EDWARD ASHFORD TO JAMES HOPE.

DEAR HOPE,

Lovedale.

I HAVE been a week in this beautiful place. I am glad to fly the round of forms for the breath of the green fields. This sweet spot was carved, by the Spirit of beauty, for a fairer race than mortals; and if I am not happy, it is that I wander alone, with the faithless figures of hope to light the path. I believe in solitude, with one friend. Do you remember our week at Hillsborough, and those homelike evenings, after our tramps up the mountains, and our strolls in the meadows? What a peculiar sympathy is that which can tolerate society at such seasons; and I believe I shall never meet another, with whom I shall be so willing to wander, as with you. Have you sailed much on the inland rivers? When we wandered, we did not use the stream, so smoothly gliding at the foot of purple mountains, but I spend much time in my boat now. I love its motion, and pass among the trees, free from being entangled in the branches, and rustle the long grass of the meadow in dry shoes. The leafy walls on each side produce new combinations of shade, picturesque and artistical, and their reflections double the forest, with the clouds brought so low, that I fear the actual woods may lose part of their pleasure, when I again tread their recesses. This spot combines the attraction of two rivers. The larger, in contrast with the less, seems almost a sea, from its high banks. The sunset, streaming across the water, reminds me of the ocean. There is a wildness, in the larger river, that would better suit you, than my little boating-ground; the woods, on the lofty shores, are bold and massive, and the hills soar into the sky. When the wind blows fresh, there are waves, and the sailboats dash through the foam, as if the mimicry of the sea acted on their keels, and excited them with its life.

My little skiff dares not tempt the flow of the large river, and winds its way on the tranquil bosom of the Willow, —

for this is the name given to the little stream, from many groups of this graceful tree, floating on the margin. I am sheltered from storms in a cove, circled with trees, where the banks nod with white and red flowers; my caverns are roofed with leaves and brown branches, and, instead of sea-gulls, I have robins and thrushes sweeping over the crags of verdure, and the blue king-fisher glances between the two skies, and calls shrilly to me. If I feel the wind, it is in the mimic rain pattering in the leaves, or see the tiny waves frolic below me, where the forest opens. I never hear better music than listening to these songs on the river. I wish I had your talent, and could bring these scenes home in a sketch-book, or was poet enough to express my acquaintance with this delightful river, in verse. He, who can do this, need not ask men to give; nature has enriched him. I suppose his poetry is more valuable to the poet, than to his auditors, and I wonder at his sensitiveness, and delicacy, as to his productions. It is enough for him to embalm the world in human affection, for himself.

At some distance, from the mill where I live, up the Willow, is a sand-bank, covering some acres, on which not a tree grows, nor a blade of grass. I came to it, fresh from reading some African travels, and felt I had discovered a little Sahara, in these green plains. Though it was noon, I wandered over it, in a festive mood, and if the soles of my shoes did not burn, I felt the solid heat. I have no doubt, you will dub me African traveller, and claim me for a second Ledyard, whom you used greatly to admire, and say there had been no other modern man of a similar character. I am sitting on this sand-bank, and writing my letter, just on its edge, under the shade of an oak, whose glossy leaves shine in the sun. The broad fields of sand are everywhere covered with warmth, yet nothing grows; if you dig down only two inches, how damp and clammy is the soil. I have found some Indian arrow-heads upon it, and I see various shining insects hopping about.

Have you been much in a mill? It is a domestic place. There is an honest tone in the spinning stones, the impersonation of a loaf of bread; it is a speech of power besides, rolling and whirling. The beams, coated with dust, glow like dead alabaster, and every spider's web is made from white yarn. Even at noon, the

rooms are lit badly, and, at twilight, they gloom. I am startled when the miller treads the creaking stairs; and the trap-doors and odd passages seem like an old castle. When grinding stops, silence hangs over the chambers, tenanted by squab figures, in white clothes, while down stairs the water trickles under the wheel, and the rats play hide-and-go-seek. Sometimes I am miller, and once I nearly set the building on fire by letting the grist run out of the hopper.

I am more than ever convinced, since I came here, you have made a mistake in not attending more to coloring, to the neglect, if you please, of so much outline-drawing. As I float down the river, I am detained by the color. These rich reflections, black in their depths, shining on their surfaces, with a delicate coating of silver, and glossing the trees, in masses, with an uncertain body-tint, could never be used in outline. You must pile on color, glaze and re-glaze. What would be the value of that starry group of willow-foliage, in your neutral pencil-drawing, deprived of its light, glimmering green, or this emerald bank, bearing a wreath of vermilion cardinals? I long to put these preparatory years of yours into one, and give it to a study so vexatious as this of outline, and then set you free into gorgeous colors that press forward and lie at your feet. Come from your neat chamber to my river, and we will float in splendid sunsets and royal moonlights, till you forget all but your picture, and create this smiling world over again. They will furnish a room in the mill, where you hear the hum of the lazy water-wheel, and the owl's screech, out of the forest on the opposite bank. We have good sweet meal, an orchard of scraggly apple-trees, and a deep kitchen hearth for cool evenings. Come, I entreat.

EDWARD.

LETTER II.

MRS. ASHFORD TO EDWARD ASHFORD.

MY DEAR SON,

Doughnut.

I was surprised to learn you had suddenly deserted college, and made your way to some place in the country, without either consulting me or the president. As your

mother, and nearest living relative, your feelings should have led you to inform me of this very serious change in your course of life. You left Doughnut, apparently contented to reside at college, and President Littlego's first letter was perfectly satisfactory. In his second I was mortified to learn you did not attend prayers, so often as was required, though regular at recitations; and in his third, with feelings I cannot describe, I learned you had left your room, and the greater portion of your clothes, and taken up your residence at some obscure farmhouse, in a country village.

It was from a letter to your friend Hope, I discovered to what point you had gone, and I write immediately on hearing, to beseech you to return to Doughnut, even if you do not instantly go back to Triflecut. At least, write on the receipt of this, and inform me by what reasons you sustain your present extraordinary course of conduct. You must feel this is due to me, as well as to your other friends, and to President Littlego.

After so long a course of studies, in this city, under the best preceptor I could obtain, I naturally felt that you would enter college with superior advantages, and obtain a high rank in your class. I know, my dear son, that as a young man, — a very young man, — just entering into life, your responsibilities do not seem so important as they will. I regard a good position at college extremely desirable on one account, as the means of securing a good social position. You entered with the most respectable youth of this city, as associates in your class, and in other classes you have acquaintances, your friend Hope, and others of the same standing. I trust it will be your purpose to rank with these excellent young men. Again, the discipline gained from the study of foreign languages, and mathematics, will afford you a good basis on which you can erect your future labors.

You know, my dear Edward, my pecuniary circumstances, and that it is by limiting myself and your sister, I have been able to send you to Triflecut, without infringing too far upon the course of life we pursue in Doughnut. Yet I shall cheerfully make a greater sacrifice, if it will conduce to your greater happiness. If your room was unsuitable, or not furnished according to your wish, or if your ward-

robe did not content you, I beg you will lay the cause before your mother's eye, and she will gladly devote any portion of her store to supply what you require.

Hope informs me, you pass part of your time in a boat or some old mill. I beg of you not to be out in the evening air; remember your health, and how dear you are to me. Old mills are badly ventilated, and you have a tendency to cough. I have procured from Mrs. Puffy your flannel waistcoats, which I forward, together with another bottle of Smith's Lotion for sore throat. In case you should be unwell, send at once for a physician. I feel you will come home at once. God bless you, my dear son.

Your affectionate mother,

REBECCA ASHFORD.

LETTER III.

RICHARD ASHFORD TO EDWARD ASHFORD.

Doughnut.

What has got into your brains now, Ned, goes beyond the powers of your Uncle Dick! I happened to come to Doughnut the day they expected you from Triflecut. I arrived at 11 o'clock, in the stage, and found mother and sister Fanny working at your winter stockings, in the little back parlor. At 12 the bell rung, and the Triflecut coach stopped. Fanny flew to the window, your mother ran to the door, and in came a dapper-looking college man, in a black coat, and handed us a letter, which contained the astounding intelligence, that you had fled the soft embraces of President Littlego, and now smacked your lips over johnny-cakes and apple-dumplings, in a distant although romantic grist-mill. I was introduced to Mr. Hope, and asked him what could induce a quiet young gentleman, like you, to cut such a trick; at which he smiled, drew up his eye-brows, twirled his hat, and said, "I wish I was there with him." "The devil you do," said I. I have not laughed so much since I burnt off deacon Bugbear's queue at a revival lecture.

Your mother popped a series of maternal questions at Mr. Hope, to discover what motives led her darling boy to such a display of independence. Mr. Hope, who is a quiz

plainly, informed her your sudden disappearance was as much matter of surprise to him, as to herself, and went, leaving us as wise as when he came. He supposed the classic shades of Triflecut, as your mother calls scrub commons and twopenny tutors, might have wearied your imaginative head, and that the beautiful village of Lovedale was more adapted to it. I have lived a long time, my dear Ned, and have seen a good deal of life. I did not run away, when a youth, but was put up and labelled — sailor, and despatched in a dirty ship, to plough my way through the furrows of the ocean. I thought I should have a good time, rocking on the billows, far from the torments of six brothers, the plague of school, and the dull routine of a little seaport. My first voyage “cleansed my bosom of this perilous stuff.” I came home, “a sadder and a wiser” lad, — but I had to equip for another voyage, and sailed the sea twenty-six long years. At the end I came back to the little seaport, “an ancient mariner,” with no property but the clothes on my back, some yarns about my travels, gray hair, and a rheumatism, to burden my family and look after my nephews.

Do what you like, only be careful to go to sea with a rudder. I rarely give advice, but I can recommend you never to do anything without seeing where your path goes, and, if you can, keep the old road. You will find the beaten track pleasanter, on the whole, and, if the scenery is tame, the accommodation is good at the taverns.

Your friend Hope made me laugh, as I say, by his cool indifference to your mother’s tenderness. He has an old head on young shoulders. He told me, Triflecut was thrown into an agreeable excitement by your disappearance. Mrs. Puffy was in consternation, to lose so quiet a boarder with such a small appetite, and the good soul really feared that the hard fare of the University must have driven you desperate. A few of the young ladies have manifested some sympathy, and set you down as a rejected suitor. Pray appease your mother’s distressed heart, by writing her.

We are in a quandary here. I have had a notion I would get a lawyer’s advice, — perhaps we could take you with a *habeas corpus*, but it is a good way to send a sheriff’s officer, and it would be a blank business to have a *non est inventus* returned. Your mother begs me to engage

a vehicle and drive down myself; your sister Fanny suggests we bribe you to come back by the offer of a study and pens, a library, and permission to pass a week in seclusion. What we shall resolve, I cannot say; in the mean time I puff my pipe, at my leisure, in the garret, and read some old French plays I bought at a book stall.

Your Uncle,

DICK.

LETTER IV.

JAMES HOPE TO EDWARD ASHFORD.

Trifecut.

I acknowledge what you say of outline is partly true, my dear Ashford, but I think you have drawn too hasty a conclusion. We must, in art, make a beginning, — to leap from the outset to the end, cannot produce any work above that of a *petit-maitre*. It is the fault of our time to escape deliberation, to mar by haste, and to suggest, rather than perfect. I am chagrined to hear you remark, you wish the Poet's power belonged to you, for I have always thought you were born to write verse.

I console myself by reflecting that every true poet has felt this deficiency at the outset, and my chagrin was the result of the same want of maturity I find everywhere; for how could I require you, just beginning to write, to produce anything sublime? I want courage to assert my right to the pencil, as much as you do to the pen. I believe our age is not only that of immaturity, but of disbelief; we are neither willing to graduate nor confide; we finish in haste, and read our failure of necessity. When I consider how the masters, who have stamped eternal foot-prints in the sands of time, spent years in writing characters which were instantly washed out, I resolve to sit in love and admiration, and value my ill-formed outsets as some tendency towards real beauty, as the alphabet to the bible of art. My outlines, in this light, are worth preserving, and I grieve that I was not possessed of this patience years ago, for it would have led me to keep my first sketches, and I might now see such a change for the better as to make golden my

loftiest aspirations. So much do we learn in youth, and so unfortunate it seems to grow old early, and abridge this holiday-floor, where, in games, we harvest deep experience. I have been long laboring at outlines, yet feel I have accomplished little, compared with what I might, other pursuits have so abridged my time. I have not yielded to your earnest request, to dwell only in art, to abandon these college studies; in short, to identify my whole external existence with the beautiful. I prize the unselfish enthusiasm that leads you to desire for your friend only the happiest results. For your sake I should love to yield myself entirely to the radiant sunlight of picture, and dispense with the cold economy of the world.

What will you think if I confess I have not that confidence which enables me to say entirely, that I can produce anything to warrant me in following an artist's life? An irresistible impulse draws me to landscape. I take my pencil, but the scenes do not flow warm and living. In a measure I satisfy myself, yet not to that extent I desire. You will send the lesson I have just read, on haste, and the necessity of taking degrees in art, step by step. Alas! I find I can read lessons to everybody better than practise them.

It would not avail to be an amateur; I must be all or nothing; and in fully feeling this, I found my right to become a painter. He, who truly aspires to the loftiest, has the consolation of knowing he can make no failure; yet to pass life in stepping from one stone to another, would not be sufficient excuse for deserting what other avenues I may have to knowledge. I am an unresting man; all I hear, all I see, all I do, is but the faint uncertain dawn of what I am equal to; and it would be a sensation profoundly satisfactory, did I seize what jewels are strewn by the way; but I seem to be carried forward with such rapidity that I cannot stoop to seize even these. I am possessed with the idea, that I cannot neglect any of the common avenues to knowledge, and find myself faithfully performing every college duty, no matter how dry, with the instinct that something may be in it. The ancients yield me more fruit than the moderns, and Homer, Æschylus, Lucan, and Virgil, I would not exchange for any four of the moderns. I would not aim at acquiring a critical knowledge of the

dead languages ; but these four years, we spend at college, are a convenient period for mastering them sufficiently. These are youth's leisure days, in our age, to read the past. The Greeks I never tire of. I have lately made a prize in a bust of the Apollo, which was sent from Italy as a specimen cast, and now have it in a corner of my chamber. I have captured, this week, Flaxman's Homer, and spent some pleasant hours over it, in which I wished you with me. What manly fellows these Greeks were! So bold, so finished, so splendidly wrought up to a pure, stern ideal, yet without that sentiment which spoils our ideality.

What a strange point of history is this, when we stand in an age not capable of producing any work of sublime excellence, yet having a back ground filled with monuments cut in eternal beauty. That there should have been preserved, through the dark ages, these sayings of former civilization, which we now comprehend, yet cannot reproduce, makes our time a youth of speechless beauty, whose eyes penetrate the shroud before his birth ; and how individual we are, for we only survey the future with promise. I know of nothing so singular, as that our age should be the age of reform. I doubt, indeed, that it is. Our people of reform love to cover their imperfections with this vanity, while their eyes swim with tears, when they look into the bright face of the past. Give me, if not the power of present creation, the capacity to appreciate those matchless ancients who sat supreme among forms, and bend their successors into an unsuccessful imitation. If I can make nothing new, if this is a winter's day, when the field-flowers do not bloom, let me twine my brows with the ever-green laurels of the summer past. I can, at least, live with the divinities, if I cannot match them in performance. I can worship in silence, and believe, though speechless.

There has been a revival, of late years, all over Europe, of the Greek spirit, surprising to behold, and finally the discovery that if Shakspeare is the first of moderns, it is only that he inherited, the largest share of the ancient. Yet, I do not look upon Shakspeare as such an immortal as Homer, and fancy I can discover traces that he shakes on his seat. But you know that I am not such a Shakspeareman as you ; if he should suffer, I think it will be a partial obscuration, caused by the extreme meanness of his

late critics, who have overloaded the public mind with their leaden lumber.

Even in America, the puritan side of modern cultivation, I see this Greek spirit marching forward to conquer custom. This new development of sculptors, is a warning, while late poets tend to a smoothness, a finish, and neatness, which gives us the workmanship of Pope's time, while we possess besides a liberal idea. I rejoice in this, and cling to my old books the closer, when I see they are beginning to warm the mass. I will not quarrel with your devotion to what is only new, and shall always be delighted with your mill, and your sails on the river.

I have fallen in with a new person this last week, whom I met on Grecian hill, where we used to walk. He was loitering, apparently, like myself, a cloud-gazer. I found more tenderness in his eyes than in his speech, and that he did not do credit to his heart. We conversed about books and pictures. He was not so fond of the ancients as I. He professed not to be a favorite in general society, yet I saw, by the manner in which he spoke of several of our mutual acquaintances, that he had approached in a way agreeable to them, as he was full master of their faults. I detected he was impatient of defects, yet would not tolerate a stately beauty, with great external polish, because he believed nature knew best how to win affection, and that the apex of cultivation, if lofty, was covered with snow. In this, he differed from me, as I believe that true polish can do no more than proportion nature. I found he dwelt more on defects than beauties, and that it was owing to his love of the ridiculous which set out the imperfection, if never so small, in a humorous light, leaving the equal graces to shine unobserved. He had detected this tendency, as in speaking of some of the old humorists, he said, "They are like me; they love the comic, yet see what lies below without mentioning it." Still, I thought, from his conversation, which lacked any one distinguishing peculiarity, that his humor was not natural, but the product of sorrow united with an original mirthfulness, whose proper outlet would have been fair smiles. He had no wit, but labored with his power to express himself; and though what he said sounded fresh and honest, from an occasional alteration, or a repetition of the same thought, I concluded he found it

difficult to fit expression precisely to thought. He must have been a writer, rather than a painter; but yet as he showed a keen sense of beauty in the landscape, which, you remember, is one of those that do nothing but suggest, I concluded he had studied pictures. We spoke of love, and he mused moodily, and showed he had been disappointed in some passion. I believed, from the fair oval of his brow and the undrooped eyelids, that his character was trusting, and that a long life of affection lay before him, to be tinged with occasional shade from the recollection of his past affections. As we strolled on, I was charmed with the quick eyes he had for every object. Nothing escaped, neither cloud, flower, tree, bird, nor insect, and I was glad to find he valued masses, and where the landscape opened he traced a good foreground, a wide distance, and a side-light which struck a group of trees in the middle, brought out a winding brook, a small golden valley, and an elm tree with a cottage under it, and connected these domestic emblems with a group of gray clouds. He looked at me, as if this picture did not satisfy him, but had formed a better in his mind, which he did not show. When I spoke to him of books, I found he had read a number; yet on his quoting some poetry, discovered he did not give it correctly, though he added words which made it better, and seemed musing whether he had read the right line. He selected some half dozen books out of all he had read, as the sum and substance of books, and placed them on his shelves, as silent reserves, specimens of what had been done, which held in them no obligation for him to read. I spoke of the old masters, and the Greek sculpture, and found he loved painting best, but did not prefer any special artist. I spoke with him, also, of philosophers, and found he had read them rather in his imagination than in fact, and formed figures of the past men, as well as epochs, without having really taken much notice of their works. In the midst of very serious criticisms, he called me off to point to some tree waving by the wall's side, or plant at our feet, and I saw he was firmly fixed in nature rather than art.

Pray send me another letter from your mill, before long, and if you write any verses, some copies, and if I find a chance, I will send some of my late outlines.

Ever yours,

HOPE.

ETHNICAL SCRIPTURES.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DESATIR.

[PRELIMINARY NOTE. The *Desatir* or *Regulations*, purports to be a collection of the writings of the different Persian prophets, being fifteen in number, of whom Zerdusht or Zoroaster was the thirteenth, and ending with the fifth Sasan, who lived in the time of Chosroes, contemporary with the Emperor Heraclius. In England, attention was first called to this book by Sir William Jones in the Second Volume of the *Asiatic Researches*, and the book was afterwards translated from the Persian by Mr. Duncan, Governor of Bombay, and by Mulla Firuz Bin Kaus, a Hindoo, and published at Bombay in 1818.]

LITANY.

LET us take refuge with Mezdram from evil thoughts which mislead and afflict us.

O creator of the essence of supports and stays; O thou who showerest down benefits; O thou who formest the heart and soul; O fashioner of forms and shadows; O Light of lights!

Thou art the first, for there is no priority prior to thee. Thou art the last, for there is no posteriority posterior to thee.

O worthy to be lauded! deliver us from the bonds of terrestrial matter.

Rescue us from the fetters of dark and evil matter.

Intelligence is a drop from among the drops of the ocean of thy place of souls.

The Soul is a flame from among the flames of the fire of thy residence of Sovereignty.

Mezdram is hid by excess of light. He is Lord of his wishes; not subject to novelties; and the great is small, and the tall short, and the broad narrow, and the deep is as a ford unto him.

Who causeth the shadow to fall.

The Inflamer that maketh the blood to boil.

In the circle of thy sphere, which is without rent, which neither assumeth a new shape, nor putteth off an old one, nor taketh a straight course;

Thou art exalted, O our Lord! From thee is praise, and to thee is praise.

Thy world of forms, the city of bodies, the place of created things, is long and broad and deep. Thou art the accomplisher of desires.

The eyes of purity saw thee by the lustre of thy substance. Dark and astounded is he who hath seen thee by the efforts of the Intellect.

THE PROPHET.

Every prophet whom I send goeth forth to stablish religion, not to root it up.

Thou wilt be asked, By what dost thou know God? Say, By what descendeth on the heart. For could that be proved false, souls would be utterly helpless. There is in thy soul a certain knowledge, which, if thou display it to mankind, they will tremble like a branch agitated by a strong wind. Say unto mankind, Look not on the Self-existent with this eye: ask for another eye.

The Nurakh sages ask, What use is there for a prophet in this world? A prophet is necessary on this account, that men are connected with each other in the concerns of life: therefore rules and laws are indispensable that all may act in concert: that there may be no injustice in giving, or taking, or partnership, but that the order of the world may endure. And it is necessary that these rules should proceed from Mezdám, that all men may obey them. For this high task a prophet must be raised up. How can we know that a prophet is really called to his office? By his knowing that which others do not know; and by his giving you information regarding your own heart; and by his not being puzzled by any question that is asked; and by this, that another cannot do what he doeth.

O Ferzinsar! son of Yasanajam: thee have I selected for prophecy. Revive the religion of the prophet of prophets, the great Abad; and worship Hersesram (Saturn) in this sort, that he may lend thee his aid;—I pray of thee, O Father! Lord! that thou ask by the splendor of thy soul from thy Father and Lord, thy prime Cause and Lover, and of all the free and blazing lights that possess intelligence, that they would ask of their Father and Lord, the most approved wish that can be asked of the Stablisher of all, to make me one of those who approach the band of

his lights and the secrets of his Essence, and to pour light on the Band of light and splendor, and to magnify them, and to purify them and us, while the world endureth, and to all eternity.

MEZDAM THE FIRST CAUSE, SPEAKS TO THE WORSHIPPER.

My light is on thy countenance; my word is on thy tongue. Me thou seest, me thou hearest, me thou smell-est, me thou tastest, me thou touchest. What thou say-est, that I say; and thy acts are my acts. And I speak by thy tongue, and thou speakest to me, though mortals im-agine that thou speakest to them.

I am never out of thy heart, and I am contained in nothing but in thy heart. And I am nearer unto thee than thou art unto thyself. Thy soul reacheth me.

In the name of Mezdám. O Siamer! I will call thee aloft, and make thee my companion; the lower world is not thy place. Many times daily thou escapest from thy body and comest unto me.

Now thou art not satisfied with coming unto me from time to time, and longest to abide continually nigh unto me; I too am not satisfied with thy absence. Although thou art with me, and I with thee, still thou desirest and I desire that thou shouldst be still more intimately with me. Therefore will I release thee from thy terrestrial body, and make thee sit in my company.

THE HEAVENS.

[The first time that I was called to the world above, the heavens and stars said unto me, O Sasan! we have bound up our loins in the service of Yezdan, and never with-drawn from it, because he is worthy of praise; and we are filled with astonishment how mankind can wander so wide from the commands of God.]

Whatever is on earth is the resemblance and shadow of something that is in the sphere. While that resplen-dent thing remaineth in good condition, it is well also with its shadow. When that resplendent thing removeth far from its shadow, life removeth to a distance. Again, that

light is the shadow of something more resplendent than itself. And so on, up to Me, who am the Light of lights. Look therefore to Mezdám, who causeth the shadow to fall.

MORALS.

Purity is of two kinds, real and formal. The real consisteth in not binding the heart to evil; and the formal in cleansing away what appears evil to the view.

True self-knowledge is knowledge of God. Life is affected by two evils, Lust and Anger. Restrain them within the proper mean. Till man can attain this self-control, he cannot become a celestial.

The perfect seeth unity in multiplicity, and multiplicity in unity.

The roads tending to God are more in number than the breathings of created beings.

OF WRITING.

The spider said, Wherein consisteth the superior excellence of man? The sage Simrash said, Men understand talismans, and charms, and magic arts, while animals do not. The spider answered, Animals exceed men in these respects; knowest thou not that crawling things and insects build triangular and square houses without wood or brick? behold my work, how without loom, I weave fine cloth. Simrash replied, Man can write and express his thoughts on paper, which animals cannot. The spider said, Animals do not transfer the secrets of Mezdám from a living heart to a lifeless body. Simrash hung down his head from shame.

SPRING.

With what a still, untroubled air,
The spring comes stealing up the way,
Like some young maiden coyly fair,
Too modest for the light of day.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

Abou Ben Adhem, (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in the room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold;
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Adhem. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Adhem spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote and vanished; the next night
He came again with a great wakening light,
And showed their names whom love of God had blest,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

THE SONG OF BIRDS IN SPRING.

They breathe the feeling of thy happy soul,
Intricate Spring! too active for a word;
They come from regions distant as the pole;
Thou art their magnet, — seedsman of the bird.

THE EARTH.

BY WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

MY highway is unfeatured air,
My consorts are the sleepless stars,
And men, my giant arms upbear,
My arms unstained and free from scars.

I rest forever on my way,
Rolling around the happy sun,
My children love the sunny day,
But noon and night to me are one.

My heart hath pulses like their own,
I am their mother, and my veins,
Though built of the enduring stone,
Thrill as do theirs with godlike pains.

The forests and the mountains high,
The foaming ocean and its springs,
The plains, — O pleasant company,
My voice through all your anthems rings.

Ye are so cheerful in your minds,
Content to smile, content to share,
My being in your silence finds
The echo of my spheral air.

No leaf may fall, no pebble roll,
No drop of water lose the road,
The issues of the general soul,
Are mirrored in their round abode.

SOCIAL TENDENCIES.

"THE DIVINE END IN SOCIETY IS HUMANE PERFECTION."

How strange a sound is this heard along the shore! Unlike either the last plashes of a recent storm, or the swell of a coming gale, its indications cannot be read by experience. In irregular intervals, the new waves curl, crisp and yeasty, over the shell-strewn beach, with an unusual surge, although no fresh breeze is sensible above the surface of the waters. The oldest, time-worn caves, echo the unfamiliar sound, and even their inmost recesses seem sensible of the forthcoming of some event, which may destroy their venerable forms forever, and crumble them to common earth. It is as the apprehension of an earthquake, against which no contrivance can prevail, and which no skill can avert. The ancient fishermen, they who seem to be as imperishable as the waters, stand mute. Their boats and nets are drifted to and fro by the influence of the unseen power which they have not the courage to resist, or deem it as impossible to oppose as the south-western gale in its highest fury. Yet the elemental world above is serene; no portents cloud the sky; and the perpetual sun shines on in steady splendor. In a murmuring prophet-note this new impulse is principally indicated.

May we worthily speculate on the origin, operation, and probable futurity of this new movement in the human ocean. Peradventure we may divine the interpretation of the omen.

Certain it is, that the political chiefs of the earth no longer execute that initiative function for which their office was created. The monarch and his prime minister are now but the chairman and his deputy, at a convention where the government really rests in the hands of the majority. The governor has ceased to rule; he is there only to hear resolutions propounded and to count the votes. The old ditty begins to be realized, and each one now is substantially "king in his turn." Happy fact, that humanity is so much nearer mankind, and is escaping from the leading-strings self-imposed in the nursery.

The depths from which the surface-movements spring, are as various as their outward appearances; and their origins are as separate and distinct as the strange and broken wavelets which indicate them.

Some minds, moved as by personal irritation at a particular vice in existing institutions, will be invited to apply every energy to its reformation or annihilation. Unquiet souls, under the most favorable circumstances, have some complaints to utter. By no means are the objects generally aimed at by the great mass of men to be deemed worthy of real human effort. Yet there is a number, almost deserving the appellation, "a multitude," who, being moved from a greater depth than ordinary, manifest a purpose which may, with less liability to the charge of ostentation, be designated *human*. Whosoever shall go about seeking these, may, without much difficulty, discover them, though they are hidden from the external observer's eye. Heretofore mingled in the stream of professed reformers, until they found such a course could not lead to their satisfaction, they stand aloof from troubled waters, they now declare they are impelled by an inspiration to build up a new social existence, such as history records not, such as experience does not manifest.

These consist not of malcontent or rebellious souls, who, from a pugnacious nature, attack whatever in existence may stand in their way; nor of such as, from an avaricious appetite, hunger for new food; nor of disappointed or disgusted self-indulgents, whose elasticity has been worn away by excess in low delights; but they appear to consist of the loving, the peaceful, the calm, the considerate, the youthful, seeking an external state conformable to the spirit within. They propose not a monastery for soured sinners; nor incarceration of moral debtors, to add, by refined idleness, to a debt already too large; nor a pest-house to accommodate disease; nor an alms-house to create poverty.

There seems now born into the world a newer, fresher spirit; an infant race craving nourishment of a higher kind than was heretofore asked for. Unto us children are given who cannot imbibe the old world's druff, nor be clothed in the old world's abraded garments.

Here and there, in places distant and obscure, but becoming less distant and better known, are heard the cries

of this infant voice. Feeble it has yet been, and deemed mostly foreign ; but there is not wanting a maternal ear, which, being open to the slightest sound from real humanity, recognises these juvenile faint utterances. This maternity, though itself unable to enjoy the new conditions and the new food, may provide them for the young and new-born, who may thenceforward unite in sufficient numbers for the perfect accomplishment of the new life.

Such are some of the characteristics of the latest-born idea of human progress. Between it, and the reforming mind, whose notions of improvement are satisfied by a repair of the guide-post, stand almost all the human family. The thought, the wish, the hope for something better, is all but universal. The question rather is, which is the good, than whether there is a good yet to be attained. It is the intuitive certainty of a better morrow, which makes to-day's ills tolerable.

Assuredly, the world abounds sufficiently in evil to arouse in the dullest an ardent desire to secure some amendment. Not a few are still so obtuse in opposition to progress, that their entire existence is a hinderance. They stretch far beyond all rational conservatism, and must rather be called *Hinderers* than *Conservatives*; hindering no less their own individual weal, than the common good in all. Save these, all are banded in one common sentiment, the improvement of man and his conditions.

The *Conservative* is now a reformer, both intellectually and practically, however strongly in feeling he may be disinclined to changes. The notion, that no melioration is possible, either in mode or principle, is confined to the *Hinderers*, who are glad to hide their morbid peculiarity in the bosom of conservatism, which thus generously succors a pest it should reject. *Hinderance* is the zero in the moral thermometer, of which conservatism makes the freezing grade, radicalism fluctuating in the intermediate degrees, and destructiveness is denoted by the boiling point. Only the cold and hot extremes are obnoxious. The genial temperature lies between the two points of radicalism and conservation, and this is where a benign providence disposes the moral atmosphere.

Conservatism perceives the propriety of amendment in the administration of the established institutions. A reform

in small matters is suited to its taste. There are certain popular principles, or rather a few vague sayings, which conservatives have for a long series of years repeated, involving them to some extent in the class of reformers. Thus, "retrenchment and economy" are familiar terms, even in royal speeches; and although they are employed to cover actual "waste and extravagance," the admission, verbally, that honesty and truth should govern mankind, is a point gained. This slow and unspontaneous acknowledgment, that something must be conceded to the youthful spirit, that "the boys must have it," is cheering, when we know how tardily the better is allowed a place.

Were mankind to be polled, it is pretty certain that a very large majority would be found in advance of this position, notwithstanding it is so long kept in it. Of this we have the strongest assurance in the fact, that the hinderers are violently opposed to a counting of votes in that manner. Did they feel assured that the majority is with them, they would instantly appeal to man. But the mode of reckoning is cunningly fastened upon another principle. Instead of estimating man by virtue, or talent, or skill, he is valued according to certain results, which may sometimes grow out of these antecedents, but which, in fact, may, and more frequently do grow out of vice, or rapacity, or fraud. Man is weighed by property. The State-doctors, like those who study medicine, judge of humanity by its excrements, or wait until itself is excrement. They are only clear after a *post mortem* examination. When the man bodily is destroyed by a surfeit of food, and the man moral by a superabundance of wealth, the doctors can admit him to their conservatory museums, and give a good account of him. But the age demands a consideration of healthful, living men; and daily the living are growing more and more uneasy under the old dead weights.

Urged by no better principle than the pressure from without, the holders of political power slowly and reluctantly concede some of the ground which *might*, in bygone times, wrested from the domains of *love*, but no new principle is recognised. A few more voters are admitted into the circle; but there is not sufficient courage to act universally, and cast aside all the barriers. Conservatism is still ruler by virtue of barricades. Election laws are modi-

fied. Sanguinary codes are meliorated. Poor laws are reconsidered. Black slavery is softened down to apprenticeship. White slavery is refined by a poetic periodical, or rendered more tolerable by music. This mending and patching, or cutting into pattern to suit the demands of the market, promises ages of employment for moderate reformers. It is not probable, scarcely possible, that if the progress of social man is thus capriciously dependent, much good will be attained during the next five or ten centuries.

Perceiving which fact, some men are desirous to move on a little faster, and more steadily, than the ever-varying winds will carry the State vessel, to the desired haven. They are disposed to render all new discoveries available for universal ends, as well as for particular advantage, and hence propose to lay on a degree of steam power to carry us over the ocean. These call for organic changes, and invite new experiments. They are deemed, by the old captains, the most dangerous part of the crew, though acknowledged to be amongst the most useful working sailors.

Hence, in Old and in New England, Chartism has birth. This is essentially a new form, including some new materials; not a reform in that definite sense which signifies a going back to ancient forms of ancient materials. Orthodox reform means simply a restoration to the primitive outward condition, in which institutions originally stood. But this is an idea as clearly impossible of actualization, as to restore to animal life the men who, some centuries back, established such institutions. Heterodox reform, therefore, is necessarily proposed; because men see plainly that it is not any outward state of things, beautifully adapted, perhaps, to some remote period, that can be found suitable for them at this day. Organic changes, then, are needed, as well as purity in administration and melioration in practice. And from what point shall these changes date? According to what standard shall they be set up? The principles for the construction of such new institutions are not to be sought in any hitherto known mode, for they are new, they profess to be new. The standard, then, is that which is the antecedent to new measures, to all new measures, for all have the same antecedent, that is to say, the spirit of truth in the human soul. Men may differ respecting the interpretation of this spirit, but they will differ kindly and

graciously. When they disagree, it happens because one party at least is not, perhaps both parties are not really appealing to this standard. The universal spirit has many modes, but they all harmonize. The selfish spirit takes a multitude of jarring forms.

The contest grows hot, when the organic reformer, bold in the rectitude of his purpose, and justified by pure, interior convictions, stands forth beyond the limits which frigid conservatism deigns to permit. Such an action is like the soul attempting to attain to ends beyond the body's capacity. The body, the corporate existence, doggedly withstands any attempts to proceed faster, or farther than its accustomed pace and destination; and binds down the swifter-moving mind, as much as it can, to its own limits. This action is doubtless in conformity to a law established for the good of both. So with the ponderous drawback, which progress encounters from the unwilling and unyielding nature embodied in the corporate interests of the unreforming world.

Chartism is the lowest phase of reform, which has any claims to an affirmative position. Though not without a large deference to established modes and existing current thought, Chartism yet has some positive and primitive assertions to make. Its best principles are drawn from the same fountain whence all principles flow. The chartist has traced backwards and inwards to the origin of the institutions, which the conservative will spill his last drop of blood to defend, and discovers the same reality which underlies both. The maintenance of "the throne and the altar," in England, in the year 1796, is synonymous with "law and order," in Rhode Island, in 1843; for each, being interpreted to its clearest meaning, signifies, "protect my wealth and ease." The same reality thus is ever varying its sign; and half a century may probably suffice to convert "liberty and equality" to the same end. Traced still deeper, the investigation lands us at a point even more comprehensive of parties; and Chartists, as well as Hinderers, design nothing more than the largest possible income from the outlay of their capital, skill, and labor. In relation to selfishness, it is merely as a domestic strife. Both parties equally desire the greatest good of the greatest number, or the happiness of the whole; the said whole being neither more nor less than each man's self.

A better aim for each man, in his earthly career, could not be devised. As happiness is attainable by goodness alone, goodness in each man being secured, the goodness and happiness of all are secured. Men differ only about the mode of it. Through all time, and in all places, this has been the debate. From pot-house gossip to legislative dispute, this is the burden of the song. Doubts, waverings, changes, each man and each sect undergoes; for they firmly believe the truth lies somewhere about, though they have it not. The thought rarely occurs, that the truth is not thus amongst them; and he would be universally voted a pestilent fellow, who should venture to hint as much.

Ever since the invention of civilized society, the result has been found so unhappy, and so inadequate to the outlay, that there has been a constant aim to amend it. Even now, after so-much labor, we seem as distant as ever from the desirable condition. In a state of barbarism, the individual man gives up but a very small portion of himself; he looks little to others for support; he is self-reliant. He runs not to the baker for bread, to the butcher for flesh, to the teacher for grammar; but hunts, and cooks, and speaks for himself. It is true he develops some of the misfortunes of civilization, and occasionally, in his weakness, carries fees to the doctor and priest. But the essential quality in barbarism is that integrity of development, which keeps man away from a dependence on other individuals; and while it circumscribes his supplies, also limits his cravings to a more natural and rational amount. On the other hand, the very pith and heart of civilization is mutual dependence, which, in action, comes out in the representative form. Everything, every person is vicarious. No one lives out his own life, but lives for all. This is the great merit and boast of civilization: this, too, is its misfortune and its loss. By its advocates, this short coming in happiness is attributed, not to the inherent nature of civilization, but to its imperfect working out; upon which the recommendation is to expend more and more anxiety upon the attempt; which anxiety having to be reimbursed before society is as much in happiness as previous to this additional outlay, the moral estate of the people becomes as hopeless as their pecuniary estate, where national debts are multiplied in the attempt to obtain relief from present difficulties.

Ramifications of this idea are found in every department of civilized life. The farmer applies fresh quantities of foul animal manure to force heavier crops from his exhausted fields ; which, when consumed, generate a host of diseases as foul as the manures to which they are responsible. The consumer, attracted by cheapness, pays dearly in his doctor's bill, but in ignorance of nature's laws, which he has so entirely abandoned, he fails to connect cause and effect, and repeats his error to repeat his pain. Faith in man would, indeed, appear to be no scarce commodity on earth. Every one looks abroad to every other one ; no one looks within to himself ; — a universal representative life, in which the legislator represents the conscience, the judge the gravity, the priest the piety, the doctor the learning, the mechanic the skill of the community ; and no one person needs be conscientious, grave, pious, learned, and skillful. Out of this grow those monstrous and dreadful conditions which large cities, the very acme of civilized life, without exception, exhibit. Exalted intellect, on the part of a few, which at the expense, frequently, of moral and physical life, elevates national renown, with extreme ignorance of all that really concerns them, on the part of the masses. A few intense spots of wealth, learning, or heroism, amongst an endless range of poverty, ignorance, and degradation, accumulated, apparently, for, no higher end than the meretricious employment of the three opposite qualities.

This faith begins, in some quiet and serene corners, to abate, and it will soon be exhausted, when eyes are opened to perceive that the imagined perfection of the scheme of civilization does, in fact, not belong to it. Politically, the idea of representation could not be more fully and purely carried out, than it is in North America. In some of the States, if not in all, the majority is correctly and entirely represented. The majority rules in a direct manner ; and although, on minor points, parties are more nicely balanced, yet, in the wider range of every-day life, this majority is a very large portion. Yet, to say that the people are happy ; that they are a well developed race ; that they manifest an existence as near the perfect as their representative system approaches the perfect, would be a series of libels, which their complaints, their habits, their very countenances loudly gainsay.

In the perfection of the representative system, in the very ripeness of civilization, is its downfall accomplished. Like other fruits, those of this tree will be timely shed by the spirit in beneficent nature, fresh leaves shall germinate, and new blossoms be put forth for the healing of the nations.

How small does this parade of legislation, and this march of science, and this increase of wealth, appear by the comparison with the unsophisticated intuition of man's purpose and destiny! Not more ridiculous would be ancient armor in a modern battle field, or royal robes and ermine in republican assemblies, than these same speech-making, newspaper-reported, republican assemblies are in the presence of real humanity. Court intrigues, the personal disposal of kingdoms, the regulation of whole nations according to individual caprice, are chances for humanity scarcely, if at all, more strange and alien to the true end, than its delusive amusement by statistical renown, antagonistic union, or dissocial society. The regalia of the throne in Europe, the judge's powdered wig, the door-keeper's gold-laced hat, with all antique regards and time-honored observances, are as comforting to the heart, and perhaps not more outrageous to man's real needs, than the fancied security of legislative perfection, and representative self-government. We see the folly in the old, but are not quick-witted enough to perceive it in the new. Because the music, and the incense, and the wax candles are no longer used, men deem they have escaped all papal errors. But the triumph of intellectuality is not always the victory of reason. The misfortunes of a church can fall upon a people assembled in the plainest hall, where music, or sweet odors, or lights by day never appear.

We need not marvel, therefore, at the dissatisfaction which not only rings throughout Europe, but is heard even here in the sylvan expanse of North America; the free, the youthful, the hopeful nation of the world. The Americans are like a troop of truant boys escaped from school, to the woods, for a day or two; who only remember the ways and modes of the old pedagogue, and have not yet had time to develop an original course of action for themselves. But it will come out of them, and the old pedagogue shall be ashamed that he kept the boys so long in

fear and thralldom; and he will conform to an amicable truce with the more demure and broken-spirited boys who still submit to the old school discipline at home. Self-interested love of ease shall, at least, secure some amelioration.

In the mean time, through the great instrument of teaching, pungent experience, we ascertain the true value of these pursuits and objects, for the free attainment of which we ventured our all to escape from the tyrannical old disciplinarian. Mankind may undoubtedly be much slower and more inapt to learn than to enjoy; but duller than Lethe's stream should we have been in failing to discover the rocky spots and barren wastes in the new land. The game of government, for which the boys eloped to the woods, is found a profitless affair, by the best of men. They who have really ripened into manhood in the newly acquired freedom, are desirous of keeping out of this amusement as a sport for children only. This is a grand secret, a sacred revelation for both those who have gone ahead, and those who stay behind.

No man who is qualified to be a political leader, and by democratic vicissitudes, some day finds himself placed in that position, but is anxious to declare how hollow and corrupt is that fruit, which, to the exoteric eye, appears so plump and ruddy. The ease with which mankind are governed, or, as he would say, gulled, is a soul-sickening contemplation to such a person. On initiation into the facts, he instantly becomes satiated of his false ambition, and intuitively perceives the real pettiness of political greatness. These things are sources of vanity and of vexed spirit now as they ever were. Heroism exhibited in this manner becomes renowned, more by the degradation of the mass, than by any extraordinary elevation of the individual. If there were no masses of crime, the jurist would excite little attention to his codes. If there were no distressful pecuniary exigency, the treasury-secretary would only be an accountant. Many are the men daily called upon for more ability, in private life, than we demand of public men. The teacher of a large school, or a busy shop-keeper, must honor larger drafts for patience and prompt calculation, than the functionaries of government, who are withdrawn from their own pertinent duties

by the attractions of popular gossip, and ephemeral importance of office.

During the latter days of ancient Rome, the imperial dignity was purchasable by the highest bidder, to whom the mercenary prætorian bands passed it in quick succession. But ruling minds were never among the purchasers. So is it in our time. The temporary and apparent dominion of men is attainable at a market price, but no virtuously conscious mind can consent to pay it. For it is as certain now as of old, that the mercenary bands will slay every soul which is not sufficiently compliant to their purposes, as of old they slew the body. Office can be gained in gyves only. "Bound hand and foot" is the common expression of the victims themselves, who, with a zeal worthy a nobler cause, suffer their better nature to be sacrificed on the vain cross of public political life.

A state of things, thus subversive of all true greatness, is necessarily equivalent to an impassable barrier against real manhood. The dove finds little that is congenial to its nature in that muck heap which ushers the viper into day. The best men are thus the first to be convinced, that the present order of existence is not so much to be designated as erroneous, as that it is essentially an error; a magnificent error possibly, but no less an error; a mistake which no perfecting of the system can rectify, but rather must render its inherent crookedness more obvious. Attempted perfection thus becomes a beneficence; for men, who have resolved upon any course as true, are not wont to be convinced of its delusion, until they have run to the end of it. While, therefore, the progressive man cheers onward every projected reform, he is not to be assailed as faithless, because he has no hope in reformed old institutions as the ultimate in human earthly existence. The parent, who is quite conscious that youth leads to manhood, may, nevertheless, supply his boy with the toys he asks for. And the world, still in its youth, is merely crying for toy after toy, in succession, according to its age; and the more freely and quickly the world is indulged, the more fully and speedily will it be convinced of their worthlessness. There seems to be no other mode of progress for a race generated so deeply in ill as the present stock of humanity. If our being dated from wisdom and love, so much effort to bring us back again to these qualities would not be required.

For fifteen hundred years, Western civilization, with the lustre of Christianity superadded, has been struggling to perfection, an ideal perfection of its own; and at the close of that period, the acknowledgement is more complete, that we have approximated little towards the true end, beyond men of pagan civilization, or barbaric sylvaniam.

An enthusiast's ardor, a pressure upward to a higher and purer life, is an indestructible instinct in the human soul. Hope is the truly youthful spirit, the characteristic nature, which distinguishes the brightest specimens amongst the duller human mass. It is the sacred fire, which, on the altar of human clay, perpetuates the remembrance and the connexion of heaven. Caught by the first luminous sparks which appear in the social temple, such purer beings attach themselves, in entire simplicity, to the shining lights of the age, with little inquiry, and little power to discriminate to what end they will lead. Sad experience proves that they lead nowhere. Deceived, but not depressed, the youthful spirit still relies. Its faith again deceived is again and again renewed, until reliance on men or measures becomes itself a breach of faith. In disappointment and disgust of reform and reformers, how many noble souls are now wandering objectless, almost hopeless, in tartarean fields.

Diffidence, humble self-estimation, is ever a quality in the true soul. Hence the most sincere are seldom found in the front rank in political reform. They defer to leaders, who with some partial dazzling talent, but no determined intention of carrying principle into action, talk loudly in echo of what they suppose to be the general sentiment. Year after year witnesses the rise of these wavelets on the political ocean, which as soon are succeeded and suppressed by the offspring of a fresh wind. Of late these bubbles have arisen and passed away, with such rapidity, that reliance on them is almost worn out. Their mere frequency exposes their instability. In the days of slow travelling, the mercantile community still entertained hope that rapid communication would aid their prosperity; but now that steam packets and rail ways almost bring the ends of the earth together, the delusion has vanished, and the merchant no longer thinks he should be relieved, if communication were electrically instant. His hopes no longer are based on mechanical contrivances. Thus is it, also, in the moral-

political sphere. The noisy, heartless, external reformers, have risen and sunk with such rapidity, that experience of their futility is revealed to every one. A life, short as it is, is no more required to develop to the simplest observer the hollowness of political reforms and reformers. But it requires some faculties to become a simple observer; which the misled multitude yet possess not. So that there is still an occupation left for a few small actors on this stage.

Comparatively great efforts are, however, now needed to maintain politics on anything like a respectable footing. So that to predict their speedy downfall is not a very hazardous prophecy. To think by deputy is found to be as unhappy for the mind, as to cast our fair share of physical labor upon others is fraudulent to the body. Drudge politicians are no less degraded than drudge laborers. It is now grown so evident that the pure mind cannot have its garment's hem touched by the hand of public life, without feeling that the virtue has gone out of it, that the superior minds in all countries are working in other directions.

For these other directions, the great mass, also, are evidently preparing. So frequently have the people been told that some great event was on the eve of development, that now is the appointed time, that they cease to have faith in such calculators. One crotchet after another, which it cost not a little to attain, has been accomplished, and happiness seems distant as ever. Magna Charta, Bill of Rights, Trial by Jury; Purity of Parliament, Diminished Taxation, Democracy, Separation of Church and State, Universal Suffrage, Pure Republicanism, Universal Education, Physical Abundance, — all these have been gained; and, although not in vain, yet it is uncertain whether they are really worth the powder, shot, and mental anxiety which they cost. Monarchy, hierarchy, despotism, monopoly, exclusion, and every other outward political form of selfishness men may, one after another, set aside; but as fast as destructive reform proceeds in one section, hindering corruption is growing in another; and so long as men remain unreformed within, there always will be a crop ripe for the reformer's sickle. Now this fact is rising into consciousness in so many bosoms, that there is almost a general readiness to follow those superior minds, which, recoiling from the

uncomeliness in all state affairs, are each, in their several directions, essaying their best for humanity.

The Literary Class, by nature, by genius, the friend of virtue, of liberty, of man, ever ready to announce and to explain new truths, — what do its best members at such a crisis? Sad to say, but the fact must out, that the divine gift of literary or poetic utterance is not always allied to taintless integrity. "We must live," say the writers. "Bread must be had. We have as much right to the market value of our mental organization, as the holder of physical strength has to the results of his energies." Thus a large number at once justify the extremest hiring which a commercial press can offer. The trading spirit buys the productions; a trader is the factor between the author and the reader. How then can the writer escape the general pollution? A few, more nice in mental sensibility, must have readers in some degree conformed to their own intuitions, and sell themselves to a select circle only. But few are these who either now are, or seek to become acquainted with the dignity of poverty, if complete fidelity to their mission should involve such a consequence. Nay when, at distant intervals, an unsold, uncompromising pen appears, the hireling recreants are ever ready to assail the disloyal rebel whose example might leave them breadless.

Pitiable, indeed, is this bankruptcy of soul. For these are the appointed means, in their degree, for man's mental redemption. They are the morning watchmen sleeping on the walls. Their dormancy is fatal to the whole city. Nay, worse is their treason, for they are bought by the arch-enemy of the good citizens. And he who, though denouncing them not, is faithful to his trust, they fail not to slander as the recreant.

The degeneracy of literature taints the age. Instead of reclaiming men to uprightness; instead of stirring them once more to their feet; it accepts the wretched price of bread to confirm them in ignoble indolence of heart, and an activity of head still more ignoble. It receives its don color from an ill-tinctured source, and returns one of a still darker shade. Time was when the author and the prophet were one. Then the oracle and the oracular were not separated, and there was no weighing and adjusting in the scales of popular approbation, before the voice spoke what the

heart felt. Misgivings of the people are deplorable; defalcations of statesmen are sad; but when the purest of popular instruments thus fail, when the very ladder, by which we are to ascend from words to being, is constructed of rotten wood, what hope can remain for the nations?

Literature, then, is a false dependence. Since its divorce from real being, it is unavoidably barren. It is divorced whenever for a price it concedes favors. Of it nothing is to be expected. At the best, it presents to the people pretty pictures, which there is no intention whatever to realize. Of these paintings the world possesses a large stock, and it seems still increasing, every addition to which constitutes a fresh obstacle to human progress. The masonry, designed by the architect for a road to facilitate, is built into a wall to obstruct, and each added slab serves only to augment the hindrances. When men escaped from the confined air of the cloistered church, they imagined not they should fall into the meshes of a new priestcraft. When men are liberated from the hireling priest, they are little aware how they are caught by the hireling press. It is as fatal to thought, to purity, to integrity, to religion, for a nation to be press-ridden, as it is to be priest-ridden.

Of mere literature, therefore, there is no hope. Logical acumen, argumentative force, fluent expression, prompt wit, do not ensure moral rectitude, although originally they must have been allied to it. But integrity does not seem so marketable as its faculties. *That* can neither be bought nor sold; — *these* are ever purchaseable, and have, of late, found so ready a market, that the expectation is of the next change being an increased supply, and a superabundant stock. When intellectuality is so plentiful as to be worth little in the market, the home demand may possibly be served. Since men have concluded that knowledge is power, and that ignorance is the source of all our woes, they have indefatigably pursued the accumulation not of fact-knowledge, but of the records of fact-knowledge and of fact-speculation, until the sun of truth is almost hidden from their eyes. Literature is indeed a telescope which takes the whole firmament within its visual field; but, unfortunately, its lenses are constructed of paper instead of glass; a semitransparent shade, reflecting its own imprinted errors; not a lucid medium transmitting pure light. Lite-

rature cannot purify and elevate man, since itself needs so much to be purified and elevated.

Words are, however, such sacred types of the divine oracle, so near akin to that word which in the ever beginning is, that as being the mode in which the loftiest and purest must utter themselves to the common understanding, even our current literature is dashed occasionally by a purer rill than the body of the broad stream. In the warm season, sundry little freshets come down from the mountains, sparkling in the sun, bathing and quenching the thirst of the arid soul. But this literature, by reason of its very originality, is so quaint and strange that the great Mississippi flood is not at one with it until it becomes saturated with its unsubiding silt; and the condition of its acceptance is to adopt the old prevailing muddiness. Thus virtue's self grows powerless; and, to maintain existence, life is destroyed.

From this account of the general bearing of literature, we exempt all those efforts of the moralist, who only employs the pen or the press, or the tongue, as means, and neither of them the best, by which the moral purpose is to be declared. Of these efforts something must be said hereafter.

Science is a prop on which men have of late almost universally leaned; but, with what impropriety, is daily growing more and more apparent. Ungracious in the extreme is it to say aught against science, against knowledge, against intellectual culture. These, in their order, and as opposed to their negations, are so beautiful, that the tongue recoils from the smallest whisper in their dispraise. Yet the declaration must go forth, that science is not moral virtue; and that, being an accommodation road with two branches, it is as frequently the avenue to degradation as to elevation. Scarcely a projector, or inventor, or intense student, has broached the object of his absorbing pursuit, without affirming also that it was the means for human regeneration. The profits on gas light were to pay off national debts and set the bankrupt world upright to start afresh. Spinning-jennies, steam-engines, power-looms, canals, rail-roads, have each in turn been made to promise pecuniary and moral redemption to the insolvent and hardened human race. But this species of redemptory designs is nearly worn

threadbare. The hope in science is as attenuated as the hope in politics. They are, in fact, branches of the same stock. Expansions from the great trunk of selfishness, they bear the same kind of fruit.

Little novelty as there is in the announcement, that knowledge is subordinate to goodness, and difficult as it is to avoid cant in the annunciation, it must yet again be said, — Knowledge, pursued as an accumulation of useful store; science, studied with the omission of the master science — con-science — is, at best, like an examination of the nutshell without a penetration to the kernel. Science has in vain ventured into every possible department of human life on our behoof; and vain must ever be such enterprise. A stone is but a stone, polish it as smoothly as we may; and it can never be chipped into a corn stalk. The grass, too, living as it is, must be taken in and digested, its refuse passed away, before its elements can be assimilated to animal being. So too of science. It may be the air which the moral nature breathes in, and thus it may be used by its superior, but never can it generate, or be the parent of, moral life.

Science has gathered our cottage spinners and spinsters and knitters from their separated firesides to the magnificent and heated cotton mills; it transforms sailors and stage drivers into brakemen and stokers; it penetrates mountains; it quickly crosses oceans. Like the elephant's trunk, nothing is too large for its strength, nothing too minute for its sensibility. It permeates everything and everywhere. Cotton, woollen, needles, buttons, ships, books, society, and theology; all are brought to the bar of science. The analytic, the doctrinal, the skilful, prevail over the synthetic, the loveful, the unitive. Whatever can be proved by logic, or made to appear rational by argument, is accepted; while that which is deeper than all proof, and is the basis of all rationality, is to go for nought.

With a perpetual deferring of hope, which, by perverting the heart's eye from the true and stable centre upon the turbulent and dazzling circumference, makes the soul forever sad and sick, science still attracts as the magnet of human resuscitation. Man appears to have engaged science as a special pleader in the court of conscience, to avert the consequences of his culprit conduct. Hired extenua-

tion is deemed cheaper than self-repentance. To know every wise saw and moral sentiment that ever were uttered, is not nearer to a realization of them in the man who remembers them, than in the paper on which they are written. All this fact knowledge, or report of fact knowledge, of which the world is so full, seems barren of the desired consequences. We know how many millions of miles lie between Saturn and the Sun, and how many thousand seconds light is travelling from the fixed stars to our little planet, but are wandering much as ever from the road to happiness, and are as unready as the ignorant to enter thereon by its only wicket gate.

“Science may be applied to inadequate objects.” True. We may exaggerate or ridicule when we say the optician will never spy out bliss for us through his lenses, nor the cotton-mill spin happiness with its million yards of unmingled yarn. So analysis and rationality step forward into a new sphere, and venture to elaborate a Science of Society. Amongst the recent offspring of the scientific nature, are political economy and human association. The right divine of kings has, through the right divine of landlords, descended to the crowned heads of factory owners, and the orthodox doctrine is now the right divine of cotton lords. Hereditary monarchy, subdued by blood aristocracy, to be in its turn levelled by opulent democracy. In all of which the *res publicæ* are equally neglected; the common wealth is swallowed up by individual miserliness and individual misery.

Magnificence of idea and of execution have not, however, been wanting in the recent modes any more than in the ancient. The argosies of merchant princes are eclipsed by townships of busy industry, and the feudal cavalcade is surpassed by the fairy-like gliding of the mail train, which only needs the dimness of remote time and the glance of genius, to render as poetic as its predecessors. These extensive schemes for the increase of wealth, these unprecedented combinations for the augmentation of individual happiness, could not long exist without suggesting to the benevolent mind ideas of the like nature for the common good. Thus the science of society, no longer left, as of old, to individual private enterprise, has been projected into the grand, the public, the combinative. Of

these several plans have been some time before the world, and, for one or two, there are now practical operations commenced. Various doctrines of human nature are mixed up with these practical schemes; and pleasant withal it is to the moral metaphysician to be confirmed in his *a priori* intuitions of considering first the man, and secondarily the plans, to see that all parties are necessarily brought back again who venture to reverse this mode.

Amongst the many schemes for aggrandisement by means of joint-stock companies, it has been submitted to capitalists that greater security and a larger return await their outlay in schemes for the bettering of human beings, than they can obtain in any other kind of risk. Capital is, however, slow in adventuring; and, as yet, only a few small associations have been formed with this object, in addition to the efforts of one or two persons who have boldly ventured to embark individually. At Citeaux, in the south of France, Mr. Arthur Young, formerly an Amsterdam merchant, has laid out 1,450,000 francs for an estate of thirteen hundred acres, and 154,000 francs more for stock in hand, on which a Phalanstery is formed. The chateau is represented as very magnificent; and the whole buildings and court yards cover thirteen acres. Mr. Young transfers shares on equitable conditions to purchasers either resident or not. The basis of recompense is threefold; having relation to investments of capital, skill, and labor, the latter enjoying the larger return, the first receiving the smallest percentage. It need scarcely be observed that Arthur Young is a faithful disciple of Charles Fourier. It does not appear that any other such plan of association is in operation, or even projected in the continental countries of Europe. The various old religious foundations may probably supply some of the conditions provided in such institutions.

In England, however, where the almshouse or the union-workhouse is the highest refuge which society offers to unemployed labor or virtuous skill, in age or youth, the subject of social science has been regarded with the deepest attention. A nation almost ceaselessly engaged in combatting with poverty, and having strong desires for ease, unavoidably catches at whatever may present the smallest hope for a respite from ill-requited toil. No wonder, there-

fore, that the British Isles have heard a loud response in favor of thoughts so comprehensive, as to promise relief from every clerical, legal, governmental, doctrinal, and practical evil. In the multitude of inventions which ground the people down, one was descried which proposed to exempt them from the galling mill-stone. However noble may have been the contemplated design, it was accepted as means of increasing the supply of bread, and of averting the consciousness of blame. Hope and consolation for body and mind, therefore, met a reception in idea much greater than in practice. And as the poverty to be meliorated was too excessive to help itself, nothing has been done of a permanent character until very recently.

At Tytherly, in Hampshire, estates amounting to about one thousand acres, held principally on long leases, have been appropriated by some wealthy individuals, in conjunction with a widely spread list of smaller subscribers, to the carrying out of the idea which has adopted especially the term "social." The principles are mainly, in morals, that "the character of man is made not by him, but for him;" and, in economy, that of a community of goods. In what way, or to what extent, these principles will work out with human materials generated and educated, as all have more or less been, on the opposite doctrines and practice, future reports must show. Time has not yet permitted the requisite experience. The buildings erected are furnished on the most commodious, and even luxurious scale, for the reception of about two hundred persons, but at an expenditure which threatens the profitable action of the industrial materials. An investment of about £30,000 comprises the pecuniary capital of this adventure.

Upon this attempt innumerable eyes are fixed, as upon the day-star of hope. Should it rise, countless hearts will be gladdened, which, in the dim uncertain twilight, durst not so much as venture to announce their sympathy. Some, also, contemplate its possible success with terror, as the uprooting of all that is sacred and comfortable. Not alone, however, the toil-worn, ill-requited artisan, is an anxious spectator of this scene, but even the successful trader, disgusted with the processes to wealth, as well as dissatisfied in its possession, hopes to liberate his offspring from such soul-staining courses.

Although from the unavoidable defects of inexperienced leaders, wayward followers, and uncontrollable circumstances, many excuses may be afforded to these two distinct establishments; yet they must develop, in their respective careers, some of the effects of acting upon the two principles of community of property, and of individuality of recompense. It is quite possible that the two vessels thus started at the same time may, ultimately, land their passengers in the same country; but to know the difference in the navigation will repay the cost of the charts. They will, at least, illustrate the laws of human organization, if they do not determine the law of human nature.

The moral principles of the French and the English experiment are, however, more importantly asunder than their economies. The English has entirely a material basis; and, though sympathetic and religious sentiments are superadded, they are only introduced as tasteful ornaments to please the eye, and are not mingled with the bread as component parts of healthful diet. The French combines the material and the spiritual; and enters, from the first, into all questions touching the feelings, sympathies, and views of individuals. One sets out with the idea that, although human beings are now endlessly varied, they may all be made of uniformly good character, by favorable circumstances, with such slight differences in organization as shall not impugn the general truth. The other proposes no uniformity of character as essential to success, but seeks to provide attractive occupation for all dispositions and tastes, and rather bases its hopes upon variety, than upon sameness. The Phalanstery, therefore, seems to be a more comprehensive view of humanity than the Community. Both are, perhaps, equally wanting in respect to the inmost life-germ, for the development of which the human egg is laid; but, mentally considered, only, that is, without relation to practical operations, one appears to be the shell alone, and the other the yolk and shell.

The poetry in life, the soul of things, the spirit in the soul, the warmth in the light, — in what human association shall we find this the primal element? In the religious associations of the old world, or the new; in the convent, the monastery; the Shakers, the New England fraternities, the joint stock industrials?

Man cannot have a heart or not, at the good will and pleasure of philosophers, how benevolent soever they may be. Nor can he set it aside at his own convenience. He has it always. And it is something more than a mere hydraulic machine. It is even more than a possession. It is himself. Man, as a heart, as a nature more occult than an intelligence, is a riddle yet unsolved by intellectual philosophers. These profess to discourse of the understanding, while they deny that any reality whatever, stands under the intellectual or analytical powers. Fortunately, however, there is also a synthetic nature, which must know and feel all things as whole, as one, and provision for this nature must be part of the common stock, but, as far as we can judge by an inspection of the inventories, there is rarely any store laid in.

With the sincerest wishes for the success of any programme having for aim the bettering of man, or his conditions, we still can entertain but faint hopes where we perceive the scheme rather than man is placed first in importance. That there is to be a gradual outworking of society, a vast progress for mankind, cannot be doubtful to the steady observer. A sufficient arc is known to prove the fact of a concentric orbit. But that orbicular track cannot be calculated by the moral astronomers, who are not centralized beings. It is a calculation, too, which cannot be put beforehand into books, and systems, but must be realized, day by day, from the centre itself, as are the planetary motions. Sceptics and scoffers of social melioration have yet some misgiving of their wit, and their objections, but they are rather confirmed than converted by preorganizations never realized, and which, at the same time, serve rather to disappoint than to encourage the faithful.

Various smaller associations in England and America might be spoken of as either in existence or proposed. But for all those which are not bound down by theological tests, it may be remarked, that they are yet in so incipient a state that their immediate observers, or even the members themselves, can scarcely pronounce decisively on the elucidation of any one principle. For material results, the period is too short; for mental order, the elements too chaotic; for spiritual growth, the subject too little heeded.

(To be continued.)

C. L.

A SONG OF DEATH.

DEATH is here and death is there
But the shattered shaft and dome,
Emblem of a stern despair,
Mark that utter sorrow, where
Faith yet wants a home.

Yonder with the blue-veined lid
Closed o'er eyes whose light is o'er,
Like twin angels that forbid
Beauty to be widowed,
Though they come no more ;

So he sleeps ! The day is fair,
Summer breezes come and go,
Gambol with his curling hair,
And no wail of sorrow bear
On their sunny flow.

Give the flower unto the earth,
But salt tears will blight its bloom ;
All that in him was of worth,
Let it find in thee new birth,
Not a shrouded tomb.

Bury him at morning time,
When the dew is on the grass,
Then the fox-bells ring a chime,
As from out some warmer clime
Morning breezes pass.

NOTES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A SCHOLAR.

NO. II.

WRITING OF JOURNALS.

I CANNOT pinch the Genie, and shut him into a casket. The life that I live is a various, salient, wide-lying life. The spirit of the creature is not to be expressed in sentences of a journal, but lives and leaps along the uneven road of human affairs, — now wrangling with obstructions, now manfully overcoming, now sportful, now prayerful. It is not the pieces, it is the forming whole I study. If I chose to press flowers of conversation, like a *hortus siccus* in my book, and keep them to entertain me in a winter's day, when no such flowers bloom, — I might, — such flowers I find and pluck, — none fairer, sweeter; but I wear them in my heart. They go to perfume and enrich the imagination, a garden where they drop their seed, and spring again, after snows and dead leaves have covered and deformed the ground.

NATURE.

May.—I do not know but one of the ancient metamorphoses will some day overtake me, and I shall shoot into a tree, or flow in a stream, I do so lose my human nature, and join myself to that which is without. A few days ago I spent the afternoon in the warm hollows of Canterbury. The robin, the blue-bird, a moist frog with green uniform and gold enamelled eye, were my companions, rather than W. with whom I went, for we straggled wide apart. I found the saxifrage, just urging through moss and leaves its little ear of buds. And now, a glass of water is on my shelf, wherein are met, drinking sociably together, anemones and hepaticas, the pearly fair arbutus and crimson columbine, with other green, white, and pink friends from the fields.

We are so near to nature, and yet so far! Glorious kind moon and stars that beam love; air that sweeps and sings through the chambers of heaven; flowers, beautiful and sweet; — you have your life, and I mine, and a different

one ; I cannot wholly possess you. We draw near to each other, — perhaps a delicate and passionless kiss is breathed towards you, but you live on in vestal state, and I am everywhere repulsed from an embrace that shall mix our natures.

July 9. — Verily your seal and beaver and the submarines are your only comfortable livers, when the mercury stands at 98 in the shade. A little aspen has flourished two summers in the spout of a building on Cornhill ; and nodded kindly to me each day, but I doubt the zeal of this sun will burn up its roots.

Aug. 2. — The fields grow yellow to the harvest ; the autumn flowers are budding ; the industrious globe hastens to finish its year. I like to tell at the top of my page what's o'clock. It is pleasant to be folded in the arms of a celestial order, and the course of seasons, days and years is like a rocking motion which tranquillizes our tumultuous thoughts.

Aug. 22. — Almost autumn, the sunsets say, and goldenly publish along half the horizon, — and I am glad. If oaks have spiritual creatures, whose being is linked with the life of the tree, I do not know but there is a like sympathy between my nature and the seasons. In spring, there leaps up a fount of love, and hope, and animal exhilaration ; in summer, I suffer a Hindoo repose ; in autumn, a broad clear spirit is mine, which, if it partake of a stoical scorn, is perhaps the stronger armed to endure the labor and pain of living.

Sept. 21. — Autumn is the afternoon of the year ; but there are those whom the afternoon pleases more than the fresh morn. Autumn is the Odyssey, wherein the genius of nature blazes less high than in her Iliad summer ; yet the season, like the poem, hath those who set its beauty's praise above its brilliant sister. I feel so much stronger as the sun goes off the back side of the world, that o'er the ruins of the year I savage exult.

The days go, and come, and go. Here from my window towards the East, I shall presently peruse at length large-limbed Orion, my shining chronicler of many a winter. God be thanked who set the stars in the sky, planted their bright watch along the infinite deep, and ordained such fine intelligence betwixt us and them ; yea, God

be thanked for all in nature that is the symbol of purity and peace.

Nov. 10.— I have spent my Sunday in God's first temples. The wind was choir and organ, now singing its anthems, now whispering its dirges. For Bible and psalmbook, I had the grand page of nature, and many a holy verse I read from off the brown sward and the trees. But my sermon came to me from the distant hills, and the blue heaven on which was traced their profile. They preached strength and a serene trust. I found me a sunny, sheltered chapel framed of the living rock, and there I prayed as I could. It was high holiday in the fields. Old Mother Earth said, she had ceased from her labors, and no more for one while was she to pour her life-giving juices to be sucked up through all the arteries of this lavish vegetation. The woods too said,— we have done; we will rest, we have fetched and carried up and down our old trunks the sap that fed these frivolous leaves, that now drop from us at the scent of a cold breeze. "Off, off you lendings!" We will battle it alone with winter. The leaning stalks of the aster and the golden-rod, and the red flaunting wax-work, that had climbed over the walls and the savin-trees to show its pomp of berries, — and the dead stems of hundreds of little flowerets, each holding up its ripened plume or pod of seed,— all said, — "We have done, we will rest, we have borne, each after his kind. Son of Man! who hast come hither to look at us, do thou too bear thy fruit, then too around thee shall it hang ornaments and trophies; thou too shalt rest, while over thee the sky shall be blue, the sun shall be bright."

TRUTH.

Let us not veil our bonnets to circumstance. If we act so, because we are so; if we sin from strong bias of temper and constitution, at least we have in ourselves the measure and the curb of our aberration. But if they, who are around us, sway us; if we think ourselves incapable of resisting the cords by which fathers and mothers, and a host of unsuitable expectations, and duties falsely so called, seek to bind us, — into what helpless discord shall we not fall! Do you remember in the Arabian Nights the princes who climbed the hill to bring away the singing-tree, — how

the black pebbles clamored, and the princes looked round, and became black pebbles themselves?

I hate whatever is imitative in states of mind as well as in action. The moment I say, to myself, "I ought to feel thus and so," life loses its sweetness, the soul her vigor and truth. I can only recover my genuine self, by stopping short, refraining from every effort to shape my thought after a form, and giving it boundless freedom and horizon. Then, after oscillation more or less protracted, as the mind has been more or less forcibly pushed from its place, I fall again into my orbit, and recognise myself, and find with gratitude that something there is in the spirit which changes not, neither is weary, but ever returns into itself, and partakes of the eternity of God.

Do not let persons and things come too near you. These should be phenomenal. The soul should sit island-like; a pure cool strait should keep the external world at its distance. Only in the character of messengers, charged with a mission unto us from the Everlasting and True, should we receive what befalls us or them who stand near us. This is the root of my dislike to laughter, and nervous hands, and discomposed manners; they imply too close a neighborhood of sensible objects. Even love is more exquisitely sweet when it marries, with the full consent of the will, souls not lightly moved, which do not take the print of common occurrences and excitements.

Life changes with us. We have perhaps no worse enemy to combat than a bad recantation of first love and first hope, a coxcomb-like wrapping of the cloak about us, as if we had a right to be hurt at the course which the world takes, and were on cool terms with God.

SELF AND SOCIETY.

It is a miserable smallness of nature to be shut up within the circle of a few personal relations, and to fret and fume whenever a claim is made on us from God's wide world without. If we are impatient of the dependence of man on man, and grudge to take hold of hands in the ring, the spirit in us is either evil or infirm. If to need least, is nighest to God, so also is it to impart most. There is no soundness in any philosophy short of that of unlimited debt.

As no man but is wholly made up of the contributions of God and the creatures of God, so there is none who can reasonably deny himself to the calls which in the economy of the world he was provided with the means of satisfying. The true check of this principle is to be found in another general law, that each is to serve his fellow men in that way he can best. The olive is not bound to leave yielding its fruit and go reign over the trees; neither is the astronomer, the artist, or the poet to quit his work, that he may do the errands of Howard, or second the efforts of Wilberforce.

MANHOOD.

Αδίκων τιμώτατ' αἰῶνα.

DEAR, noble soul, wisely thy lot thou bearest,
 For like a god toiling in earthly slavery,
 Fronting thy sad fate with a joyous bravery,
 Each darker day a sunnier smile thou wearest.
 No grief can touch thy sweet and spiritual smile,
 No pain is keen enough that it has power
 Over thy childlike love, that all the while
 Upon the cold earth builds its heavenly bower;
 And thus with thee bright angels make their dwelling,
 Bringing thee stores of strength when no man knoweth:
 The ocean-stream from God's heart ever swelling,
 That forth through each least thing in Nature goeth,
 In thee, O truest hero, deeper floweth;
 With joy I bathe, and many souls beside
 Feel a new life in the celestial tide.

C. A. D.

GIFTS.

Now that Christmas and New Year are at a safe distance, and one can speak without suspicion of personality, I have a word to say of gifts. It is said, that the world is in a state of bankruptcy, that the world owes the world more than the world can pay, and ought to go into chancery, and be sold. I do not think this general insolvency which involves in some sort all the population, the reason of the difficulty annually or oftener experienced in bestowing gifts; since it is always so pleasant to be generous, but very vexatious to pay debts. But the obstacle lies in the difficulty of choosing; if at any time it comes to me with force that a present is due from me to somebody, I am puzzled what to give, until the opportunity is gone. Flowers and fruits are always fit presents; flowers, because they are a proud assertion that a ray of beauty outvalues all the utilities of the world; and fruits, because they are the flower of commodities, and at once admit of fantastic values being attached to them. If a man should send to me to come a hundred miles to visit him, and should set before me a basket of fine summer fruit, I should think there was some proportion between the labor and the reward. For common gifts, necessity makes pertinences and beauty every day, and one is thankful when an imperative leaves him no option, since if the man at the door have no shoes, you have not to think whether you could procure him a paint-box. And as it is always pleasing to see a man eat bread or drink water in the house or out of doors, so it is always a great satisfaction to supply these first wants. Necessity does everything well. Also I have heard a friend say, that the rule for a gift was, to convey to some person that which properly belonged to their character, and was easily associated with them in thought. But our tokens of compliment and love are for the most part barbarous. Rings and jewels are not gifts, but apologies for gifts. The only gift is a portion of thyself. Thou must bleed for me. Therefore the poet brings his poem; the shepherd his lamb; the farmer, corn; the miner, a stone; the painter, his picture; the girl, a handkerchief of her own sewing. This is right, and we feel a profound pleasure, for it re-

stores society in so far to its primary basis, when a man's biography is conveyed in his gift, and every man's wealth is an index of his merit. But it is a cold, lifeless business when you go to the shops to buy me something, which does not represent your life and talent to me, but a goldsmith's. This is fit for kings, and rich men who represent kings, and a false state of property, to make presents of gold and silver stuffs, as a kind of symbolical sin-offering and payment of tribute.

But this matter of gifts is delicate, and requires careful sailing, or rude boats. It is not the office of a man to receive gifts. How dare you give them? We ask to be self-sustained, nothing less; we hate to receive a gift. We hate the hand that feeds us; we can receive anything from love, for that is a way of receiving it from ourselves, but not from any one who assumes to bestow. We hate the animal food which we eat, because there seems something of degrading dependence in living by it.

"Brother, if Jove to thee a present make,
Take heed that from his hands thou nothing take."

We ask all; nothing less than all will content us. We quarrel with society, and rightfully, as we think, if it do not give us love also, love and reverence and troops of friends.

Who is up so high as to receive a gift well? We are either glad or sorry at a gift, and both emotions are unbecoming. Some violence I think is done, some degradation borne, when I rejoice or grieve at a gift. I am sorry when my independence is invaded, or when a gift comes from such as do not know my spirit, and so the act is not supported; and if the gift pleases me overmuch, then I should be ashamed that the donor should read my heart, and see that I love his commodity and not him. The gift to be true must be the flowing of the giver unto me, correspondent to my flowing unto him. When the waters are at level, then my goods pass to him, and his to me. All his are mine, all mine his. I say to him, How can you give me this pot of oil, or this flagon of wine, when all your oil and wine is mine, which belief of mine this gift of yours seems to deny? Hence the fitness of beautiful, not useful things for gifts. This giving is flat usurpation, and there-

fore when the beneficiary is ungrateful, as all beneficiaries hate all Timons, not at all considering the value of the gift, but looking back to the greater store it was taken from, I rather sympathize with the beneficiary than with the anger of my Lord Timon. For the expectation of gratitude is mean, and is continually punished by total insensibility. And truly considered, it is a great happiness to get off without injury and heart-burning from one who has had the ill luck to be served by you. It is very onerous business, this of being served, and the debtor naturally wishes to give you a slap. A golden text for these gentlemen is that which I so admire in the Buddhist, who never thanks, and who says, "Do not flatter your benefactors."

But the reason of these discords I take to be that there is no commensurability between a man and any gift. You cannot give any thing to a magnanimous person. After you have served him, he at once puts you in debt by his magnanimity. The service a man renders his friend is trivial and selfish, compared with the service he knows his friend stood in readiness to yield him, alike before he had begun to serve his friend and now also. Compared with that great good-will I bear my friend, the benefit it is in my power to render him seems small. Besides, our action on each other, good as well as evil, is so random and remote. We can seldom hear the acknowledgments of any person who would thank us for a benefit, without some shame and humiliation, for we feel that it was not direct, but incidental. We can seldom strike a direct stroke, but must be content with an oblique one; I mean, we seldom have the satisfaction of yielding a direct benefit, which is directly received. But rectitude scatters favors all around without knowing it, and receives with wonder the thanks of people.

I like to see that we cannot be bought and sold. The best of hospitality and of generosity is also not in the will, but in fate. I find that I am not much to you, you do not need me; you do not feel me; then am I thrust out of doors, though you proffer me house and lands. No services are of any value, but likeness only. When I have attempted to join myself to others by services, it proved an intellectual trick, no more. They eat your service like apples, and leave you out. But love them, and they feel you, and delight in you all the time.

PAST AND PRESENT.*

HERE is Carlyle's new poem, his Iliad of English woes, to follow his poem on France, entitled the History of the French Revolution. In its first aspect, it is a political tract, and since Burke, since Milton, we have had nothing to compare with it. It grapples honestly with the facts lying before all men, groups and disposes them with a master's mind,—and with a heart full of manly tenderness, offers his best counsel to his brothers. Obviously it is the book of a powerful and accomplished thinker, who has looked with naked eyes at the dreadful political signs in England for the last few years, has conversed much on these topics with such wise men of all ranks and parties as are drawn to a scholar's house, until such daily and nightly meditation has grown into a great connexion, if not a system of thoughts, and the topic of English politics becomes the best vehicle for the expression of his recent thinking, recommended to him by the desire to give some timely counsels, and to strip the worst mischiefs of their plausibility. It is a brave and just book, and not a semblance. "No new truth," say the critics on all sides. Is it so? truth is very old; but the merit of seers is not to invent, but to dispose objects in their right places, and he is the commander who is always in the mount, whose eye not only sees details, but throws crowds of details into their right arrangement and a larger and juster totality than any other. The book makes great approaches to true contemporary history, a very rare success, and firmly holds up to daylight the absurdities still tolerated in the English and European system. It is such an appeal to the conscience and honor of England as cannot be forgotten, or be feigned to be forgotten. It has the merit which belongs to every honest book, that it was self-examining before it was eloquent, and so hits all other men, and, as the country people say of good preaching, "comes bounce down into every pew." Every reader shall carry away something. The scholar shall read and write, the

* *Past and Present.* By THOMAS CARLYLE. BOSTON: Charles C. Little and James Brown.

farmer and mechanic shall toil with new resolution, nor forget the book when they resume their labor.

Though no theocrat, and more than most philosophers a believer in political systems, Mr. Carlyle very fairly finds the calamity of the times not in bad bills of Parliament, nor the remedy in good bills, but the vice in false and superficial aims of the people, and the remedy in honesty and insight. Like every work of genius, its great value is in telling such simple truths. As we recall the topics, we are struck with the force given to the plain truths; the picture of the English nation all sitting enchanted, the poor enchanted so that they cannot work, the rich enchanted so that they cannot enjoy, and are rich in vain; the exposure of the progress of fraud into all arts and social activities; the proposition, that the laborer must have a greater share in his earnings; that the principle of permanence shall be admitted into all contracts of mutual service; that the state shall provide at least school-master's education for all the citizens; the exhortation to the workman, that he shall respect the work and not the wages; to the scholar, that he shall be there for light; to the idle, that no man shall sit idle; the picture of Abbot Samson, the true governor, who "is not there to expect reason and nobleness of others, he is there to give them of his own reason and nobleness;" and the assumption throughout the book, that a new chivalry and nobility, namely the dynasty of labor is replacing the old nobilities. These things strike us with a force, which reminds us of the morals of the Oriental or early Greek masters, and of no modern book. Truly in these things there is great reward. It is not by sitting still at a grand distance, and calling the human race *larvæ*, that men are to be helped, nor by helping the depraved after their own foolish fashion, but by doing unweariedly the particular work we were born to do. Let no man think himself absolved because he does a generous action and befriends the poor, but let him see whether he so holds his property that a benefit goes from it to all. A man's diet should be what is simplest and readiest to be had, because it is so private a good. His house should be better, because that is for the use of hundreds, perhaps of thousands, and is the property of the traveller. But his speech is a perpetual and public

instrument ; let that always side with the race, and yield neither a lie nor a sneer. His manners, — let them be hospitable and civilizing, so that no Phidias or Raphael shall have taught anything better in canvass or stone ; and his acts should be representative of the human race, as one who makes them rich in his having and poor in his want.

It requires great courage in a man of letters to handle the contemporary practical questions ; not because he then has all men for his rivals, but because of the infinite entanglements of the problem, and the waste of strength in gathering unripe fruits. The task is superhuman ; and the poet knows well, that a little time will do more than the most puissant genius. Time stills the loud noise of opinions, sinks the small, raises the great, so that the true emerges without effort and in perfect harmony to all eyes ; but the truth of the present hour, except in particulars and single relations, is unattainable. Each man can very well know his own part of duty, if he will ; but to bring out the truth for beauty and as literature, surmounts the powers of art. The most elaborate history of to-day will have the oddest dislocated look in the next generation. The historian of to-day is yet three ages off. The poet cannot descend into the turbid present without injury to his rarest gifts. Hence that necessity of isolation which genius has always felt. He must stand on his glass tripod, if he would keep his electricity.

But when the political aspects are so calamitous, that the sympathies of the man overpower the habits of the poet, a higher than literary inspiration may succor him. It is a costly proof of character, that the most renowned scholar of England should take his reputation in his hand, and should descend into the ring, and he has added to his love whatever honor his opinions may forfeit. To atone for this departure from the vows of the scholar and his eternal duties, to this secular charity, we have at least this gain, that here is a message which those to whom it was addressed cannot choose but hear. Though they die, they must listen. It is plain that whether by hope or by fear, or were it only by delight in this panorama of brilliant images, all the great classes of English society must read, even those whose existence it proscribes. Poor Queen Victoria, — poor Sir Robert Peel, — poor Primate and

Bishops, — poor Dukes and Lords! there is no help in place or pride or in looking another way; a grain of wit is more penetrating than the lightning of the night-storm, which no curtains or shutters will keep out. Here is a book which will be read, no thanks to anybody but itself. What pains, what hopes, what vows, shall come of the reading! Here is a book as full of treason as an egg is full of meat, and every lordship and worship and high form and ceremony of English conservatism tossed like a football into the air, and kept in the air with merciless kicks and rebounds, and yet not a word is punishable by statute. The wit has eluded all official zeal; and yet these dire jokes, these cunning thrusts, this flaming sword of Cherubim waved high in air illuminates the whole horizon, and shows to the eyes of the universe every wound it inflicts. Worst of all for the party attacked, it bereaves them beforehand of all sympathy, by anticipating the plea of poetic and humane conservatism, and impressing the reader with the conviction, that the satirist himself has the truest love for everything old and excellent in English land and institutions, and a genuine respect for the basis of truth in those whom he exposes.

We are at some loss how to state what strikes us as the fault of this remarkable book, for the variety and excellence of the talent displayed in it is pretty sure to leave all special criticism in the wrong. And we may easily fail in expressing the general objection which we feel. It appears to us as a certain disproportion in the picture, caused by the obtrusion of the whims of the painter. In this work, as in his former labors, Mr. Carlyle reminds us of a sick giant. His humors, are expressed with so much force of constitution, that his fancies are more attractive and more credible than the sanity of duller men. But the habitual exaggeration of the tone wearies whilst it stimulates. It is felt to be so much deduction from the universality of the picture. It is not serene sunshine, but everything is seen in lurid stormlights. Every object attitudinizes, to the very mountains and stars almost, under the refractions of this wonderful humorist, and instead of the common earth and sky, we have a Martin's Creation or Judgment Day. A crisis has always arrived which requires a *deus ex machinâ*. One can hardly credit, whilst

under the spell of this magician, that the world always had the same bankrupt look, to foregoing ages as to us, — as of a failed world just recollecting its old withered forces to begin again and try to do a little business. It was perhaps inseparable from the attempt to write a book of wit and imagination on English politics, that a certain local emphasis and of effect, such as is the vice of preaching, should appear, producing on the reader a feeling of forlornness by the excess of value attributed to circumstances. But the splendor of wit cannot outdazzle the calm daylight, which always shows every individual man in balance with his age, and able to work out his own salvation from all the follies of that, and no such glaring contrasts or severalties in that or this. Each age has its own follies, as its majority is made up of foolish young people; its superstitions appear no superstitions to itself; and if you should ask the contemporary, he would tell you with pride or with regret (according as he was practical or poetic) that it had none. But after a short time, down go its follies and weakness, and the memory of them; its virtues alone remain, and its limitation assumes the poetic form of a beautiful superstition, as the dimness of our sight clothes the objects in the horizon with mist and color. The revelation of Reason is this of the unchangeableness of the fact of humanity under all its subjective aspects, that to the cowering it always cowers, to the daring it opens great avenues. The ancients are only venerable to us, because distance has destroyed what was trivial; as the sun and stars affect us only grandly, because we cannot reach to their smoke and surfaces, and say, Is that all?

And yet the gravity of the times, the manifold and increasing dangers of the English state, may easily excuse some over-coloring of the picture, and we at this distance are not so far removed from any of the specific evils, and are deeply participant in too many, not to share the gloom, and thank the love and the courage of the counsellor. This book is full of humanity, and nothing is more excellent in this, as in all Mr. Carlyle's works, than the attitude of the writer. He has the dignity of a man of letters who knows what belongs to him, and never deviates from his sphere; a continuer of the great line of scholars, and sustains their office in the highest credit and honor. If the good heaven

have any word to impart to this unworthy generation, here is one scribe qualified and clothed for its occasion. One excellence he has in an age of Mammon and of criticism, that he never suffers the eye of his wonder to close. Let who will be the dupe of trifles, he cannot keep his eye off from that gracious Infinite which embosoms us. As a literary artist, he has great merits, beginning with the main one, that he never wrote one dull line. How well read, how adroit, what thousand arts in his one art of writing; with his expedient for expressing those unproven opinions which he entertains but will not endorse, by summoning one of his men of straw from the cell, and the respectable Sauerteig, or Teufelsdröck, or Dryasdust, or Picturesque Traveller says what is put into his mouth and disappears. That morbid temperament has given his rhetoric a somewhat bloated character, a luxury to many imaginative and learned persons, like a showery south wind with its sunbursts and rapid chasing of lights and glooms over the landscape, and yet its offensiveness to multitudes of reluctant lovers makes us often wish some concession were possible on the part of the humorist. Yet it must not be forgotten that in all his fun of castanets, or playing of tunes with a whiplash like some renowned charioteers, — in all this glad and needful venting of his redundant spirits, — he does yet ever and anon, as if catching the glance of one wise man in the crowd, quit his tempestuous key, and lance at him in clear level tone the very word, and then with new glee returns to his game. He is like a lover or an outlaw who wraps up his message in a serenade, which is nonsense to the sentinel, but salvation to the ear for which it is meant. He does not dodge the question, but gives sincerity where it is due.

One word more respecting this remarkable style. We have in literature few specimens of magnificence. Plato is the purple ancient, and Bacon and Milton the moderns of the richest strains. Burke sometimes reaches to that exuberant fulness, though deficient in depth. Carlyle in his strange half mad way, has entered the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and shown a vigor and wealth of resource, which has no rival in the tourney play of these times; — the indubitable champion of England. Carlyle is the first domestication of the modern system with its infinity of

details into style. We have been civilizing very fast, building London and Paris, and now planting New England and India, New Holland and Oregon,—and it has not appeared in literature,—there has been no analogous expansion and recomposition in books. Carlyle's style is the first emergence of all this wealth and labor, with which the world has gone with child so long. London and Europe tunnelled, graded, corn-lawed, with trade-nobility, and east and west Indies for dependencies, and America, with the Rocky Hills in the horizon, have never before been conquered in literature. This is the first invasion and conquest. How like an air-balloon or bird of Jove does he seem to float over the continent, and stooping here and there pounce on a fact as a symbol which was never a symbol before. This is the first experiment; and something of rudeness and haste must be pardoned to so great an achievement. It will be done again and again, sharper, simpler, but fortunate is he who did it first, though never so giant-like and fabulous. This grandiose character pervades his wit and his imagination. We have never had anything in literature so like earthquakes, as the laughter of Carlyle. He "shakes with his mountain mirth." It is like the laughter of the Genii in the horizon. These jokes shake down Parliament-house and Windsor Castle, Temple, and Tower, and the future shall echo the dangerous peals. The other particular of magnificence is in his rhymes. Carlyle is a poet who is altogether too burly in his frame and habit to submit to the limits of metre. Yet he is full of rhythm not only in the perpetual melody of his periods, but in the burdens, refrains, and grand returns of his sense and music. Whatever thought or motto has once appeared to him fraught with meaning, becomes an omen to him henceforward, and is sure to return with deeper tones and weightier import, now as promise, now as threat, now as confirmation, in gigantic reverberation, as if the hills, the horizon, and the next ages returned the sound.

AN OLD MAN.

HEAVY and drooping,
By himself stooping,
Half of his body left,
Of all his mind bereft,
Antiquate positive,
Forgotten causative, —
Yet he still picks the ground,
Though his spade makes no sound,
Thin fingers are weak,
And elbows a-peak.

He talks to himself,
Of what he remembers,
Rakes over spent embers,
Recoineth past pelf,
Dreams backwards alone,
Of time gnawing the bone.
Too simple for folly,
Too wise for content,
Not brave melancholy,
Or knave eminent,
Slouched hat, and loose breeches,
And gaping with twitches, —
Old coin found a-ploughing,
Curious but cloying,
How he gropes in the sun,
And spoils what he's done.

c.

TO RHEA.

THEE, dear friend, a brother soothes
Not with flatteries but truths,
Which tarnish not, but purify
To light which dims the morning's eye.
I have come from the spring woods,
From the fragrant solitudes,
Listen what the poplar tree
And murmuring waters counselled me.

If with love thy heart has burned,
If thy love is unreturned,
Hide thy grief within thy breast,
Though it tear thee unexpressed.
For when love has once departed
From the eyes of the falsehearted,
And one by one has torn off quite
The bandages of purple light,
Though thou wert the loveliest
Form the soul had ever drest,
Thou shalt seem in each reply
A vixen to his altered eye,
Thy softest pleadings seem too bold,
Thy praying lute will seem to scold.
Though thou kept the straightest road,
Yet thou errest far and broad.

But thou shalt do as do the gods
In their cloudless periods ;
For of this be thou assured,
Though thou forget, the gods secured
Forget never their command,
But make the statute of this land.
As they lead, so follow all,
Ever have done, ever shall.

Warning to the blind and deaf,
 'Tis written on the iron leaf,
Who drinks of Cupid's nectar cup
Loveth downward, and not up.
 Therefore who loves of gods or men,
 Shall not by the same be loved again ;
 His sweetheart's idolatry
 Falls in turn a new degree.
 But when a god is once beguiled
 By beauty of a mortal child,
 And by her radiant youth delighted,
 He is not fooled, but warily knoweth
 His love shall never be requited,
 And thus the wise Immortal doeth.
 It is his study and delight
 To bless that creature, day and night,
 From all evils to defend her,
 In her lap to pour all splendor,
 To ransack earth for riches rare,
 And fetch her stars to deck her hair ;
 He mixes music with her thoughts,
 And saddens her with heavenly doubts ;
 All grace, all good, his great heart knows
 Profuse in love the king bestows ;
 Saying, " Hearken ! Earth, Sea, Air !
 This monument of my despair
 Build I to the All-Good, All-Fair.
 Not for a private good,
 But I from my beatitude,
 Albeit scorned as none was scorned,
 Adorn her as was none adorned.
 I make this maiden an ensample
 To Nature through her kingdoms ample,
 Whereby to model newer races,
 Statelier forms and fairer faces,
 To carry man to new degrees
 Of power and of comeliness.

These presents be the hostages
Which I pawn for my release ;
See to thyself, O Universe !
Thou art better and not worse."

And the god having given all,
Is freed forever from his thrall.

THE JOURNEY.

A BREEZY softness in the air
That clasped the gentle hand of spring,
And yet no brooklet's voice did sing,
And all was perfect silence there,
Unless the soft light foliage waved ;
Those boughs were clothed in shining green,
Through which ne'er angry tempests raved,
And sunlight shone between.

Beneath an oak a palmer lay,
Upon the green sward was his bed,
And rich luxuriance bound the gray,
The silver laurel round his head.
A picture he of calm repose,
A dateless monument of life,
Too placid for the fear of woes,
Too grateful to be worn by strife ;
I should have passed,— he bade me stay,
And tranquilly these words did say.
" O curtain of the tender spring !
Thy graces to my old eyes bring,—
The recollection of those years,
When sweet are shed our early tears ;
Those days of sunny April weather,
Changeful and glad with everything,
When youth and age go linked together,
Like sisters twain and sauntering
Down mazy paths in ancient woods,
The garland of such solitudes."

c.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHITECTURE.

[NOTE. A few sheets have fallen into our hands, which contain such good sense on the subject of architecture, that we shall not be deterred by their incomplete method from giving them to our readers, in the hope that they will come to the eye of some person proposing to build a house or a church, in time to save a new edifice from some of the faults, which make our domestic and what we call our religious architecture insignificant.]

ART.

THERE are three periods of art. First, when the thought is in advance of the execution. Second, when the expression is adequate to the thought. And third, when the expression is in advance of the thought. The first is the age of the Giotto and Cimabues; the second, of Raphael and Michel Angelo. The third is the only one we know by experience. How inexpressibly interesting are those early works, where art is only just able to shadow forth dimly the thought the master was burdened with. They seem to suggest the more, because of their imperfect utterance.

True art is an expression of humanity, and like all other expressions, when it is finished, it cannot be repeated. It is therefore childish to lament the absence of good painters. We should lament the absence of great thoughts, for it is the thought that makes the painters.

Art is the blossoming of a century-plant. Through hundreds of years the idea grows onward in the minds of men, and when it is ripe, the man appears destined to gather it. It was not Raphael who painted, but Italy, Greece, and all antiquity painting by his hand, and when that thought was uttered, the flowers dropped. The aloe blossomed in the Gothic Architecture of the middle ages;—and Bach and Beethoven have in their art unfolded its wondrous leaves.

In this belief may we find consolation when all around us looks so cheerless. The noble plant whose blossoms we would so fain see, must have its root, must have its slow growing, massive leaves, must have its cold and retarding spring, its green growth of the stalk, that it may in summer

bring forth its flowers. Shall we not then honor earth, root, leaves, flower-stalk, nay, shall we repine that we must perhaps by our destiny be one of these, since these are part of the flower, and the flower of them, the flower is the sum of their united force and beauty transfigured, glorified.

The artist who is fast-grounded in this pure belief is beyond the reach of disappointment and failure. If he truly loves art, he knows that he is bearing on his shoulders one stone for that stately future edifice, not the keystone, perhaps, but a necessary stone, and silently and faithfully he works, perfecting as he may his talent, not looking to outward success, but to inward satisfaction. Such a man knows that to advance the edifice at which he labors, are needed not gorgeous successes apparent, but conscientiousness, severity, truth. What would Angelico da Fiesole have done, had some devil tempted him to work out effects, instead of painting from his heart. These men who laid the foundation of the great Italian art were religious men,—men fearing God, and seeing his hand at work even in the mixing of their colors,—men who painted on their knees. Such too were the forerunners of the great German musicians, such the Greeks,—such men have laid the foundations of greatness everywhere.

ARCHITECTURE.

What architecture must a nation situated as we are adopt? It has no indigenous architecture, it is not therefore a matter of religion with us, but a matter of taste. We may and must have all the architectures of the world, but we may ennoble them all by an attention to truth, and a contempt of littleness. Nay, is not our position, if we will use our advantages properly, the more fortunate, inasmuch as we are not by the force of circumstance or example, bound to be or to build in this or that particular way,—but all ways are before us to choose. If our position is unfavorable to a speedy development of national taste, it is most adapted to give fair play to individual.

The crowning and damning sin of architecture with us, nay, that of bad taste everywhere, is, the doing of unmeaning, needless things. A Friends' meeting sits silent till one

has something to say ; so should a man always,— so should the building man never presume to do aught without reason. To *adorn the needful*, to add a frieze to life, this is Art.

Rightly does the uninstructed caviller ask, when he sees a *fine* house, for what purpose is this balustrade, or that screen, these windows blocked up, and so on. Let any man of good sense say to himself what sort of a house he would have for convenience, supposing him to have the space to build it on ; then let him frame and roof these rooms, and if he has made his house truly convenient, its appearance cannot be absurd. Well, but he says, my house is plain, I want it to be beautiful,— I will spend what you choose upon it, but it shall be the most beautiful in the country. Very good, my friend. We will not change a single line, but we will ornament these lines. We will not conceal but adorn your house's nakedness ; delicate mouldings shall ornament every joint ; whatever is built for convenience or use, shall seem to have been built for beautiful details ; your very doorlatch and hinges shall be beautiful. For house, say church ; for the purposes of daily life, say the worship of God, and behold we have the history of architecture.

There is nothing arbitrary in true architecture, even to the lowest detail. The man, who should for the first time see a Greek temple of marble, would indeed ask and with reason, what meaning there was in triglyph, and metope, and frieze ; but when he is told that this is a marble imitation of a wooden building, a reproduction in a more costly material of a sacred historical form, he then sees in the triglyph the end of the wooden beam, with the marks of the trickling water drops, in the metope the flat panel between. 'But, says our modern builder, there is no reason that I should use triglyphs and metopes. I have no historical recollection to beautify them ; what shall I use for ornaments ? My friend, what form has ever struck you as beautiful ? He answers, Why, the form of every living thing, of every tree and flower and herb. And can you ask then what ornaments you shall use ? If your cornice were a wreath of thistles and burdocks curiously carved or cast, can you not see how a hundred mouths would proclaim its superiority over yonder unmeaning layer of plaster ?

A mistaken plainness has usurped the place of true simplicity, which is the same mistake as an affected plainness in manners or appearance, lest one should be suspected of foppery. All houses, all churches are finished within side by the plane (or mould-plane) and plaster-smoother. Has a man made a fortune, he moves from his plain house which cost ten thousand, to one which cost an hundred thousand. Now perhaps his poor friend shall see something beautiful. Alas, it is but the old house three times as large, the walls and the woodwork three times as smooth; a little warmer house in winter, than the old one, a little airier in summer. Verily, friend, thou hast done little with thy hundred thousand, beyond enriching thy carpenter.

To see materials used skilfully and in accordance with their peculiar qualities is a great source of beauty in architecture. The vice of many of our would-be pretty buildings is that the material is entirely disguised, so that for aught we know they may be marble, or wood, or paste-board; all we see is a plain white surface. Have done with this paltry concealment; let us see how the thing is built. A Swiss cottager is beautiful, because it is wooden *par excellence*; every joint and timber is seen, nay the wood is not even painted but varnished. So of the old heavy-timbered picturesque houses of England.

Hope says; "Je n'ai pas besoin d'appuyer ici sur la perfection que les Grecs ont donnée à toutes les parties, essentielles ou accessoires de leurs edifices; elle alla si loin que, dans certains temples ils paraissent avoir été animés d'un sentiment purement religieux, pénétrés de l'idée que la divinité voyait ce qui échappait à l'œil de l'homme, et qu'il fallait rendre toutes les parties également dignes de l'être immortel auquel l'édifice était consacré.

"L'adresse en mécanique est une faculté tout-à-fait distincte du goût dans les beaux arts.

"En Grèce, la colonne était un élément de construction plus caractéristique et plus essentiel que la muraille."

Among the Romans, on the contrary, the *wall* was the integral part of the building, of which the columns served only to adorn the nakedness. Among ourselves, although the pillars we so frequently see have the real purpose of sustaining a *projection*, to protect from the rays of the sun; yet there is no reason that we should adopt for this

purpose a model of proportions that were meant to support the immense weight of the whole structure in Greece. How much more elegant would our verandahs be, were the wooden columns just so large as is needful for the purpose for which they were erected.

“ Ainsi, les premières basiliques chrétiennes n’offraient, dans toute leur entendue, si l’on excepte leurs colonnes antiques, aucune moulure, aucune partie qui ressortit et se détachât de leur surface plane et perpendiculaire; elles ne présentaient, au-dessus de leurs murailles nues que la charpente transversale de leur plafond, et de leur toit; elles ressembraient en un mot à de vastes granges, que l’on aurait bâti de somptueux matériaux, mais la simplicité, la pureté, la magnificence, l’harmonie de toutes leurs parties constitutives, donnaient à ces granges un air de grandeur que nous cherchons en vain dans l’architecture plus compliquée des églises modernes.”

In the eye of every New Englander, the essential parts of a church are a spire or tower, half-disengaged from the building and formerly a porch, and a simple oblong building like a barn, forming the main body of the edifice; within, the pulpit at the end opposite the tower, a gallery running round the other three sides, supported by columns which in some cases also shoot upward to aid in supporting the roof. In spite of the almost total absence of beautiful specimens, it is in vain to say that this form is not as well adapted to beauty as the basilica or any other. If the builder would content himself with putting together these essential parts with the utmost simplicity, without any excrescences or breaking up, striving only to balance the members against each other, so that each should have its proper proportion, he would produce a specimen of national church architecture. The spire would seem to be in better taste than the square tower, partly because of the associations, but also because its form is agreeable to a construction in wood, which we shall long see in this country. The artist may employ all his taste and imagination in decorations, (always entirely subordinate,) of these main parts, taking care that his decorations are in keeping with the uses of the building. How unmeaning beside the unpretending simplicity of such a building, is the pretence of a Grecian front,—not that the native product shows so

much genius in the invention, but that it has a sacred association in our eyes, which the other has not.

In the same way that the literature of the ancient world, for so long a time dwarfed the authors of a modern date, does the ancient architecture, Gothic and Grecian, dwarf our builders. They dare not invent for themselves, for their inventions would seem so puerile beside the great works to which the world would compare them. It is cheaper for them and more satisfactory to their customers, to borrow a form that all the world has admitted to be beautiful, and almost inevitably degrade it by putting it to a wrong use. In poesy no one longer doubts, that the nature around us is the nature from which Homer and Phidias drew inspiration, and it is the spirit and not the forms of ancient art that make its productions almost divine. Scarcely in architecture do we see the first faint light of such a dawn, yet it depends upon ourselves, that ours shall be that glory. An intense thirst for the beautiful exists among us, — it only requires a direction. It is idle for us to complain of the want of models, the want of instruction. England has wealth of these beyond count, yet builds nowadays no more tastefully than we; it must come from ourselves, from reflection, from the study of nature.

Materials rightly employed grow more beautiful with age. In pure architecture, everything is to be rejected, that will grow less beautiful with age. For this end, it is sufficient that every material should be employed with an eye to its peculiar properties. This rule, if strictly followed, would indeed do away with several materials, the cheapness of which has rendered their use almost universal, but which deserve no place in the severe and simple architecture which should distinguish our churches. Let it not be our reproach that we are a nation of lath and plaster and temporary shifts; let our joints and beams be made beautiful, not hidden, — let our wood work show the grain of the wood for ornament, not hide it under paint.

Suppose one of our churches were to be left alone for fifty years, when we enter how unlovely would it be, the plaster dropping away, showing the laths like ribs beneath, the paint dingy and mouldy, reminding us of nothing but the tomb; — but the interior of the unpainted, unplastered,

gothic church would still be beautiful in age, and fragments of carved oak be treasured at its weight in silver.

Architecture is a tendency to organization. Nature organizes matter, and endows it with individual life. Man organizes it for his own ends, but it has no life but so far as he has been able to endow it with his own. Now in natural organizations as the tree or animal, we see no part that has not a meaning and use, and each part of that material which answers to its end. This also is a fundamental law of architecture.

The ancient architecture is entitled to that great praise of producing on the mind an effect of unity. It has been too often the bane of modern architecture, that what one man designed, his successor changed, so that to the most unpractised eye, the grossest inconsistencies are constantly apparent; till we are almost ready to say in despair, there is no good architecture but in the mind of the artist. It cannot be doubted that either Bramante, Sangallo, or M. Angelo, alone, would have made a far finer building than the actual St. Peters.

The modern architects certainly attempted more difficult things than the ancient. The Greek had not to invent the form of his edifice. Nature and immemorial custom had done that for him. He was only to see that all his details were in due proportion. There was not so much room for bad taste. But the church architect of the *renaissance* had the whole dome of the heavens to exhibit his antics in.

MONUMENTS.

In regard to monuments it may be laid down as a rule that all sentimental monuments are bad, and all conceits of every sort; as, a broken column, a mother weeping over her child, a watchful dog, &c. They strike at first, but the mind wearies to death of them the moment they are repeated. To my mind, a monument should be an architectural structure (including any admitted form of obelisk, pyramid, or of any style of architecture), which should be only striking by the simplicity and purity of its form. Its adornments may be infinitely rich, but always entirely sub-

ordinate ; so that at a distance the effect shall always be of simplicity and repose. A simple headstone might be wrought by a Phidias, might contain the most exquisite sculptures, and still never lose its character of a simple headstone. Our monuments are all in the open air ; consequently those Gothic tombs that with all their splendor have so severely religious an air, are denied us. I prefer upon a tomb figures of a vague character, what are called academic figures. These, when noble in their form and expression, produce an effect analogous to architecture, suggestive,— whereas all figures of a fixed character, Charities, Hopes, Grievs, &c., irresistibly put their own character forward, and give the intellect an occupation where we should awaken only feelings. It is as if we should introduce descriptive music into a requiem. A monument should never tell you what to think or feel, but only suggest feeling.

The renowned monument of Lorenzo di Medici by Michel Angelo is an illustration. The feeling of repose, not of forgetfulness, but of deepest thought, which it impresses, is so complete, that the gazer almost forgets himself to stone, and it seems like an intrusion to ask what the figures mean. We feel that they mean all things.

The style and spirit of the Grecian Architecture is so pure that when an architect adopts it, he must carry it out. As far as the details are concerned, nothing can with propriety be added to or taken from them. They are things fixed. If a man uses the Ionic, we demand a pure Greek Ionic, and everybody knows what it ought to be. To adapt these details in Greek spirit to modern needs, this is what classic architecture has in modern times to do. The architects who have accomplished this feat in a satisfactory manner, in modern times, are so few, that one may number them on his fingers and scarce need his left hand. To do this a man must be a Greek, and more than a Greek. He has to live in the past and present at the same time. He must be independent of his time, and yet able to enter fully into it.

The Gothic and the Lombard architecture, on the other hand, make no such all but impossible demands,— or at least did not, at the time in which they flourished, though it is no less hard for us to enter into their spirit than into

the Grecian, — perhaps even harder, since the principle of the Gothic is complex, and the ideas which controlled both it and the Lombard have told their errand, and have past away from the world. The Grecian being conceived in a more universal spirit, aspiring to absolute perfection, has in it the principle of life, it has been the parent of the others, and yet flourishes green and strong, while its offspring have passed into decrepitude.

It would be well for us, once for all, to abandon the attempt to transplant hither the Gothic Architecture. The noble trees yet stand in the old world, but their seeds are decayed, the woodwork, that we dignify by this name, can only excite a sigh or a smile at its utter want of harmony and use. A few fine churches we may have, like Trinity church in New York, but they can be only approximations to foreign works. There is nothing new to be done in Gothic architecture. Its capacities, infinite as they seem, are in fact limited, and are exhausted. Not so with the Grecian. It is not indeed to be expected that we shall make more perfect specimens than were made two thousand years ago, but we may reproduce those in endless new combinations. This is what Palladio and Bramante did, and new Palladios and Bramantes would always find room.

THE GLADE.

A GREEN and vaporous cloud of buds, the larch
 Folds in soft drapery above the glade,
 Where deeper-foliaged pines high over-arch,
 And dignify the heavy, stooping shade,
 There yellow violets spring, in rarest show,
 And golden rods in secret clusters blow.

There piping hylas fill the helpless air,
 And chattering black-birds hold their gossip by,
 And near I saw the tender maiden-hair,
 With the fine, breeze-born, white anemone;
 The glade, though undisturbed by human art,
 Has richer treasures than the busy mart.

VOYAGE TO JAMAICA.

I LEFT Boston, or rather Charlestown wharf, on Friday the 6th of March, in the brig Olive, Capt. M., bound for Havana, via Kingston, Jamaica. There was a fine strong breeze in the afternoon on which we sailed, and when we began to cast off, the brig swung round by the stern, see-sawing and straining on her fasts, — apparently very impatient to be under way, and we were soon going down the bay, at the rate of six or seven knots an hour. I always, and I suppose it is the same with you and most people, have some little scrap or other running silently through my head, whenever I am at all excited, and as we sailed rapidly down the bay, passing object after object, I began with the Ancient Mariner,

The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, — below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top, &c. &c.

But directly, nearly all Charlestown having disappeared, except the Bunker Hill Monument, these fragments gave way to Webster's oration. "Let it rise to meet the sun in his coming," &c. "Let it be the last object on which the eye of the mariner shall linger," &c. &c. But I had not time to see whether or not the facts of the case would bear out the wishes of the orator, before these scraps gave place in their turn to others of a different character, among which were certain stanzas from Don Juan's sea voyage, about the "Euxine," &c., and this from King Lear: —

Regan. Sick, Oh sick!
Goneril (aside.) Or else, I'll ne'er trust poison.

I took but little notice of what was going on during the first three days of the voyage. I recollect on the third night out, there was much noise on deck, the captain and crew being up nearly all the time, and a strong wind blowing, which caused the brig to labor so much, that I was obliged to hold on to the side of my berth. But I made no inquiry, supposing that although it seemed very rough to me, it was a matter of ordinary occurrence at sea. They told

me in the morning that it had been blowing a severe gale, and that we had been "lying to under a reefed top sail." And I then learnt for the first time that to "lay to" means to take in all sail except enough to steady the vessel, turn her head as near to the wind as possible, and then let her drift backwards. On the fourth, though the sea ran rather high, the weather was fine, and I crawled out on deck. As I was lying on the binacle, trying to read, I heard the captain berating the man at the helm, for shipping without understanding seaman's duty. "Where did you come from?" asked the captain. "From G., near Worcester, sir," was the answer. I looked round at the sailor. He was a good looking young man, of about eighteen or twenty. "I thought so, I thought so," said the Captain, "just out of the bush. And you have never been at sea before, I suppose." "Yes, sir, I have just returned from a whaling voyage." "Well you are no helmsman, and I'll have you logged," [noted on the log-book.] "Nobody is going to draw full pay here unless he earns it." "Very well, sir, I only want what I earn." The Captain soon after went below, when I turned to the young man. "Do you know the L.'s of G.?" said I. "Yes, sir." Do you know Major L.? "He was my father, sir. He is dead." "And Edward L.?" "He is my brother, sir." Edward was a classmate of mine at Harvard College, and we were a good deal together.

We had more blows, and lying to on the 11th and 12th, and on the latter, a snow and sleet storm, which encrusted everything on deck. But on the morning of the 13th, the seventh day out, it set in for serious work. It began to blow about three o'clock in the morning, and by six we were obliged to take in all sail possible, and lie to again. At eight, the foretopmast stay sail got unfurled by accident, and was torn to shreds in an instant; and the sea, which all along had been running very high, began to knock in our bulwarks, until at twelve we had scarcely a plank left on the windward side. Heavy seas now began to break on deck; and first the long boat was carried over board, with all its contents, oars, handspikes, rigging, &c. Shortly after, there came another tremendous sea and carried off the galley (cook shop) with all the cook's concerns. Things now began to get rather scarce, forward on deck; and the

seas from some cause, not from instinct, I presume, though it seemed so to me, broke on us farther aft, where there were some hogsheads of water lashed to the bulwarks, and some other articles secured. I was sick, as I still continued to be, whenever the weather was at all rough, and had not been on deck that morning, but only looked out of the companion-way occasionally. But the increased noise aft, and the mate who was a Swede, howling to the men to "trow dem caskets overboard," (they having broke from their lashings,) aroused my languid fears and curiosity, and I crawled out again, that is, I looked out, just as the men were staving and throwing overboard the hogsheads of water, some of which, were still tumbling backward and forward on deck, like toys in a cradle. I found things looking bad enough on deck. The decks were all swept clear of everything, the bulwarks were all knocked in; and the men looked no better. All were pale and anxious. I suppose it was now about two o'clock in the afternoon, and about ten hours since the commencement of the gale, and the winds and the sea were still increasing in violence. Directly there came over us a sea so very heavy as to cause the brig to "broach to" (fall into the wind) and throw her down on her side. But her cargo being solid did not shift, she therefore righted immediately. The captain now put her about, finding she would lie to no longer in such a sea, and endeavored to "send her before the wind under bare poles." I had, for the last hour or so, been sitting up in the companion-way looking out, for I found this better than to lie quaking below in my berth; but as the cook wanted to pass up and down, to stow away things, I, being in his way, went below. And it was well for me I did so, for I was scarcely seated on the transom, holding on to a berth, when there came a crash like a cannon-shot, and down poured a huge mass of water into the cabin, filling it to the height of four feet in an instant. I knew, by the shout of terror I heard on deck, that something serious had befallen us, but all I could see, as yet, was, that the companion way had been carried away, the cabin stairs and adjoining timbers coming below at the same time with the water. Either by these, or the water, or the shock of the vessel, I was knocked down among the rubbish; but I soon struggled out, thinking at first I had cut my temple,

but it was only bruised, and as soon as I had recovered myself, I made all haste to gain the deck, for I thought our time was come, and we were fast filling to sink. I was very much terrified, as you may suppose, and could not bear the thought of dying in this way ; for a few moments, I felt something very much like rage ; but although the fear of death, the horrid conviction that I *must die*, was the "ground tone," as musicians say, of all my thoughts and feelings, I found that the many details of our misfortune, which necessarily attracted my attention, had the happy effect of staving off, and breaking up, in some degree, the overwhelming influence of this, otherwise most intolerable idea, just as the force of a waterfall is broken by jutting crags ; and that even the ludicrous, though it may not have amused at the time, did not fail to make an impression. The first object I noticed, when I *looked* on deck, (for I did not venture to step out, but stood on some barrels looking out at the hole or "hatch," where the companion-way had been) was the cook, a Nova Scotia negro. He was clinging to the main-rigging by one hand, and with the other very earnestly, but as I thought uselessly (considering our probable fate) endeavoring to save a little wooden kid which was drifting past him. And then, as I looked round on deck, a certain old book of shipwrecks, which I used to read when a boy, with wood-cuts representing all varieties of shipwrecked extremity, flashed on my memory for an instant, and naturally enough ; for the same sea which stove in the cabin, and which had struck us astern, (the brig not being able to outrun the sea in "scudding" without any sail) had split the trisail mast, carried away the stern boat, the boom gaff and trisail, and one whole quarter of the lea bulwarks, even with the deck, breaking off or tearing out the stanchions. The sea was still making a "clean breast," as they say, over the brig forward and amid ships, and two men, the cook and another, who were all I could see, were clinging to the main-rigging to prevent being washed overboard. I then, by mere instinct, for I knew it would be in vain, should the vessel sink, cast about for some means of saving myself. I dropped off my shoes, threw my handkerchief round my neck, and shut my knife on it, and looked to an empty water-cask with some lashings attached to it, which still remained

near the stern. All this occupied but a moment. Just then I saw a bloody face rise out of the foam, close along-side, where the bulwarks and stancheons had all been broken away, and then sink again. It was the mate, and he caught a rope which was hanging overboard, and the captain and two men, who had now recovered themselves, having all been knocked down, drew him on board.

My attention was next drawn to the boy, who stood whimpering, a few feet to the right of me on the other quarter, and pointing out over the stern. I concluded from his manner that somebody else was overboard, and thought I could distinguish, above the roaring of the storm, the name of "Antonio," the Italian sailor. But I saw he was on deck. In his fright, the boy had got the wrong name. It was poor L. I just caught a glimpse of him floating out several rods astern, as he balanced for a moment on the crest of a wave, throwing up his arms, I suppose, with the vain hope that we should thus be drawn to his assistance, — when a sea broke over him, and he sunk. The storm still continued to rage as fiercely as ever. The waves, though high and huge masses of water, still did not appear to be quite so high as I saw them two days afterward when there was very little wind. For they were now apparently pressed down and condensed by the mighty power of the wind, which outrunning them, cut off and knocked into spray their crests as soon as they rose above a certain height. Their force and speed were wonderful. That most disastrous one, which we shipped over our stern, crooked, when it struck the deck, a beam which supports the deck over the cabin, of 11 inches by 8 in diameter, clean across its lower face, knocking off and splitting in pieces its casings. How far in the fracture extends, I cannot say, but it is sensibly sprung, and I presume will have to be taken out. And for the wind, it was one steady roar. No one could hear you speak clearly, unless your mouth was close to his ear, and I found it very difficult to look towards it and breathe. There were none of those alternations of rise and fall which we have on land. It did not change a note perceptibly three times during the storm; but continued to roar on, hour after hour, with the same terrible monotony, like the sound of a great waterfall, or a furnace a thousand times magnified.

Our main purpose now was to keep the water out of the brig; and the mate, bruised as he was, as soon as he was fairly on deck, was the first to call out for spare sails to nail over the hatches left by the binacle, skylight, and companion way. When he came to the companion hatch where I stood, I debated with myself a moment, whether to go below and be nailed down, or to stay on deck. But I reflected that I was too weak to do any good there, — that I should be soon chilled, (for I was drenched,) and be in great danger of being swept overboard. So, with many misgivings, I went below, and heard them nail down the hatch over my head. I sat under it, however, with my knife, ready to cut my way out, should the cabin begin to fill. The captain now lashed down the helm, for he had been much bruised, and could steer no longer, and let the brig lie in the “trough of the sea,” drifting at random. The men were ordered to the pumps, for, on sounding, there was found to be four feet of water in the hold. A little before sunset, the captain, making an opening in the small after-skylight-hatch, came below, looking the picture of *désespoir*, intimating that it was all up with us, for the men could not gain on the leak, and there were no signs of abatement in the storm. He appeared rather sullen, or at least not inclined to talk, but directly “turned in,” and seemed to be employed in prayer, partly aloud and partly to himself. I now went and sat on the transom under the small after-hatch, where we shipped but little water, and remained there all the earlier part of the night. The mate and men, though nearly worn out, still continued on deck, by turns at the pump. I was disconsolate enough. My feelings were far more uncomfortable than when I was on deck; for now, being no longer able to *see* our danger, my fears or imagination had it all their own way. Any unusual noise on deck seemed the note of some closing disaster; and every shout from the sailors, as it pierced through the roar of the storm, sunk into my heart like the final cry of despair. And not only this, but I found it very difficult to divest myself of the feeling of *personality* in the storm. The idea was urging itself upon me continually, that some enormous and malignant power, which I more than once (heathen-like) found myself half deprecating, must be beneath the ocean, heaving up these great masses of

water for our special destruction. And then again, when I remembered looking off to sea, the waves seemed an interminable pack of great giant hell-hounds, hallooed on by the winds, bounding and howling on towards us, with the bitter, fixed, remorseless purpose of tearing us in pieces. This was one of my disagreeable thoughts as I sat cooped up in the cabin. And there was another thing troubled me. I must confess, at the risk of losing your good opinion, that the praying of the captain afforded me anything but consolation. It looked so like giving up the ship, and was such a plain intimation, that all hope of being saved by earthly aid was at an end, that I could not but feel discouraged by it. Like Bonaparte on his return from Russia, (to compare small things to large,) he seemed to have a dread of hearing details, and apparently wished to abstract his mind from what was going on around him, and, taking it for granted that we should be all lost, set very zealously about what he considered the necessary process for saving his own soul. I do not intend to sneer at him for praying. To pray in times of great danger is as natural as to breathe. At such times all men, whether Christians, atheists, or reprobates, pray instinctively, — though for the most part by snatches and in silence. I only mean to say that the master of a vessel should be the last man aboard to show, by *any* change of manner, a falling off in confidence. But our captain was an old man, of a gloomy temperament, and, though not cowardly, was weighed down by a perfect night-mare of superstition, and I found afterwards had a presentiment that this would be his last voyage. At about ten or eleven o'clock at night, one of the men came to the hatch and asked for bread. They had had nothing to eat all day. I groped about below, for our lamps were lost, till I found some bread, and having handed it up, before the hatch was closed, took a look out on deck. The moon, at that moment (for it was for the most part a dry storm) was shining full and clear. The same sea was raging, and the same wind roaring, just as they were seven hours previous, and our forlorn, shattered brig was still battling it out with them alone upon the ocean. I do remember it now, for a scene of awful beauty and sublimity, but so far as I recollect, I only felt at the time that it was awful. I have heard of men who could forget imminent danger in

their admiration of the sublime; and of a painter,* who lashed himself to the mast that he might draw the sea in a terrible storm. I take this to be chiefly babble; at any rate, for myself, I was sick and weak. It was cold, — my clothes were wet. I was collapsed, and doubled up with inanition, — the fear of death was pressing heavily upon me, and I confess the artist-feeling did not so prevail over the man. I went below, and for the purpose of getting warm, for sleep was out of the question, I took to my berth. I first piled into it all the wet clothes I could find, (for we had no other,) and then tried to pull off my coat. But it was so wet, and the brig rolled so much, that after slitting it down the back, and tearing one sleeve nearly out, I gave it up and got in with all my clothes on, between the straw bed and the mattress, both of which were thoroughly saturated, and in less than an hour, I found myself in a sort of steam bath of very comfortable temperature. About every quarter of an hour during the night I heard the man on the watch give a cry of warning to those at the pumps, followed by the tumbling of a heavy sea on deck, and then a lurch of the vessel, which it took all my holding on to keep from throwing me out of my berth. Then the water streamed down through the hatches to increase the quantity in the hold, bearing with it mollusca or some phosphoric matter, which left ghastly streaks of light on the planks, — or rather looked like pale, liquid fire, trickling down the bulk-head. Our great danger was that in lurching, on account of these heavy seas, the brig would throw her masts out, or as the mate afterwards expressed it, “shake the sticks out of herself,” and I was dreading all night to hear them fall, every time we shipped a sea. My mind, however, was not exclusively occupied by these fearful details, nor, as I have remarked before, by the dreaded catastrophe. At times some scrap or other, such as,

“Backward and forward half her length,
With a short uneasy motion,”

would suddenly come into my head, and in a moment I was striving, like a boy reciting at school, to recal the succeeding lines. That ode of Horace, containing,

“*Illi robur et æs triplex,*”

* Joseph Vernet, the French painter of Sea-scenes.

of which I could remember at first only this one line, haunted me thus for a long time. My memory seemed to take it up on her own account, with the obstinate determination to conquer it, and was succeeding better than I am able to do at this moment, when another great sea and a lurch of the brig put it to flight. At another time I found myself very busy with the ballad, of which the following is a stanza ;

“ Three merry men and three merry men
And three merry men are we,
I on the sea, and thou on the land,
And Jack on the gallows tree.”

It soon struck me, that it was very ridiculous and inappropriate to be thinking of old ballads, situated as I was ; but a moment after, there it was again, buzzing through my mind to a merry tune,

“ I on the sea, and thou on the land,” &c.

and I felt somewhat like poor Christian who, do what he would, could not but listen to the horrid whisperings of the devils, as he was going through the valley of the shadow of death, though I confess his was the more aggravated case.

You must not consider what I have just written as altogether trivial. It appears to me that these and similar phantasies, varying no doubt according to our various habits of mind, are the kindly devices of nature to draw away our thoughts from the one terrible question, the sword hanging by the hair, which, fall or not, it is useless and intolerable to contemplate. The captain and I interchanged but few words during the night, for as I said before, he seemed testy when disturbed. I once suggested the closing of one of the hatches more securely, in order to keep out the water ; but he, seeming quite indifferent whether it was done or not, said I might call the men if I chose ; and then, after a pause, added, “ what is the use in fretting ? I can't save your life.” The men suffered much from exposure, and incessant exertion, having all been on deck the greater part of the time, since three o'clock in the morning ; and they were also without water all night ; for that which we had brought on deck was lost, and the casks stowed in the run (the part of the hold

under the cabin) no one had found time to get out. Towards morning, two of them gave over, and went into the fore-castle and got drunk. The boy had been sent below something earlier, to prevent him from being washed overboard, for he was so fatigued (that is, so they said,) that whenever he was set to watch, he would invariably settle down on deck, and go to sleep. But the mate and one Peter Nelsen, a Dane, stood by bravely all night, especially the latter, a tall, rough-looking, silent man, who worked on, making no complaint himself, nor listening to any despondency in the others. Even to the mate, who at one time began to soften, and talk of his wife (he had been lately married) whom he thought he should never see again, he respectfully intimated, in his broken English, that he ought not to speak in that way, in the presence of the men. I suppose in fact that this Nelsen was the only man on board, who was of the right material for a time of great danger. He was always on the alert, never for a moment lost his self-possession. When he with the others was knocked down by the sea, he was seen to seize the rudder with one hand, and with the other, to reach out, and grasp the boy by the leg, who was just going overboard. In short, as Dr. Johnson says of Prince Hal, "he was great without effort," and did more to save the vessel, and apparently thought less of what he had done, than all the others on board.

In the morning the mate came below to find his shoes. He was a strong, willing, honest fellow, but simple-hearted and childlike. He had been much bruised when he went overboard, the bones of his face near the nose were fractured, his jaw wrenched round, and since receiving these injuries, he had been constantly on deck for fifteen hours, and as I was afterwards told, drank salt water in the night. He fretted about the cabin like a sick child. "If I could only find *mine soos*, then I could work." And as he stood on the transom looking for them, having come below merely for that purpose, he happened to lean against one of the berths. The sensation of rest was too sweet to be resisted. He balanced a moment on the side with a sort of grin, and then rolled over into it, and in two minutes was, to all appearances, in a deep sleep; from which he did not awake for more than forty-eight hours.

The captain now "turned out" and began to show somewhat more of interest in our temporal affairs, than he had done during the night. When he went on deck, he found the foremast sprung, the crosstrees split, and the rigging which supports the mast fast chafing away, and it was evident the latter could not stand much longer, unless the gale should abate. Peter, too, said that spite of all he could do, the water was still gaining in the hold. The fact was that the warm water of the Gulf-stream, in which we were drifting, taken in at the hatches and other holes on deck, in addition to leakage, was melting away the ice, of which our cargo consisted, very rapidly; and unless this melting could be stopped, we must soon loose our ballast, and be "water-logged," that is, the brig would fill and sink about even with the surface of the water, and then be rolled over and over, in the trough of the sea. The captain therefore secured the hatches, nailed leather over the holes on deck, and turned out the drunken fellows to relieve Peter in pumping. The sea was quite as high as ever; but the wind certainly had not increased, and though the captain did not say that he thought it had fallen, he remarked that he had been praying for it to do so, all night, thereby leaving me to refer as much of the abatement, if any should ensue, as I pleased, to his influence. It was plain, however, that either by prayer or rest, probably both, he had regained, in some degree, his proper tone of mind, and ability for exertion. But hope had scarcely yet begun to beam upon us. I recollect that morning overhauling my trunk to find, if possible, a dry clean shirt, and having the disagreeable thought, as I put it on, that I was putting on my own winding-sheet, and thinking also, that it was folly to take the trouble. But our instincts are not to be frightened away by the near approach of death. At this time, too, I had perhaps, a sadder moment, than any before. It was occasioned by seeing in my trunk certain little matters which reminded me of friends. And once before, when that great sea struck us, which I have mentioned some pages back, a momentary thought of my mother came over me, as I said to myself, "and so I am to be the first to go of the eight;" but in general, neither emotions of this kind, nor regret at leaving the world, nor remorse of conscience, nor thoughts of a future state, nor

yet prayer, except by suppressed ejaculation at some critical instant, occupied my mind, any considerable part of the time. I have no doubt that the most of the captain's praying was mechanical, that is partially so, just as were my mental recitations of poetry, and that both mainly served for occupation to the mind. The dreaded moment of dissolution, the last awful plunge was doubtless the main question with both; but this was qualified and softened down, and at times almost withdrawn from view, or the mind most kindly lured away from the contemplation of it, as I have before endeavored to explain. I tell you these things out of simple honesty, and if you will allow me to say so, as a philosopher, for my experience contradicts, in some degree, the preconceived ideas, which I had received, from whatever source, of the state of a man's mind, situated as we were on this occasion; and I see no good reason, why such expositions, when honestly made, should be, as I believe they are, considered unmanly.

At about one o'clock in the afternoon, it became evident the wind was somewhat on the decline. It still continued to blow a gale; but by comparing one hour with another, we could discover a sensible abatement. The men too, encouraged by Peter's example, all worked on vigorously, and a little before sunset reported that they were gaining on the water in the hold. The appalling sense of pressing and immediate danger was now gone, and I went to bed and slept soundly. In the morning, when I looked on deck, I found a signal of distress, that is, our ensign, with the union down, flying in the main rigging. The wind was blowing, not a gale, but strongly from the north-west; and the sea, though by no means so violent, still ran as high as the day previous. The men had at length got the brig free, but could only keep her so by constant pumping. The captain now called a consultation about leaving the vessel. He first came to me, but I declined giving an opinion, on account of inexperience. The mate was still asleep, and he now called the men aft, and made the proposition to them. They all seemed to look to Peter to answer for them, and Peter said at once, that we must not give up the brig. We had our rudder, and one mast sound, and sails and men enough left to get her in somewhere, unless there should come on another

gale, and we must therefore stay by her. In this opinion all seemed to concur. This morning a raw ham was cut up and served out to the men, of which they all eat ravenously, some with, and some without molasses. I tried a little of it, but soon gave it up, and contented myself with bread and water. At a little after noon the wind fell down nearly to a calm, but the sea appeared to be higher even than I had yet seen it. It was no longer at all violent, but the waves (their rage being spent) were tumbling slowly and loosely about, perfectly harmless, like huge beasts at play. The brig was continually in a hollow, surrounded by hills of water, apparently from twenty to twenty-five feet high, and from three to five rods in length, from base to summit, one of which she seemed constantly on the point of going up; and as this spread out and sunk down under her bows, it was succeeded by another, so that for a time we could only see a few rods in any direction. In an hour or so, however, it began to cloud up, and blow more fresh; and then almost in an instant, the face of the water was changed. The waves were now increased in number and activity, but diminished in size; and we had our sea view again. Just about sunset, the captain and I being below, one of the hands forward cried out "sails," and the boy ran aft, and repeated it down the hatch way. We both hurried on deck, and saw the sail, which the captain said was a British brig, "bearing down to" us, about a mile off. I never before had a clear idea of the adaptedness of a ship to the ocean. She wimpled up and down on the water, as light as an eggshell. Her masts flourished about in the air, and then whipped over on one side until her yards nearly dipped, and then giving a plunge forward, she resumed her equilibrium. In short, she seemed to defy all the powers of the sea "to take her off her legs," and reminded me of nothing so much, as of one of those little cork images, with lead in its feet, which, at school, we used to call a witch; and like a witch, on a wild horse reconnoitering, she made, as she came near, a broad sweep out, and danced clear round us, in order to get near enough to speak, and at the same time avoid coming in contact with us. Just as her broadside came to bear on ours the second time, her captain brought his trumpet to his mouth; "What's your name?" he brayed out. "Olive M.

Boston," shouted our captain putting his hand to his mouth, for he had lost his trumpet. "What's the matter with you?" "We've been tore all to pieces in a gale." "What do you want with us?" "We want to be taken' off." "Then wear round to the northward, and keep in our wake till we can board you." "What's your longitude?" said our captain. But before the British captain could ascertain an answer, the vessels were too far apart for a voice from either to be heard; but he marked it down with chalk on a large board, and held it up, and then went on his way. The longitude was 63 and something; we were therefore four or five degrees to the eastward of our course. The captain explained his having requested to be taken off, by saying that he merely wished to induce the British brig to "lay by" till morning, in order to furnish us with means for repair.

The next day was fine, the first really fine day which we had seen, since coming to sea. All hands were now busy in getting the brig into sailing order, and the captain thought of taking her into Bermuda. But at noon, on taking the sun, he found we were considerably to the north east of that island, and in latitude about 35°. We therefore shaped our course for our port of destination in Jamaica. Towards night we spoke another British brig, the *Amelia*, of Whitby, a small port in Yorkshire, who supplied us with nails and spikes, &c. for repairs, and also cooking utensils, and that evening we had cooked food, — the first we had seen for six days.

We were all well now, but the mate. He was still very sick from the injuries he had received when he went overboard. When he first awoke out of his long sleep, I was the only person below. He turned wildly about, for a moment, being flighty from having drank salt water, and then sang out, "on deck there" and ordered me aloft, to do something, — apparently taking me for a sailor, and as it seemed, a very poor one; — for he directly added — "No, you can't do it," and then giving me a hard contemptuous look, "What for did you come to sea for? — you bloody sheep, — to mind de cabin?" We bathed and poulticed him as well as we could, but he was in a very miserable plight until he obtained surgical aid at Kingston.

After this, the weather continued fine for the remainder

of the passage, and we had only the ordinary incidents of a sea voyage. I was most of the time on deck. Perhaps there is no situation in which one can read with more advantage and tranquillity, than at sea in fine weather. The motion of the vessel gives you just that slight physical exercise, which every one desires when reading. Sometimes I watched the stormy petrels, or Mother Carey's chickens, — wondering where they would go to roost. They would follow on our wake for hours, with a scarcely audible cheep — touching every where as carefully as Dr. Johnson used to the posts, between Temple Bar and St. John's Gate. Sometimes a school of porpoises would plunge along across our bow — or a flock of flying fish start up, or a shark come "shucking" slowly round the vessel — with his dorsal fin out of the water — seeking what he might devour; and once or twice, I saw a huge black fish, a species of whale, throw his whole enormous bulk out of the water, at some distance from the vessel, and then come down with a stupendous plunge. All these are incidents which highly interest a passenger, on his first voyage. The flying fish has less strength of wing than I had supposed. They rose out of the water, like birds in flocks, — apparently disturbed by the approach of the vessel, and fluttering along, from three to five feet above the surface, for five or six rods, struck into a wave and disappeared. One of them flew on deck; it was about five inches long, and of a bright silver color. Its wings were merely longer and larger pectoral fins, than are found on other fishes of the same size. I sympathized with the poor thing, for he reminded me of rather a large class of young men of the present day, of which perhaps, I am one, — who are neither entirely men of the world, nor men of books; but just enough of each, to spoil them for either. We cannot swim well enough to escape, — much less to compete with the sharks and dog-fish; and when we take to the air, we show too little power of wing to pass for respectable birds, and therefore we flounder on through a life of very doubtful comfort and security, like this poor fish. I was for returning him to the water after examination, but the cook claimed him as his property. Poor soul; the cook himself is now food for fishes.

I occasionally assisted the mate in writing up his log,

— particularly that part of it relating to our disaster, as it was necessary that this portion of it should be full and accurate on account of insurance. One morning, as we were busy at this work, — I writing to the mate's dictation, the Captain interrupted us with some warmth, and addressing the mate, — "That's not the way to make out a log, (says he.) If you nick — nick — nick — things along in, in that way — one after another — the long boat in the morning, and the galley at noon, — the underwriters will never believe they were lost by the "act of God;" a phrase in old policies on bills of lading, now I believe disused. You should take the sails, boats, boom, mast, companion-way, and bulwarks, and bouse 'em all in together with a slap; and then," said he, with increasing earnestness. "the underwriters can't deny but that it was the act of God." I had the impression before sailing, that the proverbial superstition of seamen was a good deal on the decline, at least among masters; and this, no doubt, is the case, to some extent, but it was not so with our captain.

Ever since the storm, I had been determined, whenever opportunity should offer, to have some conversation with Peter. The Captain told me, he had sailed with him two voyages before the present, and that he was one of the best and most trusty men, he ever knew, both at sea and in port. He was certainly a favorite with all on board, not only on account of his conduct during the storm, but from his quiet, good-natured, and obliging manners afterwards. The boy took to him, as to a father. One Sunday, as he was leaning over the bows, smoking by himself, I went forward and drew him into talk of his previous life. He was about twenty-seven, though he looked thirty-five, and was born near Copenhagen. At a very tender age, (I think nine,) he was pressed into the naval service, from which, at about fifteen, he ran away, and joined the merchant service, and sailed from various ports in Europe, till past twenty-one. At length he shipped at Amsterdam on board a Dutch merchantman, bound for Baltimore, intending to sail out of the United States, because he had heard wages were better there. At Baltimore, his captain refused to discharge him, and therefore leaving his clothes and wages, (the price at which a sailor usually exchanges one country

for another,) he ran away into the country. — “*Away up into de country — into de bush — more as fifty or forty miles,*” said he, glancing up, as if he expected to find me looking somewhat surprised, — where he remained until his captain had sailed. Since this time, which is five or six years, he has sailed out of the United States. But his sixteen or eighteen dollars per month here, he finds no better than his seven or eight in Denmark — the higher prices of board and clothing in this country making all the difference. He wanted to make money enough to buy a farm, — “just a leetle farm,” and then go home, where, five years ago, he had a mother and two sisters living. He had once laid up “more as a couple hundred dollars,” — but one day, about two years ago, in going into Norfolk, on board the barque Brontes of Boston, Capt. Kobler, he fell from the main-yard and “broke his neck,” he said, (putting his hand on his collar bone,) and when he came to his senses, he found himself in the hospital. His chest was by his bed, with the key in it, but his money and best clothes were gone; — the barque had sailed. Since then, he has saved a little more money, but not so much. I felt very much at the time, as if I should have liked to ship Peter off to Denmark, to his mother and sisters, with money enough to buy his little farm. But it is very easy for people who have never made any money to be liberal, in theory and even in fact, whenever they possess any little, extemporaneous means; but the truth is, we never have had the nursing of a heap of dollars. We have never watched its growth from infancy upwards, with anxious brooding care, and of course, know nothing of the strong parental attachment, which almost necessarily arises from this process. We are, therefore, not well prepared to appreciate the sense of deep bereavement, shown by many business men who have had such experience — nor even the reluctance of tolerably good men — whenever any other than a legitimate business occasion, or a *public* charity, calls on them to part with the money, which they have learned to love, — not wisely, perhaps, — but too well. I shall however represent the case to the owner, and if, as Falstaff says, he will do Peter any honor, — so, if not, let him save the next brig himself. But I have reason to believe that this magnanimity, — this self-

devotion, as a matter of course, is a thing of no uncommon occurrence at sea. "Why," therefore, says the owner, "should I pay for that which is mine by right? It is like taxing a fair wind. It is putting a market value on that, which has heretofore been a free privilege of the merchant, which is against the usages of trade, and must not be." "Besides," says the moral theorist, "is it not a pity to spoil this magnanimity, by placing a pecuniary value upon it? The moment you offer to pay it liberally, it awakes to consciousness. It touches money, and, as in the case of charming away diseases, the peculiar virtue ceases at once." "And not only this," says the 'seaman's friend,' "if he would only always live at one of our 'homes,' when in port, and be happy in *our* way instead of his own, something might be done. But the captain tells us, he has no sense of his fallen condition, but swore, even during the storm." Poor Peter! I suspect he must still labor on, as heretofore, at his vocation, in which he appears to be not unhappy. Saving the lives and property of rich men, and thinking nothing of it, and little thought of himself, until he arrives at something past the middle age, when his iron frame shall at length yield to hardship and exposure, and at some chance port, where he shall have broken down, he finds his way to the hospital, and thence to the dissecting-table: — or, which perhaps will be quite as well, until on some stormy passage, in which his craft shall be driven to still greater extremity than ours has been, he shall, after one more hard, manly struggle, yield up his life to the ocean, on which he has passed the most of his days. To one or the other of these results, I have little doubt Peter will come. In the mean time let this be our consolation, — that the elements which go to form true manliness of character can never be lost.

We are sorry to omit Notices which we had prepared of "Thoughts on Spiritual Subjects, translated from Fenelon"; of "The Doctrine of Life," by William B. Greene; "Mainzer's Musical Times"; and of a "Lecture on the Human Soul, by L. S. Hough," which are crowded out by the unexpected length of our printed articles.

RECORD OF THE MONTHS.

Antislavery Poems. By JOHN PIERPONT. Boston: Oliver Johnson. 1843.

THESE poems are much the most readable of all the metrical pieces we have met with on the subject; indeed, it is strange how little poetry this old outrage of negro slavery has produced. Cowper's lines in the Task are still the best we have. Mr. Pierpont has a good deal of talent, and writes very spirited verses, full of point. He has no continuous meaning which enables him to write a long and equal poem, but every poem is a series of detached epigrams, some better, some worse. His taste is not always correct, and from the boldest flight he shall suddenly alight in very low places. Neither is the motive of the poem ever very high, so that they seem to be rather squibs than prophecies or imprecations; but for political satire, we think the "Word from a Petitioner" very strong, and the "Gag" the best piece of poetical indignation in America.

Sonnets and other Poems. By WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON. Boston. 1843. pp. 96.

MR. GARRISON has won his palms in quite other fields than those of the lyric muse, and he is far more likely to be the subject than the author of good poems. He is rich enough in the earnestness and the success of his character to be patient with the very rapid withering of the poetic garlands he has snatched in passing. Yet though this volume contains little poetry, both the subjects and the sentiments will everywhere command respect. That piece in the volume, which pleased us most, was the address to his first-born child.

America—an Ode; and other Poems. By N. W. COFFIN. Boston: S. G. SIMPKINS.

OUR Mæcenas shakes his head very doubtfully at this well-printed Ode, and only says, "An ode nowadays needs to be admirable to carry sail at all. Mr. Sprague's Centennial Ode, and Ode at the Shakspeare Jubilee, are the only American lyrics that we have prospered in reading,—if we dare still remember them." Yet he adds mercifully, "The good verses run like golden brooks through the dark forests of toil, rippling and musical, and undermine the heavy banks till they fall in and are borne away. Thirty-five pieces follow the the Ode, of which everything is neat, pretty, harmonious, tasteful, the sentiment pleasing, manful, if not inspired. If the poet have nothing else, he has a good ear."

Poems by WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING. Boston. 1843.

WE have already expressed our faith in Mr. Channing's genius, which in some of the finest and rarest traits of the poet is without a rival in this country. This little volume has already become a sign of great hope and encouragement to the lovers of the muse. The refinement and the sincerity of his mind, not less than the originality and delicacy of the diction, are not merits to be suddenly apprehended, but are sure to find a cordial appreciation. Yet we would willingly invite any lover of poetry to read "The Earth-Spirit," "Reverence," "The Lover's Song," "Death," and "The Poet's Hope."

The H. Family. The President's Daughters. By FREDERIKA BREMER. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1843.

THE Swedish authoress has filled all sitting-rooms with her fame. One of our best friends writes us of the "President's Daughters," that it is a good piece, much better than the "H. Family," not so well as the "Neighbours." Miss Bremer is a vivacious, right-minded woman, from whom a good novel may yet be expected.

INTELLIGENCE.

FRUITLANDS.

WE have received a communication from Messrs. Alcott and Lane, dated from their farm, *Fruitlands*, in Harvard, Massachusetts, from which we make the following extract.

"We have made an arrangement with the proprietor of an estate of about a hundred acres, which liberates this tract from human ownership. For picturesque beauty both in the near and the distant landscape, the spot has few rivals. A semi-circle of undulating hills stretches from south to west, among which the Wachusett and Monadnoc are conspicuous. The vale, through which flows a tributary to the Nashua, is esteemed for its fertility and ease of cultivation, is adorned with groves of nut-trees, maples, and pines, and watered by small streams. Distant not thirty miles from the metropolis of New England, this reserve lies in a serene and sequestered dell. No public thoroughfare invades it, but it is entered by a private road. The nearest hamlet is that of Stillriver, a field's walk of twenty minutes, and the village of Harvard is reached by circuitous and hilly roads of nearly three miles.

"Here we prosecute our effort to initiate a Family in harmony with the primitive instincts in man. The present buildings being ill placed and unsightly as well as inconvenient, are to be temporarily used, until suitable and tasteful buildings in harmony with the natural scene can be completed. An excellent site offers itself on the skirts of the nearest wood, affording shade and shelter, and commanding a view of the lands of the estate, nearly all of which are capable of

spade culture. It is intended to adorn the pastures with orchards, and to supersede ultimately the labor of the plough and cattle, by the spade and the pruning knife.

"Our planting and other works, both without and within doors, are already in active progress. The present Family numbers ten individuals, five being children of the founders. Ordinary secular farming is not our object. Fruit, grain, pulse, garden plants and herbs, flax and other vegetable products for food, raiment, and domestic uses, receiving assiduous attention, afford at once ample manual occupation, and chaste supplies for the bodily needs. Consecrated to human freedom, the land awaits the sober culture of devout men.

"Beginning with small pecuniary means, this enterprise must be rooted in a reliance on the succors of an ever bounteous Providence, whose vital affinities being secured by this union with uncorrupted fields and unworldly persons, the cares and injuries of a life of gain are avoided.

"The inner nature of every member of the Family is at no time neglected: A constant leaning on the living spirit within the soul should consecrate every talent to holy uses, cherishing the widest charities. The choice Library (of which a partial catalogue was given in Dial No. XII.) is accessible to all who are desirous of perusing these records of piety and wisdom. Our plan contemplates all such disciplines, cultures, and habits, as evidently conduce to the purifying and edifying of the inmates. Pledged to the spirit alone, the founders can anticipate no hasty or numerous accession to their numbers. The kingdom of peace is entered only through the gates of self-denial and abandonment; and felicity is the test and the reward of obedience to the unswerving law of Love.

June 10, 1843.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are greatly indebted to several friends, for the most part anonymous, for literary contributions, and not less indebted in those cases in which we have not found the pieces sufficiently adapted to our purpose to print them. The Dial has been almost as much a journal of friendship as of literature and morals, and its editors have felt the offer of any literary aid as a token of personal kindness. Had it been practicable, we should gladly have obeyed the wish to make a special acknowledgment of each paper that has been confided to us, explaining in each instance the reason for withholding it. We wish to say to our Correspondents, that, printed or unprinted, these papers are welcome and useful to us, if only as they confirm or qualify our own opinions, and give us insight into the thinking of others.

In the last quarter, we have received several papers, some of which, after some hesitation, we decide not to print. One of these is a translation which (without comparing it with the original) seems to us excellent, of Schiller's Critique on Goethe's Egmont, and that it may not through our omission, fail to be read, we shall leave the MS. for a time with our publishers, subject to the order of the writer. We have also received from A. Z. a poetical translation from Richter; from A. C. L. A. a paper on the Spirit of Polytheism; from a friend at Byfield, a poetical fragment called "The Ship"; from our correspondent C. at New Bedford, a poem called "The Two Argosies"; from R. P. R. some elegiac verses; from J. A. S. "Lady Mirbel's Dirge."

THE DIAL.

VOL. IV.

OCTOBER, 1843.

No. II.

HENNELL ON THE ORIGIN OF CHRISTIANITY.*

THE present aspect of the world of Theology is highly interesting to a philosophic looker-on; a new geological formation seems to be taking place in the Great Sahara of theological speculation. Doctrines which have come down to us, bearded with venerable antiquity; conclusions that have passed unchallenged through centuries of doubt; oracles and myths and confident assertions and timid conjectures, emboldened at last by success to assume command over ingenuous youth and experienced wisdom,—all of these meet with a reception in our time a little different from what they have received in days of yore. There was a time when the Spirit of Freedom dared not enter the domain of Theology. The Priest uttered the Anathema: **HE THAT DOUBTETH IS DAMNED**, and Freedom fled away. Next, men insinuated what they dared not say. The descendants of Porphyry, Celsus, Marcion, might be hanged or burned, but the children of Lucian and Olympiodorus continued to flourish. Servetus could be got rid of, but Bayle could not be hanged; and as for reasoning with such men, it were as well to reason with a cloud, or to wrestle with Proteus and Nereus. They defied equally argument and faggots. Now a different day has come, and grave men venture in their own name, and with no coverture, to assail doctrines ancient and time-honored, and ask them their **RIGHT TO BE**. It is curious to see how this spirit

* An Inquiry concerning the Origin of Christianity, by CHARLES C. HENNELL. Second Edition. London: Sold by T. Allman, 42 Holborn Hill. 1841.

appears in all countries distinguished by liberal culture, at the same time; and often under circumstances, which prove that hearty thinkers have come independently to the same result. We see this in New England, in Old England, France, and Germany. Matters long ago hammered and pronounced complete, are brought up again to the furnace and the anvil; old questions are asked over anew, when the old answer did not suit the case; others come up each century anew.

Some tell us the Reformation was a mistake; that "we have too much religious knowledge," exclaiming at sunrise, as the Jews in exile, "would God it were night!" They see the religious world lies weak and low, diseased with materialism, covetousness, sick as Job with complicated distress; that the consecrated leeches are confounded, and have no counsel, but that of Job's friends; they look back to the hour of past darkness and say, "We remember the flesh which we did eat in Egypt freely; the cucumbers and the melons and the leeks and the onions and the garlic. Let us return thither; the gods of Egypt were true gods, they baked us bread, and they thought for us. Let us put on the surplices and the copes and the stoles and the hoods and the cassocks and the bands of our fathers, and let us kneel as they knelt, and repeat their prayers and their psaltery and their vows, and we shall be as gods." Others think the past was all wrong, the present all bad. We are to prepare for the future by forgetting all that has been learned in six thousand years of toil. "Experience," say they, "lies; History is a deceiver; a fact is a falsehood; nothing is so doubtful as what men are certain of. The world is sick, but the cure is easy. Abolish marriage, and unchastity will perish; annihilate property, covetousness and indolence will die out with no struggle; repeal the laws, destroy the jails, hang the Judges, crime shall end; shut up the schools, annul the Sabbath, burn the Bible, and pluck down the churches, all men will instantly become wise as Plato, and holy as Francis of Sales. Cold and famine shall be no more, if you will go naked and leave the earth untilled. Come up to us, ye sons of men, and we will teach you the way of Life."

Now between these two parties—which we have but little overcolored—are all sorts of sects and opinions,

fighting with promiscuous din. Men of one idea, which they call the universe; men of vast thought, at least of vast counsel; a philosopher, chasing his own shadow and clutching thereat, as if it were the very substance, or even the Archetypal Idea; a poet, who would reform the world with moonshine, and men here and there, who apply right reasons to facts, and all these, acting with freedom never known before — no wonder there is some little confusion in the world. We have often thought if there were what the ancients called “a soul of the world,” it must have a hard time of it. But out of what seems anarchy to finite eyes, the all-bountiful Father surely wins the fair result of universal harmony; —

“All nature’s difference makes all nature’s peace.”

But to return from our wanderings. There is one point in theological discussion of great interest at the present day, that is, the History of the New Testament, or the History of Christ, for the two are most intimately connected, though not essentially so, for it is plain Jesus was the same before as after the New Testament was written. The New Testament has never since the second century been so freely examined and speculated upon as now. The several important works relative to this subject, which have recently appeared in France, Germany, and England, are curious signs of the times.* If we compare these, as a whole, with former works on the same theme, we see they are written in a new method and in a new spirit; written with freedom and openness, and without insinuations and sneers. Some writers, we believe, still contend that every word in the New Testament and Old Testament is to be regarded as the word of God, infallible, divine, miraculously given to mankind. Others attempt, though guardedly, to separate Christianity from its documents; so they deny that it is to stand or fall with the inspiration of the Old Testament. Then they attempt to rationalize the New Testament by expunging from it, as far as possible, all that is most hostile to reason. Thus some, in high theological place, do not hesitate to say that mythical stories run through the New Testament; that Paul sometimes reasons ill; that the early apostles were deceived in

* The works of Salvador, Hase, Strauss, and Bauer.

fancying the world was soon to end, in their time; that, even in the Gospels there are things which cannot be credited; that the conscientious Christian is not bound to believe that the angels, who announced the miraculous birth of Jesus, had Hebrew or Babylonian names, or that they sung passages out of the Alexandrian version of the Old Testament, and misquoted as they sung. Some grave men in New England, of undoubted soundness in the faith, teach that the angel, who delivered Peter from the prison, was a man with a bag of money to bribe the jailor. Some, too, while they hold fast to each iota of the canonical text of the New Testament, allow themselves good latitude in explaining the Old Testament, and teach that Moses wrote no part of it; that its miracles are false; its Psalms but good devotional poetry; and its Prophets were but pious and noble-minded men, who had no more of miraculous inspiration than Malchus and Cassandra and Tiresias. These admissions they make from love of truth, and out of regard to the letter of the New Testament, for they are willing to save the most valuable by losing the inferior part.

The questions about the origin of the Christian records, about the origin and history of Christ, we think are not *religious* nor even *theological* questions. They are interesting subjects of inquiry, and belong to the department of human archæology; subjects of great interest, but not of the same vital moment with the inquiry about God, the Soul, Religion, Immortality, and Life. We rejoice exceedingly in the attention now bestowed upon these themes, and have no doubt it will produce much good for the present and the future. The work of Mr. Hennell is a remarkable phenomenon in English Theology, appearing contemporary with the strong conservative movement of the more spiritual part of the established church. The author — like Abelard, Grotius, Leclerc, Eichhorn, and Gesenius, and other great names in Theology — is not a clergyman. He is, we are told, a merchant of London, who has found time to make the requisite research into ancient and modern writers, and produce this new and valuable treatise on the origin of Christianity. The first edition was published in 1838. He says “the hypothesis, that there is a mixture of truth and fable in the Gospels, has been admitted . . . by

many critics bearing the Christian name. The same method of free investigation, which led Priestley and Belsham to throw doubt upon the truth of the opening chapters of Matthew and Luke, may allow other inquirers to make further excisions from the gospel history.* The author began his own inquiry in the belief, that the miraculous facts supposed to lie at the foundation of Christianity could not be shaken. He aimed to get at the truth; thus avoiding the twofold error of the *believer*, who starts with the fixed idea, that the New Testament is divinely inspired, and of the *unbeliever*, who searches for faults rather than the truth. He wishes his book to be considered "as employed in the real service of Christianity rather than an attack upon it." His aim is "simply to investigate the origin of the religion, uninfluenced by speculation on the consequences."

The work is divided into eighteen chapters, on the following subjects:—Historical Sketch from the Babylonish captivity to the death of Jesus, and thence to the end of the first century; the date and credibility of the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John; Examination of the accounts of the Resurrection and Ascension, and on the other miracles in the four Gospels, and those in the Acts of the Apostles; general objections to the miracles of Jesus, and the evidence afforded to the miracles by the Apostolic writings; on the prophecies; the parts of Isaiah supposed to relate to Christianity; on the book of Daniel; whether Jesus foretold his own death and resurrection; on the character, views, and doctrine of Jesus; comparison of the precepts of Jesus with Jewish writings; concluding reflections. A brief Appendix is added, which treats more minutely some points touched upon in the text.

We will give an analysis of the more important portions of the book. He shows the gradual growth of the Messianic idea among the Jews, and the romantic form it assumed in the time of their restoration from captivity. He gives, from Josephus and Philo, an account of the Essenes,

* This has been done already by some moderns. Mr. Norton, in his highly valuable treatise, *The Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels*, Boston, 1837, thinks the following passages highly doubtful: Math. chaps. i., ii., xxvii. 3-10, 52, 53. Mark xvi. 9-20. Luke xxii. 43, 44. John v. 3, 4, vii. 53, viii. 11, xxi. 24, 25.

the third philosophical sect of the Jews. As Josephus is in all hands we will only refer to his works,* but will give the extract from Philo describing the Essenes.

“ Palestine and Syria are not unproductive of honorable and good men, but are occupied by numbers, not inconsiderable, compared even with the very populous nation of the Jews. These, exceeding four thousand, are called Essenes, which name, though not, in my opinion, formed by strict analogy, corresponds in Greek to the word ‘holy.’ For they have attained the highest holiness in the worship of God, and that not by sacrificing animals, but by cultivating purity of heart. They live principally in villages. Some cultivate the ground; others pursue the arts of peace, and such employments as are beneficial to themselves without injury to their neighbors. They are the only people who, though destitute of money and possessions, felicitate themselves as rich, deeming riches to consist in frugality and contentment. Among them no one manufactures darts, arrows, or weapons of war. They decline trade, commerce, and navigation, as incentives to covetousness; nor have they any slaves among them, but all are free, and all in their turn administer to others. They condemn the owners of slaves as tyrants, who violate the principles of justice and equality.

“ As to learning, they leave that branch of it which is called logic, as not necessary to the acquisition of virtue, to fierce disputants about words; and cultivate natural philosophy only so far as respects the existence of God and the creation of the universe: other parts of natural knowledge they give up to vain and subtle metaphysicians, as really surpassing the powers of man. But moral philosophy they eagerly study, conformably to the established laws of their country, the excellence of which the human mind can hardly comprehend without the inspiration of God.

“ These laws they study at all times, but more especially on the Sabbath. Regarding the seventh day as holy, they abstain on it from all other works, and assemble in those sacred places which are called *Synagogues*, arranging themselves according to their age, the younger below his senior, with a deportment grave, becoming, and attentive. Then one of them, taking the *Bible*, reads a portion of it, the obscure parts of which are explained by another more skilful person. For most of the Scriptures they interpret in that symbolical sense which they have zealously copied from the patriarchs; and the subjects of instruction are piety, holiness, righteousness; domestic and political economy; the knowledge of things really good, bad, and indifferent; what

* *Wars*, ii. ch. 8. *Antiq.* xviii. 1.

objects ought to be pursued, and what to be avoided. In discussing these topics, the ends which they have in view, and to which they refer as so many rules to guide them, are the love of God, the love of virtue, and the love of man. Of their love to God they give innumerable proofs by leading a life of continued purity, unstained by oaths and falsehoods, by regarding him as the author of every good, and the cause of no evil. They evince their attachment to virtue by their freedom from avarice, from ambition, from sensual pleasure; by their temperance and patience; by their frugality, simplicity, and contentment; by their humility, their regard to the laws, and other similar virtues. Their love to man is evinced by their benignity, their equity, and their liberality, of which it is not improper to give a short account, though no language can adequately describe it.

“ In the first place, there exists among them no house, however private, which is not open to the reception of all the rest; and not only the members of the same society assemble under the same domestic roof, but even strangers of the same persuasion have free admission to join them. There is but one treasure, whence all derive subsistence; and not only their provisions, but their clothes are common property. Such mode of living under the same roof, and of dieting at the same table, cannot, in fact, be proved to have been adopted by any other description of men.

“ The sick are not despised or neglected, but live in ease and affluence, receiving from the treasury whatever their disorder or their exigencies require. The aged, too, among them, are loved, revered, and attended as parents by affectionate children; and a thousand hands and hearts prop their tottering years with comforts of every kind. Such are the champions of virtue, which philosophy, without the parade of Grecian oratory, produces, proposing, as the end of their institutions, the performance of those laudable actions which destroy slavery and render freedom invincible.

“ This effect is evinced by the many powerful men who rise against the Essenes in their own country, in consequence of differing from them in principles and sentiments. Some of these persecutors, being eager to surpass the fierceness of untamed beasts, omit no measure that may gratify their cruelty; and they cease not to sacrifice whole flocks of those within their power; or like butchers, to tear their limbs in pieces, until themselves are brought to that justice, which superintends the affairs of men. Yet not one of these furious persecutors has been able to substantiate any accusation against this band of holy men. On the other hand, all men, captivated by their integrity and honor, unite with them as those who truly enjoy the freedom and independence of nature, admiring their communion and liber-

ality, which language cannot describe, and which is the surest pledge of a perfect and happy life." — pp. 17 – 20.

Of the Pharisees and Sadducees nothing need now be said. He gives an account of what Josephus calls a *fourth* philosophic sect, of which Judas, the Galilean, was the author, and adds: —

"It appears very clear that the most distinguishing feature of the new sect of Judas, was the revival in a more emphatic manner of the ancient traditionary expectation of a Kingdom of God, or of Heaven. He taught that men should regard God as their only ruler and Lord, and despise the apparent strength of the hateful foreigners, since God who had so often delivered his people, would be able to protect them again, if they were not wanting to themselves. He called into new life the slumbering hopes of Israel, and bid him endeavor to regain the glories of his long-lost theocracy, which might possibly be destined to reappear speedily, and in splendor proportionate to its present obscurity, provided only the nation would perform its own part." — pp. 27, 28.

He considers John the Baptist an enthusiastic Essene, who imitated Elijah, as announced by Malachi, and combined the doctrines of the Essenes with those of Judas, omitting the warlike tendency of the latter. John produced a strong excitement; crowds came to hear him, and such as believed "partook of the waters of purification," and were baptized after the fashion of the Essenes. Among his followers "was a Galilean named Jesus, the son of Joseph, a carpenter of Nazareth, — a peasant of Galilee, possessed of one of those gifted minds which are able to make an impression on mankind." He expected the miraculous elevation of the Jews, and thought himself the prophet and prince who should fill the throne of David. A sincere believer in the authority of Moses and the prophets, he drew his chief materials of thought from observation on men and things about him; commented freely on the Scriptures, giving them his own meaning, and delivering his own thoughts with great power. He retained the pure morality of the Essenes, but omitted their austerities; adopted the liberalism of Judas, but not his incendiary policy. Jesus determined to imitate Moses by assuming the character of the Messiah. The preaching of John raised him from the obscurity of a carpenter of Nazareth, and he then began to

preach the kingdom of Heaven, which was quite as much political as spiritual.* This, we think, is one of the weakest parts of the book, and wonder how a writer so clear-headed and free from prejudice should arrive at this conclusion. But to proceed. Rude men would suppose a man of great spiritual power must command nature as well as man; Jesus himself might share the opinion; therefore, when the multitude urged him to heal their diseases, he spoke the word, and their confidence in his power in some cases effected a cure.† Certain diseases were popularly ascribed to demons entering the human body; it was believed some men had power of expelling them. In some an authoritative word might effect a momentary calm, or the excitement of the patient produce the appearance of recovery. The story would be enlarged in passing from mouth to mouth, and the reputation of Jesus as a miracle-worker soon be established. The Jewish rulers who had put John to death, sought to arrest Jesus. He avoided the danger by flying to the desert. But this could not last long. He determined to go to Jerusalem and claim the Messiahship; made his entry into Jerusalem riding on an ass-colt, to apply to himself a passage of Zechariah supposed to relate to the Messiah. The people proclaimed him as the Son of David, and he preached to them in defiance of the rulers. A few of the nobles befriended him in secret. But Jesus began to change his own views, and to expect a kingdom hereafter to be revealed from Heaven, and when in the time of greatest trial “behaved like a Prophet, Messiah, and Son of God, for he believed himself to be such.”

After his burial in the tomb and garden, Mr. Hennell thinks Joseph feared that trouble might befall him for his connection with Jesus, and therefore removed the body from the tomb, or that part of it where it had been first placed, and “directed the agent who remained in charge of the open sepulchre to inform the visitants that Jesus was

* See Reinhard's Plan of the Founder of Christianity (New York, 1841), where this and similar views are ably opposed.

† Instances of this sort, we are told, are not unknown to medical men. A writer so enlightened as Mr. Furness (Jesus and his Biographers) thinks great spiritual excellence gives power over nature. Father Matthew, it is said, has sometimes found it difficult to convince the rude men of Ireland that he could not *work a miracle*.

not there, but that they should behold him in Galilee." The message was first given to Mary Magdalene, and the occurrence was at length converted into the appearance of an angel, of two angels, and finally of Jesus himself. Then came the old notion that the Messiah must come in the clouds of Heaven, and the apparently mysterious circumstances of his death strengthened their belief in his Messiahship, and the expectation of his approaching kingdom returned as the belief of his future reappearance gained ground. The followers of Christ were only to wait. They now preached as before the kingdom of God, but added, that Jesus was the Messiah and would soon reappear as King of Israel and introduce that kingdom. The resurrection of Jesus confirmed the Pharisaic and popular doctrine of the restoration of the body. At the feast, seven weeks after the crucifixion, three thousand joined the followers of Jesus, and a little later five thousand more. Here was a new religious party among the Jews. The Pharisees favored it; but as it became unpopular with them, it became acceptable with the Judaizing Gentiles. Cornelius, a centurion of Cesarea, and others, were baptized as followers of Jesus. Two parties were formed in the new sect, the one adhering strictly to the old Mosaic ritual, the other departing from it. The character of the Messiah is changed from the "Son of David," and "King of Israel," to "the Judge of mankind." Paul is converted, and the new faith is modified still more.

"The form, then, which the Essene Judaism assumed in the hands of Paul was this, — that men were everywhere called to repentance and purity of life, in order to prepare them for the kingdom of God and the second coming of the Messiah or Christ, whose office was to judge the world; that Jesus of Nazareth had been proved to be the Messiah by being raised from the dead; and that, in order to partake in the privileges of his kingdom, an open acknowledgment of his authority, and a belief in his resurrection, were alone necessary." — p. 68.

"Judaism, or the religion of one Deity, as reformed by Paul, and disencumbered of circumcision and the Mosaic rites, found a ready reception amongst the Greeks and Romans, with whom polytheism was nearly grown out of fashion. The philosophy of Epicurus had degenerated into sensualism. Platonism consisted of speculations unintelligible out of the schools. Christianity as preached by Paul was well adapted to fill the void in the philo-

sophic and religious world. It contained the sublime and agreeable doctrines of the paternal character of God and the resurrection of mankind; its asserted miracles and accomplished prophecies, the resurrection of Jesus, and the coming judgment of the world, were of a nature to please and excite the imagination; and its fraternal system of society tended to excite emulation and keep up enthusiasm. To follow a crucified Jew might be at first a fearful stumbling-block; but the mournful fates of Osiris, Adonis, and Hercules, followed by a glorious apotheosis, would suggest parallels sufficient to throw lustre on the story of Jesus; and the Messiah, persecuted to death and raised again, probably appealed more strongly to the imagination and the heart than if he had appeared merely as another triumphant hero demanding allegiance. Besides, the death of Christ came to be invested with a mysterious grandeur, by being represented as the great antetype of an ancient and venerable system of sacrifices, and as the offering of a paschal lamb on behalf of all mankind." — p. 70.

When the great troubles befel the Jewish state, the Christians expected the end of the world, and the re-appearance of Christ. The men of Jerusalem showed that the Messiah must be only a spiritual king. The first Gospel was published about 68 or 70, A. C., and followed by many imitations. The distance of thirty-seven years from the death of Christ allowed the introduction of many fables concerning his person and character, and the doctrine of the miraculous conception arose, which the greater part of the Jewish church refused to admit. Christianity formed an alliance with the Platonism of the Alexandrian school, the result of which was a new doctrine concerning the person of Jesus, to which prominence was given by the publication of another Gospel under the name of John. Plato had spoken of the Logos, the divine wisdom or intelligence. The Platonic Jews personified it as a divine emanation, — the visible image of the invisible God, the medium by which he made the world and communicated with Abraham, Moses, and the prophets. The writer of the fourth Gospel added that *Jesus* was the Logos. Thus to the Jews, Christ fulfilled the Law and the Prophets; to the Greeks, he appeared to complete the scheme of Plato. Thus the Judaism of Nazareth gave the important truths of Platonism an influence in the business of the world, and opened for them an entrance into the affections, and ob-

tained for them an empire over the will of the multitudes. By the end of the first century "Jesus of Nazareth had advanced from the characters of the carpenter's son, the prophet of Gallilee, the king of Israel, the Judge of mankind, to be the LOGOS, OR INCARNATE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE DEITY; and shortly afterwards the gradation was completed by IDENTIFYING HIM WITH GOD HIMSELF." p. 93.

Mr. Hennell next proceeds to consider the credibility of the four Gospels. The contents of the first Gospel show that it was written between 66 and 70, A. C., for chapter xxiv. mentions things which agree very well with events up to that time, but disagree with them after it. Irenæus, Origen, and Epiphanius, mention a Gospel of Matthew written in Hebrew, but we know little about him. He quotes from the Old Testament, as prophecies relating to Jesus, texts which are found to have nothing to do with Jesus.* If he would force the prophecies to *accommodate* his own views, he might also tamper with facts. In the second series of fourteen kings, ch. i., he omits four kings. The account of Herod murdering the young children is not confirmed by other historians; that of the birth of Jesus, if found by itself, would be considered as a wild Eastern tale; his adventures with the devil would be mentioned by few persons in modern times, except as a poetical vision. In the account of the crucifixion, the author of this Gospel mentions an earthquake, a rending of the rocks, the opening of the graves, and the resurrection of many bodies of the saints, — events no where else alluded to in the New Testament. He mentions six supernatural dreams; † sometimes he relates events in a natural manner; but sometimes adds what could not be known. Thus he gives the prayers and tells the movements of Jesus in the garden of Gethsemane, when the only persons present were asleep. This sort of embellishment shows itself frequently in the discourses and parables. The passage, x. 16–42, contains some things which could hardly have been intelligible in the time when they are alleged to have been spoken, but were suitable to the period when the book was written.

* E. g. ii. 15 (compare Hos. xiii. 1) ii. 6, (Mic. v. 2) ii. 23 is not in the Old Testament, (but see Jud. xiii. 5, ch. ii. 17 sq., iv. 19 sq., xxi. 1; Zach. ix. 9, &c. &c.)

† i. 20; ii. 12, 13, 19, 22; xxvii. 19.

He thinks that real events occupy a larger part of this book than fiction; that it contains many things as they were delivered by the original eyewitness, and many more proceeding from him, but with some variation. It is clear that Matthew was this eyewitness, but not that he was the compiler of the *whole* Gospel. Many parts could scarcely proceed from an eyewitness. If the writer had been an apostle, he would have written independent of the church traditions, and if necessary have corrected them; but, on the contrary, he seems to gather his materials from them, as it appears from the double version of the same event, the cure of the blind man, the feedings, the demand of a sign, the accusation respecting Beelzebub. Again Papias and others say that Matthew wrote in *Hebrew*; but no one mentions that he ever saw the Hebrew original of the Greek Gospel according to Matthew. Hence it might be supposed that Matthew wrote only some fragments (*Logia* as Papias calls them) in Hebrew, and some one after him wrote the Greek Gospel in our hands, incorporating those fragments, and so it was called the Gospel *according to Matthew*, and in the next century the work of that apostle.*

“Upon the whole, then, the most that we can conclude seems to be, that this Gospel was the work of some one who became a member of the Jewish church before the war, and who collected the relics of the acts and sayings of Jesus reported by Matthew the apostle, introducing some traditions which he found elsewhere, and filling up copiously from his own invention. His aim was, probably, to do honor to Jesus and the common cause, to strengthen the church under the trying circumstances of the times, and to be the author of a work which should be generally acceptable to his brethren. That such a man should not always adhere to strict truth seems quite consistent with human nature, since in the subsequent times, and in the Christian Church, we find pious men and sincere believers allowing themselves to countenance palpable falsehoods.” — p. 124.

The second Gospel is ascribed to Mark, the companion of Peter. For its authorship we have the testimony of Papias, Irenæus, Clement of Alexandria, Origen, Eusebius,

* See the recent literature on the subject of the language and author of the first Gospel in Neudecker, *Lehrbuch der hist. krit. Einleit.* in N. T. Leip. 1840. § 23. sqq.

Epiphanius, and others. But these authorities do not decide that Peter sanctioned or knew what Mark wrote. He copied from Matthew in part, and adds other historical details, but mixes these relics of reality with some spurious matter. He seems to "have had access to one of the channels of original information not very far from its source." But he is often unconscious of the primary nature of what he records, for he saw things through the medium of his time and place, and not in their original light. He has lost sight of the semi-political bearing of the Messianic scheme; identifies the kingdom of God with the spread of the gospel, to soften the severe Judaism, that appears in Matthew, into a shape more fitting for Gentile readers.* He attempts to aggrandize Jesus by repeating the amazement of the beholders of his miracles, the great numbers attracted by him, the confession of the devils, and neglects the greater part of the most eloquent discourses and parables in Matthew. He becomes a kind of tacit commentator on the first Gospel, and we see that an intimate friend of Peter omits some of the most striking passages of Matthew, the miraculous birth and temptation of Christ, Peter's casting himself into the sea, the promise of the keys, and the miracle of the fish with money in its mouth. He omits also the dream of Pilate's wife, as well as the other five dreams of Matthew; the resurrection of the saints, and the earthquake. "It is difficult to avoid concluding that he omitted these things because he did not believe them." "He found that they were not sanctioned by Peter, or by any traditions of repute, . . . and determined that his work should not be encumbered with so much total and pure ornamental fiction."

"It is impossible to regard Mark's suppression of these passages otherwise than as a tacit condemnation of Matthew. In later times, when the means of ascertaining the truth of each story had diminished, and the whole four Gospels came to be believed in a mass, as resting upon the same authority, divine inspiration, these same questionable passages have been favorite ones with Christians, as proving most strikingly the miraculous character of Jesus." — p. 148.

* See i. 14, 15; compare iii. 14, 15, with Math. x. 1-8; vi. 30, 31, with Math. xiv. 12, 13. He omits passages of Matthew which related chiefly to Jewish interests.

Taken by itself the second is less intelligible than the first Gospel ; but with that and Josephus, it not only throws light on the attempt of Jesus, but marks the grade in the modifications under which his disciples afterwards viewed him.

Luke made use of both his predecessors, but has many stories and parables of his own, which he selected from popular tradition or previous writers. He sometimes agrees with Matthew and Mark, but sometimes differs from them ; for in his time they were not received with the same deference as now. His order is confused, and probably in some instances he did not know the meaning of what he repeated. He does not expand parables and discourses to suit his own times. The fictions he adopts — the visits of Gabriel to Zacharias and Mary, the scenes at the temple, the appearance of the angels to the shepherds, and of Jesus to the two disciples at Emmaus, — indicate a more refined imagination, than the tales of Joseph and the angel, Herod and the Magi. The parables which he adds, — the lost sheep, the prodigal son, the good Samaritan, Lazarus and the rich man, — are equal to any in the Gospels. But we find also in him the ascetic and monastic doctrines of the more rigorous Essenes. Luke does not say he had his facts from eyewitnesses.

To take all the three Gospels together — it appears that they were written a considerable time after the events they relate ; it is probable, though not certain, that the writers learned some parts from apostles or eyewitnesses, but it is uncertain which the parts are, and it is probable they are largely mingled with second-hand narratives, hearsay, and traditions ; “ there is strong probability that the accordant portions of the three histories contain a tolerably correct outline of the chief events of Christ’s life ; but some errors might find their way into all three by the mistakes or inventions of the first writers, or the traditions on which they all depended.” “ So in the three Gospels, after making every allowance for probable, veritable, and fiction, . . . there still seems to remain so much of reality, that the attempt of Jesus to assume the Messiahship, his public preaching in Galilee and Jerusalem, and his crucifixion might be considered from the testimony of these three writers alone, as facts deserving a place in history ; which

conclusion is strongly supported by other writings and subsequent events." — pp. 175, 176.

The fourth Gospel, he thinks, was written about 97 A. C. This is of a very different character. Christ's discourses are long controversial orations without parables; the Kingdom of Heaven is nearly lost sight of; the fall of Jerusalem never alluded to. Several new subjects are introduced: the incarnation of the Logos in Christ; his coming down from Heaven, and the promise of the Comforter or Holy Spirit. Mr. Hennell thinks it probable that John did not put the detached parts of the book together himself, and adds that it is difficult to determine whether the compiler or transcriber did not add the last chapter, and improve upon the apostle's words elsewhere. The circumstances of the place (Ephesus) and time explain the difference in the subjects treated of in this and the former Gospels.

"This Gospel appears accordingly to be the attempt of a half-educated but zealous follower of Jesus, to engraft his conceptions of the Platonic philosophy upon the original faith of the disciples. The divine wisdom, or logos, or light, proceeding from God, of which so much had been said in the Alexandrian school, he tells us became a man or flesh in the person of Jesus, dwelt for a time on earth, and ascended up where he was before, and where he had been from the beginning, into the bosom of the Father.

"Consequently, this Gospel shows throughout a double or Christiano-Platonic object; first to prove that Jesus is the Christ, which was common to all the apostles, and secondly that the Christ is the Son of God or Logos which descended from heaven to give light to men." — p. 180.

"To endeavor to reconcile John with his predecessors on the hypothesis, that all four wrote invariably true and correct history, is evidently hopeless. The discrepancies are so far important as to lead us inevitably to infer that in some of them, and probably in all four, there is a large measure of that incorrectness which proceeds from imperfect knowledge, forgetfulness, or neglect. In the case of John, they are to such an extent as to show that neither he nor his compiler paid much regard to the Gospels of his predecessors, or used them as a guide in forming a new one. An apostle indeed could not be expected sedulously to frame his discourses so as to agree with the works of previous compilers, if he had known them; but a disregard of them, allowing of manifest contradictions, implies either that those works were but little known in his church, or that they had not yet become standards of authority." — p. 186.

In Ch. VII. he examines the accounts of the resurrection and ascension of Christ, with much ingenuity, patience, and candor, as it seems to us, and comes to the conclusion we have already stated. Perhaps it is the most valuable chapter in the whole treatise. We shall attempt no analysis of it. From the valuable chapters on miracles we will quote the following.

“John alone relates the raising of Lazarus, which, if his account were true, was the most splendid and public of all the miracles. For, according to him, it was done before friends and enemies, without any of the usual prohibitions to tell of it; many came to see Lazarus at the supper at Bethany, and the people bare record of it when Jesus entered publicly into Jerusalem.

“But, notwithstanding all this, neither Matthew, Mark, nor Luke appears to have had any knowledge of the affair.”— p. 280.

“The story of Lazarus seems again to be forced upon the attention of the first three Evangelists, when they relate the entry of Jesus into Jerusalem, and the conduct of the multitude; for John says, that the people then bare record of his having raised Lazarus. But here also they make not the slightest allusion to it.

“It is impossible to conceive any plausible reason for this concealment, when the same three Evangelists appear so willing to relate all the miracles they were acquainted with, and actually relate some which were said to be done in secret. That they had all forgotten this miracle so completely that it did not once occur to them whilst relating the connected circumstances, cannot be imagined; and if any miracle deserved a preference in the eyes of narrators disposed to do honor to Christ, or even to give a faithful account of him, it was this.

“The Acts and Epistles nowhere allude to this story, although it would have afforded Paul a very good instance of the resurrection of the body. 1 Cor. xv. 35.

“The first mention, therefore, of the most public and decisive of the miracles appears in a writing published at Ephesus sixty years afterwards.”— pp. 281, 282.

“Most of the miracles attributed to Christ are of the same kind, viz. the removal of natural penalties. If, on opening the book which records his claims as a divine messenger, we were to find, instead of these stories of such difficult verification, declarations of the causes of blindness, fever, and palsy, and warnings to mankind to abstain from the courses which lead to such evils, the book would carry with it an evidence increasing

with the lapse of ages ; since the possession of such knowledge by a person in the age, country, and circumstances of Christ, would be as miraculous as any of the works referred to : and all readers on finding that the results of the most advanced stages of human knowledge had been anticipated by the peasant of Galilee, must themselves exclaim, " Whence had this man this knowledge, having never learned ? " and " Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher sent by God, for no man could have this wisdom unless God were with him." — p. 298.

Chapters XII., XIII., and XIV. on the prophecies, are valuable essays, which we shall pass over, as similar views have long since been openly avowed and publicly taught by some learned men in this century.* We will, however, give the following extracts.

" There are few nations whose early literature does not contain predictions and pretended accomplishments of predictions. But Cumæ and Delphos lost their credit even in ancient times. The supposed Jewish oracles still play a conspicuous part in the religion of the day. Yet on comparing them closely with history, accomplishment and failure alternate to such an extent, that one important resemblance to their heathen kindred becomes palpable : their credit can only be maintained by preserving their ambiguity."

" As to the New Testament fulfilling the prophecies of the Old, — in the two most conspicuous features of Jewish prophecy there could not be a more decided failure. A triumphant successor of David was promised, and a carpenter's son was crucified. Zion was to be exalted, and Zion was demolished. Nor were the Christian prophecies more fortunate. — The Son of man was to appear again before that generation passed away, and he has not yet appeared."

" The *Æneid* contains many prophetic allusions to the affairs of Rome, and in the sixth book the shade of Anchises shows himself well acquainted with Roman History up to the time of Augustus, but attempts to foretel nothing beyond it. From passages of this kind the common reader would have inferred the time of the writer to be about or after that date. But suppose that Virgil had concealed his name and date, and that some religious interest were attached to the belief in the divine inspiration of his writings ; it would then be taken for granted that the author lived at the beginning, not the end, of the prophecy, and the whole poem might by the allegorizing system be easily converted into a prophetic type. If the interpreter were a

* See *Christian Examiner* for 1833, vol. xvi. p. 321, sqq. See also vol. v. p. 348, sq.

Catholic, the victories of the Trojan hero might prefigure the small beginnings of the Roman see on the same plains of Latium; his pious abandonment of the Carthaginian queen being exactly the type of Papal Rome's compulsory separation by divine decree from its mistress Constantinople. The prediction of Anchises, 'Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,' was fully verified, as Peter's pence could bear witness. "Cœlique meatus describit alii melius," Galileo proved to be true. 'Debellare superbos,' how exactly fulfilled in the person of the Emperor Henry IV., and 'parcere subjectis,' in the lenity shown by Pius VII. towards Napoleon, who was, or ought to have been, spiritually his subject! Certainly a Papist, who might be inclined thus to turn Virgil to account, would find less labor than has been encountered by Protestant divines, with the Book of Daniel, for the sake of identifying the Pope with the 'man of sin.'" — pp. 401, 402, 403.

Mr. Hennell thinks Jesus naturally foresaw that he must fall a martyr to his convictions, but by no means uttered such distinct prophecies of his death and resurrection as the Evangelists put into his mouth. If he had done so, we could not explain the surprise of the disciples and their unwillingness to believe the resurrection, which John explains by saying, "They knew not the Scriptures, that he must rise again from the dead."

The chapter "on the character, views, and doctrine of Christ," is to us more repulsive than any other in the book. He considers Jesus to have been an *Enthusiast*, who believed himself the predicted King of the Jews; a *Revolutionist*, expecting to restore the kingdom to Israel, by means of a popular insurrection, and procuring everlasting life to such as forsook houses and lands for his sake! How any one can come to this conclusion we cannot readily discern. True, he calls himself the Son of God; but does he make that claim for none but himself? True, he preached the kingdom of God; but is it so certain that kingdom was political? Did he not shun all chance of personal aggrandisement; forbid the love of power; bless the meek, the peaceful, the suffering? But we shall not now enter into an argument on this point. Mr. Hennell also makes him a *Reformer*, who taught that Religion consisted in the internal purity of the thoughts, and the practice of morality. He thinks, however, that he did not design to depart from the ritual Law of Moses, and would not in

this matter have gone so far as Paul! But he that summed up the Law and Prophets in LOVE TO GOD AND MAN, is hardly chargeable with Jewish conservatism. Again he adds, Jesus was a *moral and religious teacher*. Here he finds the sublimity of Christ's character. His teachings are marked by their devotional spirit, the belief in immortality, which he found popularly taught, by the great stress he lays on the rare and unpopular virtues of humility and resignation. He thinks that the character of Christ was not without its defects; but adds in closing the chapter:—

“Enough is seen of Christ to leave the impression of a real and strongly marked character; and the dimness, which is left around it, permits the exercise of the imagination in a manner both pleasing and useful. The indistinctness of the image allows it to become the gathering centre for all those highly exalted ideas of excellence which a more closely defined delineation might have prevented from resting upon it. To the superhuman powers attributed to him by his early followers, later admirers are at liberty to add all the qualities of mind and character which can delight and attract in a human being. To awaken men to the perception of moral beauty is the first step towards enabling them to attain it. But the contemplation of abstract qualities is difficult; some real or fictitious form is involuntarily sought as a substratum for the excellence which the moralist holds to view. Whilst no human character in the history of the world can be brought to mind, which, in proportion as it could be closely examined, did not present some defects disqualifying it for being the emblem of moral perfection, we can rest with least check, or sense of incongruity, on the imperfectly known character of Jesus of Nazareth. If a representative be sought of human virtue, enough is still seen of his benevolent doctrine, attractive character, and elevated designs, to direct our eyes to the Prophet and Martyr of Galilee.” — p. 450, 451.

The last chapter, entitled “Concluding Reflections, is one of great beauty and richness both of thought and sentiment.

“Whatever be the spirit with which the four Gospels be approached, it is impossible to rise from the attentive perusal of them without a strong reverence for Jesus Christ. Even the disposition to cavil and ridicule is forced to retire before the majestic simplicity of the prophet of Nazareth. Unlike Moses or Mahomet, he owes no part of the lustre which surrounds him to his acquisition of temporal power; his is the ascendancy which mankind, in proportion to their mental advancement, are

least disposed to resist — that of moral and intellectual greatness. Besides, his cruel fate engages men's affections on his behalf, and gives him an additional hold upon their allegiance. A noble-minded reformer and sage, martyred by crafty priests and brutal soldiers, is a spectacle which forces men to gaze in pity and admiration. The precepts from such a source come with an authority which no human laws could give; and Jesus is more powerful on the cross of Calvary than he would have been on the throne of Israel.

“The virtue, wisdom, and sufferings of Jesus, then, will secure to him a powerful influence over men so long as they continue to be moral, intellectual, and sympathizing beings. And as the tendency of human improvement is towards the progressive increase of these qualities, it may be presumed that the empire of Christianity, considered simply as the influence of the life, character, and doctrine of Christ over the human mind, will never cease.

“When a higher office is claimed for Christ, that of a messenger accredited from God by a supernatural birth, miraculous works, a resurrection, and an ascension, we may reasonably expect equal strength of evidence. But how stands the case? The four Gospels on these points are *not* confirmed by testimony out of the church, disagree with each other, and contain relations contrary to the order of things. The evidence on these points is reduced to the authority of these narratives themselves. In *them*, at least, the most candid mind may require strong proofs of authenticity and veracity; but again, what is the case? They are anonymous productions; their authorship is far from certain; they were written from forty to seventy years after the events which they profess to record; the writers do not explain how they came by their information; two of them appear to have copied from the first; all the four contain notable discrepancies and manifest contradictions; they contain statements at variance with histories of acknowledged authority; some of them relate wonders which even many Christians are obliged to reject as fabulous; and in general they present no character by which we can distinguish their tales of miracles from the fictions which every church has found some supporters ready to vouch for on its behalf.” — pp. 476, 477, 478.

“The miraculous birth, works, resurrection, and ascension of Christ, being thus successively surrendered, to be classed amongst the fables of an obscure age, what remains of Christianity? and what is there in the life and doctrine of Jesus that they should still claim the attention and respect of mankind in remote ages? This: Christianity forms a striking passage in the history of human nature, and appears as one of the most

prominent of the means employed in its improvement. It no longer boasts of a special divine origin, but shares in that which the Theist attributes to the world and the whole order of its events. It has presented to the world a system of moral excellence; it has led forth the principles of humanity and benevolence from the recesses of the schools and groves, and compelled them to take an active part in the affairs of life. It has consolidated the moral and religious sentiments into a more definite and influential form than had before existed, and thereby constituted an engine which has worked powerfully towards humanizing and civilizing the world.

“Moreover, Christianity has given currency to the sublime doctrines of man’s relationship to the Deity, and of a future state. The former was a leading feature of Judaism, and the latter of Platonism. Christianity has invested them with the authority of established principles, and thereby contributed much to the moral elevation of mankind.”— pp. 480, 481.

“Christianity itself proceeded from a nation in deep adversity; out of the distresses of Israel issued the cry for immortality. May we not regard all irremediable earthly afflictions as intended to suggest Christianity to each sufferer, and to whisper, that there must be a Father in heaven, and mansions of the blessed?”

“We see at present the incipient upheavings of another of these revolutions—the subversion of the belief in miraculous revelations, and the gradual advance of a system of natural religion, of which we cannot yet predict the whole creed, but of which we may already perceive two essential features, the recognition of a God, and that of an inherent moral nature in man. As the clearing away of the antiquated piles of the old law made way for the simpler structure of faith in Christ, so will the release from the exclusive authority of written precept enable men to hear more distinctly the voice of the moral nature within them. Reformed Judaism will be succeeded by reformed Christianity, and each change appear the transition to a more perfect law of liberty.

“Let not, then, the mind which is compelled to renounce its belief in miraculous revelations deem itself bound to throw aside, at the same time, all its most cherished associations. Its generous emotions and high contemplations may still find an occasion for exercise in the review of the interesting incidents which have forever consecrated the plains of Palestine; but it may also find pleasure in the thought that, for this exercise, no single spot of earth, and no one page of its history, furnishes the exclusive theme. Whatever dimness may gather from the lapse of time and the obscurity of records about the events of a distant age, these capabilities of the mind itself remain, and always will re-

main, in full freshness and beauty. Other Jerusalems will excite the glow of patriotism, other Bethanias exhibit the affections of home, and other minds of benevolence and energy seek to hasten the approach of the kingdom of man's perfection. Nor can scriptures ever be wanting — the scriptures of the physical and of the moral world — the book of the universe. Here the page is open, and the language intelligible to all men; no transcribers have been able to interpolate or erase its texts; it stands before us in the same genuineness as when first written; the simplest understanding can enter with delight into criticism upon it; the volume does not close, leaving us to thirst for more, but another and another epistle still meets the inquisitive eye, each signed with the author's own hand, and bearing undoubted characters of divine inspiration. Unable at present to comprehend the whole, we can still feel the privilege of looking into it at pleasure, of knowing a part, and of attempting the opening of further leaves. And if, after its highest efforts, the mind be compelled to sink down, acknowledging its inability, in some parts, to satisfy itself with any clear conclusion, it may remain serene at least, persuaded that God will not cause any soul to fare the worse for not knowing what he has given it no means to know. Enough is understood to enable us to see, in the Universe itself, a Son which tells us of a Father, and in all the natural beauty and moral excellence which meet us in the world an ever-present Logos, which reveals the grace and truth of its invisible source. Enough is understood to convince us that, to have a place on this beautiful planet, on almost any terms, is an unspeakable privilege; that virtue produces the highest happiness, whether for this or another world; and that there does exist an encircling mysterious Intelligence, which, as it appears to manifest its energy in arrangements for the general welfare of the creation, must ensure a provision for all the real interests of man. From all our occasional excursions into the abysses of the unseen world, and from all our efforts to reach upwards to the hidden things of God, both reason and piety bid us return tranquilly to our accustomed corner of earth, to use and enjoy fully our present lot, and to repose implicitly upon the higher wisdom in whose disposal we stand, whilst indulging the thought that a time is appointed when the cravings of the heart and of the intellect will be satisfied, and the enigma of our own and the world's existence be solved." — pp. 486, 487, 488, 489.

There are several things in this book to which we cannot assent; some things we should regard as errors. But when the whole work is examined, a very high praise must needs be granted to it, whether we agree or disagree with

the writer. It is marked by candor, faithful research, good sense, and a love of truth to a degree almost unequalled in theological works. Nothing is conceded; nothing forced. It is free from sneers and denunciations. We see in it neither the scorn of the Pyrrhonist, nor the heartless blasphemy of the bigot. It is cool, manly, and tranquil. Sometimes the author rises to a touching pathos and real eloquence. Love of man, and reverence for man's Maker, are conspicuous in its pages; and we thank him heartily for the service he has done the Christian world by the timely publication of a book so serene and manly.

But what is to be the effect of such publications, in this sickly nineteenth century? Some men appear to heed not the signs of the times, nor to notice that the waters of theology are getting troubled in all corners of the world. One effect is obvious. Some will decry human reason altogether, and go back as far as possible into the darkness, seeking to find the Kingdom of Heaven in the past. It is not easy to understand all of the numerous classes of men, who take that course. But is the matter to end in the publication of their books; in the retrograde movements of some timid or tenacious men, of some pious men and some pharisees? They know little of the past, who will hazard such a conjecture. Four centuries ago it was contended, that the vulgate Latin version of the Bible was divine, and the infallible word of God. How many men in Europe now think it so? In the seventeenth century men contended that the Hebrew vowel points were ancient and divine; that the Alexandrian version of the Old Testament was made by miraculous help from on high. But the vowel points and the Alexandrian version have gone to their proper place. Now some men will contend, that the miraculous part of the History of Jesus of Nazareth is not worthy of belief; that the Christ, so far as we can learn, was a man, born as we all are, tried and tempted like the rest of us; man's brother, not his master; that his inspiration was only supernatural, in the sense that all truth is of God; that the Bible is divine so far as true, but no farther, and has no more right to bind and to loose than any other collection of books equally good. New questions will be asked, and will get answered. It is not many years since Transubstantiation and "the Real Presence" were

subjects of great dispute. But they have gone their way; and the windy war they once provoked seems as foolish to us — who happily live some thousands of miles from Oxford — as our contentions, logomachies, and skiomachies, will appear in the next century. No doubt in a hundred years the work of Mr. Hennell, that of Dr. Strauss, and many others of our day, will be turned over with a smile, at the folly of an age, when such books were needed; when Christians would not believe a necessary and everlasting truth, unless it were accompanied and vouched for by a contingent and empirical event, which they presumed to call a miracle! Well they might smile; but such as live in our day can scarcely see the ludicrous features of the matter. It is said to be dangerous to be wise before one's time, and truly it is scarcely decorous to be merry before it.

We cannot dismiss this work of Mr. Hennell without mentioning another from his pen, which forms a sort of sequel to the first, we mean his *Christian Theism*,* a work of singular beauty and worth. We will content ourselves with a few extracts.

“ With no hostility, then, towards Christ and Christianity may the Theist renounce his faith in miracles and prophecy; and without inconsistency may he be willing that the long train of associations which Christianity possesses with the history, the literature, the poetry, the moral and religious feelings of mankind, should long contribute their powerful influences in behalf of the cause of human improvement. Let all benefactors of mankind continue to look to Jesus as their forerunner in this great cause, and recognize a kindred mind in the Galilean who preached lessons of wisdom and benevolence in an early age of the world, and fell a sacrifice to the noble idea of introducing a kingdom of heaven upon earth. Let the good Samaritan still be cited as the example of humanity; the passover-supper be remembered as the farewell of Jesus to his friends; and God be worshipped under the character which he attributed to him,—the Father in heaven. Let painting and music still find solemn themes in the realities and fables relating to Jesus; let feasts and holidays still take their names from the events of his life, our time be dated from his birth, and our temples be surmounted by his cross.

* *Christian Theism*, by the Author of *An Inquiry concerning the Origin of Christianity*. London: Smallfield and Son, 69 Newgate Street. 1839.

“Christianity, then, has been neither evil nor useless; but out of it will proceed a further mental growth. The religion of Egypt, Judaism, Christianity, and the more advanced system, which at a future time may, by the appearance of some remarkable individual, or combination of events, come to be designated by another name, — are all so many successive developments of the religious principle, which, with the progress of mankind, will assume a form continually approaching nearer to perfect truth. And in proportion as other religions make the same approximation, it will be gradually recognized that God hath made all nations of one mind, as well as of one blood, to dwell upon all the face of the earth.” — pp. 18, 19.

“In what manner do we know a man best and most thoroughly? — By his appearance? No. — By his conversation? Better; but not so well as by experiencing his conduct in a long series of deeds. These speak in the surest manner; they speak to our moral and intellectual senses; and thus may we know thoroughly him whom we have never seen or heard.

“And thus does God chose to speak to man — by *deeds*. A more subtle mode of communication than the brightest vision or the softest whisper; but, to the thinking, more refined, more pleasing, more intelligible. Let children look for cherubim, and rhapsodists for voices from heaven; mature reason and feeling appreciate more highly Works of beauty and beneficence. In what language should God have spoken to men from heaven, or written his message in the sky? In Hebrew! In Greek! In Sanscrit! He has chosen his own language; and has he not well chosen? Does not the rose or the hyacinth speak as plainly as could any noun or participle, the verdure running before the breeze exceed the sense of any aorist, and the star rising above the wood convey more than any Hebrew point? God can do without hiphil and hophal, without pluperfect and paulo-post future: he is perfect in the language of signs, and the whole material creation is his symbol-picture to all ranks of intelligence.” — pp. 37, 38.

“With this Scripture we may be well content; and knowing that here it is appointed for us to learn all we can and ought to know of God, his nature, and his will, cease to regret the loss of that strange existence which made a capricious covenant with Abraham, or of the voice which delivered to Moses moral precepts, intermingled with directions concerning the fringe of the tabernacle and knobs of the candlestick, or of the Being who declared himself at one time long suffering and gracious, and at another denounced heavy punishments for sparing the wives and children of the vanquished. A more refined conception followed these, in so far as man’s expanding mind began to

catch the tone and spirit of nature. But nature is more durable than man's words, whether conveyed through other men's memories, or by paper and parchment. We can appeal to her direct, without help from any translator or expounder, besides our own head and heart. The God whom she proclaims is a certainty in a far higher degree than any God revealed to us through distant records, for the pledges of his existence are the things around us and within us every moment, free from all suspicion of forgery, delusion, or imposture." — p. 53.

"Honored be the spirits which have anticipated such a religion of nature, and depicted the Cause of the universe in this attractive form. The lower feelings found in the godhead a mere Jupiter Tonans, a vindictive and jealous tyrant of heaven, the partial protector of a family or chosen nation. But more enlarged thought and higher feeling described him as the King and Father of men, Jupiter greatest and best. Especially honored be he who loved to contemplate, and to address, the unseen Mind as the Father in heaven, hearing and having compassion on all men; and who taught men to avail themselves of this refuge for sorrow. Whatever else he were, he was one of those who have helped to raise and refine, as well as to strengthen, human nature. Philosophy sitting calmly in the schools, or walking at ease in the groves, could not do all that men require; the despised Galilean, with his religion of sorrow, gave strength where philosophy left them weak, and completed the armor of the mind. It was reserved for a persecuted man of a persecuted nation to open the divine depths of sorrow, and to direct men towards the hidden riches of their nature in abysses where, at the first entrance, all appeared barren gloom." — p. 60.

"The distinction between God's works and God's word no longer exists. They are the same. His works are his word. No longer need the mind which seeks its Creator be cramped within the limits of a written volume. O thou, whose earliest conceptions of a creative intelligence awakened by the sight of a wonderful world, and, seeking for further expansion, have been directed to the so-called word of God as the proper fountain of this high knowledge, where the sublimest ardor was to be satisfied, and the great idea fully developed, — hast thou never experienced something like disappointment, when, turning wearily over many pages of the boasted revelation, thou hast found but little to respond to thy nascent desires of truth, and timidity, half self-accusing, asked thyself, Can this really be that loudly extolled book of Revelation, which is to instruct men fully concerning God and his ways? Is it indeed so superior to the instruction of nature, that it deserves to be called pre-eminently

the Word of God? I find here and there high thoughts and beautiful conceptions, which shew that between the Nile and the Euphrates, as well as elsewhere, men possessed a nature capable of being moved occasionally to the contemplation of the mighty Cause of heaven and earth; but do these ancient writers really impart knowledge concerning him beyond the reach of all other sages, and speak in strains unequalled by any other muse? Alas! they seldom sustain my mind long in that high region which it was seeking; but drag it down into an earthly atmosphere of low trifling thoughts, petty local interests, and individual or national resentments. This, the book to which stupendous Nature itself was only the preface!—which the Creator of sun and skies has thought it worth while to attest by special messages and inspirations! Neither its genealogies, histories, nor poems, satisfy my want. The spirit of adoration seems to be, by long perusal of this volume, excluded from the great temple of the universe, and compressed into the holy ark of Israel, or into an upper chamber at Jerusalem. Can this book really be the highest field of human study and thought? There must be some mistake.

“Rejoice, and set thy mind free; there has been a great mistake. The book, as well as thyself, was injured by the false pretensions set up on its behalf; and the workings of the *Human* mind in remote ages, in themselves deeply interesting, rendered ridiculous by being extolled into oracles of the *Divine*. Cease to weary thyself in following Israel through the desert, and in pondering each supposed weighty sentence of prophets and apostles. Neither Moses nor Samuel, Isaiah nor Zechariah, nor Jesus, nor Paul, nor John, can speak more of God than they themselves have learned from the sources which he has placed within the reach of all, nature and man’s own mind. But look up and around, and say if man may not be well satisfied with these; and if in Orion and the Pleiades, in the green earth and its copious productions, and especially in the Godlike Human Mind itself, manifested in art, science, poetry, and action, God has not provided eloquent and intelligible evangelists.” — pp. 65 to 67.

“Jesus made *virtue* the chief qualification for partaking of the kingdom of heaven. To love God and one’s neighbor, was to be not far from the kingdom of God. And he laid particular stress on virtues of the meek and benevolent kind. Blessed are the *meek*, for they shall inherit the earth. . . . Blessed are the *peacemakers*, for they shall be called the children of God. . . . Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness’ sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Those who in spirit are like little children, rather than the contenders for greatness, are

fit for the kingdom of God. 'By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love to one another.' 'Love your enemies.' In all this, Jesus accords strikingly with the most advanced morality of the present age, which admits that the prevalence of these dispositions is the most essential requisite to the improvement of the world." — p. 10.

P.

A DAY WITH THE SHAKERS.

BETWEEN TWO and three miles northward of the centre village in the township of Harvard, Massachusetts, the traveller discerns a rustic guide board, on which is inscribed "To the Shaker Village." Uncouth name for any association of serious people seriously to adopt; yet we never hear them called otherwise. The Quakers, we all know, denominate themselves "the Society of Friends," but these people seem to have no other appellation besides this grotesque one thus placed at the road's head. Possibly, however, the town erected the board, and they did not originate the popular and current designation of themselves.

At about half a mile up this road we arrive at three or four houses of no very attractive exterior, with a large stone barn, having very much the appearance of a prison, which for the animals contained therein probably it is. At this station, which is the probationary village for such persons as propose to join the family, the visitor is met by some of the brethren, amongst whom will be found one of superior intelligence, who in good temper answers questions to which he has probably responded some hundreds of times before. Most likely the conversation turns upon the subject of self-denial, and thence naturally to their especial instance of it, that is to say abstinence from marriage. Of him you may learn that the number in the family is about two hundred persons, of whom only thirty-eight are under sixteen years of age, and not one is younger than four; that they did not settle here from any choice of this rough and sterile domain of about fifteen hundred acres, but because their founder, Ann Lee, received from the persons

who resided here during her brief earthly sojourn that cordial support and sympathy which frequently attends the career of the pious.

Passing this group of buildings, on a turn of the road to the left hand over a broad slab of rock, a street of houses is presented to the view. Some of these buildings are small and old; some are large and new. Many active laborers are in the fields and gardens, and improvements are carried on with vigor; but there is much to be done, by reason of the original rudeness of this spot, in order to bring the external appearances to a like elevation with that which common report has assigned to other stations. The orchards and gardens are the most striking achievements, and this family trades extensively in seeds.

No formal introduction is required; on the contrary, there is a general disposition on the part of both the more intelligent men and women to enter into free conversation at once upon their distinguishing practice of self-sacrifice. On the subject of abstinence from outward marriage they are as lively and energetic as recent converts. It reigns so monarchically in their hearts that they have always a stirring topic whereon to speak, and an exalting object for which to act. So far from being lifeless or indifferent about other persons, they seem to be fully aware that unless fresh comers are gathered in from the world at large, their family must decline gradually to total extinction. There is, therefore, great promptness manifested in laying their arguments before sincere inquirers, although they are not so zealous as to send forth especial missionary brethren. Words alone they may perhaps consider would be fruitless; while in conjunction with a life fully realizing them, they become almost irresistible. The family being thus sustained by the addition of convinced minds, and not by the imposition of educative habits, there will probably be ever found a degree of animation and heartfelt zeal unknown amongst other religious orders.

Our business being the purchase of a few seeds, and the gardener being occupied out of doors, the trading agent attended us to the store, and supplied the articles with an activity and business intelligence, which prove him qualified to conduct any such transactions they may have with the old world. Their trade, he informed us, amounts generally

to the large sum of ten thousand dollars a year. For persons of simple habits, desirous of relief from circumstances morally depressive, this is far too great an involvement in money affairs; but it seems to grow out of their peculiar position, and the want of true simplicity in many particulars. Their estate does not at present produce a full supply of bread-corn; most of the members, except the children, consume flesh-meat; much milk is used; and the aged amongst them still drink tea, or coffee, and the like. For these reasons some of their produce has to be exchanged, which occasions considerable traffic. To provide for their wants they also are extensive manufacturers of various clothing and other fabrics, and have to buy raw material to work upon, as well as to sell the goods when finished. These proceedings require more extensive interchanges of money, and more frequent intercourse with the world, than seems compatible with a serene life.

Yet their life is serene. The repose, quiet, and cleanliness reigning throughout the establishment are indeed as remarkable as attractive. As a retreat for the thoughtful or poetic mind, it seems most desirable. You could there "walk gowned," conscious of feelings as reverential as those which pervade the bosom of the worshipper when he enters the ancient cathedral. Nor is the superstition there, nor the outward devotion which results from the artistic effects of architecture, painting, music, and the rest. Of these they can boast none. As they have built several spacious houses for themselves, their idea has necessarily been expressed by an architecture of some character, yet wanting in most or all of those artifices which distinguish edifices erected by other religionists. The building last erected is large and plain. Externally it has somewhat the appearance of a school-house or church. Internally, however, it is divided into separate apartments, and is of several stories. Corridors in the middle, with rooms on each side, keep the whole well-ventilated, light, and cheerful. The stairs and most of the floors being covered with a home-made carpet, the foot-tread is inaudible. At this house visitors are received and entertained; and, if they remain during a meal time, here take their repast; the accommodations being reported too small to permit even all the inmates to eat together. The internal fittings of the new

house are of the most comfortable kind. Window-sashes, spring-blinds, closets, &c. are of the best workmanship and most convenient contrivances for endurance. The joinery is not painted, but varnished slightly, so that it can be cleaned with facility; and the only objection seems to be the use of close stoves instead of open fire-places. The furniture is not home-made, but is wrought mostly in a more ancient fashion still common to the country, and much more cheap than elegant or luxurious.

Here we enjoyed an animated conversation with several of the brethren and sisters, or, as they would say, men and women. They are faithful to the precept of "Aye" and "Nay" in their replies, and are as new and fresh in mind as we may suppose the Society of Friends were within sixty years of their founder's time.

It appears that in consequence of the number of visitors who came to their weekly worship, with other than devotional feelings, they have ceased to permit any chance of interruption, so that we had no optical evidences of their peculiar religious modes and forms. But their books, of which we purchased copies, show that they advocate dancing as a religious exercise, claiming for it the same virtues and station which are by most churches awarded to singing. Their scriptural confirmations of its propriety strongly fortify them in the practice, though they admit, that what was originally an involuntary emotion is now repeated as a voluntary duty.

The clearest book they have published is entitled "A Summary View of the Millennial Church, or United Society of Believers, (commonly called Shakers,) comprising the rise, progress, and practical order of the Society;" printed at Albany in 1823. This work, in the first place, reveals their legitimate title; and secondly, narrates the origin and progress of the Society under the auspices of ANN LEE, who was born at Manchester in England in the year 1736, arrived in America in 1774, and collected the first family in 1787, at New Lebanon, near Albany, in the State of New-York. Notwithstanding the difficult passage they had to steer during the revolutionary war, so as to avoid the charge of partisanship, and subsequently the still more liminary effect of their doctrine and lives, the number of believers in all the States of the Union is considered now to be over six thousand.

Their theological system is strictly scriptural. At the same time they are not mere verbalists. They say that "nothing but *the real* and abiding presence of *Christ*, by the indwelling of his spirit, ever did, or ever could *save one soul*. Such as reject *Christ*, and take their own wisdom for their guide, never were, nor ever can be saved. And in no better situation are they who profess faith in an absent Saviour, who believe that Christ was once upon earth, but is now departed to some remote and unknown heaven, where it is impossible for the weak capacities of mortals to reach him." They look upon Ann Lee as the female principle or supplementary nature to Jesus Christ, who was the male complement, and that she initiated the second advent, of which this church exhibits the progress.

As Christ did not marry, neither will true believers who really "take up the cross and follow him." The number of scripture texts in favor of a celibate life, quoted in this book, is much greater, as well as much more decisive than ordinary readers suppose; and we do not hesitate to say, they have strong authority on their side. At the same time, there is nothing gloomy in their general doctrines, nor monkish in their tone of mind. They have not yet banished all the lusts of the table, though these are evidently the excitements to other lusts which they find it to be their principal cross to restrain. They still believe in the perpetual battle against this desire, and scarcely contemplate a life on earth which shall be above this temptation in the same degree as the really sober man is superior to the allurements of the glass. Though they do say (p. 99) "The doctrine of *christian sinners*, or the idea of christians living in sin, so strenuously advocated by many, is utterly inconsistent with every attribute of God. All doctrines, which imply that real christians cannot live without sin, are inconsistent with the attributes of power and goodness, and indeed with every divine attribute. 'Whosoever abideth in him, sinneth not; whosoever sinneth, hath not seen him, nor known him.'"

In this book all the leading theological doctrines are ably discussed on scriptural and rational grounds. They esteem the Adamic fall to consist in a yielding to sexual temptation. "The temptation was first addressed to the mind: 'Ye shall be as Gods;' and thence applied to the animal

propensities, which were inferior to the rational powers. The faculties of the soul, being superior to those of the body, ought to have had the government. But when the man's animal sensations were addressed, and excited by the temptation, though he possessed a governing power in the faculties of his soul; yet he gave up that power, and gave loose to his animal desires, and under their excitement yielded to the temptation. This occasioned his fall; and hence the loss which ensued." p. 107. A doctrine which coincides with that held by most of the ancient philosophers, as narrated by Jamblichus in his work on the Mysteries. p. 250. "There is a time when we become wholly soul, are out of the body, and sublimely revolve on high, in conjunction with all the immaterial Gods. And there is also a time when we are bound in the testaceous body, are detained by matter, and are of a corporeal-formed nature. Again, therefore, there will be a twofold mode of worship. For one mode, indeed, will be simple, incorporeal, and pure from all generation; and this mode pertains to undefiled souls. But the other is filled with bodies, and everything of a material nature, and is adapted to souls which are neither pure nor liberated from all generation."

The believers have undoubtedly stronger ground than conjecture for affirming that the government of the animal propensities is what is signified by the command to abstain from the good-and-evil-knowledge tree. "As the power of generation was given to man solely for the purpose of procreation, and not for the gratification of his animal nature, the dignity of his creation required that he should maintain a greater degree of order and purity in the work of generation than was required of the inferior part of the creation, which was governed by the law of nature. This was the more essential, as the offspring of man were to be rational and immortal souls. The power was entrusted to the living and rational soul of man; and the command of God was sufficient to maintain that power so long as the soul maintained its obedience. This was the point of trial; on this depended the state and character of his offspring: for like begets like; and if parents are alienated from God, they will of course produce an alienated offspring." p. 124.

Without resorting to repetitions, which, in their disconnection, might be more tiresome than convincing, it is not

possible to do justice to their whole argument. In both the mystic and actual senses there is much truth in the doctrine of the Female Messiah. As the emblem and personification of Moral Love, Woman must ere long give the ruling tone to society ; and Love itself, as the Spirit substance, must rule in the human heart. So the woman-seed shall bruise the serpent-head.

Nor are their arguments directed against union under all circumstances. On the contrary they affirm the generative law in terms which can scarcely be gainsaid. "The original law of nature was given of God, and was very good in its place and order, and might have remained so till repealed by the Lawgiver, had it not been violated, and basely corrupted : and that it still continues to be violated in the most shameful manner, has been sufficiently proved. Therefore, those who still plead the law of nature, or the law of God, to justify sexual coition, under a pretended necessity of maintaining the work of generation, *ought first to examine their secret motives in it* ; and if they are able to lay the propensities of lust entirely aside, and enter upon that work without the influence of any other motive than solely that of obeying the will of God, in the propagation of a legitimate offspring, to be heirs of the kingdom of heaven, *then they are able to fulfil the law of nature.*" p. 145.

"It may be proper to remark, that it is not the work of generation, in itself considered, in the order of nature, which is condemned ; but it is that libidinous and lawless passion which was infused by the serpent at the beginning, and by which the work of generation has been, and still continues to be so basely corrupted ; it is that which has filled the earth with abominations, and that is the object of condemnation. If that cursed nature could be *entirely purged out of the natural man*, so that his feelings could be wholly governed by the will of God, he would feel a very different sensation in this act, and would be in no danger of violating the true order of nature by it." p. 146.

To literary minds the Shaker principles may present little of an attractive nature ; as to the artist their external appearances may indicate but a moderate love for the beautiful. Yet the truth must be affirmed that in the absence of much literature, of the fine arts, and of those studies which are

thought to be essential in human progress, they seem to be far on the road, if they have not already attained the solution of a chaste, scientific, and self-sustained life. It was a notable saying of their mother Ann, "Put your hands to work, and give your hearts to God." Here is no provision made for the disposal of the intellect. Yet they are neither void of common sense, nor of refinement. Their simplicity has not descended to rigid forms, nor to ungracious deportment. For economy they have adopted one fashion in the cut of their garments, though at first glance it is scarcely observable. The men do not disuse the ordinary courtesies of life. They are not afraid of nodding their heads to familiar acquaintances, or of bending their bodies to receive the stranger. This flexibility in behavior is attributable to their recognition of one principle, which in theological parties is as rare as it is beautiful; that is to say, the principle of progress. From what has been quoted above regarding the eternal presence of Christ as the living Spirit, we are prepared for this result. But, then, what sect is there which has not put forth, in its origin, a similar declaration? And how soon it has fallen to a verbal dogma! When the Quakers were no older as a sect than the Shakers now are, they too were an animated, lively, spirit-moved party. By the time the Shakers are as aged, they may be as sepulchral and frigid; but from the essential nature and constitution of the society we have higher hopes. In fact it seems scarcely possible that a church, which, if it continue in existence at all, must be kept together by the addition of new and integrally convinced members, should ever fall into the melancholy mood which characterizes so many parties, who at their outset most efficiently proclaimed the Spirit's work in them. The union of the two sexes in government, in influence, in religion, in chaste celibacy, is an achievement worthier of renown than many works of greater fame. The extent of its operation, and its important consequences, are yet but faintly discernible. It is also worthy of remark, that this most successful experiment of associate life, and community of property, was founded by A WOMAN.

Ann Lee seems to have had in her mind the true idea of a holy family; that of representing through the simplest domestic labors the most exalted spiritual sentiments. In

speaking to a spiritual sister she gave the following counsel : " Be faithful to keep the gospel ; be neat and industrious ; keep your family's clothes clean and decent ; see that your house is kept clean ; and your victuals prepared in good order ; that when the brethren come home from hard work, they can bless you, and eat their food with thankfulness, without murmuring, and be able to worship God in the beauty of holiness. Watch and be careful ; don't speak harshly, nor cast reflections upon them ; but let your words be few and seasoned with grace." p. 29. And her brother, though he had been bred in the rough school of the royal *Oxford Blues*, was so meliorated and humanized by her spirit, that he was wont to reprove the believers for walking about in a careless, undignified manner, as if regardless of the divine presence ; and would say to them, " In your intercourse you should salute or pass each other like angels."

Like the Roman Catholic church, this people requires of any one joining the family, that he or she should consecrate all property to the divine service ; but there is no stipulation for the bringing in of any wealth ; and not many persons rich in this world's goods have joined them. Although they have a noviciate process, their family is evidently no place for those who are merely speculating on the practicability of association. Unless the heart and hands are given up, a true union is impossible ; and where those are really and sincerely devoted, wealth cannot be retained. The soul determined to a holy life, as soon as rationally convinced of the stability of the associates, does not wait to count coins, nor does it stipulate for a possible self-renegation.

The world as yet but slightly appreciates the domestic and humane virtues of this recluse people ; and we feel that in a record of associative attempts for the actualization of a better life, their designs and economies should not be omitted, especially as, during their first half century, a remarkable success has been theirs. A further proof that whatsoever is sown in piety, must, under the sun of Divine grace, ripen to an abundant harvest.

C. L.

JUNE, 1843.

THE YOUTH OF THE POET AND THE PAINTER.

[Continued from p. 58 of last Number.]

LETTER V.

FANNY ASHFORD TO EDWARD ASHFORD.

Doughnut.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

No letter from you yet, although you have now been a fortnight at Lovedale. This is too cruel. So far as I am concerned, I am willing to have you in the country, and away from College; but for mother's sake you should write her a full account of yourself. She grieves and laments over your abrupt departure, as if you were ruined for life; and seems to think you can never retrieve your lost standing in your class. You know she had set her heart on your success; and this frightful dissolution of your collegiate bands has created a perfect dismay in her tender heart. If you will only write her a full account of it, how it all took place, she will, I doubt not, become perfectly satisfied, and you will regain your place in her affection.

Who do you think has visited us, to our evident consternation as I fear, but the illustrious head of Trifecut College, the majestic President Littlego. Of all pompous persons he is the chief; and the extreme self-sufficiency of the man put me out of patience with him in five minutes. He held a conversation with mother about you, which I will report for your benefit as nearly as I can.

"Madam," said the President, "I hope your health is good. We have had very hot weather this season; and the boys returned to their tasks without much spirit. Have you received any intelligence from your son Edward since he saw fit to leave his duties?"

"We heard from him," she replied, "through his friend, Mr. Hope."

"I hope he did not remark in that letter," said the majestic Littlego, "that any too difficult tasks had been imposed upon him by the several departments in college. We treat all the boys alike; the utmost republicanism prevails in our system; and it is impossible that Ashford should

have been overloaded with requirements. I am surprised he should have left us, and I am authorized to say by the board of control, that even now, if he chooses to return immediately, he will be permitted to again unite himself with his class. This privilege has been conceded to him for your sake Madam, no less than his own. I shall feel it my duty to correspond with Ashford on this subject;" and bowing very gravely, this majestic gentleman stalked slowly out of the parlor.

Poor mother was nearly frightened to death by this visit of the dignitary, and I fear it will hold as long in her memory as the visit of "my gracious Prince" to Mrs. Bellenden in the novel. Since you left, we have had a little party, as usual, at this time; but it went off poorly, however, as mother mourns over your absence so severely; and she, you know, is the life of all parties. Your friend Hope came, out of whom I can make nothing, except as being your friend, seemed in capital spirits, and whenever he talked with mother about you, smiled with more than his usual brilliancy. Pray write us at once.

Your affectionate

FANNY.

LETTER VI.

EDWARD ASHFORD TO JAMES HOPE.

Lovedale.

I am yet on the river, and love to float on the sparkling waters; but I feel sad and cold this sunny day. It is too solitary, I believe, yet much better than the dull noise of the city, and the stupid form at college. Nature can never be enough, yet how much better than the society of most men. I run away to the forest as if I was pursued by a demon, to avoid the fellowship of these kind-hearted people, yet know not why. I suppose we were not born in the same planet, and different colored blood runs in our veins. What a mistake that we are all brothers in this world, and how rarely we find a true brother's, or even a cousin's friendly eye fixed on us.

To-day has been pure golden sunshine since morning ; and how the day-god played with the trunks of the trees, as if the forest were one great harp. In the morning, as I sat among golden-rods, under the shade of a pine, where on every side these sunny flowers grew, it seemed as if the sunlight had become so thickly knotted and intertwined with the roots and stems of the plants and grasses, that it could not escape, but must remain and shine forever ; yet the pine tree's shadow, at sunset and before, fell long across the place, and the gay light had fled, like the few bright days of life, which fly so rapid by. The old tell us we are young, and can know nothing of life ; to me, it seems I have lived centuries, out of which I can reckon on my fingers the days of pleasure, when my heart beat high. I fancy, there is a race of men born to know only the loss of life by its joys, — to live by single days, and to pass their time for the most part in shadowy vistas, where there is neither darkness nor light, but perpetual mist. I am one of these ; and though I love nature, the river, the forest, the clouds, she is only a phantom, like myself, and passes slowly, an unexplained mystery, like my own consciousness, which shows through a want of perfect knowledge. I see myself, only as what I do not know, and others, as some reflection of this ignorance, an iceberg among other icebergs, slowly drifting from the frozen pole of birth to the frozen pole of death, through a sunny sea.

I feel, that within lies a heap of perpetual snow, encircled by a fair ring of grass and flowers, over which the sun plays, yet this central cold never melts to nourish their roots, but shines mild and graceful, though never warm. Can I ever become warm in this snowy peak ? I should be, for there alone does it seem that the air of my life is clear. I should be resigned to this penance, would society leave me to myself ; but, in addition to this pressure of inward ice, I am doomed to perpetual conflict with those around ; and I have not only my individual part to play, but to act in domestic tragedies beside.

At the earnest request of a mother, who, if too tender-hearted, has a real love for me, though of my character she understands no one part, I went to the college, in hope to burrow concealed behind stupid folios while in the house, and leave them to stand and smile grim defiance in

the face of the tutors while away. I resolved to devote so much time to one or two languages as would keep up the appearance of study, for my mother's sake, and for the rest to wander in the fields, if I could find any in the mean village of Triflecut. In doing so I felt I was acting so far for my mother, without making the life too wretched to bear. I came out of the sanctity of my little chamber at home, where at least all was in keeping, where I had memories of many a walk, my favorite books, and a few pictures, into the barren interior of the staring brick edifice at Triflecut. I recited some two or three lessons tolerably I believe, although I felt it was useless work; and went I think to five prayers. But the latter, I very soon gave over, for I could submit no longer to the dull, droning voice of the college minister, grinding out his requests for health and happiness, with not near the life of a hand-organ. I became so perfectly tired of this nonsensical stuff, that I unconsciously went in any direction sooner than to the Chapel. On Sunday, I did not go to church, and was summoned before the President, who told me I must go like a good boy to church, or be turned away; to which I replied, that I should do as I thought best, and returned to my room. I saw that in reciting our lessons to the conceited tutors, who think College is the Universe, and the President Jupiter, they had the impudence to give us marks for what we did, as if we, paying them for so much aid in our lessons, were therefore to be rewarded by them with a couple of pencil scratches. Such a system as this fell below the discipline of the school I last attended, where we had neither marks nor punishments, were neither kicked nor flattered, blamed nor praised. At College, I found we were treated, not only as machines, but to be set up or down, at the discretion of these tutors, who had merely to scratch down a mark, and thus decide our fates. This foolery I felt I could not agree to, even for my mother's sake. I was led, by what predisposition I cannot say, unless by the general idea I had of a class, called scholars, to fancy there was something romantic and beautiful in the life in Colleges. I conjured a ghost from the middle ages, dim cloisters, retired meditations, and beautiful persons, who dwelt together in a religious community, where only sunrise and twilight divided the day, and all was

order, silence, and gentle repose. I saw the pale scholar, gliding like a shade through the aisles of a solitary chapel, or studiously bent upon his mighty volume in a recess of the vaulted library. I should be one of these scholars, have my gown and spiritual republic with the rest, and take my place in mysterious debates on subjects too lofty for the vulgar eye to profane, and feel fear as I wandered in the retired court-yards, that I should never rise to the lofty place of the true scholar. I had wove some such webs, which, it is true, hung on my mother's request, before I went to Trifecut.

I found here no scholars whatever. Some young men, deficient in grace, were wearing out the elbows of their coats, in getting by heart some set lessons of some little text-books, and striving, which should commit them the most perfectly to memory. This perfection lay in the point of a tutor's pencil, and was at last decided on by the votes of a band of professors, who loved wine and puddings better than literature or art, and whose chief merit lay in keeping their feet dry. The collegians seemed lost in the microscopic side of learning; and I felt I could see no poetry there, nor get any marks, and might either wait to be formally turned out by the vote of the professors, headed by the President, or fly myself. I chose the latter.

I have had a little formal letter from the President, informing me, that I may come back, if I will be a good boy, or stay away, if I will be a bad one; I shall not reply, for I have nothing to say. It was childish to go to College, and yet more childish to stay more than one day, when I was there.

As I sat on my sand-bank to-day, looking at a finely-shaped arrow-head I had found, I could not but recall the forms of those uncivilized men who once pitched their wigwams under the groves on its border. I saw them circling me, in their mazy dance, like a company of demons come from the depths of nature, to torment me in my poor condition; they shook their long, straight hair, in raven clouds above their flat foreheads, while some maidens, who sat in a group apart, smiled on me, with those moon-like watery smiles, which make me at once frantic and powerless. Apart from the maidens, and the dancing group, to the trunk of a tree, bared for the purpose, was bound by tight-drawn sinews

a youth, whose curling hair, and pale cheeks showed he had been stolen from some other clime. Those fearful bands pressed close into his tender flesh, and it seemed the blood would gush from them every instant; yet the expression of his countenance was calm and resigned, as if the patience of years lay within his unaltering eyes; as the Indian girls smiled, I saw a fainter smile yet, of the same cast, flow over his thin cheek, and a tall, muscular chief from the dancing group raised his heavy spear and balanced it, in his upraised arm, as if he would throw it.

There was a most glorious sunset this evening, and I stood on the high bank of the river to watch it. The long line of dancing light was traced from my feet across the river, till it sunk at the foot of some black hills. The sky above was flecked with spots of fused gold, with a lake of the richest blue, surrounded by yellow banks, and crimson mountains, rolling and towering into a host of laughing rosy clouds. This is the setting of the life in the clouds, while our sunlight here falls into the arms of the black hills. Still, our little boats dance down the golden tide, play with the shining foam, and leave behind a long row of pretty bubbles, which expand and fade in an instant. I shall love better to play among the purple mountains, and the silver trees. I am haunted to-day by some figures from the sky, though O! how seldom they come.

EDWARD.

LETTER VII.

MATHEWS GRAY TO JAMES HOPE.

Easton.

MY DEAR HOPE,

I have received your letter, in which you describe your friend Edward, and wish to know my opinion, as to what you can do for him, in his present situation. I am not sure that I can offer you one suggestion on the subject, which will clear your mind of doubt, or render your duty as a friend more easy. It is not unknown to you, that I have long regarded Edward, from his connection with you, as one of my

friends ; and the various conversations we have held upon him make me feel, though I have never seen him, as if I was an old acquaintance.

He is one of a class of young persons, who have lately sprung into existence, as distinct from the youth of the last generation, as Italians from Icelanders,—the children of the new birth of the century, whose places have not been found. This mania for what is natural, and this distaste for conventionalisms, is exhibited as the popular idea, yet inaccessible to the class in which he was born, and which is the last to feel the auroral influences of reform. But not in our day will this new idea of civilization complete itself, and hence these unconscious reformers will be the last to discover their true position. They cannot unite themselves with sects or associations, for the centre of their creed consists in the disavowal of congregations, and they wander solitary and alone, the true madmen of this nineteenth century. The youth of our age will be the manhood of the next, and though Edward will not become a man of the world so deep are his peculiarities, the great number of those, who profess a like belief with him, disavow in later life the ideal tendencies of their early years. The vein in them was not a central one, which ran to the core of their existence.

I sympathize with what you say of Edward's family, and especially of his mother. Educated as she was, to say nothing of her original character, I fear she cannot stand in the right place, to see him as he is. She feels sensitive about each new step he takes, without comprehending how impossible it is for him to run astray in the vices and follies, which followed the want of occupation, in the young men she was brought up with, and asks anxiously of his every movement, how will the world regard this? forgetting, how indifferent the world is of her son's affairs. Your desire, that I should write her on the subject, with her previous knowledge of my character, I cannot accede to ; for though I am older than you, and better known, she would have more confidence in what you might furnish. If you write, I would not insist on Edward's youth, or advance the old common-places, that years will bring discretion, and experience open closed eyes, as I know you would, if you happened to be struck with the folly of the

opinion ; I would calmly ask her to wait for a season, and not precipitate her judgment, and dwell upon the exquisite delicacy of her son's character, which I do not believe either she or her daughter appreciate.

You inquire, "Do you think Ashford a poet, or simply a lover of verse, who writes by force of imitation?" What the world generally calls a poet, I believe he will never be, that is, to carefully prepare a good many dull verses, print them on the whitest paper, with notes of introduction, and engage a favorable critic to make them a pretty review. Whether he publishes anything, I consider doubtful ; but from the poem you showed me, I judge the production of verse is natural to him, and that by abundant encouragement from his friends, he may be led to write with more attention to critical rules, though for some years he will pay the least possible respect to measure and formal art. He will have a favorable beginning for a poet, and his verse become the product of necessity and nature. I am glad he inclines to so much privacy, for this port-folio literature has long had a charm for me, which I cannot value too greatly. I would do my best to inspire him with a belief in his powers, though I should make a very gradual approach to any formal criticism of what he may send. Above all, I would leave his life to himself. How many years I required to untie the dexterous noose, which the stern education of my youth knotted about my faculties, and in fact, what day passes, in which I do not wage violent war with the legends of boyhood. How much more difficult for such a person as Edward, who has scarcely any control over himself, to become free, should he once fall into the snare of custom. I hope he will remain at Lovedale, as it pleases him, for I long to hear some one brought up poetically in nature. Soon enough, time will hammer his chains of practice, if they are not forging already.

M. G.

LETTER VIII.

RICHARD ASHFORD TO EDWARD ASHFORD.

MY DEAR NED,

Doughnut.

Thou art no more to be come at than the south shore, under a north-easter, and I have abandoned all hope of

seeing your face again. I have been besought by your acquaintances, both male and female, excepting your friend Hope, to communicate with you at Lovedale in person, and so "beard the lion in his den." To say nothing of the rheumatism, of which I have had several horrible twinges lately, I hold any intrusion into your solitude a paltry business; I am willing to let you alone, and would not write you a letter for a Dukedom, was I not the only medium of communication between the main land and your island.

You have played us a snug trick, and graduated at a college of your own founding. I heard a piece of your letter to Hope, which forced the water out of my eyes, as if they had been sponges. Your magnificent explosion of the College, as if it was a fuze, and very wet at that, exceeds in comic these old plays, I am reading; and if I was not a tolerable hand at laughing these many years, I had become one at reading that. The President took an oath on the four evangelists, that you were mad as a March hare; the Board of Control washed their hands of you at once, and you are now no more a member of Triflecut, than of Bedlam. Being free of College, consider within yourself what line of business you mean to pursue, and send us word. Your mother's heart is nearly broken, if that affords you any satisfaction, while your sister thinks you a cold-hearted villain, just good enough for the State's Prison, or the Lunatic Hospital. These agreeable conclusions, to which I have arrived from actual inspection, I fear will throw a fog over your passage, and perhaps induce you to put your helm hard up, and run for some other beacon. One thing consider settled, you cannot go back to College, for they are all your mortal enemies there, except Hope, and he is a quiz.

I am authorized, by your mother, as your oldest male relative, to inform you, that you can, if you choose, return to Doughnut, and enter the office of Lawyer Smealmin, to study law. Smealmin I advised with yesterday. He is a dry, spare, plugged-looking creature, with more laws in his head than straws in a wheat-stack. He sits at an angle of forty-five degrees, and lives on apples and sour milk. In his office you will be expected to hold a law book between your face and the fire in winter, and in the summer

try to keep your temperature low, by drinking iced water, and playing the flute. In his premises are two other young gentlemen sucking law, who look plump, and appear very cheerful. I cannot form an opinion as to your fitness for the law, as a profession, but will inform you, what is expected of a lawyer, and then you will be able to judge for yourself. I was once engaged in a protracted law-suit, which lasted three years, and then died of consumption, its lungs (the lawyers) having absorbed the whole substance. If you are a lawyer, you must be able to eat two dinners every day, one with your client, and the other with the bar; to purchase a dozen volumes, bound in law-calf, and full of law-veal, or, as it is sometimes called, mutton-head. In the morning, you enter your office at half-past eight, read the paper till nine, and then, if you feel able, walk as far as the Court-house. There you are provided with a seat by the Sheriff, and cold water by the deputy Sheriff. You next stare at the Court, consisting of one or more judges, twelve jurymen, a criminal or civil case, four baize tables, and a lot of attorneys. You next begin to make motions, which consists in getting a case put off, or put on, as you happen to feel, and run your eye over the docket, which is kept at the clerk's table, in a ledger, for the accommodation of the county, and the clerk's family. If it is your case which comes on, you open your eyes wide, talk a great deal about nothing, and dine with the bar. Occasionally you will feel sleepy after dinner, but awake yourself by smoking a cigar, or driving into the country. This, my dear Ned, is the general life of lawyers, so far as I have been able to learn, into which you can be initiated, if you will only say so.

Your mother is equally willing you should study medicine with Doctor Phosphorus, whom I have also consulted. Of the two, I should prefer to become a doctor. In this case, you enter the medical College, and attend three courses of lectures, and pass one examination. Medicine seems to be a delicious occupation. You have great privileges at the dissecting room, where you will find a greasy demonstrator in a red jacket, cutting up the carcass of a refugee Frenchman, who died at the poor-house of starvation, and as nobody would bury him, took shelter here, in the pleasant society of the students. You will be in ad-

dition allowed to visit the public hospital every other day, and become acquainted with all the Doughnut paupers, who preferred to be scientifically killed by the doctors, to unskilful death in the streets by the city authorities. These form an interesting class of men, and their diseases are so exceedingly compound, that if they cannot die of one complaint, they can certainly of some other. Besides this, there is Doctor Phosphorus' private practice, who physicks all the old women *gratis*, and produces highly diseased conditions by artificial methods for the sole benefit of science and his students. The medical books are all written in what we sailors call "hog-Latin," and are far more entertaining, than if they were composed in common English; besides nobody can read them, except Doctors. As a physician you will not only be compelled to work all day, but frequently be called up at night, to visit a three-year-old infant, who eat an apple-peel in the morning, and has the gripes, besides living two miles in a straight line from your office, and when you prescribe, its affectionate parent will inform you, that she guesses it will do pretty well without any physic, and that she only wanted you to come and look at it. This, my dear boy, is a delicious manner of passing your earthly existence, and has claims on your attention, which, I fear, will prove irresistible. — There is still left to you, if you choose it, to become a merchant, in which condition many of the most respectable citizens of Doughnut pass their lives. The great art in being a merchant is, to look wise, and ride in a carriage, — to build a large house, and invite your friends to dinner. At first, very true, you must learn to cipher and write letters, but this will not detain you long, — the great thing is, to look wise, and ride in a carriage.

I, my dear Ned, have always been accounted a humorist, since I came home from my last voyage, mounted a wig, and smoked a pipe; and I believe myself, that I am more than half. As to what you really mean to do, I will not venture one word of advice, for I have been to sea all my days, and can tell nothing about what trades suit the land best. Only if you begin to do anything, stick to it, like a burr, and never desert the ship, as long as you can keep a rag dry. Set your canvass, handle your rudder, and make straight to some point by the chart of the passage. Do'n't flounder about, like a lobster-box, without a tie.

Your mother is willing to set off what property belongs to you, and let you have the whole control, now and forever, if you choose ; but I advise you to leave it where it is, for it will burn, like as not, in your pockets.

I have seen more of your friend, Hope, and I maintain what I said, the fellow is a quiz, whether he knows it or not. A good boy, though, and I am glad he takes so much interest in you. The rarest thing in this life is a true friend. Interest ties us mostly together, and our chains are made of bank-bills. The golden bracelets of love unite very few.

Your Uncle,

DICK.

LETTER IX.

EDWARD ASHFORD TO JAMES HOPE.

How much more we see of nature in some moods, than in others. It seems, I could be for an instant content in the sunny beauty of the calm, autumn day. I cannot blame my constitution, that varies its sympathy so often, but I mourn I am cold and indifferent to the common customs and occupations of men. If each man has been entrusted with the gift of doing some one thing better than another, how happens it, I discover no pursuit which seems my rightful destiny ?

At times, I think I must be a poet ; and am armed with a strong resolve to compose some verses, which shall utter the music of my thoughts. The rhymes come, the essence is wanting, and what I meant for song, has only its form. I am desirous to be as humble as a child. If I am granted any success, how proud I shall feel ; I never ask for a greater blessing. I have this ardent desire after verse, if I begin to write, I can think of nothing else, either when walking, or in the house. Some spirit inhabits the else empty chambers of my mind, and leads me after this mirage, over the bare fields of existence, and entreats me to quench its thirst at the sweet spring of poetry. When I write, and see what poor success I meet,

I feel more dispirited than before. Was it once thus with the masters of song? I should be glad, had they left the record of their experience in their mighty vocation, for I might then be better prepared to fail. There remains only their beautiful success, and it is impossible to believe they faded beneath these harrowing disappointments, under which I lie cold and sorrowful. I read the sublime strains dejected by my feeble trial to follow their daring footsteps, and have concluded many times, that I cannot be a poet. Again the desire comes, again I long to sing, and add a new thorn to my pillow in my failure.

You cannot think how singular it is, you should say I was born a poet. Your keen eyes, that usually search every secret, have been blinded by love. You do not see, with the impartiality of a stranger, of what in another, you call trifling with the muse, you think, because I send it, poetry. I lately wrote some verse which I send you, as I do not feel like writing more to-day.

E. A.

AUTUMN.

A VARIED wreath the autumn weaves
Of cold grey days, and sunny weather,
And strews gay flowers and withered leaves
Along my lonely path together.

I see the golden-rod shine bright,
As sun-showers at the birth of day,
A golden plume of yellow light,
That robs the Day-god's splendid ray.

The aster's violet rays divide
The bank with many stars for me,
And yarrow in blanch tints is dyed,
As moonlight floats across the sea.

I see the emerald woods prepare
To shed their vestiture once more,
And distant elm-trees spot the air
With yellow pictures softly o'er.

I saw an ash burn scarlet red
 Beneath a pine's perpetual green,
And sighing birches hung their head,
 Protected by a hemlock screen.

Yet light the verdant willow floats
 Above the river's shining face,
And sheds its rain of hurried notes
 With a swift shower's harmonious grace.

The petals of the cardinal
 Fleck with their crimson drops the stream,
As spots of blood the banquet hall,
 In some young knight's romantic dream.

No more the water-lily's pride
 In milk-white circles swims content,
No more the blue weed's clusters ride
 And mock the heaven's element.

How speeds from in the river's thought
 The spirit of the leaf that falls,
It's heaven in this calm bosom wrought,
 As mine among those crimson walls.

From the dry bough it spins to greet
 Its shadow in the placid river,
So might I my companion meet,
 Nor roam the countless worlds forever.

Autumn, thy wreath and mine are blent
 With the same colors, for to me
A richer sky than all is lent,
 While fades my dream-like company.

Our skies glow purple, but the wind
 Sobs chill through green trees and bright grass,
To-day shines fair, and lurk behind
 The times that into winter pass.

So fair we seem, so cold we are,
 So fast we hasten to decay,
Yet through our night glows many a star,
 That still shall claim its sunny day.

SOCIAL TENDENCIES.

“THE DIVINE END IN SOCIETY IS HUMAN PERFECTION.”

[Continued from Dial for July.]

OUR organic reforms are not organic enough. Or rather organic reform throughout all forms and all organism will never reach to the life which is in the organ, and that most needs reform. Change the present social order altogether, and introduce forms entirely new; let the organs of exhibition and imbibition for social man be newly created, still man himself, who is the being in the organism, remains unchanged. He is thereby made no better, and it is his bettering which is the one desirable end. Whereas if he were elevated, the organization and form of society would necessarily be also elevated. Were man drawn to the centre, all his circumferential motions would be harmonious. Few truths are now more obvious than that reformers themselves need to be reformed. So will it be visible with regard to associative experiments. They cannot be better than the men and women who jointly make them; upon whom, after all other expedients, the work of reform has to be commenced.

It is not then by means of a vision seen from his present state, that man can project a better life. But by living up strictly to-day to his deepest convictions of rectitude, there may be opened to him new and deeper consciousness to-morrow. Thus not from day to day will he project new schemes, but from day to day he lives new life. And in this faith, both the scoffer and the hopeful may find a common ground for union. This seems to be the mastering obstacle. This is the thread which it is so difficult to wind up, — a golden thread too, hanging down from heaven to earth preserving unbroken man's celestial relation. Man appears to progress by a certain law in which time is not an essential element. He may be as long as he will, before he takes a second step, but he can never attain to the third until the second is complete. Social infancy has no fixed period, but youth must come next, and manhood afterwards. Let the boy be ever so old in years, yet as long as his delight rests in playing at marbles and other childish pursuits,

he never ranks as an adult. Our social youth stays too long playing at commerce in the market-house. His commercial marbles have rolled into all places and things, foul and clean, from heaps of human flesh to linen and silk, and his fingers are yet unwashed.

Though none of our projectors may yet have alighted on it, there is undoubtedly somewhere discoverable the true avenue to human happiness. The idea of a true life is almost a universal intuition, and by consequence that the present life is false. Admitted to be possibly in order when contemplated as a whole from beginning to end, yet by the pain we experience, we know it to be but the order of disorder. Invisible, inaudible, intangible as are pain and pleasure, of their reality none can doubt, and such knowledge should suggest that deeper realities are also in the hidden and spirit-world. Amongst such realities this of a true life may there be learnt. In no other quarter may it successfully be sought. Whence man receives the intuition of true life, thence he should seek the knowledge of what it is. They, who have received this information from men by tradition, will naturally look to men for the solution, and to scientific facilities as the means. But they, who have the higher authority of a nature for it in themselves, will look in the same direction for further advice. To such the question now remaining is rather that one only, "What are the hindrances to the realization of true life?" For they no longer doubt that there is a true earthly life to be realized.

Consistently with their metaphysics, the advocates of the omnipotence of circumstances may plead, that the great and prevailing hindrances to heroic and virtuous existence lie in the very many untoward conditions by which humanity is surrounded. But the really courageous heart takes a different view; and, looking broadly as well as deeply at the facts, is free to admit that the great difficulties do not reside in the circumambient materialities or spiritualities; neither in the world of actual life nor in that of opinion, but in the being itself. Human degeneration is a self-act. To an escape from degeneration human volition is necessary. The primary hindrance to holy life is to be found in the Will itself. Men are not yet disposed for it; they are not yet Willing. In their self-willedness, active and

deep, and all-prevalent as it is, there is no room for the universal will and impulse to enter. To which the circumstantial philosopher replies to the effect, that man makes not his own will or disposition, but that it is made for him by circumstances. Not to wander too deeply into the question of free will, nor to assume more than may without prejudice be conceded, we may confine the assertion to these limits, that so far as man knows what is true and good, and is at liberty to act up to his knowledge, he does not do so. There is not a resignation to the absolute true so far as it is revealed. There is not a sect nor perhaps a man at this moment acting fully up to their knowledge and perception of right; and that not because of any obstructive influence in the circumstances, but from a lack of courage or self-denial, or self-resolution, of which there is at the best and calmest moments an entire consciousness. Each one apprehending the inmost truth has to say, it is in myself that the principal hindrance lies. The primal obstruction is in myself, or rather is myself. Something in the nature of a sacrifice, a giving up, a forbearing to take, is needful on my part; and no outward influence prevents my practising this, which my heart and my head, my feelings and my rational powers alike demonstrate to be the first great needful step in human melioration.

Either this principle is denied, or it is admitted. If denied, on account of the supremacy of circumstances, then men must be left to suffer and complain, until the despot circumstances shall be changed by some other circumstances, which are to be generated of circumstances in some manner yet hidden. But if the principle of man's self-power, or heaven-derived influence be admitted, then, we say, the point is clear, and every one has to avow, it rests with me to let the world be amended. I have a revelation of the good and true, which is not yet realized so far as I am capable of elevating it to practice, and I am not justified in looking abroad for reasons for my inertia, when I am sensible that the defection is in my own will, in myself, in the very identity and individuality of my own existence. Next to the hindrances which a man discovers in his own inmost existence, may be ranked those moral obstructions which grow out of his own wilfulness. The opinions, thoughts, modes of reasoning, which form, as it were, the

store of his mind, have been all collected or formed by that will or wilfulness which is his grand misfortune. They accord with it; they are almost one with it. In case, however, of a conversion of will, or of a semi-conversion, which is a disposition to good, these mental stores are seen to be prejudices, conjectures, and habits difficult to be overcome. These form the glass through which we doubly see all other men and all created things. "Such is the condition of man," says Dugald Stewart, "that a great part of a philosopher's life must necessarily be spent, not in enlarging the scope of his knowledge, but in unlearning the errors of the crowd, and the pretended wisdom of the schools." These may be called accumulations on the outside of the soul; and amongst these may also be classed those appetites and passions whose indulgence takes place through the body. For they do not, as is sometimes assumed, belong to the body. The attractions of eating and drinking and other sensualities are not attributed to our physical nature. Greediness is a vice of the soul, which is only manifested, not originated, in the body. It is sometimes embodied in heaps of gold and silver, at other times in popular applause, or private ease, at others in viands and stimulants, at others in wife and children. These are but its modes of life; the passion itself is in the soul; and it but goes forth and reënters through the portals of the senses. Such are amongst the most potent obstacles to present progress. It is not difficult to obtain mental assent to beautiful creeds, doctrines, or speculations, which demand no practical change in habits or diminution of personal indulgence; but whenever it is proposed in the smallest degree to abridge gratifications which hinder the soul's clearness, and really prevent progress in goodness, the intellectual powers become suddenly active, and energies are exhibited which by their self-origin put to ignominious flight the notion, that man is always mentally ruled by mental circumstances. For an original intellect of comparatively surprising acuteness suddenly springs up. It is not until these formidable opponents within doors are subdued, that we need look abroad for any reasons to account for the non-attainment of our convictions of true life. These have, however, been so frequently exposed and so diligently assailed, that there

seems little occasion to dwell further on them. They have their origin in the same source where as our individual obstacles are accumulated. Every opinion and principle, right or wrong, commenced in an individual mind, and the congregate acceptance of these we call church and state, according as they relate to sacred or to secular affairs. The prejudices of art, science, taste, and profession are not small, yet they may all more or less be escaped, until they take the concrete nature upon them, and become part and parcel of church or state. So long as they remain unstamped by either of these seals, their plastic nature remains in a semi-fluid condition, and the strong-minded individual may counteract their oppressions. But as soon as warm spontaneous thoughts are chilled into orthodoxy, the fluid stream, which would facilitate our progress, is frozen into an unyielding barrier.

The clearness with which men see that the present state of human affairs is incapable of furnishing to them the desirable results for which they live, is the hopefulest indication observable in the moral horizon. No noisy demagogue, no exciting writer is needful to the production of this state of mind. Even those, who thrive most brilliantly on what is deemed the prosperous side of social arrangements, are ready to admit their inefficacy for permanent good. Life at the heart appears to be a toilsome engagement in a process which has no termination; a preparation for which there is no post-paration; a perpetual circulation of steam-engine and machinery which do no work beyond moving themselves; a hunting in which nothing is caught; a shaft without an aim; a pursuit without a goal.

These are the feelings and views in considerate minds, and next follow speculations for the future. Led, or rather misled, by the rule of experience, men have in vision beheld a public social state, in which every family being developed, every want satisfied, every tendency elevated, existence should become as redolent of bliss as now it is of woe. Competition, punishment, dogmatism, private property being banished, there would remain coöperation, pleasure, freedom, common property, and a cessation of every evil would ensue. But on examination it must be concluded, either that such plans do not proceed far enough, or that they are projected in a wrong direction. They

seem to be made too dependent on extensive scientific arrangements, into which we do not glide in an almost unobservant manner, as the growth of animate bodies proceeds, but there is a strained effort to a preordained result more comparable to the erection of a dead granite building than the perfection of a living being. The future state of man will not be any one that is scientifically prophesied, although scientific prophecies may have some influence; and so far as they are utterances from the law of life in man, they must influence. But in action, men proceed socially as they do artistically. Human society is in fact an art, and not a science. It is erroneous to treat it exclusively in a scientific manner. The "science of society" is a phrase and an expression of feeling which must be superseded by that of the "art of society," which includes, too, the all of science which is needful, but in a subordinate manner only. The social art is the engagement and occupation of the true artist. And as the divisional artist instinctively proceeds to utter himself through such materials as he finds lying about, whether they be rough or refined, so the social artist manifests, by the like unerring instinct, the law of his being in new life, through whatever social or human materials may be present. Both work instinctively. The law of criticism is to be developed from their works, and their works cannot be constructed according to a prescribed critical dogma. So far as this artist-spirit is born, there is an actual effort to embody it in some work. The artist-spirit always recoils from the dictation of science, to obey which, would indeed seem to be like a submission of the painter's design to the colors and pencils. Society attempted wholly on scientific principles, without the central artistic nature, would be found as impracticable as the opposite attempt of producing an outward work or object of art without the aid of science. It is in the marriage of the two, that the resulting offspring of an outward social existence is possible. As to painters, poets, and sculptors, so there is a perpetually new revelation to the social artist, but it comes not through science. Science lies on the other side; and it is from the social artistic nature, through science as a means, that the revelation is to be made manifest. This art, like all others, is progressive; and the progress of science, originally an issue from it, yet aids

it. The music-art developed musical instruments, and scientific improvements lend an aid in return to the artist in his expressions. These are the relative positions of art and science; and if scientifically arranged associations have not yet met with that cordial response which their benevolent projectors anticipated, they should be reminded that this omission is necessarily fatal. Without the feminine principle, without piety, without poetry, without art, as the primal origin, the prevalent idea, no project seems worthy of the time and thought required in the attempt to realize it.

Society is worthy in the degree in which art, in this sense, rules in it. Because there is no poetry, no warmth now in it, is the soul moved to a change. The wrecks of feudalism served long to sustain the succeeding crafts and guilds; but these stores being all exhausted, and science having swept up every scrap of chivalry to be converted into bread, the skill of political economists being now worn to its last remnant, some change is demanded to succor the famished soul. Now, it is very certain that man in this state will take up that which lies nearest to his hand. He appears individually incapable of much;—so that a bold conduct on the part of scientific projectors may elicit a support they do not legitimately claim. Such a course would merely amount to another chapter in the present order of disorder, a beautifying on the outside, and would not be very productive of either good or harm. We shall, in that case, simply have to return, or rather we shall still have to discover the right course.

Again man will adopt that which next is offered, and unless that is in harmony with his true progress, the result is again disappointment. There are, however, always two roads lying equally near to his feet. One is really out of his way, but seductive; the other is the true way, but is at the outset repulsive. Hitherto he has oftenest travelled out of his way, or the outer way, and has not really taken up that pursuit which lay next him. He still looks abroad for that which he can find only at home. He seeks in science that which dwells alone in art. Really that which stands next to a man to do, is to live up this day, this hour, to the best intuition of which he is sensible. This is an inner road which it is hard to travel, but the principle is that

which all moralists have enunciated, and which they who most diligently pursue, are oftenest charged with deserting

How mistaken men are as to the cause of their unhappiness, or how unready they are to admit it, is evident in the great variety of subjects to which human misery has been attributed. Hereditary monarchy, hereditary aristocracy, a law-established church, corrupt parliaments, national debts, taxation, machinery, education, ignorance, over-production, over-population, excessive commercial enterprise, banking, and various other facts have been suggested to account for the discontented condition of man. It only needs a geographical survey to see that in countries, where most of these afflictions are unknown, happiness does not yet attend man. A survey of the old or eastern continent of the globe shows almost no nations exempt from most of these forms of ill; and from the rest, the greater part of the new continent is exempt. It is not to be denied that more or less of physical misery abounds, as these forms of evil more or less prevail, but the soul-sickness seems to depend little on these causes. When the English emigrant escaped from the dark and dismal miseries of the manufacturing town of his birth, to the American swamp, he no more left behind him the origin of unhappiness than he did his mother tongue; and we must not be surprised to find his descendants heirs to one, as well as to the other. Misery they inherit as a generation; language they learn to lisp by education. But the initiation of both is equally certain, and from the same source. This fact is, we trust, becoming too well known to permit many more classes of ephemeral reforms or exoteric amendments to be seriously proposed or extensively relied on by mankind. It ought to be well understood that to rely so much on external plans, which are to be worked by others, is the most backsliding and treasonable treatment conceivable of that original impulse which is the basis of our amending desires. These persons and these plans become the great deluders. Their operation is that of throwing a tub to the whale. Minds which left alone would become intense in purpose, clear in thought, and strong in action, have been induced to lean on crutches, which will let them down into the mire. As soon as the weight is really placed on them, they break. Echoes of the great sounds of political economy,

which but a few years ago promised emancipation to man, have not all died away. At this forge were to be wrought machines to support men in every predicament. Yet how soon these fires are cold, and the hammers silent. Economy as a science has been as little prolific of good, as factious party politics. So do all short-sighted schemes wear out, and we have to return to the primitive stimulant which moves us. Were this the universal course, there would be no want of outward concurrence. In fact this is the only sound mode for its attainment. Outward union is not brought about by calling for it, but by the like spirit working in all men. We have now to see whether the present appetite is really one in all the individuals, which is partly to be known by the sort of food it craves. We have to ascertain whether the new spirit is an unfolding from the universal basis, and if it tends to one social order.

Viewed broadly, and as a whole, there is much that is cheering in the moral prospect. A deeper sense, a purer tint, seems spread over all moral thought. Wit has possibly run almost to the end of its barren career, and must await the coming up of affection.

In the general demand throughout the world for reformed government, we remark one of the workings of the youthful spirit. It is not by an accident; it is not by local association that men have become thus like-minded. Sympathy comes not by the rubbing together of corrupt human frames. Unity in mind is not generated by the aggregation of bodies. We may no longer fancy that men are urged as of old to a demand for political privileges by local or temporary scarcity of bread. We can no longer believe that the "*vox populi*" issues only from an empty stomach, though in famishment it requires a deeper, bolder, wilder tone. The politician now seeks rather by the organization of imposing numbers, than the array of physical instruments, to attain his end. His argument now is accumulation of minds, not the best dry gunpowder. He is no believer in force by bodies; or at least his idea of physical power is changed from that of muscular energy, to that of mind, as the mover. This is at length brought in as the primary element in the new political compound, and is the heart in the modern tyrant "public opinion;" a heart which joined with an undivided head and an unbroken

body would be unbearable. But integrity the body never had, and never can have. Integrity is not constituted of an aggregate collection, and this is the highest unitive idea which occurs to the mind of the political reformer.

This is the very infancy of central thought; the crudest notion of unity. The development of but one leaf more in the human bud exposes the externality of this object, and effects a reaction inwards, throwing the mind more consciously on itself, when the idea of universal education is next vividly entertained. Hence over-honest politicians expand into educationists. As soon as it is perceived that wise and liberal government is only possible with wise and liberal citizens, the effort is to make them so.

No thinker, at least no benevolent thinker, can have missed of the idea of universal education. The redemption of all mankind from the degradation of ignorance is the aim of every true scholar. The student who labors incessantly in his closet, apparently for himself only, is working for the entire human race, whether he knows it or not; and ultimately he discovers this fact with exceeding joy. The joy of aiding human emancipation by pure mental means is unknown to the political agitator, who is only tolerable in the roughest sketchings of social thought. Even the sluggish conservative joins in schemes of education, though with a different motive. For he perceives the assuaging effects of literature and gentle pursuits, and relies on them to tame the public spirit, and spare him a little longer the position wherein he stands.

There is a stage in human development where the frivolity of politics, and the short-coming of education are rendered manifest. At this stage, a deeper work is demanded. Political reform succeeds political reform, and men are no better—and no happier. Education proceeds, and with it, penitentiaries and jails, hospitals and insane asylums are multiplied. Churches compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and the result is as of old.

The consciousness of such results frequently drives men back to individual narrowness. In his fruitless reliance, the publicist turns misanthrope. In contemplation of perverse humanity, the mentalist sinks into the book-collector, the literary critic, or the speculatist. The churchman becomes a skeptic.

Some few, qualified to act a leading part, are neither misanthropic, nor visionary, nor skeptical under any want of outward success. They are lovable, real, and faithful. But they are not found on every hill-side, nor in every study, nor in every factory. In courts and colleges we seek them not. With spade, or mallet, or shuttle in hand, they are to be found, full of youth, and practicality, and hope. Of what they really stand in need, many such are yet unaware. Their immediate object is nearly as obscure as the deep-moving impulse. Collected, located, united, they would be as a city seated on a hill; while dispersed, they are unknown to each other, and are overshadowed by the dark mass of the world, by which they are either to be wholly hid from light, or suffered to rise in egotistic splendor equally fatal to all good.

These are willing laborers; they shrink not from physical nor from mental duties: they desire not to avoid the outward responsibilities, in making a provision for the inward life. The lower necessities they joyfully submit to, for the happiness of the higher freedom. The love-spirit is strong in them potentially, as the labor-principle is present in them actually. The unitive means alone seem wanting, the mediator between love and labor.

Baffled, beset, or persecuted by the old hindering spirit, as progressive newness ever has been, the first aim is now, as in all foretime, to erect a fence against such assaults. The few new must defend themselves from the many old. The first duty — spirit-integrity; the first law — spirit-conservation, demand such a course. The most beautiful corollary of this law, the conservation of good in the whole, equally enforces it.

Are the few new yet numerous enough or strong enough to erect this fence in the outward world? Are they prepared to be this stockade? Are they sufficiently potent and certain in being? Rude may be the assaults attempted from without, but ruder far are those which must be mastered within. Man meets with a great enemy in the declared opponent; he finds even a greater in false friendship; but his greatest enemies are in his own heart; verily, just where his greatest friend also abides. And there they are, face to face, the fiend and the friend. Which shall triumph? Shall we have the strength of friendship to join the old

world in its hindering negation, or shall we be embraced by the love in friendship, and join the new world in its creative affirmation? Onward we must. The distinguished mission of the love-enlightened is to create a new sphere for the acting man; to construct a new cradle for the infant humanity, to nurse the new-born, to tend the weak, to foster the needful, to enlighten the dark, to sympathize with the lowly, to meliorate the arrogant, to sweeten the bitter.

Creation, construction, generation, not of life itself, but of new, beautiful, harmonious modes of it, is now man's great work. He is to open a place, to clear an arena for the manifestation of spirit under a new aspect. This precinct must be kept pure and unspotted from the world, free from old corruption in food, in raiment, in law, in commerce, in wedlock. Holiness, innocence, lustre must overspread all things, inspire all acts, permeate all being. Such a commencement shall be as the Word in the Beginning, in the ever Beginning; a seed whose tree shall overshadow all nations, and find sap for its roots in every soil.

Although future events are not to be read out of the past, yet may the coming be glanced at from the same point which generated the past, and generates the present. If there be any one fact in human existence deserving the character of universal, it is, that every human being enters the world as the member of a family. The creator, in using two human instruments to produce a third, maintains an irreversible decree, which may not be left unconsidered. The family may now be an example of anything rather than of amity; yet exist it must; and from this relationship all action must be dated. Marriage is something more, and something better than a contrivance for the perpetuation of the animal nature. Universal love rather than old-bachelor philosophies may suggest that public kind of treatment of children, which has so often been discussed, yet at the same time there seems no greater infraction of universal love in parental than in connubial affection. Moral sympathy is the basis of wedded union; a mental likeness precedes the liking, and these elements, no less than physical similarity, are repeated in the offspring. Were entire separation of parents and children decreed at the earliest movement which physical sustenance permits, sym-

pathy and likemindedness would, in no small number of cases, generate an unerring family register. Affection then is something; sympathy, passion, tendency, genius, are to be taken into the account. Falsely fed hitherto, they yet are true wants in human nature. Universal love is ever manifested in individual acts, and on individual objects in different degrees. Divinity itself has not made the tree and the man susceptible of the same amount of divine love; yet the love is one. Neither can man, though he love all objects with the same love, love them all in the same degree. The family then need not be a hindrance to a love for the whole human race. Nor indeed is it so; though not unfrequently is it made the apology and excuse for unloving conduct. Where the family originates in self-love, its existence is likely enough to manifest the fact in the strongest manner. Marriage and children do not generate selfishness, but selfishness generates them. Marriage is the mode of it with the married, as is single life with the bachelor and the spinster. Marriage and its results are not more corrupting than any other social institution; they do but serve to declare in the most marked manner, the power which rules in humanity. By its fruits the human tree is known.

Considerations of the kinds here glanced at, indicate the possibility for human emergence by easier transition than is presented in extended scientific arrangements. While the family kindred is a universal ordinance, it is equally certain that every individual is related to the whole human race; yet not in the same degree. Divine justice would scarcely be perceptible in making the improvement or health of one individual wholly dependent on the improvement and health of every other. In a measure, it is so; but the relation of some is so distant, that the influence scarcely reaches. And, at all events, the more it is so, the more potent the outward influence may be deemed — the greater is the urgency for individual healthfulness. So of the family. In the mere fact of association, families will not be improved. In the scientific and artistic association of families, something may be attained, but such an arrangement calls for skill in outward arrangements and knowledge of human materials, which the world has not yet witnessed. And, in the mean time, the regeneration of

any one should not be so wholly dependent on the regeneration of all. The one willing should not be a victim of the unwilling many. Moreover it is at least questionable whether individuals or families can be harmoniously associated until harmony reigns in them individually.

The family has no more received justice at the hands of the world than the individual has. Institutions, laws, customs, habits, are as opposed to the well-working of true family as of true individual life. Yet it is the fashion to condemn the one as the origin of social ill, and to pity the other as the victim. Public life commits a serious error, on its own principles, when it recognizes individuals, or rather individual man only without admitting female influences to a like extent. Society is male, not family, not humane. The sacredness of the family has only been talked about; while really it never has been profaned. The supremacy of the family has not so much as been contemplated. Church, state, commerce, wealth, wit, command. To the external forms of some of these all family claims succumb; and although, as an idea, it has been mentally entertained, and, as a fact, has had its influence, yet the position which to the family duly belongs has never been awarded. In this the Church and State should live. In this alone should they be exhibited in outward form; living form. On no other basis can living forms depend. Neither Church, nor State, nor Commerce can produce one living human being. They are but dead externals, animated by so much of life as creeps into them from the family origin. Commerce should consist in the interchanges of affection. The State is rightfully the family economies: in this all questions of law, of government, of justice should be discussed and determined. The Church is nowhere, if not in the holy family: its prayers, its sacraments, its praises are hourly, continually repeated.

The necessity for permitting what may be called the female element in society to grow up in its due proportion, has recently pressed more and more upon the mind. Woman and her rights, duties, and position, is the theme for many pens. In almost all cases, whether of male or female authority, the mistake seems to exist, that whatever advance woman may make in the social sphere, is to take place by reason of a concession granted by man. This is clear-

ly so large a vice in the premises, that the consequences must be vicious too. It must not be so. Man may indeed cease to hinder woman's just life; but with no other sentiment than that until now he has been in error; he has done too much, and he must now do less that the right may be.

In many other ways, also, we may catch glimpses of a coming newness, as much broader in outward character than the present, as it is deeper in spirit-origin. That origin really may be one, but in the apparent world it works step by step. First one round of the ladder is mounted, and then another is attained, leading unto a third. We have only to be certain that we do go upwards, and are not merely shifting our feet and coming back continually to the same level. Clearly this is too much the case; or rather it has been. Let us hope the world is wiser now. And there is so much the greater promise, inasmuch as for the bettering of both man and his conditions, the greater part of the achievement consists in that easy process of ceasing to do. The honest man inquires, "shall I go into trade?" and the prompt response is "no." The aspirant says "shall I benefit men as a legislator?" and common sense replies "you cannot elevate man by degrading yourself." The pious mind would find in a church the fraternal sphere which conscience tells him the hireling desecrates. How much of that which exists, must the new man cease to touch. Neither wealth, nor public life, nor church, as at present known, presents an attraction to him which he dare accept. Cleanliness of hand, of head, of heart, are not found compatible with these things. As the laws against smugglers, or slave-traders, they are nought to him. He touches them not; they touch not him; unless indeed as affording ground for false accusation, of which no small share awaits him. In this sense of living out of the present order, the progressive man may be said to outlive it. And daily are the ranks of such progressive men augmented. It is the legitimate order of human progress in this twofold manner to effect its purpose. He who abstains from alcohol, effectively destroys the distilleries, and need not be so unwise as to strike his mallet against the building. Active destructiveness is not the function of the true man, but his cessation of use causes by-gone customs to fall off like tattered garments.

Practically, the steps will be gained somewhat after this manner. More and more recruits will daily be enlisted from the old crowd, and swell the orderly of the new phalanx; but let it not be forgotten that the family relations cannot be lightly or irreverently treated. Not in public halls, but around the hearth-stone it ever has happened that improvement has been first discussed. Not in the noisy bustle of life where they are preached, but in the quiet recesses of home, all high, dignified, and heroic actions have their origin. In the family, the last, the noblest, the redeeming secret lies hid. Perhaps it is true that in this circle man's fall originated, and in it is perpetuated; but logically and retributively that fact should at least not preclude, if it does not confirm the prognostic, that in the family are to be sown the permanent seeds of new life.

Man's healthfullest feelings are of home-origin. Even the most ambitious will confess this. Catch the busy scribe, on whose pen the public waits for its miserable newspaper-wit, or for its political instructions, and he will own he hopes by his labors to make his family happy. — Speak in private with the orator, and he will admit that between the shallow pretensions of his cause, and the stimulants necessary to keep up his frame, he is a ruined being. Of the wealth-seeker we need make no inquiry. His only pretence for chicane is the protection of his family from his own morally disastrous process. These pursuits are so foreign to the legitimate purpose of life that devotion to them is social and domestic death; and, as far as permanent good is concerned, the world has to be ever begun anew. The public sentiment which now condemns war, and slave-trading, and hanging of men, must extend its condemnation to the quieter and subtler contrivances of legislation, and tradecraft, and presscraft, which more certainly obstruct the attainment of human happiness. These institutions are equally fatal to the reign of the human family, and the highest, purest human affections on earth. While the sceptre is in the hands of an artificial and factitious father called King, or Governor, or President, it cannot be with the true parent. All usurped dominion has to cease before the lawful empire can be commenced. To this consummation, as we predict, there is a strong tendency. Notwithstanding the great activity infused into the

present order, there is little faith anywhere in its stability. Thrones, credits, estates, fame, may almost be calculated at so many years' purchase. But there is not yet so clearly presented, as some minds desire, that unity on which a new faith is to be built. Here lies the difficulty in the new movement. Men cannot give up the old rites and ceremonies of the church, until they are vitally sensible of the ever present God within their own hearts. Men cannot abandon courts of law and state legislation, until they are fully conscious of the permanence of eternal justice and divine law in themselves. Men cannot give up the pursuit of wealth, until they are quite convinced that they are themselves the true riches of the earth. It is not on the exchange, it is not in the public assembly, it is not in the formal church that men will become aware of these deep truths. Hence the quivering anxiety to draw them to the meeting and the mart. The great opponent of death, as the great friend to life, is privacy. Quiet, serenity, vigor of soul, originality of thought are fatal to a system which lives by noise, bustle, decrepitude, and imitation.

Sacred precinct is the family : and supreme it should be also. Every home-act should be as sacred as the secretest emotions in the soul ; effusing a perpetual sabbath. Every humane action is a sacrament, every human effort a work of art, having for object its own construction. This is the great end in creation. But humanity can only work in this order, when connected livingly, purely, generatively with the creating spirit. Until then, all is disorder, chaos, profanity. All that attracts men, all that engages their attention, is only tolerated on the excuse of its subserviency to the sacredness of home ; a sacredness which is pretended to be upheld by the very processes which violate its sanctuary, so that really it is not. Men are hopefully asking why this illusion should be prolonged. And as no satisfactory response is heard, they ask it more and more earnestly. Their earnestness is the omen of its downfall.

C. L.

ETHNICAL SCRIPTURES.

CHINESE FOUR BOOKS.

[PRELIMINARY NOTE. Since we printed a few selections from Dr. Marshman's translation of the sentences of Confucius, we have received a copy of "the Chinese Classical Work, commonly called the Four Books, translated and illustrated with notes by the late Rev. David Collie, Principal of the Anglo-Chinese College, Malacca. Printed at the Mission Press." This translation, which seems to have been undertaken and performed as an exercise in learning the language, is the most valuable contribution we have yet seen from the Chinese literature. That part of the work, which is new, is the Memoirs of Mencius in two books, the Shang Mung and Hea Mung, which is the production of Mung Tsze (or Mencius,) who flourished about a hundred years after Confucius. The subjoined extracts are chiefly taken from these books.]

ALL things are contained complete in ourselves. There is no greater joy than to turn round on ourselves and become perfect.

The human figure and color possess a divine nature, but it is only the sage who can fulfil what his figure promises.

The superior man's nature consists in this, that benevolence, justice, propriety, and wisdom, have their root in his heart, and are exhibited in his countenance. They shine forth in his face and go through to his back. They are manifested in his four members.

Wherever the superior man passes, renovation takes place. The divine spirit which he cherishes above and below, flows on equal in extent and influence with heaven and earth.

Tsze Kung says, The errors of the superior man are like the eclipses of the sun and moon. His errors all men see, and his reformation all men look for.

Mencius says, There is not anything but is decreed; accord with and keep to what is right. Hence he, who understands the decrees, will not stand under a falling wall. He, who dies in performing his duty to the utmost of his power, accords with the decrees of heaven. But he who dies for his crimes, accords not with the divine decree.

There is a proper rule by which we should seek, and whether we obtain what we seek or not, depends on the divine decree.

Put men to death by the principles which have for their object the preservation of life, and they will not grumble.

THE SCHOLAR.

Teen, son of the king of Tse, asked what the business of the scholar consists in? Mencius replied, In elevating his mind and inclination. What do you mean by elevating the mind? It consists merely in being benevolent and just. Where is the scholar's abode? In benevolence. Where is his road? Justice. To dwell in benevolence, and walk in justice, is the whole business of a great man.

Benevolence is man's heart, and justice is man's path. If a man lose his fowls or his dogs, he knows how to seek them. There are those who lose their hearts and know not how to seek them. The duty of the student is no other than to seek his lost heart.

He who employs his whole mind, will know his nature. He who knows his nature, knows heaven.

It were better to be without books than to believe all that they record.

THE TAOU.

Sincerity is the *Taou* or way of heaven. To aim at it is the way of man.

From inherent sincerity to have perfect intelligence, is to be a sage by nature; to attain sincerity by means of intelligence, is to be such by study. Where there is sincerity, there must be intelligence. Where intelligence is, it must lead to sincerity.

He who offends heaven, has none to whom he can pray.

Mencius said, To be benevolent is man. When man and benevolence are united, they are called *Taou*.

To be full of sincerity, is called beauty. To be so full of sincerity that it shines forth in the external conduct, is called greatness. When this greatness renovates others, it is called sagemess. Holiness or sagemess which is above comprehension, is called divine.

Perfection (or sincerity) is the way of heaven, and to wish for perfection is the duty of a man. It has never been the case that he who possessed genuine virtue in the

highest degree, could not influence others, nor has it ever been the case that he who was not in the highest degree sincere could influence others.

There is a divine nobility and a human nobility. Benevolence, justice, fidelity, and truth, and to delight in virtue without weariness, constitute divine nobility. To be a prince, a prime minister, or a great officer of state constitute human nobility. The ancients adorned divine nobility, and human nobility followed it.

The men of the present day cultivate divine nobility in order that they may obtain human nobility; and when they once get human nobility, they throw away divine nobility. This is the height of delusion, and must end in the loss of both.

OF REFORM.

Taou is not far removed from man. If men suppose that it lies in something remote, then what they think of is not *Taou*. The ode says, "Cut hatchet handles." This means of doing it, is not remote; you have only to take hold of one handle, and use it to cut another. Yet if you look aslant at it, it will appear distant. Hence the superior man employs man, (that is, what is in man,) to reform man.

When Tsze Loo heard anything that he had not yet fully practised, he was afraid of hearing anything else.

The governor of Yih asked respecting government. Confucius replied, Make glad those who are near, and those who are at a distance will come.

The failing of men is that they neglect their own field, and dress that of others. They require much of others, but little of themselves.

WAR.

Mencius said, From this time and ever after I know the heavy consequences of killing a man's parents. If you kill a man's elder brother, he will kill your elder brother. Hence although you do not yourself kill them, you do nearly the same thing.

When man says, I know well how to draw up an army, I am skilled in fighting, he is a great criminal.

POLITICS.

Ke Kang asked Confucius respecting government. Confucius replied, Government is rectitude.

Ke Kang was harassed by robbers, and consulted Confucius on the subject. Confucius said, If you, sir, were not covetous, the people would not rob, even though you should hire them to do it.

Mencius said, Pih E's eye would not look on a bad color, nor would his ear listen to a bad sound. Unless a prince were of his own stamp, he would not serve him, and unless people were of his own stamp, he would not employ them. In times of good government, he went into office, and in times of confusion and bad government, he retired. Where disorderly government prevailed, or where disorderly people lived, he could not bear to dwell. He thought that to live with low men was as bad as to sit in the mud with his court robes and cap. In the time of Chou, he dwelt on the banks of the North Ka, watching till the Empire should be brought to peace and order. Hence, when the fame of Pih E is heard of, the stupid become intelligent, and the weak determined.

E Yin said, What of serving a prince not of one's own stamp! What of ruling a people which are not to your mind! In times of good government he went into office, and so did he in times of disorder. He said, heaven has given life to this people, and sent those who are first enlightened to enlighten those who are last, and has sent those who are first aroused to arouse those who are last. I am one of heaven's people who am first aroused. I will take these doctrines and arouse this people. He thought that if there was a single man or woman in the Empire, who was not benefited by the doctrines of Yaou and Shun, that he was guilty of pushing them into a ditch. He took the heavy responsibility of the Empire on himself.

Lew Hea Hooi was not ashamed of serving a dirty Prince, nor did he refuse an inferior office. He did not conceal the virtuous, and acted according to his principles. Although he lost his place, he grumbled not. In poverty he repined not. He lived in harmony with men of little worth, and could not bear to abandon them. He said, "You are you, and I am I; although you sit by my side

with your body naked, how can you defile me?" Hence when the fame of Lew Hea Hooi is heard of, the mean man becomes liberal, and the miserly becomes generous.

VIRTUE.

Chung Kung asked, What is perfect virtue? Confucius said, What you do not wish others to do to you, do not to them.

Sze Ma Neu asked, What constitutes perfect virtue? Confucius replied; It is to find it difficult to speak. "To find it difficult to speak! Is that perfect virtue?" Confucius rejoined, What is difficult to practise, must it not be difficult to speak?

Confucius says, Virtue runs swifter than the royal postillions carry despatches.

The She King says, "Heaven created all men having their duties and the means or rules of performing them. It is the natural and constant disposition of men to love beautiful virtue." Confucius says, that he who wrote this ode knew right principles.

Confucius exclaimed, Is virtue far off? I only wish for virtue, and virtue comes.

Confucius said, I have not seen any one who loves virtue as we love beauty.

Confucius says, The superior man is not a machine which is fit for one thing only.

Tze Kung asked, Who is a superior man? Confucius replied, He who first practises his words, and then speaks accordingly.

The principles of great men illuminate the whole universe above and below. The principles of the superior man commence with the duties of common men and women, but in their highest extent they illuminate the universe.

Confucius said, Yew, permit me to tell you what is knowledge. What you are acquainted with, consider that you know it; what you do not understand, consider that you do not know it; this is knowledge.

Confucius exclaimed, How vast the influence of the Kwei Shin (spirits or gods). If you look for them, you cannot see them; if you listen, you cannot hear them; they

embody all things, and are what things cannot be separated from. When they cause mankind to fast, purify, and dress themselves, everything appears full of them. They seem to be at once above, and on the right, and on the left. The ode says, The descent of the gods cannot be comprehended; with what reverence should we conduct ourselves! Indeed that which is least, is clearly displayed. They cannot be concealed.

VIA SACRA.

SLOWLY along the crowded street I go,
Marking with reverent look each passer's face,
Seeking, and not in vain, in each to trace
That primal soul whereof he is the show.
For here still move, by many eyes unseen,
The blessed gods that erst Olympus kept,
Through every guise these lofty forms serene
Declare the all-holding Life hath never slept;
But known each thrill that in Man's heart hath been,
And every tear that his sad eyes have wept.
Alas for us! the heavenly visitants, —
We greet them still as most unwelcome guests,
Answering their smile with hateful looks askance,
Their sacred speech with foolish, bitter jests;
But oh! what is it to imperial Jove
That this poor world refuses all his love!

C. A. D.

A WINTER WALK.

THE wind has gently murmured through the blinds, or puffed with feathery softness against the windows, and occasionally sighed like a summer zephyr lifting the leaves along, the livelong night. The meadow mouse has slept in his snug gallery in the sod, the owl has sat in a hollow tree in the depth of the swamp, the rabbit, the squirrel, and the fox have all been housed. The watch-dog has lain quiet on the hearth, and the cattle have stood silent in their stalls. The earth itself has slept, as it were its first, not its last sleep, save when some street-sign or wood-house door, has faintly creaked upon its hinge, cheering forlorn nature at her midnight work. — The only sound awake twixt Venus and Mars, — advertising us of a remote inward warmth, a divine cheer and fellowship, where gods are met together, but where it is very bleak for men to stand. But while the earth has slumbered, all the air has been alive with feathery flakes, descending, as if some northern Ceres reigned, showering her silvery grain over all the fields.

We sleep and at length awake to the still reality of a winter morning. The snow lies warm as cotton or down upon the window-sill; the broadened sash and frosted panes admit a dim and private light, which enhances the snug cheer within. The stillness of the morning is impressive. The floor creaks under our feet as we move toward the window to look abroad through some clear space over the fields. We see the roofs stand under their snow burden. From the eaves and fences hang stalactites of snow, and in the yard stand stalagmites covering some concealed core. The trees and shrubs rear white arms to the sky on every side, and where were walls and fences, we see fantastic forms stretching in frolic gambols across the dusky landscape, as if nature had strewn her fresh designs over the fields by night as models for man's art.

Silently we unlatch the door, letting the drift fall in, and step abroad to face the cutting air. Already the stars have lost some of their sparkle, and a dull leaden mist skirts the horizon. A lurid brazen light in the east proclaims the approach of day, while the western landscape is

dim and spectral still, and clothed in a sombre Tartarean light, like the shadowy realms. They are Infernal sounds only that you hear, — the crowing of cocks, the barking of dogs, the chopping of wood, the lowing of kine, all seem to come from Pluto's barn-yard and beyond the Styx ; — not for any melancholy they suggest, but their twilight bustle is too solemn and mysterious for earth. The recent tracks of the fox or otter, in the yard, remind us that each hour of the night is crowded with events, and the primeval nature is still working and making tracks in the snow. Opening the gate, we tread briskly along the lone country road, crunching the dry and crisped snow under our feet, or aroused by the sharp clear creak of the wood-sled, just starting for the distant market, from the early farmer's door, where it has lain the summer long, dreaming amid the chips and stubble. For through the drifts and powdered windows we see the farmer's early candle, like a paled star, emitting a lonely beam, as if some severe virtue were at its matins there. And one by one the smokes begin to ascend from the chimneys amidst the trees and snows.

The sluggish smoke curls up from some deep dell,
 The stiffened air exploring in the dawn,
 And making slow acquaintance with the day ;
 Delaying now upon its heavenward course,
 In wreathed loiterings dallying with itself,
 With as uncertain purpose and slow deed,
 As its half-wakened master by the hearth,
 Whose mind still slumbering and sluggish thoughts
 Have not yet swept into the onward current
 Of the new day ; — and now it streams afar,
 The while the chopper goes with step direct,
 And mind intent to swing the early axe.

First in the dusky dawn he sends abroad
 His early scout, his emissary, smoke,
 The earliest, latest pilgrim from the roof,
 To feel the frosty air, inform the day ;
 And while he crouches still beside the hearth,
 Nor musters courage to unbar the door,
 It has gone down the glen with the light wind,
 And o'er the plain unfurled its venturous wreath,
 Draped the tree tops, loitered upon the hill,
 And warmed the pinions of the early bird ;

And now, perchance, high in the crispy air,
Has caught sight of the day o'er the earth's edge,
And greets its master's eye at his low door,
As some refulgent cloud in the upper sky.

We hear the sound of wood-chopping at the farmers' doors, far over the frozen earth, the baying of the house dog, and the distant clarion of the cock. The thin and frosty air conveys only the finer particles of sound to our ears, with short and sweet vibrations, as the waves subside soonest on the purest and lightest liquids, in which gross substances sink to the bottom. They come clear and bell-like, and from a greater distance in the horizon, as if there were fewer impediments than in summer to make them faint and ragged. The ground is sonorous, like seasoned wood, and even the ordinary rural sounds are melodious, and the jingling of the ice on the trees is sweet and liquid. There is the least possible moisture in the atmosphere, all being dried up, or congealed, and it is of such extreme tenuity and elasticity, that it becomes a source of delight. The withdrawn and tense sky seems groined like the aisles of a cathedral, and the polished air sparkles as if there were crystals of ice floating in it. Those who have resided in Greenland, tell us, that, when it freezes, "the sea smokes like burning turf land, and a fog or mist arises, called frost smoke," which "cutting smoke frequently raises blisters on the face and hands, and is very pernicious to the health." But this pure stinging cold is an elixir to the lungs, and not so much a frozen mist, as a crystallized mid-summer haze, refined and purified by cold.

The sun at length rises through the distant woods, as if with the faint clashing swinging sound of cymbals, melting the air with his beams, and with such rapid steps the morning travels, that already his rays are gilding the distant western mountains. We step hastily along through the powdery snow, warmed by an inward heat, enjoying an Indian summer still, in the increased glow of thought and feeling. Probably if our lives were more conformed to nature, we should not need to defend ourselves against her heats and colds, but find her our constant nurse and

friend, as do plants and quadrupeds. If our bodies were fed with pure and simple elements, and not with a stimulating and heating diet, they would afford no more pasture for cold than a leafless twig, but thrive like the trees, which find even winter genial to their expansion.

The wonderful purity of nature at this season is a most pleasing fact. Every decayed stump and moss-grown stone and rail, and the dead leaves of autumn, are concealed by a clean napkin of snow. In the bare fields and tinkling woods, see what virtue survives. In the coldest and bleakest places, the warmest charities still maintain a foot-hold. A cold and searching wind drives away all contagion, and nothing can withstand it but what has a virtue in it; and accordingly, whatever we meet with in cold and bleak places, as the tops of mountains, we respect for a sort of sturdy innocence, a Puritan toughness. All things beside seem to be called in for shelter, and what stays out must be part of the original frame of the universe, and of such valor as God himself. It is invigorating to breathe the cleansed air. Its greater fineness and purity are visible to the eye, and we would fain stay out long and late, that the gales may sigh through us too, as through the leafless trees, and fit us for the winter: — as if we hoped so to borrow some pure and steadfast virtue, which will stead us in all seasons.

At length we have reached the edge of the woods, and shut out the gadding town. We enter within their covert as we go under the roof of a cottage, and cross its threshold, all ceiled and banked up with snow. They are glad and warm still, and as genial and cheery in winter as in summer. As we stand in the midst of the pines, in the flickering and checkered light which straggles but little way into their maze, we wonder if the towns have ever heard their simple story. It seems to us that no traveller has ever explored them, and notwithstanding the wonders which science is elsewhere revealing every day, who would not like to hear their annals? Our humble villages in the plain, are their contribution. We borrow from the forest the boards which shelter, and the sticks which warm us. How important is their evergreen to the winter, that portion of the summer which does not fade, the permanent year, the unwithered

grass. Thus simply, and with little expense of altitude, is the surface of the earth diversified. What would human life be without forests, those natural cities? From the tops of mountains they appear like smooth shaven lanes, yet whither shall we walk but in this taller grass?

There is a slumbering subterranean fire in nature which never goes out, and which no cold can chill. It finally melts the great snow, and in January or July is only buried under a thicker or thinner covering. In the coldest day it flows somewhere, and the snow melts around every tree. This field of winter rye, which sprouted late in the fall, and now speedily dissolves the snow, is where the fire is very thinly covered. We feel warmed by it. In the winter, warmth stands for all virtue, and we resort in thought to a trickling rill, with its bare stones shining in the sun, and to warm springs in the woods, with as much eagerness as rabbits and robins. The steam which rises from swamps and pools, is as dear and domestic as that of our own kettle. What fire could ever equal the sunshine of a winter's-day, when the meadow mice come out by the wallsides, and the chickadee lisps in the defiles of the wood? The warmth comes directly from the sun, and is not radiated from the earth, as in summer; and when we feel his beams on our back as we are treading some snowy dell, we are grateful as for a special kindness, and bless the sun which has followed us into that by-place.

This subterranean fire has its altar in each man's breast, for in the coldest day, and on the bleakest hill, the traveler cherishes a warmer fire within the folds of his cloak than is kindled on any hearth. A healthy man, indeed, is the complement of the seasons, and in winter, summer is in his heart. There is the south. Thither have all birds and insects migrated, and around the warm springs in his breast are gathered the robin and the lark.

In this glade covered with bushes of a year's growth, see how the silvery dust lies on every seared leaf and twig, deposited in such infinite and luxurious forms as by their very variety atone for the absence of color. Observe the tiny tracks of mice around every stem, and the triangular tracks of the rabbit. A pure elastic heaven hangs over all, as if the impurities of the summer sky,

refined and shrunk by the chaste winter's cold, had been winnowed from the heavens upon the earth.

Nature confounds her summer distinction at this season. The heavens seem to be nearer the earth. The elements are less reserved and distinct. Water turns to ice, rain to snow. The day is but a Scandinavian night. The winter is an arctic summer.

How much more living is the life that is in nature, the furred life which still survives the stinging nights, and, from amidst fields and woods covered with frost and snow, sees the sun rise.

"The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants."

The grey-squirrel and rabbit are brisk and playful in the remote glens, even on the morning of the cold Friday. Here is our Lapland and Labrador, and for our Esquimaux and Knistenaux, Dog-ribbed Indians, Novazemblaites, and Spitzbergeners, are there not the ice-cutter and wood-chopper, the fox, muskrat, and mink?

Still, in the midst of the arctic day, we may trace the summer to its retreats, and sympathize with some contemporary life. Stretched over the brooks, in the midst of the frost-bound meadows, we may observe the submarine cottages of the caddice worms, the larvæ of the Plicipennes. Their small cylindrical caves built around themselves, composed of flags, sticks, grass, and withered leaves, shells and pebbles, in form and color like the wrecks which strew the bottom — now drifting along over the pebbly bottom, now whirling in tiny eddies and dashing down steep falls, or sweeping rapidly along with the current, or else swaying to and fro at the end of some grass blade or root. Anon they will leave their sunken habitations, and crawling up the stems of plants, or floating on the surface like gnats, or perfect insects, henceforth flutter over the surface of the water, or sacrifice their short lives in the flame of our candles at evening. Down yonder little glen the shrubs are drooping under their burden, and the red alder-berries contrast with the white ground. Here are the marks of a myriad feet which have already been abroad. The sun rises as proudly over such a glen, as over the valley of the Seine or the

Tiber, and it seems the residence of a pure and self-subsistent valor, such as they never witnessed ; which never knew defeat nor fear. Here reign the simplicity and purity of a primitive age, and a health and hope far remote from towns and cities. Standing quite alone, far in the forest, while the wind is shaking down snow from the trees, and leaving the only human tracks behind us, we find our reflections of a richer variety than the life of cities. The chicadee and nut-hatch are more inspiring society than the statesmen and philosophers, and we shall return to these last, as to more vulgar companions. In this lonely glen, with its brook draining the slopes, its creased ice and crystals of all hues, where the spruces and hemlocks stand up on either side, and the rush and sere wild oats in the rivulet itself, our lives are more serene and worthy to contemplate.

As the day advances, the heat of the sun is reflected by the hillsides, and we hear a faint but sweet music, where flows the rill released from its fetters, and the icicles are melting on the trees ; and the nut-hatch and partridge are heard and seen. The south wind melts the snow at noon, and the bare ground appears with its withered grass and leaves, and we are invigorated by the perfume which expands from it, as by the scent of strong meats.

Let us go into this deserted woodman's hut, and see how he has passed the long winter nights and the short and stormy days. For here mau has lived under this south hill-side, and it seems a civilized and public spot. We have such associations as when the traveller stands by the ruins of Palmyra or Hecatompolis. Singing birds and flowers perchance have begun to appear here, for flowers as well as weeds follow in the footsteps of man. These hemlocks whispered over his head, these hickory logs were his fuel, and these pitch-pine roots kindled his fire ; yonder foaming rill in the hollow, whose thin and airy vapor still ascends as busily as ever, though he is far off now, was his well. These hemlock boughs, and the straw upon this raised platform, were his bed, and this broken dish held his drink. But he has not been here this season, for the phæbes built their nest upon this shelf last summer. I find some embers left, as if he had

but just gone out, where he baked his pot of beans, and while at evening he smoked his pipe, whose stemless bowl lies in the ashes, chatted with his only companion, if perchance he had any, about the depth of the snow on the morrow, already falling fast and thick without, or disputed whether the last sound was the screech of an owl, or the creak of a bough, or imagination only; and through this broad chimney-throat, in the late winter evening, ere he stretched himself upon the straw, he looked up to learn the progress of the storm, and seeing the bright stars of Cassiopeia's chair shining brightly down upon him, fell contentedly asleep.

See how many traces from which we may learn the chopper's history. From this stump we may guess the sharpness of his axe, and from the slope of the stroke, on which side he stood, and whether he cut down the tree without going round it or changing hands; and from the flexure of the splinters we may know which way it fell. This one chip contains inscribed on it the whole history of the wood-chopper and of the world. On this scrap of paper, which held his sugar or salt, perchance, or was the wadding of his gun, sitting on a log in the forest, with what interest we read the tattle of cities, of those larger huts, empty and to let, like this, in High-streets, and Broad-ways. The eaves are dripping on the south side of this simple roof, while the titmouse lisps in the pine, and the genial warmth of the sun around the door is somewhat kind and human.

After two seasons, this rude dwelling does not deform the scene. Already the birds resort to it, to build their nests, and you may track to its door the feet of many quadrupeds. Thus, for a long time, nature overlooks the encroachment and profanity of man. The wood still cheerfully and unsuspectingly echoes the strokes of the axe that fells it, and while they are few and seldom, they enhance its wildness, and all the elements strive to naturalize the sound.

Now our path begins to ascend gradually to the top of this high hill, from whose precipitous south side, we can look over the broad country, of forest, and field, and river, to the distant snowy mountains. See yonder thin column of smoke curling up through the woods from

some invisible farm-house ; the standard raised over some rural homestead. There must be a warmer and more genial spot there below, as where we detect the vapor from a spring forming a cloud above the trees. What fine relations are established between the traveller who discovers this airy column from some eminence in the forest, and him who sits below. Up goes the smoke as silently and naturally as the vapor exhales from the leaves, and as busy disposing itself in wreathes as the housewife on the hearth below. It is a hieroglyphic of man's life, and suggests more intimate and important things than the boiling of a pot. Where its fine column rises above the forest, like an ensign, some human life has planted itself, — and such is the beginning of Rome, the establishment of the arts, and the foundation of empires, whether on the prairies of America, or the steppes of Asia.

And now we descend again to the brink of this woodland lake, which lies in a hollow of the hills, as if it were their expressed juice, and that of the leaves, which are annually steeped in it. Without outlet or inlet to the eye, it has still its history, in the lapse of its waves, in the rounded pebbles on its shore, and on the pines which grow down to its brink. It has not been idle, though sedentary, but, like Abu Musa, teaches that "sitting still at home is the heavenly way ; the going out is the way of the world." Yet in its evaporation it travels as far as any. In summer it is the earth's liquid eye ; a mirror in the breast of nature. The sins of the wood are washed out in it. See how the woods form an amphitheatre about it, and it is an arena for all the genialness of nature. All trees direct the traveller to its brink, all paths seek it out, birds fly to it, quadrupeds flee to it, and the very ground inclines toward it. It is nature's saloon, where she has sat down to her toilet. Consider her silent economy and tidiness ; how the sun comes with his evaporation to sweep the dust from its surface each morning, and a fresh surface is constantly welling up ; and annually, after whatever impurities have accumulated herein, its liquid transparency appears again in the spring. In summer a hushed music seems to sweep across its surface. But now a plain sheet of

snow conceals it from our eyes, except when the wind has swept the ice bare, and the sere leaves are gliding from side to side, tacking and veering on their tiny voyages. Here is one just keeled up against a pebble on shore, a dry beach leaf, rocking still, as if it would soon start again. A skilful engineer, methinks, might project its course since it fell from the parent stem. Here are all the elements for such a calculation. Its present position, the direction of the wind, the level of the pond, and how much more is given. In its scarred edges and veins is its log rolled up.

We fancy ourselves in the interior of a larger house. The surface of the pond is our deal table or sanded floor, and the woods rise abruptly from its edge, like the walls of a cottage. The lines set to catch pickerel through the ice look like a larger culinary preparation, and the men stand about on the white ground like pieces of forest furniture. The actions of these men, at the distance of half a mile over the ice and snow, impress us as when we read the exploits of Alexander in history. They seem not unworthy of the scenery, and as momentous as the conquest of kingdoms.

Again we have wandered through the arches of the wood, until from its skirts we hear the distant booming of ice from yonder bay of the river, as if it were moved by some other and subtler tide than oceans know. To me it has a strange sound of home, thrilling as the voice of one's distant and noble kindred. A mild summer sun shines over forest and lake, and though there is but one green leaf for many rods, yet nature enjoys a serene health. Every sound is fraught with the same mysterious assurance of health, as well now the creaking of the boughs in January, as the soft sough of the wind in July.

When Winter fringes every bough
With his fantastic wreath,
And puts the seal of silence now
Upon the leaves beneath ;

When every stream in its pent-house
Goes gurgling on its way,

And in his gallery the mouse
Nibbleth the meadow hay ;

Methinks the summer still is nigh,
And lurketh underneath,
As that same meadow mouse doth lie
Snug in the last year's heath.

And if perchance the chickadee
Lisp a faint note anon,
The snow is summer's canopy,
Which she herself put on.

Fair blossoms deck the cheerful trees,
And dazzling fruits depend,
The north wind sighs a summer breeze,
The nipping frosts to fend,

Bringing glad tidings unto me,
The while I stand all ear,
Of a serene eternity,
Which need not winter fear.

Out on the silent pond straightway
The restless ice doth crack,
And pond sprites merry gambols play
Amid the deafening rack.

Eager I hasten to the vale,
As if I heard brave news,
How nature held high festival,
Which it were hard to lose.

I gambol with my neighbor ice,
And sympathizing quake,
As each new crack darts in a trice
Across the gladsome lake.

One with the cricket in the ground,
And faggot on the hearth,
Resounds the rare domestic sound
Along the forest path.

Before night we will take a journey on skates along
the course of this meandering river, as full of novelty to

one who sits by the cottage fire all the winter's day, as if it were over the polar ice, with captain Parry or Franklin; following the winding of the stream, now flowing amid hills, now spreading out into fair meadows, and forming a myriad coves and bays where the pine and hemlock overarch. The river flows in the rear of the towns, and we see all things from a new and wilder side. The fields and gardens come down to it with a frankness, and freedom from pretension, which they do not wear on the highway. It is the outside and edge of the earth. Our eyes are not offended by violent contrasts. The last rail of the farmer's fence is some swaying willow bough, which still preserves its freshness, and here at length all fences stop, and we no longer cross any road. We may go far up within the country now by the most retired and level road, never climbing a hill, but by broad levels ascending to the upland meadows. It is a beautiful illustration of the law of obedience, the flow of a river; the path for a sick man, a highway down which an acorn cup may float secure with its freight. Its slight occasional falls, whose precipices would not diversify the landscape, are celebrated by mist and spray, and attract the traveller from far and near. From the remote interior, its current conducts him by broad and easy steps, or by one gentle inclined plain, to the sea. Thus by an early and constant yielding to the inequalities of the ground, it secures itself the easiest passage.

No dominion of nature is quite closed to man at all times, and now we draw near to the empire of the fishes. Our feet glide swiftly over unfathomed depths, where in summer our line tempted the pout and perch, and where the stately pickerel lurked in the long corridors, formed by the bulrushes. The deep, impenetrable marsh, where the heron waded, and bittern squatted, is made pervious to our swift shoes, as if a thousand railroads had been made into it. With one impulse we are carried to the cabin of the muskrat, that earliest settler, and see him dart away under the transparent ice, like a furred fish, to his hole in the bank; and we glide rapidly over meadows where lately "the mower whet his scythe," through beds of frozen cranberries mixed with meadow grass. We skate near to where the blackbird, the pewee, and

the kingbird hung their nests over the water, and the hornets builded from the maple on the swamp. How many gay warblers now following the sun, have radiated from this nest of silver birch and thistle down.- On the swamp's outer edge was hung the supermarine village, where no foot penetrated. In this hollow tree the wood-duck reared her brood, and slid away each day to forage in yonder fen.

In winter, nature is a cabinet of curiosities, full of dried specimens, in their natural order and position. The meadows and forests are a *hortus siccus*. The leaves and grasses stand perfectly pressed by the air without screw or gum, and the bird's nests are not hung on an artificial twig, but where they builded them. We go about dry-shod to inspect the summer's work in the rank swamp, and see what a growth have got the alders, the willows, and the maples; testifying to how many warm suns, and fertilizing dews and showers. See what strides their boughs took in the luxuriant summer, — and anon these dormant buds will carry them onward and upward another span into the heavens.

Occasionally we wade through fields of snow, under whose depths the river is lost for many rods, to appear again to the right or left, where we least expected; still holding on its way underneath, with a faint, stertorous, rumbling sound, as if, like the bear and marmot, it too had hibernated, and we had followed its faint summer trail to where it earthed itself in snow and ice. At first we should have thought that rivers would be empty and dry in mid winter, or else frozen solid till the spring thawed them; but their volume is not diminished even, for only a superficial cold bridges their surface. The thousand springs which feed the lakes and streams are flowing still. The issues of a few surface springs only are closed, and they go to swell the deep reservoirs. Nature's wells are below the frost. The summer brooks are not filled with snow-water, nor does the mower quench his thirst with that alone. The streams are swollen when the snow melts in the spring, because nature's work has been delayed, the water being turned into ice and snow, whose particles are less smooth and round, and do not find their level so soon.

Far over the ice, between the hemlock woods and snow-clad hills, stands the pickerel fisher, his lines set in some retired cove, like a Finlander, with his arms thrust into the pouches of his dreadnought ; with dull, snowy, fishy thoughts, himself a finless fish, separated a few inches from his race ; dumb, erect, and made to be enveloped in clouds and snows, like the pines on shore. In these wild scenes, men stand about in the scenery, or move deliberately and heavily, having sacrificed the sprightliness and vivacity of towns to the dumb sobriety of nature. He does not make the scenery less wild, more than the jays and muskrats, but stands there as a part of it, as the natives are represented in the voyages of early navigators, at Nootka sound, and on the North-west coast, with their furs about them, before they were tempted to loquacity by a scrap of iron. He belongs to the natural family of man, and is planted deeper in nature and has more root than the inhabitants of towns. Go to him, ask what luck, and you will learn that he too is a worshipper of the unseen. Hear with what sincere deference and waving gesture in his tone, he speaks of the lake pickerel, which he has never seen, his primitive and ideal race of pickerel. He is connected with the shore still, as by a fish-line, and yet remembers the season when he took fish through the ice on the pond, while the peas were up in his garden at home.

But now, while we have loitered, the clouds have gathered again, and a few straggling snow-flakes are beginning to descend. Faster and faster they fall, shutting out the distant objects from sight. The snow falls on every wood and field, and no crevice is forgotten ; by the river and the pond, on the hill and in the valley. Quadrapeds are confined to their coverts, and the birds sit upon their perches this peaceful hour. There is not so much sound as in fair weather, but silently and gradually every slope, and the grey walls and fences, and the polished ice, and the sere leaves, which were not buried before, are concealed, and the tracks of men and beasts are lost. With so little effort does nature reassert her rule, and blot out the traces of men. Hear how Homer has described the same. "The snow flakes fall thick and fast on a winter's day. The winds are lulled, and the snow falls

incessant, covering the top of the mountains, and the hills, and the plains where the lotus tree grows, and the cultivated fields, and they are falling by the inlets and shores of the foaming sea, but are silently dissolved by the waves." The snow levels all things, and infolds them deeper on the bosom of nature, as, in the slow summer, vegetation creeps up to the entablature of the temple, and the turrets of the castle, and helps her to prevail over art.

The surly night-wind rustles through the wood, and warns us to retrace our steps, while the sun goes down behind the thickening storm, and birds seek their roosts, and cattle their stalls.

" Drooping the lab'rer ox
Stands covered o'er with snow, and *now* demands
The fruit of all his toil."

Though winter is represented in the almanac as an old man, facing the wind and sleet, and drawing his cloak about him, we rather think of him as a merry wood-chopper, and warm-blooded youth, as blithe as summer. The unexplored grandeur of the storm keeps up the spirits of the traveller. It does not trifle with us, but has a sweet earnestness. In winter we lead a more inward life. Our hearts are warm and merry, like cottages under drifts, whose windows and doors are half concealed, but from whose chimneys the smoke cheerfully ascends. The imprisoning drifts increase the sense of comfort which the house affords, and in the coldest days we are content to sit over the hearth and see the sky through the chimney top, enjoying the quiet and serene life that may be had in a warm corner by the chimney side, or feeling our pulse by listening to the low of cattle in the street, or the sound of the flail in distant barns all the long afternoon. No doubt a skilful physician could determine our health by observing how these simple and natural sounds affected us. We enjoy now, not an oriental, but a boreal leisure, around warm stoves and fire-places, and watch the shadow of motes in the sunbeams.

Sometimes our fate grows too homely and familiarly serious ever to be cured. Consider how for three months the human destiny is wrapped in furs. The good Hebrew

revelation takes no cognizance of all this cheerful snow. Is there no religion for the temperate and frigid zones? We know of no scripture which records the pure benignity of the gods on a New England winter night. Their praises have never been sung, only their wrath deprecated. The best scripture, after all, records but a meagre faith. Its saints live reserved and austere. Let a brave devout man spend the year in the woods of Maine or Labrador, and see if the Hebrew scriptures speak adequately of his condition and experience, from the setting in of winter to the breaking up of the ice.

Now commences, the long winter evening around the farmer's hearth, when the thoughts of the indwellers travel far abroad, and men are by nature and necessity charitable and liberal to all creatures. Now is the happy resistance to cold, when the farmer reaps his reward, and thinks of his preparedness for winter, and through the glittering panes, sees with equanimity "the mansion of the northern bear," for now the storm is over,

"The full ethereal round,
Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
Shines out intensely keen; and all one cope
Of starry glitter glows from pole to pole."

H. D. T.

THE THREE DIMENSIONS.

"Room for the spheres!" — then first they shined,
And dived into the ample sky;
"Room! room!" cried the new mankind,
And took the oath of liberty.
Room! room! willed the opening mind,
And found it in Variety.

VOYAGE TO JAMAICA.

[Continued from Dial for July.]

THE sect which exercises by far the greatest influence over the colored population, and especially the "peasantry," as the plantation negroes have been called since their emancipation, is the Baptist. The people of this sect are much the most numerous denomination of Christians on the island, and their preachers espouse the cause of the laboring blacks, with great zeal. The largest congregation in Kingston is under the charge of Mr. Killish, a baptist preacher, whose place of worship is a little way out of town, on the "Windward Road." According to the "Jamaica Almanack," his church numbers more than 1700 communicants. I set out with the purpose of attending there one afternoon, but a heavy shower of rain delayed me on the way, and I did not arrive until just as the meeting was breaking up. As the multitude began to spread out on the green before the house, and more slowly by groups in different directions, I thought as I looked around on them, (myself the only white man,) that I had never before seen happiness so strongly expressed. I do not know how much the delightful air, just cooled by the shower, or their religious exercises may have influenced their feelings, but joy was beaming on every countenance, both young and old. Their smiles and adieus and kind friendly words to each other seemed to me of the most unquestionable sincerity; and I could not but say to myself, — these are a people strongly disposed to be happy. It may sound like extravagance, but when I think back on the many groups of joyous negroes which I saw in Jamaica, I am always reminded of Wordsworth's beautiful description of the uniform happiness of instinctive life, — of mere innocent animal existence, as compared with the sad results to which the various abuses of our powers reduce too many of our own species.

"The black-birds in the summer trees
 The lark upon the hill
 Let loose their carols when they please,
 Are quiet when they will.

With nature do they never wage
A useless strife ; they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free.

But we are pressed by heavy laws,
And oft, when glad no more,
We wear a face of joy because
We have been glad of yore."

That there is sorrow and suffering enough among them, however, and some individual cases too, which may be traced directly to emancipation, there is no doubt. The old self-constituted porter of the ice-yard was an instance of this. The building occupied as the ice-house had been formerly, and until within two or three years, the dwelling of a Mr. Pacifico, a merchant to whom the porter had belonged. On the day of emancipation, this old man had been set free among the rest. But from having no relatives, or from local attachment, or some other cause, (I was unable to learn its nature,) he appeared to look for no other home than the ice-yard. He was very old and decrepit. His speech was utterly gone. One eye was sightless, and the other shrunk and faded ; his limbs so paralyzed that he always walked by the fence ; and I never saw him two rods from the gate, which he, however, always seemed to make a point of opening in the morning, and closing at night. He slept on the narrow stair-case leading to the agent's rooms, with nothing under him but the mat, his feet hanging down the steps ; and the only evidence, I observed in him, of direct and active, or any other than a sort of mechanical intelligence, was, that he always gave a "hem," as a warning for me not to tread on him, as I passed up and down the stairs at night. Mr. Pacifico's family used generally to send him his food ; but sometimes they neglected it ; and then he would get outside the gate, and beg of the fruit and cake women, or else wait till the agent returned to dinner, when he would crawl up into the room and stand leaning against the wall, until something was given him to eat. I tried once or twice to talk with him, but it was utterly useless. Besides the loss of sight, and speech, and the use of his limbs, he had other marks of great age. His muscles, (for his very scanty clothing was all in rags,) were entirely shrunken away, and his

nails had grown, almost literally, like bird's claws. To use a quaint quotation, "he looked as if Death had forgotten to strike him," and ought, in mercy, to be reminded of omission.

The baptist clergy, or missionaries, as they are generally called, have done much permanent good in Jamaica, and much too, that, no doubt, might be proved to be present evil. Their influence on the moral and intellectual condition of the colored people, through Sunday and other schools,* and preaching, has, beyond all question, been most salutary. Concubinage, that sometime "pleasant vice" of the Jamaica planter, which has long since become "the whip to scourge him," is now greatly on the wane, chiefly through their exertions. They have, it is true, like Pope Gregory VII., when he enforced the celibacy of the English clergy, found it much easier to prevent and dissolve *new*, than to break up *old* connexions. These connexions are no longer so numerous, nor so openly and shamelessly formed, as they were a very few years ago; but they are by no means abolished. While the brig was discharging cargo, I saw a neatly dressed and agreeable, but rather pensive-looking, young brown woman enter the ice-yard, with an infant in her arms, and address some inquiry to the agent, in a suppressed but anxious tone, which he answered by a shake of the head; when she turned and went away with a disappointed air. The agent said, this was a young woman who had "lived with" a friend of his, which friend (an American) had been in business, a year or two, in Kingston; but some five or six months before our arrival, he had returned to the United States. The young woman was ignorant of the fact, that it was not his intention, when he left, ever to return to Jamaica, and so, whenever there was an arrival from any of our Northern cities, she was sure to call on the agent, with whom the person in question had had some business connexion, hoping to receive tidings of him. Poor soul! our brig had brought the tidings of his death. But this news, the agent said, he could not find in his heart to tell her. I saw her once afterwards. She had the

* The first Sunday School in Jamaica was established at Spanish-town, in 1832, by the Rev. Mr. Philippe, a baptist missionary.

same little child in her arms, and the same sad, but patient look. Wrong and misery, such as this, the baptist missionaries have done much to suppress and prevent. It is said too, that they have done much to promote genuine marriage among the plantation negroes. But they are accused, on the other hand, and no doubt justly, of stirring up and fomenting the unhappy dissensions, which at present exist between the planters and peasantry. They are hated and execrated by the property-holders generally; and I scarcely took up a newspaper while I was in Kingston, which did not contain something concerning "the hellish machinations of the agitating baptists." The truth is, I suspect, these missionaries are not what are called enlightened men. Like most very zealous people, they are unable to see but one side of a question. They have adopted a certain cause, in which all their powers bad as well as good are enlisted, and in aiming directly at their main purpose, which they know to be good, they do some collateral evil. Sir Charles T. Metcalfe, the present governor of Jamaica, felt obliged to notice them particularly, in his despatch, last October, to the Marquis of Normanby, the then Secretary of colonial affairs. He allowed them all due credit for their exertions on behalf of the colored population, previous to the abolition, and for their endeavors to promote the moral and intellectual welfare of this race, since that event. But he regretted exceedingly that they had felt themselves called on to assume the position which they had done, no doubt with the best intentions, relative to the planters and laborers. He concluded, however, by saying, that he still believed, that the good they had done the colony far overbalanced the evil. Ever since the publication of this despatch, the baptist missionaries have been the Governor's most bitter enemies. They denounce him as an oppressor, a persecutor, a traitor to the cause of liberty, and what not. It was even proposed by some of the brethren, while I was in Kingston, that a donation of fifty pounds, which the Rev. Mr. Kingdom had received from the Governor, to assist in the erection of a chapel, should be returned.* The governor, from all I could learn with

* At one of their meetings, a resolution was passed petitioning the queen for his recal.

regard to him, is a man of superior talents, and an enlightened and impartial statesman. He has served in India; and I judge from a passage in an article of a late number of the *Edinburgh Review*,* which I suppose to have been written by Macaulay, who is good authority on all Indian affairs, that he has served with much honor to himself and his country. "If (says the above writer) we now see men like Munroe, Elphinston, and Metcalfe, after leading victorious armies, after making and deposing kings, return proud of their honorable poverty," &c. &c. — and in the reading room at Kingston, I picked up an East Indian newspaper, on the corner of which near the "imprint" was this standing testimony to his merit, "Sir Chas. Theophilus Metcalfe achieved the freedom of the Indian press, 1835." I intended to have made some extracts from the abovementioned despatch, and also from the governor's speech, on proroguing the colonial assembly, which would have afforded you a brief and clear view of the present difficulties in Jamaica, but I lost the papers containing them at Havana. With regard to these difficulties, I will first run over a few preliminary facts, in order to recal them to your memory, and then proceed to give you a brief and necessarily imperfect account of them, but which in all its main features, I believe, is correct.

Jamaica contains, according to the latest estimates, about 415,000 inhabitants. †Of these only 37,000 are pure whites. Before the abolition of slavery, the free colored people were estimated at 55,000. If these estimates are correct, the entire colored population is to the white as eleven to one nearly. The civil disabilities of the free colored people were removed in 1831; since which time all offices have been open to them. Slavery was abolished, and apprenticeship system established in 1834. This was to continue, with regard to the plantation slaves, or *prædials* as they are called, until the first of August, 1840. The non-*prædials*, or house servants, mechanics, &c, were to be emancipated two years sooner, being considered better pre-

* April, 1840, Art. Malcolm's Life of Lord Clive.

† The number of slaves emancipated in 1834 amounted to 311,700. No census has ever been taken of the other classes, and I found no one who was able to give me any idea of what proportion of the whole were intermediate.

pared for freedom than the agriculturalists. But as the time drew near for the emancipation of the former class, the agitation became so great among the abolitionists both in England and Jamaica, that parliament passed an act, by a small majority, dispensing with the additional two years of apprenticeship, contemplated for the field slaves. Ministers, however, being determined that the odium or responsibility of the measure should not rest on the administration, mustered all their force, on the next day, and obtained its reconsideration, — but immediately sent a despatch to Sir Lionel Smith, then governor of Jamaica, intimating that unless the colonial assembly should adopt the above measure, government would not be answerable for the consequences. The Island government, therefore, with great reluctance, and impelled only by the strong force of public opinion, passed an act, establishing full freedom and political equality throughout the island, to go into effect on the first of August, 1838. Since this time, numerous difficulties have arisen between the planters and laborers, chiefly in relation to rent, wages* on time and amount of labor. In the summer of 1839, Sir Lionel Smith, having become very unpopular with the landed proprietors, on account of partiality, real or supposed, to the interests of the blacks and their advisers, the baptist missionaries, was “permitted to resign.” He was succeeded by the present governor, who shortly after his arrival, made a tour of observation through the island, in order to make himself thoroughly informed, as to the nature of these difficulties. The governor, in the despatch mentioned above, consequent to this tour, sums up all their difficulties in “a *want of labor*, which arises from the want of a sufficient laboring population, and from the facilities on the part of the peasant, of obtaining a comfortable subsistence, without laboring for the planter.” He pronounces the laborers of Jamaica “the best conditioned peasantry in the world.” By two or three days’ labor (he says) they can provide for the wants of a week. The laborers, when slaves, cultivated certain spots on the plantation which they called their own, as provision grounds. The planters

* It is impossible, from the confusion of rates and methods of payment, to state what are the average daily wages of a plantation laborer — perhaps for small and large, from 12½ a 37½ cts. per day.

now charge them rent for these. This the laborers do not understand, as they have not been used to it, and they are unwilling to pay the rent. Again there are certain kinds of labor which they are unwilling to attend to, as being less agreeable or profitable than others. Now the interests of the planter require not only that every department of his business should be alike well attended to, but they require also continuous labor; as the neglect only of a very few days may be the ruin of a whole crop, either of sugar or coffee. In order to secure these objects, the planter offers to remit the rent, provided the laborer will give him continuous labor, and in such departments, as he, the planter, shall appoint. This arrangement does not in general succeed. The laborer, in many instances, after working a short time, thinks he can do better elsewhere, — or he wishes to do something for himself, — or he meets, as he thinks, with wrong treatment, — or he has supplied his immediate necessities; and he therefore absents himself, and disappoints the planter. Then comes the demand for rent, and sometimes, too, in order to get rid of the occupant to make room for a better, the planter demands exorbitant rent. The special magistrate generally protects the laborer against exorbitancy, and of course makes such a decision as dissatisfies the planter, who being unable to carry either of these points, has in some instances resorted to violence. He has cut down the cocoa trees, on the laborer's provision grounds, unroofed his hut, and destroyed his fences. To be sure, the property so destroyed is the planter's. But the laborer, very naturally, considers it not the less a personal injury to himself, and retaliates by firing out-houses, stealing sheep, or in some other way.

It is easy to see in all this the characteristic defects of each race brought strongly into play. The inefficiency and improvidence of the negroes, no doubt, might be much corrected by proper management, and kindness, and forbearance, but these the planter has never learned to show. I do not mean to say that I understood this state of things to be universal. Many of the estates where judicious management is exercised, are well cultivated; and many of the negroes are industrious, and work in order to lay up money. But trouble enough of this kind exists, to affect seriously the general property of the island. "It is evident,"

says the governor, "that rent is now regulated on the plantations solely with a view to the exaction of labor;"—and he recommends that leases should be granted, or small parcels of land sold to the negro, in order to relieve him from the necessity of holding land, from which he may be removed. This the planters are unwilling to do, as they contend that it would place themselves still more in the power of the laborer; and many of them are desirous of abandoning the rent and ground system altogether, and to remunerate wholly in wages. But the negro objects again that this arrangement would give the planter too much power, as in this case, the former would be obliged to purchase the necessaries of life entirely of the latter.—Besides, the negroes have strong local attachments.

All these difficulties are said to be increased by the spiritual advisers of the laborers,—the baptist missionaries. They call "agitation meetings" through the country, and talk to the negroes of liberty and equality, and the tyranny of their white oppressors. They persuade negroes to leave such planters as have become obnoxious to them, and join other planters who have not incurred their displeasure. Some, I know not how many, are said to have retired into the more uncultivated parts of the island. In short, no arrangement appears to have been thus far effected, by which the planters generally have been able to secure their crops, as formerly. Many of the cane fields have run up to weeds, and the rats and ants destroy the produce; and the coffee decays on the grounds for want of gathering. The natural consequence of this waste is a great falling off in the exports of the island, as compared with previous years. I was shown a return of exports copied from the Journals of the assembly, from 1772 to 1836 inclusive. The highest sugar exportation, always by far the most important, was I think (for I quote from memory) in 1805. It amounted in round numbers to 137,000 hogsheads. The smallest amount exported during these years was in 1836; its amount in round numbers, 61,000 hogsheads. In 1838, the last year of the apprenticeship, the export of this article had declined to 45,000 hogsheads; and at the close of the year 1839, the amount produced and in the course of exportation, while I was in the island, was allowed universally to be less than

28,000 hogsheads. I copy from a newspaper now before me the following statement, in a message to the assembly, of the "deficiency of crops in 1839, as compared with those of 1838."

Of Sugar 18,335 hhds. 3,070 tces. 1,510 bbla.

" Rum 9,828 pun. 165 " 386 casks.

" Coffee 4,654,647 lbs.

" Ginger 1,512 casks — 1,062 bags.

I was informed, that during the last three years, the seasons have been favorable, and that there had been neither drought nor hurricane in the time. This deficiency in the staples, therefore, can be referred to no adequate cause, but the want of labor. In the mean time things are fast growing worse. One entire year of neglect, it is said, will destroy a coffee plantation. And when the coffee plant is once out of the soil, it cannot easily be re-established in the same soil, even though that soil has not been exhausted by long continual culture. It is also said to require from three to six years of labor in a new soil, before the coffee shrub begins to make returns. The same remarks apply in some degree, though not to the same extent, to other branches of culture. When any grounds are neglected, they will run up to weeds and bushes, and thus one bad year prepares the way for another still worse. Many estates are said to be partially, and others wholly thrown out of cultivation, and many more, unless immediate remedy be found, will go the same way.

Since my return, I have heard but little about Jamaica. The little, however, which I have heard, has come through the occasionally reported speeches of abolitionists. And in these there appears to be an evident feeling, that it is incumbent on all friends of abolition to account for the declining prosperity of the island in some other way, than by referring it to a want of labor. They suggest that the seasons have really been less favorable than the planters and merchants assert. They talk of the disturbed state of the island currency, (the island paper was at six per cent discount,) and of the commercial embarrassments, arising from the political difficulties, and consequent suspension of trade, on the South American continent. Of these difficulties on the currency, I know but little. But they point triumphantly to the rise of landed property, as dis-

proving completely all the complaining assertions of the planter and merchant, and as most decisive evidence of agricultural prosperity. With regard to this latter, I inquired particularly of a merchant of much experience in the affairs of the island. He said it was partially true; that landed property had risen in some parts of Jamaica, *because* it had fallen in others; that while the home market was kept closed to foreign sugars, the smaller the quantity produced in Jamaica, the higher its value. And that its diminished production on some estates, and the ruin and abandonment of others, increased the value of those which were more prosperous or in full operation. This seems reasonable, and I believe it is true. But the abolitionists appear to think it absolutely essential to the success of their cause, to show that emancipation is sure to promote the pecuniary interest of the planter. They feel bound to paint every thing rose color. They wish to demonstrate that the atmosphere can be purified by perfectly harmless lightning; and that a great revolution can take place in a community, and a great evil be eradicated from it, and yet nobody, not even he who has been feeding fat on the old system of iniquity, be disturbed in his pleasures or money-making. They even diminish the force of their own theory, which asserts the enfeebling and demoralizing tendencies of a state of slavery, by attempting to make out a case of general industry, and steadiness of purpose, for the recently enslaved blacks. Now this resort to expediences is the system of tactics peculiar to the mere politician, always the natural enemy of the defender of simple rights. And the old rule of fighting the enemy with his own weapons, however good in vulgar political and physical warfare, seems to me utterly unworthy of men who are fighting the battles of truth. They forget that the truth is mighty, and apparently fear, that it will not have consistency enough for practical purposes, unless it be mixed with earth. They ought to take higher ground. If they would expect the truth which they offer, to promote health when taken into the moral circulation, they must present it pure, and not drugged with expediency. Let them agitate fairly. Let them — having full faith in its quickening influence, — evolve, and throw out fearlessly into the atmosphere, the whole unmitigated truth of this matter, so that

all who breathe may receive it, and by this simple process, as sure as the young grow up, to take the places of the old who die, just so sure shall they find a new and vigorous public opinion spring up, which shall be their only efficient helper. And when the young behemoth is once grown, he will pierce through all these snares of political expediency, and move on straight to his object. These deep politicians, these wise men, — each “thinking politics a science in which himself is perfect,” — with their plans for saving the country, and their tactics, and curious political machinery, for carrying or obstructing any great measure, according as it may subserve or oppose the interests of a party, what are they when *unofficial* public opinion once begins to legislate and passes one of her short simple decrees? We have just seen how this great moral force wrenched out of the hands of the Jamaica planters two good years of slavery secured to them by act of parliament. For myself, I cannot resist the conviction, that the present landed proprietors of Jamaica will never again know prosperity. I think it has received its death blow, and that a far more genuine prosperity, than the island has ever yet known, will arise from its ruins. In the mean time the planters are looking about for something with which to sustain their declining interests. And for this purpose the assembly* passed on the 11th of April, the “Immigration Act.” This act provides for the raising of £ 50,000 sterling per annum, for three years, to be expended in importing foreign laborers. A Commissioner of Emigration † has been sent to England, by the way of the United States, to promote the success of the scheme. He appointed agents of emigration at New-York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, whose duty it should be to induce suitable individuals, “one third at least, to be females,” to go out to Jamaica as laborers. The government is to pay the expenses of emigration, and guarantee the support of the laborer, for one year after arrival, provided he will work on the plantations. Emigrants are to *sign an obligation at*

* Mr. Barclay of the Assembly. A few years ago he wrote a stout volume in defence of slavery.

† The seat of government is Spanish-town, the old St. Jago de la Vela of the Spaniards. It is about thirteen miles from Kingston.

the time of embarking, for the repayment of expenses and passage money, if on their arrival, they shall refuse to complete or enter into the proposals, shown them, at the same time. Agencies were also to be established in all the home territories, in Malta, and Africa. The members of the assembly, who are mostly planters, appear to have great confidence in the feasibility of the plan. The act was passed by a large majority. They also look with much confidence for the assent of the home government. "England," said Mr. Barclay, a prominent member, "for more than a century sanctioned the importation of Africans into the island as slaves; why should she not encourage it now, when all the blessings of freedom are secured to them? The baptist missionaries and English abolitionists oppose the act, on the ground that the planters have already laborers enough, if they will but use, and pay them well. And they assert, that the planters wish to import this foreign laboring population, merely with a view to control the price of labor, and thus bring down the blacks once more to the condition of slaves. The merchants appear to have but little faith in the project. They acknowledge, however, that it is a forlorn hope, and if this does not succeed, that nothing else will. Europeans, say they, are not able to come into this climate, and go at once to severe field labor. The negroes of the United States, I think, will prove but a feeble resource. Their strong local attachments will be an impediment. It may not be very difficult to induce a portion of the idle colored population of our cities, to emigrate; but I suspect they would prove very inefficient field laborers. Africa seemed to be considered the main resource. But I was unable to ascertain what was to be their mode of operation on the coast. What may be the facilities for obtaining emigrants through Sierra Leone and their other colonies, I do not know. But except through these, their only resource in Africa must be negotiation with native chiefs. And this method, it appears to me, cannot but possess some of the features of the slave trade. But on this subject, I am not well informed. My impression is that the plan cannot succeed. It is based on a false principle. The genuine motives for emigration are a love of power, gain, or liberty, or the strong hope of, in some way, very materially improving one's condition. And in

these motives the project is deficient. It is an emigration which proposes for its main result, not the good of the emigrant, but that of the planter. And I am of opinion, that none but a body of inveterate slave-holders, like the Jamaica assembly, could ever have come deliberately to the conclusion, that men of sufficient energy to do them good service, could be induced to leave their native country, with the prospect, and indeed, under the express agreement, of remaining for a term of years in the condition of day-laborers, at the maximum wages of fifty cents per day. The governor acquiesces in the measure; but according to his despatch, before referred to, he considers *time* the only remedy for the planter. But for this the proprietary system of Jamaica cannot wait. Should the proposed equalization of duties on sugar take place in England, for which the English people are clamorous, its effect, taken in connection with the regularly increasing supply of slave-grown sugar, and the favorable prospects for East India sugar, must be very disastrous to the interests of the planter. The prices of sugar in Kingston I found to be 25 per cent higher than those in Boston, for the same qualities, when I left the latter place. These high prices are owing to the prohibitory duties in England on all foreign sugars. The British government thus protects the interests of her West India Colonists, or rather those of the absentee landed proprietors, who make common cause with the corn law monopolists, against competition. And she does this at the expense of the great body of the people, and greatly to their discontent. By an equalization of the sugar duties, the British market would be thrown open to Cuba, Porto Rico, and Brazil, which, from the nature of their soil, cheaper mode of building, and the abundance of slave labor, which they have at command, are able to furnish sugar at a much lower price than Jamaica can furnish it. The trade of Jamaica, in this article, therefore, is now merely kept alive by artificial stimulants. Sugar is the main product of the island, and should this prop of the prohibitory duties be removed, it is believed that the trade of the colony will go down with a crash.

I suppose the Governor is right, and that there is no remedy but time. But this will be no remedy for the present race of planters. They must suffer, — just as in all revolutions,

those must always suffer—who have been deriving the greatest advantage from the previously existing state of things. Among disinterested persons, who have given the subject their attention, I suspect there is little doubt, but that the intermediate is destined to be the dominant race of this island; or rather that, in no very long time, it will be the only race. In *amount* of native qualities, these people are the best of the island. The men are fine looking, and more muscular than the whites; and the women,—especially the brown, and yellow varieties, are much more beautiful and vivacious than those of purely English origin. These physical capabilities, which they inherit from their black ancestors, combining with the European intellect which they have received from their white progenitors, contribute to give them a force of character, equal at least, to that of the English Creole. In short, amalgamation appears to be to the negro a sort of purifying process, by which the more soft and feeble qualities of his nature are carried off to give place to those of more refinement and force.

It is still not unusual in the northern states, to hear color spoken of as intended by nature as a barrier to intercourse between the white and black race, and to hear amalgamation represented as an outrage. That it is an outrage against northern prejudice, there is no doubt. I confess myself one of those who do not like to touch the skin of a negro. But when any of the laws of nature are outraged, in this respect, I believe she generally marks down her resentment, by some feebleness or organic imperfection in the result. Now the result of amalgamation between the whites and blacks is the manifest improvement of the negro race. This improvement is shown in many ways, and particularly in the superior business qualifications of the intermediate race over the blacks. The agency of this race, in Jamaica, has been by no means contemptible in the cause of abolition. These people were the enemy within the camp of slavery, during the long course of years, that the abolitionists were assaulting it from without. So far as I can learn, it was not the pure blacks, but the mulattoes and brown men,—such men as Jorden and Osborn, the present editors of the “Morning Journal,”—who organized those combinations, and kept up that system

of agitations, which resulted in the abrogation of all the civil disabilities of the free colored population of Jamaica, in 1831. Jorden was one of the chief of those. In 1829, he was turned out of a large commercial house in Kingston, in which he was a clerk, on the ground that he was a leading agitator. He then commenced the publication of a newspaper, and for an agitation article published in this, he was charged with high treason, and tried for his life, but acquitted. His newspaper, however, was suppressed. He now issued a circular, adverting to the extent of the combinations formed among the colored people, and threatening that unless all civil restrictions were at once removed from the free colored population, they would proclaim immediate freedom to their own slaves, and shout havoc until the streets of Kingston should run with blood. The Jamaica assembly shortly after this removed the restrictions. Mr. Jorden has now grown rather respectable and conservative. The name of his paper has been recently changed from the "Watchman" to the "Morning Journal." He is at present a member of the assembly, and advocates, in his seat and in his paper, the leading measures for the relief of the planter, — particularly the Immigration Act. Men who can make themselves felt as Mr. Jorden has done, it is impossible to despise. Such men have done much towards breaking down the pride of caste in Jamaica. I say pride of caste, for that personal antipathy to color, so strong in New England, is unknown to the people of the West Indies. A few days after my arrival from Havana, I met a young man from Demarara, whom I understood to be the son of a planter. He had been in New England about a year. After remarking to me, that the colored population of that colony had been fast rising in wealth and respectability, since the abolition, — that prejudice against color was declining, and that many white merchants and clerks — excluded from the first class of the colony the planters and officials, — were intermarrying with the more wealthy colored people, the young man confessed with some appearance of shame and regret, that his own prejudice against color had become altogether too weak, sometime before his departure from Demarara; — "And I thank God," he gravely proceeded, "for my timely visit to New England; it has enabled me to imbibe the

northern prejudice against color, which I think will be of great service to me on my return." Falstaff, I recollect, calls hostess Quickly "a thing to thank God on," and there are no doubt other instances on record of persons who have been thankful for small favors. But whether our New England prejudice against color ought to be regarded as a blessing or not, the West Indians generally will hardly be able to obtain it, like this young man, by a protracted residence amongst us; and unless the professors at Cambridge, by a union of talent, shall discover some chemico-metaphysical process, by which it can be condensed into moral ice, in order that it may be turned, as in this case it no doubt would be, into an article of trade, I see not how they are to be supplied.

In the mean time, pride of caste is rapidly melting away, in Jamaica. Whites and colored people dine at the same table, and sit in the same pew. Their children mingle together at school. The professional men plead at the same bar,* and meet at the same bedside. They legislate together, and last, but not least, marriage between whites and colored people, heretofore confined to the Jews of the island, who are much despised by the other creoles, is now beginning to invade the ranks of the "better class." The week before our arrival, a worthy young white man, the son of a highly respectable wholesale merchant of Kingston, married a colored girl, and the circumstance excited but little remark in the place. This rapid destruction of caste could not have taken place, unless the balance of moral power had begun to turn in favor of the colored race. Were they comparatively few and feeble, no force, while there is pride in man, could effect such a change. But the colored people of Jamaica are said to possess an advantage in point of numbers, of ten to one, † over the whites. Their best people are, in native powers, equal to the best of the whites. They are rapidly acquiring a great accession to their moral force through the public schools. They are gaining wealth in business. They are beginning to occupy places of trust and profit. The more

* A young man, whom I understood to be something lighter than a mulatto, was admitted to the Kingston bar a few months ago.

† According to Mr. Barclay, they are 14 to 1.

ambitious, even of the peasantry, are beginning to buy piecemeal parcels of land, thrown out of cultivation, thus breaking up estates into small freeholds. And as the peasant can live without the planter, as the produce is likely still to diminish, and the market to decline from competition — and the planter consequently to become still poorer than he is — this state of things is likely to continue. Not only this, they have a large interior tract of uncultivated land* to fall back on, — the same which for more than a century sheltered the Maroons, — but which they, as freedom gives them strength, will make a far more permanent retreat by cultivation. They have scattered throughout the land such men as Hill, Jorden, and Prescod, — men of sufficient practical ability and a burning jealousy of their rights. They have obtained political equality; and they will not rest, until all the ancient barriers and landmarks are swept away from the island.

Nothing short of despotism, in a great disparity of moral force, can preserve the arrangement in society of caste over caste, like distinct layers of inanimate matter. In a country as free as Jamaica now is, the elements of population must run into a mass, and combine not arbitrarily, but according to their natural affinity, and the rulers and the ruled must be of the same material. While this change is going on, it is almost a matter of course, that there should be a decline of commercial prosperity. The evil disease, which has just been extirpated, must necessarily be followed by a temporary prostration of strength, before full health returns. But when the confusion consequent to great change shall cease, and when all the white blood of the island shall be absorbed, — then, for the first time since her discovery, shall Jamaica possess a population worthy of herself. It will not be a population of heterogeneous races and imperfect organs, — one race furnishing the head, and the other the hand; — one with the capacity to acquire, and the other to enjoy the good things of life; one scorning, and the other fearing; — mutually cankering and corroding each other's best qualities by a forced and unwholesome contact; but the two races by blending shall not only throw off or absorb the injurious effects of this

* About one third part of the island has never been under cultivation. Much of this land, formerly planted, has become forfeited.

contact, but also supply each other's characteristic deficiencies, and present in combination qualities, both moral and physical, far better adapted to the climate, than either possessed separately.

We know not how far the adverse influence of climate may be counteracted by a thorough union of races such as this; it seems however but fair to conclude, that they will then form a community somewhat inferior perhaps in enterprise and force of character, to the people of the northern temperate latitudes, — but certainly not in moral and social qualities: and when their character shall be perfectly established, and all their energies developed by freedom, it may not be unreasonable to hope, that in a union of practical, moral, and intellectual powers, these Anglo-Africans will surpass every other people of the tropics.

THE MOTHER'S GRIEF.

I STAND within my garden fair
Where flowers in joyous beauty spring,
Their fragrance mingles in the air,
The birds most sweetly sing.

And in that spot a lonely mound,
Spread o'er with grasses heavily,
My infant sleeps within the ground,
Nor may the garden see.

The wind sighs sadly, and the sun
Shines down to dazzle weary eyes;
That buried form the truest one,
The rest its mockeries.

SWEEP HO !

SWEEP ho ! Sweep ho !
He trudges on through sleet and snow.

Tired and hungry both is he,
And he whistles vacantly ;

Sooty black his rags and skin,
But the child is fair within.

Sweep ho ! Sweep ho !
He trudges on through sleet and snow.

Ice and cold are better far
Than his master's curses are.

Mother of this ill used one, —
Couldst thou see thy little son !

Sweep ho ! Sweep ho !
He trudges on through sleet and snow.

At the great man's door he knocks,
Which the servant-maid unlocks ;

Now let in with laugh and jeer,
In his eye there stands a tear.

He is young, but soon will know
How to bear both word and blow.

Sweep ho ! sweep ho !
In the chimney, sleet and snow.

Gladly should his task be done,
Were't the last beneath the sun :

Faithfully it now shall be ;
But soon spent, down droppeth he ;

Gazes round as in a dream ;
Very strange, but true, things seem ;

Led by a fantastic power
Which sets by the present hour,

Creeps he to a little bed,
Pillows there his aching head,

Falls into a sudden sleep,
Like his childhood's sweet and deep ;

But, poor thing ! he does not know
Here he lay long years ago.

THE SAIL.

A CLOUDLESS sky, a sun that brightly shone
 On rippling waves, a wind that swiftly bore,
 As on some seabird's pinions we had flown,
 Our little vessel from the sandy shore,
 So quietly, that as we sailed before
 The wind, all motionless we seemed to be,
 As if with outstretched wing we hovered o'er
 The water, like high sailing hawk we see
 So poised, we know not if the clouds do move, or he.

So glided from our view the rapid scene
 Of sandy beach, of scattered town and hill,
 With many a barren spot or pleasant green,
 Where one might lie and dream, and rocks so still
 And lonely, that their presence seemed to fill
 The air with knowledge, that they there did lie,
 Sleeping in such repose, it seemed, that till
 That moment they had never felt the eye
 So full upon them look of the allseeing sky.

Now whether from the rocks and hills and sea,
 Their spirit were centered in our own,
 Or ours diffused o'er all things seemed to be
 Their spirit breathing with a deeper tone,
 Reflecting back the light that on them shone;
 Or if in closest sympathy there dwelt
 One soul pervading all, may not be known;
 But as these scenes into our souls did melt,
 We seemed like silent rocks, and they like things that felt.

Our winged vessel parted the still sea,
 And we fled onwards still in central space,
 And there was certain heaven wherever we
 Were running Time-like our unmoving race;
 And those dim sails which unstrained eyes could trace
 Around the horizon's edge, seemed not so blest
 As ours, which, by the universal grace,
 Had privilege at the heart of heaven to rest;
 For so those circling ships and clouds and sun confessed.

THE COMIC.

It is a nail of pain and pleasure, said Plato, which fastens the body to the mind. The way of life is a line between the regions of tragedy and comedy. I find few books so entertaining as the wistful human history written out in the faces of any collection of men at church or court-house. The silent assembly thus talks very loud. The sailor carries on his face the tan of tropic suns, and the record of rough weather; the old farmer testifies of stone walls, rough woodlots, the meadows and the new barn. The doctor's head is a fragrant gallipot of virtues. The carpenter still measures feet and inches with his eye, and the licensed landlord mixes liquors in motionless pantomime. What good bargains glimmer on the merchant's aspect. And if beauty, softness, and faith, in female forms, have their own influence, vices even, in slight degree, are thought to improve the expression. Malice and scorn add to beauty. You shall see eyes set too near, and limited faces, faces of one marked and invariable character. How the busy fancy inquires into their biography and relations! They pique, but must tire. Compared with universal faces, countenances of a general human type, which pique less, they look less safe. In such groups the observer does not think of heroes and sages. In the silentest meeting, the eye reads the plain prose of life, timidity, caution, appetite, ignorance, old houses, musty savors, stationary, retrograde faculties pattering round (to use the country phrase) in paltry routines from January to December.

These are the precincts of comedy and farce. And a taste for fun is all but universal in our species, which is the only joker in nature. The rocks, the plants, the beasts, the birds, neither do anything ridiculous, nor betray a perception of anything absurd done in their presence. And as the lower nature does not jest, neither does the highest. The Reason pronounces its omniscient yea and nay, but meddles never with degrees or fractions, and it is in comparing fractions with essential integers or wholes, that laughter begins.

Aristotle's definition of the ridiculous is, "what is out

of time and place, without danger." If there be pain and danger, it becomes tragic; if not, comic. I confess, this definition, though by an admirable definer, does not satisfy me, does not say all we know. The essence of all jokes, of all comedy, seems to be halfness; a non-performance of what is pretended to be performed, at the same time that one is giving loud pledges of performance. The baulking of the intellect, the frustrated expectation, the break of continuity in the intellect, is what we call comedy; and it announces itself physically in the pleasant spasms we call Laughter.

With the trifling exception of the stratagems of a few beasts and birds, there is no seeming, no halfness in nature, until the appearance of man. Unconscious creatures do the whole will of wisdom. An oak or a chestnut undertakes no function it cannot execute, or, if there be phenomena in botany which we call abortions, the abortion is also a function of nature, and assumes to the intellect the like completeness with the farther function, to which in different circumstances it had attained. The same thing holds true of the animals. Their activity is marked by unerring good sense. But man, through his access to Reason, is capable of the perception of a whole and a part. Reason is the Whole, and whatsoever is not that, is a part. The whole of nature is agreeable to the whole of thought, or to the Reason; but separate any part of nature, and attempt to look at it as a whole by itself, and the feeling of the ridiculous begins. The perpetual game of Humor is to look with considerate good nature at every object in existence *aloof*, as a man might look at a mouse, comparing it with the eternal Whole; enjoying the figure which each self-satisfied particular creature cuts in the unrespecting All, and dismissing it with a benison. Separate any object, as a particular bodily man, a horse, a flour-barrel, an umbrella, from the connection of things, and contemplate it alone, standing there in absolute nature, it becomes at once comic; no useful, no respectable qualities can rescue it from the ludicrous.

In virtue of man's access to Reason or the Whole, the human form is a pledge of wholeness, suggests to our imagination the perfection of truth or goodness, and exposes by contrast any halfness or imperfection. We have a pri-

mary association between perfectness and this form. But the facts that transpire when actual men enter, do not make good this anticipation; a discrepancy which is at once detected by the intellect, and the outward sign is the muscular irritation of laughter.

Reason does not joke, and men of reason do not; a prophet, in whom the moral sentiment predominates, or a philosopher, in whom the love of truth predominates, these do not joke, but they bring the standard, the ideal whole, exposing all actual defect; and hence, the best of all jokes is the sympathetic contemplation of things by the understanding from the philosopher's point of view. There is no joke so true and deep in actual life, as when some pure idealist goes up and down among the institutions of society, attended by a man who knows the world, and who sympathizing with the philosopher's scrutiny, sympathizes also with the confusion and indignation of the detected skulking institutions. His perception of disparity, his eye wandering perpetually from the rule, to the crooked lying thieving fact, makes the eyes run over with laughter.

This is the radical joke of life and then of literature. The presence of the ideal of right and of truth in all action, makes the yawning delinquences of practice remorseful to the conscience, tragic to the interest, but droll to the intellect. The activity of our sympathies may for a time hinder our perceiving the fact intellectually, and so deriving mirth from it, but all falsehoods, all vices seen at sufficient distance, seen from the point where our moral sympathies do not interfere, become ludicrous. The comedy is in the intellect's perception of discrepancy. And whilst the presence of the ideal discovers the difference, the comedy is enhanced whenever that ideal is embodied visibly in a man. Thus Falstaff, in Shakspeare, is a character of the broadest comedy, giving himself unreservedly to his senses, coolly ignoring the reason, whilst he invokes its name, pretending to patriotism and to parental virtues, not with any intent to deceive, but only to make the fun perfect by enjoying the confusion betwixt reason and the negation of reason, in other words, the rank rascaldom he is calling by its name. Prince Hal stands by, as the acute understanding, who sees the Right and sympathizes with it, and in the heyday of youth feels also the

full attractions of pleasure, and is thus eminently qualified to enjoy the joke. At the same time, he is to that degree under the Reason, that it does not amuse him as much as it amuses another spectator.

If the essence of the comic be the contrast in the intellect between the idea and the false performance, there is good reason why we should be affected by the exposure. We have no deeper interest than our integrity, and that we should be made aware by joke and by stroke, of any lie that we entertain. Besides, a perception of the comic seems to be a balance-wheel in our metaphysical structure. It appears to be an essential element in a fine character. Wherever the intellect is constructive, it will be found. We feel the absence of it as a defect in the noblest and most oracular soul. It insulates the man, cuts down all bridges between him and other men. The perception of the comic is a tie of sympathy with other men, is a pledge of sanity, and is a protection from those perverse tendencies and gloomy insanities into which fine intellects sometimes lose themselves. A man alive to the ludicrous is still convertible. If that sense is lost, his fellow men can do little for him.

It is true the sensibility to the ludicrous may run into excess. Men celebrate their perception of halfness and a latent lie by the peculiar explosions of laughter. So painfully susceptible are some men to these impressions, that if a man of wit come into the room where they are, it seems to take them out of themselves with violent convulsions of the face and sides, and obstreperous roarings of the throat. How often and with what unfeigned compassion we have seen such a person receiving like a willing martyr the whispers into his ear of a man of wit. The victim who has just received the discharge, if in a solemn company, has the air very much of a stout vessel which has just shipped a heavy sea; and though it does not split it, the poor bark is for the moment critically staggered. The peace of society and the decorum of tables seem to require that next to a notable wit should always be posted a phlegmatic bolt-upright man, able to stand without movement of muscle whole broadsides of this Greek fire. It is a true shaft of Apollo, and traverses the universe, unless it encounter a mystic or a dumpish soul, and goes everywhere

heralded and harbingered by smiles and greetings. Wit makes its own welcome, and levels all distinctions. No dignity, no learning, no force of character can make any stand against good wit. It is like ice on which no beauty of form, no majesty of carriage can plead any immunity, — they must walk gingerly, according to the laws of ice, or down they must go, dignity and all. “Dost thou think because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?” Plutarch very happily expresses the value of the jest as a legitimate weapon of the philosopher. “Men cannot exercise their rhetoric unless they speak, but their philosophy even whilst they are silent or jest merrily; for as it is the highest degree of injustice not to be just and yet seem so, so it is the top of wisdom to philosophize yet not appear to do it, and in mirth to do the same with those that are serious and seem in earnest; for as in Euripides, the Bacchæ, though unprovided of iron weapons and unarmed, wounded their invaders with the boughs of trees, which they carried, thus the very jests and merry talk of true philosophers move those that are not altogether insensible, and unusually reform.”

In all the parts of life, the occasion of laughter is some seeming, some keeping of the word to the ear and eye, whilst it is broken to the soul. Thus, as the religious sentiment is the most vital and sublime of all our sentiments, and capable of the most prodigious effects, so is it abhorrent to our whole nature, when in the absence of the sentiment, the act or word or officer volunteers to stand in its stead. To the sympathies this is shocking, and occasions grief. But to the intellect, the lack of the sentiment gives pain; it compares incessantly the sublime idea with the bloated nothing which pretends to be it, and the sense of the disproportion is comedy. And as the religious sentiment is the most real and earnest thing in nature, being a mere rapture, and excluding, when it appears, all other considerations, the vitiating this is the greatest lie. Therefore, the oldest jibe of literature is the ridicule of false religion. This is the joke of jokes. In religion, the sentiment is all; the rite indifferent. But the inertia of men inclines them when the sentiment sleeps, to imitate that thing it did; it goes through the ceremony omitting only the will,

makes the mistake of the wig for the head, the clothes for the man. The older the mistake and the more overgrown the particular form is, the more ridiculous to the intellect. There is excellent humor in the part taken by Captain John Smith, the discoverer of New England, when the society in London, who had contributed their means to convert the savages, hoping doubtless to see the Keokuks, Black Hawks, Roaring Thunders, and Tustanuggées of that day, converted into church wardens and deacons at the least, pestered the gallant rover with frequent solicitations out of England, respecting the conversion of the Indians and enlargement of the church. Smith, in his perplexity how to satisfy the London churches, sent out a party, caught an Indian, and despatched him home in the first ship to London, telling the society, they might convert one themselves.

The satire reaches its climax when the actual church is set in direct contradiction to the dictates of the religious sentiment, as in the famous account of our Puritan politics in *Hudibras*.

Our brethren of New England use
 Choice malefactors to excuse,
 And hang the guiltless in their stead,
 Of whom the churches have less need ;
 As lately it happened in a town
 Where lived a cobbler, and but one,
 That out of doctrine could cut use,
 And mend men's lives as well as shoes.
 This precious brother having slain
 In times of peace an Indian,
 Not out of malice, but mere zeal,
 Because he was an infidel ;
 The mighty Tottipotimoy
 Sent to our elders an envoy,
 Complaining loudly of the breach
 Of league held forth by brother Patch,
 Against the articles in force
 Between both churches, his and ours ;
 For which he craved the saints to render
 Into his hands, or hang the offender.
 But they maturely having weighed
 They had no more but him of the trade,
 A man that served them in the double
 Capacity to teach and cobbler,

Resolved to spare him ; yet to do
 The Indian Hogan Mogan too
 Impartial justice, in his stead did
 Hang an old weaver that was bed-rid.

In science, the jest at pedantry is analogous to that in religion which lies against superstition. A classification or nomenclature used by the scholar only as a memorandum of his last lesson in the laws of nature, and confessedly a makeshift, a bivouac for a night, and implying a march and a conquest to-morrow, becomes through indolence a barrack and a prison, in which the man sits down immovably, and wishes to detain others. The physiologist, Camper, humorously confesses the effect of his studies in dislocating his ordinary associations. "I have been employed," he says, "six months on the *Cetacea* ; I understand the osteology of the head of all these monsters, and have made the combination with the human head so well, that every body now appears to me narwhale, porpoise, or marsouins. Women, the prettiest in society, and those whom I find less comely, — they are all either narwhales or porpoises to my eyes." I chanced the other day to fall in with an odd illustration of the remark I had heard, that the laws of disease are as beautiful as the laws of health ; I was hastening to visit an old and honored friend, who, I was informed, was in a dying condition, when I met his physician, who accosted me in great spirits, with joy sparkling in his eyes. "And how is my friend, the Doctor?" I inquired. "Oh, I saw him this morning ; it is the most correct apoplexy I have ever seen ; face and hands livid, breathing stertorous, all the symptoms perfect ;" and he rubbed his hands with delight ; for in the country we cannot find every day a case that agrees with the diagnosis of the books. I think there is malice in a very trifling story which goes about, and which I should not take any notice of, did I not suspect it to contain some satire upon my brothers of the Natural History Society. It is of a boy who was learning his alphabet, "That letter is A," said the teacher ; A, drawled the boy. "That is B," said the teacher, B, drawled the boy, and so on. "That is W," said the teacher, "The devil!" exclaimed the boy, "is that W?"

The pedantry of literature belongs to the same category. In both cases there is a lie, when the mind seizing a classi-

fication to help it to a sincerer knowledge of the fact, stops in the classification ; or learning languages, and reading books, to the end of a better acquaintance with man, stops in the languages and books ; in both the learner seems to be wise and is not.

The same falsehood, the same confusion of the sympathies because a pretension is not made good, points the perpetual satire against poverty, since according to Latin poetry and English doggerel,

Poverty does nothing worse
Than to make man ridiculous.

In this instance the halfness lies in the pretension of the parties to some consideration on account of their condition. If the man is not ashamed of his poverty, there is no joke. The poorest man, who stands on his manhood, destroys the jest. The poverty of the saint, of the rapt philosopher, of the naked Indian, is not comic. The lie is in the surrender of the man to his appearance ; as if a man should neglect himself and treat his shadow on the wall with marks of infinite respect. It affects us oddly, as to see things turned upside down, or to see a man in a high wind run after his hat, which is always droll. The relation of the parties is inverted, — hat being for the moment master. The multiplication of artificial wants and expenses in civilized life, and the exaggeration of all trifling forms, present innumerable occasions for this discrepancy to expose itself. Such is the story told of the painter, Astley, who going out of Rome one day with a party for a ramble in the Campagna, and the weather proving hot, refused to take off his coat when his companions threw off theirs, but sweltered on ; which, exciting remark, his comrades playfully forced off his coat, and behold on the back of his vest a gay cascade was thundering down the rocks with foam and rainbow, very refreshing in so sultry a day ; — a picture of his own, with which the poor painter had been fain to repair the shortcomings of his wardrobe. The same astonishment of the intellect at the disappearance of the man out of nature, through some superstition of his house or equipage, as if truth and virtue should be bowed out of creation by the clothes they wore, is the secret of all the fun that circulates concerning eminent fops and fashionists, and in like manner of the gay Rameau of Diderot, who believes in nothing but hunger, and that the single end of art, virtue

and poetry, is to put something for mastication between the upper and lower mandibles.

Alike in all these cases, and in the instance of cowardice or fear of any sort, from the loss of life to the loss of spoons, the majesty of man is violated. He, whom all things should serve, serves some one of his own tools. In fine pictures, the head sheds on the limbs the expression of the face. In Raphael's Angel driving Heliodorus from the Temple, the crest of the helmet is so remarkable, that but for the extraordinary energy of the face, it would draw the eye too much; but the countenance of the celestial messenger subordinates it, and we see it not. In poor pictures, the limbs and trunk degrade the face. So among the women in the street, you shall see one whose bonnet and dress are one thing, and the lady herself quite another, wearing withal an expression of meek submission to her bonnet and dress; and another whose dress obeys and heightens the expression of her form.

More food for the comic is afforded whenever the personal appearance, the face, form, and manners, are subjects of thought with the man himself. No fashion is the best fashion for those matters which will take care of themselves. This is the butt of those jokes of the Paris drawing-rooms, which Napoleon reckoned so formidable, and which are copiously recounted in the French Memoires. A lady of high rank, but of lean figure, had given the Countess Dulauloy the nickname of "Le Grenadier tricolore," in allusion to her tall figure, as well as to her republican opinions; the countess retaliated by calling Madame "the Venus of the Pere la Chaise," a compliment to her skeleton which did not fail to circulate. "Lord C." said the Duchess of Gordon, "Oh, he is a perfect comb, all teeth and back." The Persians have a pleasant story of Tamerlane, which relates to the same particulars. "Timur was an ugly man; he had a blind eye and a lame foot. One day when Chodscha was with him, Timur scratched his head, since the hour of the barber was come, and commanded that the barber should be called. Whilst he was shaven, the barber gave him as usual a looking-glass in his hand. Timur saw himself in the mirror and found his face quite too ugly. Therefore he began to weep; Chodscha also set himself to weep, and so they wept for two hours. On this, some courtiers began to comfort Timur, and entertained

him with strange stories in order to make him forget all about it. Timur ceased weeping, but Chodscha ceased not, but began now first to weep amain, and in good earnest. At last, said Timur to Chodscha, 'Hearken! I have looked in the mirror, and seen myself ugly. Thereat I grieved, because although I am Caliph, and have also much wealth, and many wives, yet still I am so ugly; therefore have I wept. But thou, why weepest thou without ceasing?' Chodscha answered, 'If thou hast only seen thy face once, and at once seeing hast not been able to contain thyself, but hast wept, what should we do, we who see thy face every day and night? If we weep not, who should weep? Therefore have I wept.' Timur almost split his sides with laughing."

Politics also furnishes the same mark for satire. What is nobler than the expansive sentiment of patriotism, which would find brothers in a whole nation? But when this enthusiasm is perceived to end in the very intelligible maxims of trade, so much for so much, the intellect feels again the half man. Or what is fitter than that we should espouse and carry a principle against all opposition? but when the men appear who ask our votes as representatives of this ideal, we are sadly out of countenance.

But there is no end to this analysis. We do nothing that is not laughable, whenever we quit our spontaneous sentiment. All our plans, managements, houses, poems, if compared with the wisdom and love which man represents, are equally imperfect and ridiculous. But we cannot afford to part with any advantages. We must learn by laughter, as well as by tears and terrors; explore the whole of nature,—the farce and buffoonery in the yard below, as well as the lessons of poets and philosophers upstairs, in the hall,—and get the rest and refreshment of the shaking of the sides. But the comic also has its own speedy limits. Mirth quickly becomes intemperate, and the man would soon die of inanition, as some persons have been tickled to death. The same scourge whips the joker and the enjoyer of the joke. When Carlini was convulsing Naples with laughter, a patient waited on a physician in that city, to obtain some remedy for excessive melancholy, which was rapidly consuming his life. The physician endeavored to cheer his spirits, and advised him to go to the theatre and see Carlini. He replied, "I am Carlini."

ODE TO BEAUTY.

Who gave thee, O Beauty !
 The keys of this breast ;
 To thee who betrayed me
 To be ruined or blest ?
 Say when in lapsed ages
 Thee knew I of old ;
 Or what was the service,
 For which I was sold ?
 When first my eyes saw thee,
 I found me thy thrall,
 By magical drawings,
 Sweet tyrant of all !
 Love drinks at thy banquet
 Remediless thirst ;
 Thou intimate stranger !
 Thou latest and first !

Lavish, lavish promiser !
 Nigh persuading gods to err ;
 Guest of million painted forms
 Which in turn thy glory warms,
 The frailest leaf, the mossy bark,
 The acorn's cup, the rain drop's arc,
 The shining pebble of the pond,
 Thou inscribest with a bond,
 In thy momentary play,
 Would bankrupt nature to repay.

Ah ! what avails it
 To hide or to shun
 Whom the Infinite One
 Hath granted his throne ?
 'The heaven high over
 Is the deep's lover.

The sun and sea,
 Informed by thee,
 Before me run
 And draw me on,
 Yet fly me still,
 As Fate refuses
 To me the heart Fate for me chooses.
 Is it that my opulent soul
 Was mingled from the generous whole, —
 Sea-valleys and the deep of skies
 Furnished several supplies,
 And the sands whereof I'm made
 Draw me to them self-betrayed.

I turn the proud portfolios,
 Which hold the grand designs
 Of Salvator, of Guercino,
 And Piranesi's lines ;
 I hear the lofty pœans
 Of the masters of the shell,
 Who heard the starry music
 And recount the numbers well ;
 Olympian bards who sung
 Divine Ideas below,
 Which always find us young,
 And always keep us so.
 Oft in streets or humblest places
 I detect far-wandered graces,
 Which from Eden wide astray
 In lowly homes have lost their way.

Thee gliding through the sea of form,
 As the lightning through the storm,
 Somewhat not to be possessed,
 Somewhat not to be caressed,
 No feet so fleet could ever find,
 No perfect form could ever bind.
 Thou, eternal fugitive,
 Hovering over all that live,
 Quick and skilful to inspire

Sweet extravagant desire,
 Starry space and lily bell
 Filling with thy roseate smell,
 Wilt not give the lips to taste
 Of the nectar which thou hast.

All that's good and great, with thee
 Stands in deep conspiracy,
 Thou hast bribed the dark and lonely
 To report thy features only,
 And the cold and purple morning
 Itself with thoughts of thee adorning;
 The leafy dell, the city mart,
 Equal trophies of thine art;
 E'en the flowing azure air
 Thou hast touched for my despair;
 And if I languish into dreams,
 Again I meet the ardent beams.
 Queen of things! I dare not die
 In Being's deeps past ear and eye,
 Lest there I find the same deceiver
 And be the game of Fate forever.
 Dread Power, but dear! if God thou be,
 Unmake me quite, or give thyself to me!

ALLSTON'S FUNERAL.

THE summer moonlight lingered there,
 Thy gently moulded brow to see,
 For art in thee had softened care,
 As night's mild beams the dying tree.

That storied smile was on thy face,
 The fair forgetfulness of fame,
 The deep concealment of that grace,
 Thy tender being's only aim.

TO THE MUSE.

WHITHER? hast thou then faded?
 No more by dell, or spring, or tree?
 Whither? have I thy love upbraided?
 Come back and speak to me;
 Shine, thou star of destiny!

O simple plains and quiet woods,
 Your silence asks no poet's strains,
 For ye are verse-like solitudes,
 Your leaf-like paths the sweet refrains
 The muse awakens but in pains.

Yet shines above undauntedly
 The star-wreathed crownlet, heaven's great fame,
 And azure builds the dome-like sky,
 Nor should I make my nature tame,
 Lest distant days shall hide my name.

"Thou bearest in these shades the light,
 That piled the rugged height of leaves,
 Thou rob'st with artificial night
 These dells so deep; — he who believes,
 The muse enchants not, or deceives.

And let the deep sea toss the shore,
 Thy infinite heart no motion hath;
 Let lightning dance and thunder roar,
 And dark remembrance crowd thy path,
 Thy spirit needs some wider wrath.

That verse, — the living fate within,
 Shall truly find its tone to save,
 Its adamant goal to win
 Demands no voice, descends no grave,
 They sing enough who life-blood have."

O placid springs which murmur through
 The silken grass so glistening ;
 Are fed your veins with silent dew
 So softly that ye onward sing,
 For in the middle earth ye cling.

O gentlest woods, — your birds' kind song,
 How had you that so virtuous lay ?
 Among you let me linger long,
 And seek the arborous dim-lit way,
 And listen to your light wind's play.

And thou, the essence of the flowers,
 My bride, my joy, my own dear wife,
 Who melted in thine eyes those hours,
 Those hours with sunlight richly rife ?
 Art thou a song of earnest life ?

WILLIAM TELL'S SONG.

WHERE the mountain cataracts leap,
 And the stern wild pine builds fast,
 And the piercing crystals keep
 Their chains for the glaciers vast,
 I have built up my heart with a stony wall,
 I have frozen my will for a tyrant's fall.

As the crag from the high cliff leaps,
 And is ground to fine dust below,
 As the dreaded avalanche creeps,
 And buries the valleys in woe,
 So tyranny sinks 'neath my mountain heart,
 So slavery falls by my quivering dart.

A LETTER.

As we are very liable in common with the letter-writing world, to fall behindhand in our correspondence, and a little more liable because, in consequence of our editorial function, we receive more epistles than our individual share, we have thought that we might clear our account by writing a quarterly catholic letter to all and several who have honored us in verse, or prose, with their confidence, and expressed a curiosity to know our opinion. We shall be compelled to dispose very rapidly of quite miscellaneous topics.

And first, in regard to the writer who has given us his speculations on Rail-roads and Air-roads, our correspondent shall have his own way. To the rail-way, we must say, like the courageous lord mayor at his first hunting, when told the hare was coming, "Let it come, in Heaven's name, I am not afraid on't." Very unlooked for political and social effects of the iron road are fast appearing. It will require an expansion of the police of the old world. When a rail-road train shoots through Europe every day from Brussels to Vienna, from Vienna to Constantinople, it cannot stop every twenty or thirty miles, at a German customhouse, for examination of property and passports. But when our correspondent proceeds to Flying-machines, we have no longer the smallest taper light of credible information and experience left, and must speak on *a priori* grounds. Shortly then, we think the population is not yet quite fit for them, and therefore there will be none. Our friend suggests so many inconveniences from piracy out of the high air to orchards and lone houses, and also to other high fliers, and the total inadequacy of the present system of defence, that we have not the heart to break the sleep of the good public by the repetition of these details. When children come into the library, we put the inkstand and the watch on the high shelf, until they be a little older; and nature has set the sun and moon in plain sight and use, but laid them on the high shelf, where her roystering boys may not in some mad Saturday afternoon pull them down or burn their fingers. The sea and the iron road are safer toys for such ungrown people; we are not yet ripe to be birds.

In the next place, to fifteen letters on Communities, and the Prospects of Culture, and the destinies of the cultivated class, — what answer? Excellent reasons have been shown us why the writers, obviously persons of sincerity and of elegance, should be dissatisfied with the life they lead, and with their company. They have exhausted all its benefit, and will not bear it much

longer. Excellent reasons they have shown why something better should be tried. They want a friend to whom they can speak and from whom they may hear now and then a reasonable word. They are willing to work, so it be with friends. They do not entertain anything absurd or even difficult. They do not wish to force society into hated reforms, nor to break with society. They do not wish a township, or any large expenditure, or incorporated association, but simply a concentration of chosen people. By the slightest possible concert persevered in through four or five years, they think that a neighborhood might be formed of friends who would provoke each other to the best activity.

They believe that this society would fill up the terrific chasm of ennui, and would give their genius that inspiration which it seems to wait in vain. But 'the selfishness!' One of the writers relentingly says, What shall my uncles and aunts do without me? and desires to be distinctly understood not to propose the Indian mode of giving decrepit relatives as much of the mud of holy Ganges as they can swallow, and more, but to begin the enterprise of concentration, by concentrating all uncles and aunts in one delightful village by themselves!—so heedless is our correspondent of putting all the dough into one pan, and all the leaven into another. Another objection seems to have occurred to a subtle but ardent advocate. Is it, he writes, a too great wilfulness and intermeddling with life,—with life, which is better accepted than calculated? Perhaps so; but let us not be too curiously good; the Buddhist is a practical Necessitarian; the Yankee is not. We do a good many selfish things every day; among them all, let us do one thing of enlightened selfishness. It were fit to forbid concert and calculation in this particular, if that were our system, if we were up to the mark of self-denial and faith in our general activity. But to be prudent in all the particulars of life, and in this one thing alone religiously forbearing; prudent to secure to ourselves an injurious society, temptations to folly and despair, degrading examples and enemies; and only abstinent when it is proposed to provide ourselves with guides, examples, lovers!—

We shall hardly trust ourselves to reply to arguments by which we would too gladly be persuaded. The more discontent, the better we like it. It is not for nothing, we assure ourselves, that our people are busied with these projects of a better social state, and that sincere persons of all parties are demanding somewhat vital and poetic of our stagnant society. How fantastic and unrepresentable soever the theory has hitherto seemed, how swiftly shrinking from the examination of practical men, let us not lose the warning of that most significant

dream. How joyfully we have felt the admonition of larger natures which despised our aims and pursuits, conscious that a voice out of heaven spoke to us in that scorn. But it would be unjust not to remind our younger friends that, whilst this aspiration has always made its mark in the lives of men of thought, in vigorous individuals it does not remain a detached object, but is satisfied along with the satisfaction of other aims. To live solitary and unexpressed, is painful, — painful in proportion to one's consciousness of ripeness and equality to the offices of friendship. But herein we are never quite forsaken by the Divine Providence. The loneliest man after twenty years discovers that he stood in a circle of friends, who will then show like a close fraternity held by some masonic tie. But we are impatient of the tedious introductions of Destiny, and a little faithless, and would venture something to accelerate them. One thing is plain, that discontent and the luxury of tears will bring nothing to pass. Regrets and Bohemian castles and æsthetic villages are not a very self-helping class of productions, but are the voices of debility. Especially to one importunate correspondent we must say, that there is no chance for the æsthetic village. Every one of the villagers has committed his several blunder; his genius was good, his stars consenting, but he was a marplot. And though the recuperative force in every man may be relied on infinitely, it must be relied on, before it will exert itself. As long as he sleeps in the shade of the present error, the after-nature does not betray its resources. Whilst he dwells in the old sin, he will pay the old fine.

More letters we have on the subject of the position of young men, which accord well enough with what we see and hear. There is an American disease, a paralysis of the active faculties, which falls on young men in this country, as soon as they have finished their college education, which strips them of all manly aims and bereaves them of animal spirits, so that the noblest youths are in a few years converted into pale Caryatides to uphold the temple of conventions. They are in the state of the young Persians, when "that mighty Yezdam prophet" addressed them and said, "Behold the signs of evil days are come; there is now no longer any right course of action, nor any self-devotion left among the Iranis." As soon as they have arrived at this term, there are no employments to satisfy them, they are educated above the work of their times and country, and disdain it. Many of the more acute minds pass into a lofty criticism of these things, which only embitters their sensibility to the evil, and widens the feeling of hostility between them and the citizens at large. From this cause, companies of the best educated young men in the Atlantic states every week take their departure for Europe; for no business that they have

in that country, but simply because they shall so be hid from the reproachful eyes of their countrymen, and agreeably entertained for one or two years, with some lurking hope, no doubt, that something may turn up to give them a decided direction. It is easy to see that this is only a postponement of their proper work, with the additional disadvantage of a two years' vacation. Add that this class is rapidly increasing by the infatuation of the active class, who, whilst they regard these young Athenians with suspicion and dislike, educate their own children in the same courses, and use all possible endeavors to secure to them the same result.

Certainly we are not insensible to this calamity, as described by the observers or witnessed by ourselves. It is not quite new and peculiar, though we should not know where to find in literature any record of so much unbalanced intellectuality; such undeniable apprehension without talent, so much power without equal applicability, as our young men pretend to. Yet in Theodore Mundt's* account of Frederic Holderlin's "Hyperion," we were not a little struck with the following Jeremiad of the despair of Germany, whose tone is still so familiar, that we were somewhat mortified to find that it was written in 1799.

"Then came I to the Germans. I cannot conceive of a people more disjoined than the Germans. Mechanics you shall see, but no man; priests, but no man; thinkers, but no man. Is it not like some battlefield, where hands and arms and all members lie scattered about, whilst the life-blood runs away into the sand? Let every man mind his own, you say, and I say the same. Only let him mind it with all his heart, and not with this cold study, literally, hypocritically to appear that which he passes for, but in good earnest, and in all love, let him be that which he is; then there is a soul in his deed. And is he driven into a circumstance where the spirit must not live, let him thrust it from him with scorn, and learn to dig and plough. There is nothing holy which is not desecrated, which is not degraded to a mean end among this people. It is heartrending to see your poet, your artist, and all who still revere genius, who love and foster the Beautiful. The Good! They live in the world as strangers in their own house; they are like the patient Ulysses whilst he sat in the guise of a beggar at his own door, whilst shameless rioters shouted in the hall and ask, who brought the rag-gamuffin here? Full of love, talent and hope, spring up the darlings of the muse among the Germans; come seven years later, and they flit about like ghosts, cold and silent; they are like a soil which an enemy has sown with poison, that it will not bear a blade of grass. On earth all is imperfect! is the old proverb of the German. Aye, but if one should say to these Godforsaken, that with them all is imperfect, only because they leave nothing pure which they do not pollute, nothing holy which they do not defile with their fumbling hands; that with them nothing prospers; because the godlike nature which is the root of

* Geschichte der Literatur der Gegenwart. 1842. p. 96.

all prosperity, they do not revere; that with them, truly, life is shallow and anxious and full of discord, because they despise genius, which brings power and nobleness into manly action, cheerfulness into endurance, and love and brotherhood into towns and houses. Where a people honors genius in its artists, there breathes like an atmosphere a universal soul, to which the shy sensibility opens, which melts self-conceit, — all hearts become pious and great, and it adds fire to heroes. The home of all men is with such a people, and there will the stranger gladly abide. But where the divine nature and the artist is crushed, the sweetness of life is gone, and every other planet is better than the earth. Men deteriorate, folly increases, and a gross mind with it; drunkenness comes with disaster; with the wantonness of the tongue and with the anxiety for a livelihood, the blessing of every year becomes a curse, and all the gods depart.”

The steep antagonism between the money-getting and the academic class must be freely admitted, and perhaps is the more violent, that whilst our work is imposed by the soil and the sea, our culture is the tradition of Europe. But we cannot share the desperation of our contemporaries, least of all should we think a preternatural enlargement of the intellect a calamity. A new perception, the smallest new activity given to the perceptive power, is a victory won to the living universe from chaos and old night, and cheaply bought by any amounts of hard-fare and false social position. The balance of mind and body will redress itself fast enough. Superficialness is the real distemper. In all the cases we have ever seen where people were supposed to suffer from too much wit, or as men said, from a blade too sharp for the scabbard, it turned out that they had not wit enough. It may easily happen that we are grown very idle and must go to work, and that the times must be worse before they are better. It is very certain, that speculation is no succedaneum for life. What we would know, we must do. As if any taste or imagination could take the place of fidelity! The old Duty is the old God. And we may come to this by the rudest teaching. A friend of ours went five years ago to Illinois to buy a farm for his son. Though there were crowds of emigrants in the roads, the country was open on both sides, and long intervals between hamlets and houses. Now after five years he has just been to visit the young farmer and see how he prospered, and reports that a miracle has been wrought. From Massachusetts to Illinois, the land is fenced in and builded over, almost like New England itself, and the proofs of thrifty cultivation everywhere abound; — a result not so much owing to the natural increase of population, as to the hard times, which, driving men out of cities and trade, forced them to take off their coats and go to work on the land, which has rewarded them not only with wheat but with habits of labor. Perhaps the adversities of our commerce have

not yet been pushed to the wholesomest degree of severity. Apathies and total want of work and reflection on the imaginative character of American life, &c. &c., are like seasickness, which never will obtain any sympathy, if there is a woodpile in the yard, or an unweeded patch in the garden; not to mention the graver absurdity of a youth of noble aims, who can find no field for his energies, whilst the colossal wrongs of the Indian, of the Negro, of the emigrant, remain unmitigated, and the religious, civil, and judicial forms of the country are confessedly effete and offensive. We must refer our clients back to themselves, believing that every man knows in his heart the cure for the disease he so ostentatiously bewails.

As far as our correspondents have entangled their private griefs with the cause of American Literature, we counsel them to disengage themselves as fast as possible. In Cambridge orations, and elsewhere, there is much inquiry for that great absentee American Literature. What can have become of it? The least said is best. A literature is no man's private concern, but a secular and generic result, and is the affair of a power which works by a prodigality of life and force very dismaying to behold,—the race never dying, the individual never spared, and every trait of beauty purchased by hecatombs of private tragedy. The pruning in the wild gardens of nature is never forborne. Many of the best must die of consumption, many of despair, and many be stupid and insane, before the one great and fortunate life, which they each predicted, can shoot up into a thrifty and beneficent existence.

But passing to a letter which is a generous and a just tribute to Bettina von Arnim, we have it in our power to furnish our correspondent and all sympathizing readers with a sketch,* though plainly from no very friendly hand, of the new work of that eminent lady, who in the silence of Tieck and Schelling, seems to hold a monopoly of genius in Germany.

“At last has the long expected work of the Frau von Arnim here appeared. It is true her name is not prefixed; more properly is the dedication, *This Book belongs to the King*, also the title; but partly because her genius shines so unmistakeably out of every line, partly because this work refers so directly to her earlier writings, and appears only as an enlargement of them, none can doubt who the author is. We know not how we should characterize to the reader this most original work. Bettina, or we should say, the Frau von Arnim, exhibits her eccentric wisdom under the person of Goethe's Mother, the

* We translate the following extract from the Berlin Correspondence of the Deutsche Schnellpost of September.

Frau Rath, whilst she herself is still a child, who, (1807) sits upon 'the shawl' at the foot of the Frau Rath, and listens devoutly to the gifted mother of the great poet. Moreover, Bettina does not conceal that she solely, or at any rate principally, propounds *her* views from the Frau Rath. And in fact, it could not be otherwise, since we come to hear the newest philosophical wisdom which makes a strange enough figure in the mouth of Goethe's mother. If we mistake not, the intimate intercourse with Bruno Bauer is also an essential impulse for Frau von Arnim, and we must not therefore wonder if the Frau Rath loses her way in pure philosophical hypotheses, wherein she avails herself of the known phrases of the school. It is true, she quickly recovers herself again, clothes her perceptions in poetical garb, mounts bravely to the boldest visions, or, (and this oftener happens,) becomes a humorist, spices her discourses in Frankfort dialect by idiomatic expressions, and hits off in her merriest humors capital sketches. For the most part, the whole humoristic dress seems only assumed in order to make the matter, which is in the last degree radical, less injurious. As to the object of these 'sayings and narratives reported from memory' of the Frau Rath, (since she leads the conversation throughout,) our sketch must be short. 'It is Freedom which constitutes the truest being of man. Man should be free from all traditions, from all prejudices, since every holding on somewhat traditional, is unbelief, spiritual selfmurder. The God's impulse to truth is the only right belief. Man himself should handle and prove, 'since whoever reflects on a matter, has always a better right to truth, than who lets himself be slapped on the cheek by an article-of-Faith.' By Sin she understands that which derogates from the soul, since every hindrance and constraint interrupts the Becoming of the soul. In general, art and science have only the destination to make free what is bound. But the human spirit can rule all, and, in that sense, 'man is God, only we are not arrived so far as to describe the true pure Man in us.' If, in the department of religion, this principle leads to the overthrow of the whole historical Christendom, so, in the political world, it leads to the ruin of all our actual governments. Therefore she wishes for a strong reformer, as Napoleon promised for a time to be, who, however, already in 1807, when these conversations are ascribed to the Frau Rath, had shown that instead of a world's liberator, he would be a world's oppressor. Bettina makes variations on the verse, 'and wake an avenger, a hero awake!' and in this sense is also her dedication to read. It were noble if a stronger one should come, who in more beautiful moderation, in perfect clearness of soul and freedom of thought, should plant the tree of equity. Where remains the Regent, if it is not the

genius of humanity? that is the Executive principle, in her system. The state has the same will, the same conscience-voice for good and evil as the Christ; yet it crumbles itself away into dogmaticalness of civil officers against one another. The transgressor is the state's own transgression! the proof that it, as man, has trespassed against humanity. The old state's doctors, who excite it to a will, are also its disease. But they who do not agree in this will, and cannot struggle through soul-narrowing relations, are the demagogues, against whom the unsound state trespasses, so long as it knows not how to bring their sound strength into harmony. And precisely to those must it dedicate itself, since they are its integration and restoration, whilst the others who conform to it, make it more sunken and stagnant. If it be objected, that this her truth is only a poetic dream which in the actual world has no place, she answers; 'even were the truth a dream, it is not therefore to be denied; let us dedicate our genius to this dream, let us form an Ideal Paradise, which the spiritual system of Nature requires at our hands.' 'Is the whole fabric of state, she asks, only a worse arranged hospital, where the selfish or the ambitious would fasten on the poor human race the foolish fantastic malversations of their roguery for beneficent coöperation? and with it the political economy, so destitute of all genius to bind the useful with the beautiful, on which these state's doctors plume themselves so much, and so with their triviality exhibit, as a pattern to us, a wretched picture of ignorance, of selfishness, and of iniquity; when I come on that, I feel my veins swell with wrath. If I come on the belied nature, or how should I call this spectre of actuality! Yea justly! No! with these men armed in mail against every poetic truth, we must not parley; the great fools' conspiracy of that actuality-spectre defends with mock reasoning its Turkish states'-conduct, before which certainly the revelation of the Ideal withdraws into a poetic dream-region.' But whilst the existing state in itself is merely null, whilst the transgressor against this state is not incorporated with its authorizations with its directions and tendencies, so is the transgressor ever the accuser of the state itself. In general, must the state draw up to itself at least the lowest class, and not let it sink in mire; and Bettina lets the Frau Rath make the proposal, instead of shutting up the felon in penitentiaries, to instruct him in the sciences, as from his native energies, from his unbroken powers, great performances might be looked for. But in order also to show practically the truth of her assertions, that the present state does not fulfil its duties especially to the poorest class, at the close of the book are inserted, 'Experiences of a young Swiss in Voigtland.' This person visited the so-called Family-houses, which compose a colony of extremest poverty. There

he went into many chambers, listened to the history of the life, still oftener to the history of the day, of the inhabitants; informed himself of their merit and their wants, and comes to the gloomiest results. The hard reproaches, which were made against the Overseers of the Poor, appear unhappily only too well founded. We have hastily sketched, with a few literal quotations, the contents of this remarkable book of this remarkable woman, and there remains no space further to elaborate judgment. The highflying idealism, which the Frau von Arnim cherishes, founders and must founder against the actuality which, as opposed to her imagination, she holds for absolute nothing. So reality, with her, always converts itself to spectres, whilst these dreams are to her the only reality. In our opinion an energetic thorough experiment for the realization of her ideas would plunge us in a deeper misery than we at present have to deplore."

NEW BOOKS.

The Huguenots in France and America.

THE Huguenots is a very entertaining book, drawn from excellent sources, rich in its topics, describing many admirable persons and events, and supplies an old defect in our popular literature. The editor's part is performed with great assiduity and conscience. Yet amidst this enumeration of all the geniuses, and beauties, and sanctities of France, what has the greatest man in France, at that period, Michael de Montaigne, done, or left undone, that his name should be quite omitted?

The Spanish Student. A Play in Three Acts. By H. W. Longfellow.

A pleasing tale, but Cervantes shall speak for us out of *La Gitanilla*.

"You must know, Preciosa, that as to this name of *Poet*, few are they who deserve it,—and I am no *Poet*, but only a lover of Poesy, so that I have no need to beg or borrow the verses of others. The verses, I gave you the other day, are mine, and those of to-day as well;—but, for all that, I am no poet, neither is it my prayer to be so."

"Is it then so bad a thing to be a poet?" asked Preciosa.

"Not bad," replied the Page, "but to be a poet and nought else, I do not hold to be very good. For poetry should be like a precious jewel, whose owner does not put it on every day,

nor show it to the world at every step; but only when it is fitting, and when there is a reason for showing it. Poetry is a most lovely damsel; chaste, modest, and discreet; spirited, but yet retiring, and ever holding itself within the strictest rule of honor. She is the friend of Solitude. She finds in the fountains her delight, in the fields her counsellor, in the trees and flowers enjoyment and repose; and lastly, she charms and instructs all that approach her."

The Dream of a Day, and other Poems. By James G. Percival. New Haven. 1843.

Mr. Percival printed his last book of poems sixteen years ago, and every school-boy learned to declaim his "Bunker Hill," since which time, he informs us, his studies have been for the most part very adverse to poetic inspirations. Yet here we have specimens of no less than one hundred and fifty different forms of stanza. Such thorough workmanship in the poetical art is without example or approach in this country, and deserves all honor. We have imitations of four of the leading classes of ancient measures, — the Dactylic, Iambic, Anapestic, and Trochaic, to say nothing of rarer measures, now never known out of colleges. Then come songs for national airs, formed on the rhythm of the music, including Norwegian, German, Russian, Bohemian, Gaelic, and Welsh, — Teutonian and Slavonian. But unhappily this diligence is not without its dangers. It has prejudiced the creative power,

"And made that art, which was a rage."

Neatness, terseness, objectivity, or at any rate the absence of subjectivity, characterize these poems. Our bard has not quite so much fire as we had looked for, grows warm but does not ignite; those sixteen years of "adverse" studies have had their effect on Pegasus, who now trots soundly and resolutely on, but forbears rash motions, and never runs away with us. The old critics of England were hardly steadier to their triad of "Gower, Lydgate, and Chaucer," than our American magazines to the trinity of "Bryant, Dana, and Percival." A gentle constellation truly, all of the established religion, having the good of their country and their species at heart. Percival has not written anything quite as good on the whole as his two fast associates, but surpasses them both in labor, in his mimetic skill, and in his objectiveness. He is the most objective of the American Poets. Bryant has a superb propriety of feeling, has plainly always been in good society, but his sweet oaten pipe discourses only pastoral music. Dana has the most estab-

lished religion, more sentiment, more reverence, more of England; whilst Mr. Percival is an upright, soldierly, free-spoken man, very much of a patriot, hates cant, and does his best.

We notice in London a new edition of *Chapman's Translation of the Iliads of Homer*, illustrated with wood-engravings after Flaxman. Charles Lamb says, "Chapman would have made a great epic poet, if indeed he has not shown himself to be one; for his Homer is not so properly a translation, as the stories of Achilles and Ulysses rewritten." We trust this new edition will find its way here, the older one being very rare.

Orion, an Epic Poem, in Three Books, 137 pp. By R. H. Horne, Author of "Cosmo de Medici," &c. Price one farthing.—From certain extracts from this Epic, it is better than some of the late Epics, but incomparable in its price.

It is grateful to notice a second edition of Tennyson's Poems.

A new work of Manzoni is announced, — *Storia della Colonna Infame di Alessandro Manzoni*.

The translations of Mary Howitt from the Swedish having succeeded, a work from the Danish, — *King Eric and the Outlaws: or, the Throne, the Church, and the People in the Thirteenth Century*; translated by Jane Chapman, — has been published.

In France the monstrous undertaking of the reprint of the "Moniteur" from 1789 to 1799, is nearly complete, since of thirty-two volumes, of which it will consist, already twenty-nine have appeared. Twenty-five volumes contain the history of three great revolutionary Assemblies, the Notables, the States General, and the Convention. Four volumes are devoted to the Directory.

THE DIAL.

VOL. IV.

JANUARY, 1844.

No. III.

THE YOUTH OF THE POET AND THE PAINTER.

[Continued from p. 174 of last Number.]

LETTER X.

EDWARD ASHFORD TO JAMES HOPE.

Lovedale.

I HAVE been reading Wordsworth with some attention, on these cold evenings, in my chimney corner, having no better book. I cannot understand how he engaged so large a share of praise, or how he can be set among illustrious poets. Yet the age places him among the first. I suspect, he and Southey owe part of their renown to the quantity of verse they have written. These heavy volumes, bearing such immense freights of decent poetry, deter their readers from insisting on finding pure gold, and the few really good lines, scattered in many places, gleam like jewels, and illumine the rest with deceptive light.

Did not Wordsworth make a radical mistake to write verses on a plan? I have no conception of any thing which has a right to be called poetry, unless it come living out of the poet's nature, like the stream gushing from the rock, free and clear. It demands life from the depths of character, and must be written necessarily.

I have tried many people, in the hope of finding among them some one with whom I can fully sympathize. I have the part of the hermit left to play, and begin seriously to think I will attempt it. I do sympathize with you, but it is as men feel for each other, rather in pursuit than sentiment. I wish some woman to come, such as I picture in my dreams. I feel I was born for intimate sympathy, yet find little except with trees and fields. I peep into the

windows of the cottages, where families sit around bright wood-fires, all bound together by a circle of firelight, so that no frosts can form in the centre of their being, but I cannot enter, — for how bare are the walls, and how square the rooms! I crave the hearth on these chill evenings, but my roof must be open to the sky, and the keen rays of the stars shine for my candle. I can feel soft arms willing to clasp me; the steel fetters of strength do not glitter round their wrists; I must have something more than affection.

It is tiresome to wander in society, knock at every door, gain admittance, and find the old arrangement of settees, coal-grates, centre-tables, and Turkish carpets. O for a lofty hall, with the sun shining crimson and purple through its dome, while on the walls hang pictures, and statues stand in the niches, with some music from a lute sounding, and no need of artificial warmth, but the sun always! I would have the windows unglazed, and let the winds rush through on dizzy storms, and rain and snow enter as they please, and the stars glow dazzling. I have found decency everywhere, and what they call a respectable appearance, without a spark of wildfire.

You seem better than the rest, but as one of my own sex, I cannot come to you, as I would to the other, — you are only half the sphere, as well as I. I am fortunate to foresee my path among these sands of time. I now feel desolate, like the bird who has neither mate nor nest, and am wild and proud, as if I would not resign myself to solitude without war. Yet this day of tempest will pass, and I shall walk calm and resigned, and build myself a hut, if I have nothing in it, except a broken branch of some last year's tree. There, if I secure quiet, with some smiling fields from the window, I can whistle as if content.

I delight to catch glimpses of sunlight in others' fortunes, and it makes me smile to see others glad. These bending, cheerful natures, which sing as gaily as the little birds on the bough after a shower, in the bright, golden sunshine, come and alight on the bare walls of my existence, and the rays of their light blue plumage are reflected for a second in the surface of my solitary lake, whose grey waves melt on some side into the azure radiance. Yet these passing gleams of brightness fade soon, and seem to leave a darker tint behind, as after the autumn sunsets, charged as they

are with splendid gorgeousness, the woods scowl in hard outlines ; I don't know that I am better for these ; I only see what these soft, sunny characters enjoy.

I met a little child, who roved among the ferns, moving her large wild eyes, dark as the raven's plumage, yet bright in their depths, gracefully from tree to rock ; a silent, motionless mirth, and a smile about her small, crimson mouth, though I never heard her laugh. I saw her passing before me, like a sunbeam with its shadow, and one day she came to my skiff, and we sailed far up the river. I love children, yet they never satisfy me, for I must have some toil, and some defeat, to cling to, yet this child seems more than any being I have met. She is not affectionate, yet remains to my memory, a gipsy figure, moving among the woods, and I have been pleased to find these solitary places haunted by a creature so genial. Childhood is a painting set in health and artlessness, and a time cut out of existence, that we can parallel with nothing beside, for we cannot bring it back, and see it afar, as we do heaven. It is like a bower, or a desert, made of the greenest trees, and planted inside with flowers, while about its leafy walls, are rude cliffs not even moss-covered, bare sands where no blade of grass grows, and heat that mocks life ; in the midst a clear spring of delicious water rises, where swim gold and silver fish, and the light from them tints the air to the door of the delightful place ; the sound of the fountain dances gaily, and sends a gush of music into the flowery roof. No wonder the old people talk so much about the time when they were young. This little child brought me a bunch of ferns, and hung them over the kitchen fire, and sat herself down in the corner, gazing with her large, dark, motionless eyes. I did not speak, and when the firelight played with its changing red over her low forehead and brown cheeks, I seemed to have some creature out of the world of gipsies. She was sent away somewhere the next day, and I shall not see her again, but then one meets such children often. If they came once, and then would stay a day, I believe they would form such sunny memories, we should have gold beams for our recollections.

E. A.

LETTER XI.

EDWARD ASHFORD TO JAMES HOPE.

Lovedale.

MY DEAR HOPE,

I send some of my journal, as I promised. I know you will procure little from it, yet it will furnish some picture of the life I lead. It is not a record of what I do, but what I feel.

How cold came the wind from the misty sea, with its sad, grey clouds, yet I love thee, Autumn. Even if thy looks are sorrowful, a joy dwells within thy grief. I feel that nature has her sorrows, and I am not alone in mine, even if my Autumn continues through the year. My spring is forming in the depths of my chill heart; the flowers, if concealed, are sown, and one sunny day will warm them into life. I long for that, — to throw myself into the sunniest joy a human soul ever knew. I sat in the pine woods, upon the red carpet of spires, dropping and accumulating for a century (and above waved the century-old trees), while the ravens sailed over, mingling hoarse cries with the gentle whispers of the forest, as the painful sounds of life flow among the sweet songs of heaven. Night dwells in these evergreen bowers, while the ocean's music murmurs and carries me to the pebbly beaches of the blue floor of the moving sea. I remember the waves, as the memories of a better world stand with folded arms, in the sunny bowers of childhood. I should love to build my cottage in the pine woods, yet it would be too solitary.

I am reflected from the forms of nature, yet their graceful aspects do not adorn my figure, and I see myself, as I am, a poor wanderer, seeking shelter in the tempest of the world from the winds and cold rains. I blame myself, and not the world, for the jarring image. I have come to myself late. Perhaps if I had been shaped, when a little child, by the beautiful thoughts of the poet, and baptized in the sea of lovely forms, I should never have entered this sandy desert, whose end flies as I advance, and whose entrance I find equally inaccessible. Yet I cannot deplore

my history more than my companions, for they are all unsatisfied as I am. No one of them is perfect; they have some flaw, some speck, and their great endeavor is to hide this from themselves. I differ in exposing mine; I am desirous to see my solitude in its true proportion, to know how much I can trust others, and how far depend on myself. If my efforts fail, when I seek to express my life, let me at least have the satisfaction of knowing the origin of my ill success; give me light, even if it be a torch, to brighten my errors. I would try every thing,—every art, every man; no failure can prevent a new trial, though I have taken the wrong so many times that I can hardly tread the right, during these ill-fashioned days of time. Let me be great enough to stand resigned till death's golden key opens the gate of the next eternity.

THE BIRD'S SONG.

I heard the song of a forest bird,
Sweet was the note in my grateful ear,
It came like the tone of a friendly word,
It was finished, and gentle, and clear,
Yet the singer I saw not, though near.

I hear the bird's song wherever I go,
For it echoes my inward desire,
But the minstrel I deem does not venture below
The far clouds,—his world is a higher,
His altar is lit by a purer fire.

Sing on thou sweet anthem,—to me,
Though viewless, thou seemest a tone,
That one day shall come in full melody,
And the singer be near, and my own,
Even if now I wander alone.

I grow more attached to this beautiful place each day. It is fitted for a home to some wanderer like me, and though I feel I must, before many days, set my sails to the wind and dash through the green billows, far from the sheltered coves, I shall remember these green spots, which should make the earth a heaven. Sweet river, fair groves, and peaceful fields, receive thanks from a spirit folded for a few flying moments, in your tender arms; receive the

assurance, that if it were mine, I should delight to celebrate your gifts in fitter strains. How impoverished I feel, when I return to the house, after one of my long walks, with the beauty yet standing in my eyes, because I can give none of it away, and know that presently it will fade even from my consciousness.

I am a wanderer from a distant land,
 There the clouds glow in crimson, and the flames
 Of a perpetual summer fill the air.
 Noon never falls into dull twilight; trees
 Swell in their ruby foliage, and no hand
 Cold and regardless plucks the endless bloom.
 Shadows fall deep red, and yellow, softening mists
 Robe the white temple's pillars with rich gold.
 No tears are shed among those sunny years,
 For the high day walks garlanded with love.

LETTER XII.

RICHARD ASHFORD TO EDWARD ASHFORD.

MY DEAR NED,

Doughnut.

I wrote some days since an unfortunate letter, I suppose, under a severe twinge of rheumatism, as I learn you put an interdict upon correspondence between us. What if an interdict will not go far enough to cover the whole ground, for in the first place, you must interdict me from writing; then the postmaster-general from sending my letters after they are written, and then, further, your own heart, which I know is as soft as lamb's wool, from opening and reading them, after they are written, sent, and have reached you. An old head like mine, through whose hair the storms have blown in three circumnavigations of the globe, can afford to have a few of these inland gales winter in its locks; and yet, Ned, why you severely interdict me from sending an occasional epistle, I cannot understand. This, however, shall be the final blast of your uncle's trumpet, and would it might prove a Jericho horn, and batter down the grey walls of morbidness, which yesterday and tomorrow have built round your existence. Finally, I have

worked upon your mother's reason, and she has agreed with herself and Heaven, to leave you in unending stillness, by which I mean, she has constituted me, with your consent, trustee of your pecuniary finances, unless you prefer taking them into your hands.

In the mean time I transmit an account of your property, so far as I have obtained it, by several drillings, musters, and overhaulings of the lawyer, and Mr. Penny, who has long been captain of your mother's purse. In the first place, I find ten shares in the Rotten Twine Company, originally valued at one hundred dollars per share, purchased by Mr. Penny for seventy dollars per share, worth, as I see by the Doughnut Chronicle (which serves me for blotting paper), fifty dollars per share. My notion is, that, as the Rotten Twine Company has broke three times, it will break again; so, with your leave, and without Mr. Penny's, I shall sell the ten shares. Next, a farm in Middlebury, originally bought for fifteen hundred dollars by skilful Mr. Penny, at your mother's request, they both considering the earth solid and good to buy. I have made inquiries into its present price, and find it will sell for near one thousand dollars, and have had an offer by a neighbor, who sees the wood waving from his window, and the red grass and mullens in the fields, and who, as he needs firewood and sheep pasture, like many another country booby, thinks he will lay out his savings, now in the bank, earning him his six per cent., upon land, which every year will run him more than six per cent. in debt. Then, twenty shares in the Heydiddle Railroad, which will yield, the directors say, in ten years, after all expenses paid, including their own, newspaper puffs, directorial dinners, cow-killing and cart-breaking, eight per cent. yearly interest. Ned, the Heydiddle Railroad affords amusement for these directors, with its sherry wine, roast-beef, and turkey dinners, but what could have led Mr. Penny to pay two thousand dollars and get so little for his pains, neither of us can see, unless it was, because Mr. Penny was a director. With your consent, I shall sell the Heydiddle Railroad, with the Rope and Twine Company. The next investment of Mr. Penny is three thousand dollars in Eastern lands, and I have pumped much mud and bilgewater, to say nothing of good, clean drinking water, out of Mr. Penny and the lawyer, but I can say, that neither of these speculators will make a chart of the land, or give me any

point to steer by. I shall, with your permission, enter into correspondence with all persons in Maine, and find where these lands lie, what they are worth, and who will buy them, and proceed to sell them for cash. Mr. Penny's next purchase was three shares in the Solar Microscope Exhibition, which cost one hundred dollars per share, and is now offered for five dollars; this has yearly produced two visits to the Ashford family, under the escort of Mr. Penny, who had each time to exhibit his certificate of stock, and his own right to enter, which he held under a greasy ticket signifying that he was an original life-subscriber. I advise you, with Mr. Penny's consent, to hold fast to these shares, for you may, one day, like to see eels in vinegar yourself. You have a share in the Sticker library, worth originally two hundred dollars, and have the right of taking out three books once a month, by paying six per cent. yearly on the cost of your share, and a farther trifle of three dollars, which goes straight into the bowels of poor Peter the librarian. As you never took out books, nor went to the library, and as your mother subscribes to Mrs. Rundle's Circulating Library, whose whole volumes you might purchase with your one share in the Sticker, and further, as the Sticker share would not bring fifty dollars, perhaps it would be well to transfer it to Mrs. Rundle, and enable her to let the waste water of the Sticker marsh into her own basin.

There are in the Doughnut Bank two thousand dollars belonging to you, which will yield six per cent., like a good cow that gives a certain quality and quantity of milk. My notion is, that we sell all and sundry your other stocks and investments, and lump them in this Bank; if you only make six per cent. a year, you will never lose ten. The directors I have watched the last three years with open eyes, and conclude they are crusty, miserly fellows, who love money too well to part with one farthing, and consider whatever is in the Bank theirs, so far as it enables them to make their six per cent. You may expect six hundred dollars, clear, a year, if you will put your money in this Bank, which I expect will support you, or keep your head above water, which is considered necessary now-a-days. I live on two hundred a year, and have for the last ten years, so, with me, living on a small means is no experiment. I purchase my clothes on the same day with some other boarder at my house, and

find, after four seasons, he has renewed his eight times, while mine are yet wearing as well as ever. Thus, I never spend any money for clothes now, because mine are all bought; I consider I have purchased the articles I require in this line. In winter I spend every day but Sunday out of my room; in this way I save all my fuel, except a seventh part, and this I borrow. I sit from nine in the morning till one, at which time I dine, by the bar-room fire, and read the paper, and talk with the landlord. In the afternoon, I have a round of ten stores I visit, spend part of an hour in each, and wile away my evenings in the parlor; so I spend nothing for lights. I board on an original plan, as I consider it. Thus, I do not agree to eat any one meal at any one particular place, and by not stipulating, am always prepared to accept every invitation. If none of my acquaintance remember me, at the hour for meals, I purchase one cent's worth of crackers, and dine off that, or drink tea, or take breakfast off of it. Wines, beers, or druggist's small waters, I never purchase, as my stomach turns sour on every such introduction of drink. I resolve never to expend more than six cents, any one day, for food. You may ask where my money goes, to which I reply, that nominally I live on two hundred dollars a year, but actually on one hundred dollars. I expend something on books, music, and tobacco, three departments I value beyond clothes, food, and physic. But then, my tobacco only costs me three dollars a year, and as I buy cigars by the bushel, and pipe-tobacco by the barrel, I get as much as I want for a series of years for a five dollar bill. I pay no poll-tax, no minister's-tax, no school-tax, and no fiddler's-tax, because I migrate from Doughnut to Pultenham, according to the visits of the tax-gatherer, and am thus a citizen of no place, and belong generally.

Your uncle, Dick.

LETTER XIII.

MATHEWS GRAY TO JAMES HOPE.

Eaton.

I have thought more of your letter respecting Edward, and not only that, but have had an interview with Mrs.

Ashford. She found I was interested in her son, who, of course, is the interesting subject which she has for conversation. I think I have enlightened her in the premises, and I trust our melancholy poet will be left to the enjoyment of his reflections undisturbed. She was with difficulty persuaded, that a young man, left to his own inclinations, could become any thing but an idler, and a spendthrift in addition. It was inconceivable to her, that any young man could have the least pretence to sally into a new country, out of the formal path which his ancestors followed five hundred years, and was for bringing him at once to the city, and placing him in a counting-room. I told her, her son would never put himself in such a situation, however much she desired it, and when she became satisfied of this, she abandoned the idea. Mrs. Ashford is not a miserly woman, but has that unaccountable folly of many generous people, and thinks that all money not spent according to custom is thrown away. The fact of Edward's pecuniary independence made little impression on her, and any disposal of his means, unless devoted to some formal business in a city, she considered a misfortune.

You express some fear, that Edward, instead of being a poet, will be a dreamer, and after he has written some musical verses, enter manhood, to become an elegant, literary man, or a prosaic rhymist. It is true, he has one great disadvantage to contend with, he has not the grand teacher, — poverty. His means are sufficient, and his days will not be spent in toil to conquer enough from the world to feed his body with on the morrow. I do not regret this, I have long wished to see a poet nursed by nature, not obliged to struggle with indigence, and whose only cares and toils should be a sacrifice to the muse. His present melancholy has in it the elements of salvation. This struggle between sorrow and a desire to be cheerful, this question which must be asked every day, whether his faith is not strong enough to find in life sovereign bliss, — this mining into the depths of existence to grasp the glittering charm which lies hidden under the cold granite of his present fortune, will stand him instead of poverty, contest with men, cultivation, and experience. A great sorrow shows the deepest vein of life, and no man has been a dreamer, who has wrestled bravely in youth with a giant

despair. If Edward sat weakly down, as he would if this sorrow had any sentimentalism, and yielded his career to the hand of chance, nerveless, bashful, and envious, we might resign him to the poor lead of every trifling circumstance; but when you mark what vigorous faith lurks under every expression of sadness, how healthy his life is when it breaks the chains of his prison-house, and finds a vent in song, you must conclude that he is fighting the great battle of knowledge against ignorance, which every man, who has proved any thing, has first been obliged to conquer in. His contest will be more than the experience of a thousand worldly people. It is an unfortunate mistake, which I think your constitution leads you into, with many of your temperament, to suppose our best and most useful experiences flow from the external. Let us first know ourselves, which result can come only from contest with inward difficulties, and never from what we catch from the passing shades which hover around, and whose exteriors we see, and then no man can be concealed, because our destiny is one and the same. Let us omit this struggle, — let us go into life, or into nature, and be acted upon from without, and though the beginning may be fair, the ending will be disappointment. For my part, I rejoice at Edward's present situation, and hope he will be left to himself, in nature, there to battle with the fiend of ignorance. Were he not so delicately constituted, had he the power of warding off circumstances, was it not necessary for him to surrender himself to many more impressions than the mass of men, I should not insist so positively upon his placing himself among the woods and fields. Thus finely formed, when every discordant tone jars on the chords of his most delicate heart, I am glad nature surrounds him, and when I further consider that he is a poet, both by this education and an evident predilection from his earliest years, I rejoice yet more. We need some poets truly bred in nature, who have gone out, not to look at trees and sunsets, and put them into their note-books, but drawn by an inevitable necessity, to unburden their hearts, and confess their imperfections, before the stern beauty of the perfect. Our poetry is too full of conventional existence, and we neglect verses often if newly written, as if there could be nothing true in them, because the expression of nature is

not caught, while the note of social life sounds continually. I am out of patience with the tameness of late poetry; it is a feeble imitation of what in its time was good, and suited the age, and I feel that we demand an actual feeling of nature, which poets have lost. Our social life does not admit us into the sanctuary of human nature, but tosses us some chips, some crumbs of feeling or thought, as if the strong, healthy, abundant nature of man had dwindled into a pretty scholar, apt at feeding the birds from the window, while his tasks of courage were forgotten.

It is a good part in Edward's history, that he has courage to make disappointments, — to sing his song to the end, though assured his verses will prove unsatisfactory. Those poets who have halted, and could not say at the end of life, as Michael did, "*anchora imparo,*" to use an old illustration, never went into the depths of the art, never used their powers except as amateurs. I am glad you tell me, Edward cannot be satisfied with any poem he makes, for I am convinced, with his constitution, he will never tire, until he makes verse which shall be much to him, and yet that he will never cease to write. I think it will be long before he finds his true position, and till then he cannot estimate the place of any other person. How it is I cannot say, but there is, in people of his description, a power of misrepresenting the exact capacities of those by whom they are surrounded. It looks impossible for them to address themselves friendlily to those with whom they sympathize imperfectly, and they demand from all, character and entertainment, which only a very few can ever yield.

Truly yours,

M. G.

Dante

TRANSLATION OF DANTE.*

MANY of us must remember our introduction to the Prince of Tuscan Poets. We had formed perhaps the dim vision of a Miltonic hell, enveloped in smoke and flame, dusky, lurid, indistinct, out of which peered gaunt shapes of horror. The Italians told us how hard he was to read,—how impossible for any but an Italian to understand,—how obscure—enigmatical—allegorical. We heard that no one has ever yet fully and fairly explained him. All conspire to make us approach with awe this dim and tremendous shadow. With how different feeling do we now look back. We tell our good Italian friends that the beautiful explains itself, and may be found by Italians or English alike. The allegory he hides so deeply was temporary, and whether it means this or that, is of little importance to us,—but the poetry, in which it is enveloped, belongs to all time, and can be understood by all men. To his language, at first unusual, we discover in a few cantos the key. His rhyme, which impeded at first, soon seems to us the only medium that could adapt itself to his varied theme. The Terza Rima does not flow, but walks,—does not declaim, but converses, philosophizes, reasons,—above all, describes,—and, however difficult to us, in Dante, it seems to be the natural frame of sentences among his interlocutors. Instead of obscurity or vagueness, we find an unexampled clearness, rendered transparent by images that with a single word give the most forcible pictures. The whole scene passes before our eyes. Rightly is the poem called *Commedia*, for it is like a history seen, and not read. The Inferno is full of physical horrors,—and we often hear a disgust expressed at them,—but our experience has been that the moral always overcomes the physical, and the dire torments pass away from our minds, while Francesca, Farinata, Ugolino, La Pia, remain fixed forever. Who forgets not the fiery sepulchre when Farinata himself for-

* The first ten Cantos of the Inferno of Dante newly translated into English verse. By T. W. PARSONS. Ticknor. 1843.

gets it in his pride and grief for Florence and his friends ;— or when the father of Guido forgets it to ask after his son ? It is only the mean men in Dante's hell, that are overcome by the torments ; the majestic Ulysses speaks with unchanged voice after ages of pain. When we are well acquainted with Dante, the terrible is to us but a background for pictures of such beauty and tenderness as are perhaps without parallel.

So many reviews, books, and magazine articles have of late years been busy with the subject, that now-a-days it is to be hoped students are better prepared what to expect than chanced in our day. Every body has read a few cantos, that has read Italian at all. Many have read the *Inferno* ; but to almost all the *Purgatorio* and the *Paradiso* remain unsought mines. Still, from an Italian author, Dante is becoming a world-author ; the knowledge of him is no longer confined to Italian scholars,—and it is a fair sign of the times that here we have in Boston a new and good translation.

We took up this book, not a little prejudiced ; for who with the deep music of the original ringing in his ears, but must view the best translation with some aversion ? And verily were all the world acquainted with originals, translators would stand but a poor chance, if indeed they could under such circumstances exist. A translation is neither more nor less than a paraphrase, only in a different language ; and this is the only answer to give to those who insist that if there be any meaning in a poet, it can be translated, that the thought cannot escape if the words are rendered by equivalents. But let any one paraphrase Shakespeare, and see what work he will make of it. Hence is a translator's in one respect the most ungrateful of all literary tasks. Yet is it one of the most honorable and most useful, for few can go to the fountain heads, and none can go to them all ; and without the labors of conscientious translators, not the Bible only, but our Plato and Æschylus would be sealed books to most of us. Goethe translated Phèdre, and Benvenuto Cellini, and several other works ; and thus much is certain, that to produce good translations, especially of poetical works, requires rare talents.

Cary is faithful, and literal, and has been a very useful translator, so far as we can speak from imperfect knowl-

edge, but seems to possess quite a faculty of giving a prosaic translation of a poetical passage. Mr. Parsons is spirited, often poetical; not always literal enough. A translator is bound to clip nothing, above all, in an author who, like Dante, has never an unnecessary word or line. We take the first lines of the Second Book as an illustration both of the poet and his translators.

Lo giorno se n' andava, e l' aere bruno
 Toglieva gli animai che sono in terra
 Dalle fatiche loro: ed io sol uno
 M'apparechiava a sostener la guerra
 Si del cammino, e si della pietate
 Che ritrarrà la mente che non erra.

Cary translates—

Now was the day departing, and the air,
 Imbrowned with shadows, from their toils released
 All animals on earth; and I alone
 Prepared myself the conflict to sustain,
 Both of sad pity, and that perilous road
 Which my unerring memory shall retrace.

Mr. Parsons—

Day was departing, and the dusky light
 Freed earthly creatures from their labor's load;
 I only rose and girt myself to fight
 The struggle with compassion, and my road,
 Paint it, my memory, now in truth's own hue!

Literally—

“Day was departing, and the dark air
 Took away the animals that are upon the earth
 From their labors. And I alone
 Prepared myself to sustain the war,
 Both of the journey and of pity,
 Which my mind that does not err shall retrace.

In the original the picture of departing day is marked, and so beautiful as to arrest attention and fix itself in the memory. Mr. Cary is faithful, and does not injure the picture by adding or taking away a word, and is not unpoetical. In Mr. Parsons “freed earthly creatures from their labor's load” does not sufficiently render “*toglieva gli animai che sono in terra dalle fatiche loro,*” this description cannot be compressed without taking away its individuality and making it commonplace; and although the meaning is sufficiently clear, the rendering is not artistic; it

has missed the points of the original, and does not arrest the attention, nor produce the effect of the original.

In the celebrated lines with which the third canto begins, "Per me si va," &c., Cary is again literal and true, but with a lamentable want of the majesty of Dante's verses, which are unequalled in their solemn impressiveness.

Per me si va nella città dolente :
 Per me si va neli' eterno dolore :
 Per me si va tra la perduta gente :
 Giustizia mosse il mio alto fattore :
 Fecemi la divina potestate,
 La somma sapienza, e'l primo amore.
 Dinanzi a me non fur cose create,
 Se non eterne ; ed io eterno duro.
 Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate.

Cary—

"Through me you pass into the city of woe :
 Through me you pass into eternal pain :
 Through me among the people lost for aye.
 Justice the founder of my fabric mov'd ;
 To rear me was the task of power divine,
 Supreme wisdom, and primeval love.
 Before me things create were none, save things
 Eternal, and eternal I endure.
 All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

Parsons—

Through me ye reach the city of despair :
 Through me eternal wretchedness ye find :
 Through me among Perdition's race ye fare :
 Justice inspired my lofty Founder's mind ;
 Power, love and wisdom,—heavenly, first, and most high,
 Framed me ere aught created else had been,
 Save things eternal, and eterne am I.
 Leave here all hope, O ye who enter in.

Mr. Parsons here has evidently the advantage. He keeps sufficiently close to his original, and is at the same time spirited, and his lines give somewhat the feeling of the original which Cary's, though literal, do not.

The episode of Francesca and Paolo has been so many times translated, that it must be looked upon as a test passage. Our translator shows both the merits and defects we have noticed above. His translation is spirited, and forms a whole, and reads well together ; but there are sins both of omission and commission—for instance—

“ Da ch' io intesi quell' anime offense
 “ Chinai 'l viso, e tanto l' tenni basso
 “ Fin che 'l Poeta mi disse, che pense?
 “ Quando risposi cominciai : Oh lasso, &c.

Literally—

When I heard those troubled souls,
 I bent down my head and held it down
 Until the poet said to me ; what are you thinking ?
 When I answered, I began, &c.

All this Mr. Parsons has compressed into two lines :

“ During their speech, low down I hung my head,
 “ What thinkest thou ? inquired my guide, &c.

Now this is really cutting the matter too short. Dante thought it worth while to write four whole lines, full of meaning, in order to express the effect that the hearing of the story had upon him, and these lines in the original give wonderful life and reality to the whole scene. We see Dante's deliberate, grand motion as he inclines his head, heeding nothing till his companion asks to rouse him, what are you thinking? Nor does he even then at once recover, but as he says, “ *When* I answered, I began,” &c.

And again the language in the original is as simple as possible. “ Francesca ! thy sufferings make me weep, sad and pitying,”—any man might say, but “ My pitying soul thy martyr throes unman,” is hardly simple enough.

We wish not to be over-critical, but rather to represent the difficulty of the undertaking, for in the whole range of literature it would be hard to select a harder book. Dante is so condensed, that not a line, or a thought, or even a word can be spared. A verbose writer may be compressed, but Dante's words are thoughts ; you cannot compress, you can only leave out. Because “ the fear that had remained all night in the lake of my heart ” is hard to render into English verse, the translator has no right to leave it out. On the other hand, a man of fine taste would lie awake half the night with anxiety, if he found himself obliged by the rhyme to say the beasts “ were freed from their labor's load,” when Dante only said they were freed from their labors.

We believe the time is past, when a distinction can be made between a free and a literal translation of a great work. A translation must be literal, or it is no translation. And if the translator cannot be free and literal at once, if he cannot learn to move freely and gracefully in his irons, he is wanting in a prime requisite. It is in vain to speak of translating in the spirit of an original, without confining one's self too closely to the text. You may thus produce as good a work as Pope's Homer, but no translation.

On the whole, we feel most grateful to Mr. Parsons for undertaking this work. We think he has done well, but he can do much better. We counsel him never to leave a passage, till he is sure that he has united a full and faithful rendering of the *whole* he finds in his author, with that simple and vigorous expression of the original. To avoid, above all, general expressions, where Dante uses individuals; the temptation is often great, but weakness is the sure result. As it is, we have no little pride, that our city should produce a mark of so much devotion to the highest walks of pure literature.

H. D. Thoreau

HOMER. OSSIAN. CHAUCER.

EXTRACTS FROM A LECTURE ON POETRY, READ BEFORE THE CONCORD
LYCEUM, NOVEMBER 29, 1843, BY HENRY D. THOREAU.

HOMER.

THE wisest definition of poetry the poet will instantly prove false by setting aside its requisitions. We can therefore publish only our advertisement of it.

There is no doubt that the loftiest written wisdom is rhymed or measured, is in form as well as substance poetry; and a volume, which should contain the condensed wisdom of mankind, need not have one rhythmless line. Yet poetry, though the last and finest result, is a natural fruit. As naturally as the oak bears an acorn, and the vine a gourd, man bears a poem, either spoken

or done. It is the chief and most memorable success, for history is but a prose narrative of poetic deeds. What else have the Hiudoos, the Persians, the Babylonians, the Egyptians, done, that can be told? It is the simplest relation of phenomena, and describes the commonest sensations with more truth than science does, and the latter at a distance slowly mimics its style and methods. The poet sings how the blood flows in his veins. He performs his functions, and is so well that he needs such stimulus to sing only as plants to put forth leaves and blossoms. He would strive in vain to modulate the remote and transient music which he sometimes hears, since his song is a vital function like breathing, and an integral result like weight. It is not the overflowing of life but its subsidence rather, and is drawn from under the feet of the poet. It is enough if Homer but say the sun sets. He is as serene as nature, and we can hardly detect the enthusiasm of the bard. It is as if nature spoke. He presents to us the simplest pictures of human life, so that childhood itself can understand them, and the man must not think twice to appreciate his naturalness. Each reader discovers for himself, that succeeding poets have done little else than copy his similes. His more memorable passages are as naturally bright, as gleams of sunlight in misty weather. Nature furnishes him not only with words, but with stereotyped lines and sentences from her mint.

“As from the clouds appears the full moon,
All shining, and then again it goes behind the shadowy clouds,
So Hector, at one time appeared among the foremost,
And at another in the rear, commanding; and all with brass
He shone, like to the lightning of ægis-bearing Zeus.”

He conveys the least information, even the hour of the day, with such magnificence, and vast expense of natural imagery, as if it were a message from the gods.

“While it was dawn, and sacred day was advancing,
For that space the weapons of both flew fast, and the people fell;
But when now the woodcutter was preparing his morning meal
In the recesses of the mountain, and had wearied his hands
With cutting lofty trees, and satiety came to his mind,
And the desire of sweet food took possession of his thoughts;
Then the Danaans by their valor broke the phalanxes,
Shouting to their companions from rank to rank.”

When the army of the Trojans passed the night under arms, keeping watch lest the enemy should re-embark under cover of the dark,

“They, thinking great things, upon the neutral ground of war,
Sat all the night; and many fires burned for them.
As when in the heavens the stars round the bright moon
Appear beautiful, and the air is without wind;
And all the heights, and the extreme summits, [heart;
And the shady valleys appear; and the shepherd rejoices in his
So between the ships and the streams of Xanthus
Appeared the fires of the Trojans before Ilium.”

The “white-armed goddess Juno,” sent by the Father of gods and men for Iris and Apollo,

“Went down the Idæan mountains to far Olympus,
As when the mind of a man, who has come over much earth,
Sallies forth, and he reflects with rapid thoughts,
There was I, and there, and remembers many things;
So swiftly the august Juno hastening flew through the air,
And came to high Olympus.”

There are few books which are fit to be remembered in our wisest hours, but the Iliad is brightest in the serenest days, and imbibes still all the sunlight that fell on Asia Minor. No modern joy or ecstasy of ours can lower its height or dim its lustre; but there it lies in the last of literature, as it were the earliest, latest production of the mind. The ruins of Egypt oppress and stifle us with their dust, foulness preserved in cassia and pitch, and swathed in linen; the death of that which never lived. But the rays of Greek poetry struggle down to us, and mingle with the sunbeams of the recent day. The statue of Memnon is cast down, but the shaft of the Iliad still meets the sun in his rising.

So too, no doubt, Homer had his Homer, and Orpheus his Orpheus, in the dim antiquity which preceded them. The mythological system of the ancients, and it is still the only mythology of the moderns, the poem of mankind, interwoven so wonderfully with their astronomy, and matching in grandeur and harmony with the architecture of the Heavens themselves, seems to point to a time when a mightier genius inhabited the earth. But man is the great poet, and not Homer nor Shakspeare; and our language itself, and the common arts of life are

his work. Poetry is so universally true and independent of experience, that it does not need any particular biography to illustrate it, but we refer it sooner or later to some Orpheus or Linus, and after ages to the genius of humanity, and the gods themselves.

OSSIAN.*

The genuine remains of Ossian, though of less fame and extent, are in many respects of the same stamp with the Iliad itself. He asserts the dignity of the bard no less than Homer, and in his era we hear of no other priest than he. It will not avail to call him a heathen because he personifies the sun and addresses it; and what if his heroes did "worship the ghosts of their fathers," their thin, airy, and unsubstantial forms? we but worship the ghosts of our fathers in more substantial forms. We cannot but respect the vigorous faith of those heathen, who sternly believed somewhat, and are inclined to say to the critics, who are offended by their superstitious rites, don't interrupt these men's prayers. As if we knew more about human life and a God, than the heathen and ancients. Does English theology contain the recent discoveries?

Ossian reminds us of the most refined and rudest eras, of Homer, Pindar, Isaiah, and the American Indian. In his poetry, as in Homer's, only the simplest and most enduring features of humanity are seen, such essential parts of a man as Stonehenge exhibits of a temple; we see the circles of stone, and the upright shaft alone. The phenomena of life acquire almost an unreal and gigantic size seen through his mists. Like all older and grander poetry, it is distinguished by the few elements in the lives of its heroes. They stand on the heath, between the stars and the earth, shrunk to the bones and sinews. The earth is a boundless plain for their deeds. They lead such a simple, dry, and everlasting life, as hardly needs depart with

* "The Genuine Remains of Ossian, Literally Translated, with a Preliminary Dissertation, by Patrick Macgregor. Published under the Patronage of the Highland Society of London. 1 vol. 12mo. London, 1841." We take pleasure in recommending this, the first literal English translation of the Gaelic originals of Ossian, which were left by Macpherson, and published agreeably to his intention, in 1807.

the flesh, but is transmitted entire from age to age. There are but few objects to distract their sight, and their life is as unincumbered as the course of the stars they gaze at.

“The wrathful kings, on cairns apart,
Look forward from behind their shields,
And mark the wandering stars,
That brilliant westward move.”

It does not cost much for these heroes to live. They want not much furniture. They are such forms of men only as can be seen afar through the mist, and have no costume nor dialect, but for language there is the tongue itself, and for costume there are always the skins of beasts and the bark of trees to be had. They live out their years by the vigor of their constitutions. They survive storms and the spears of their foes, and perform a few heroic deeds, and then,

“Mounds will answer questions of them,
For many future years.”

Blind and infirm, they spend the remnant of their days listening to the lays of the bards, and feeling the weapons which laid their enemies low, and when at length they die, by a convulsion of nature, the bard allows us a short misty glance into futurity, yet as clear, perchance, as their lives had been. When Mac-Roine was slain,

“His soul departed to his warlike sires,
To follow misty forms of boars,
In tempestuous islands bleak.”

The hero's cairn is erected, and the bard sings a brief significant strain, which will suffice for epitaph and biography.

“The weak will find his bow in the dwelling,
The feeble will attempt to bend it.”

Compared with this simple, fibrous life, our civilized history appears the chronicle of debility, of fashion, and the arts of luxury. But the civilized man misses no real refinement in the poetry of the rudest era. It reminds him that civilization does but dress men. It makes shoes, but it does not toughen the soles of the feet. It makes cloth of finer texture, but it does not touch the skin. Inside the civilized man stands the savage still in the place of honor. We are those blue-eyed, yellow-haired Saxons, those slender, dark-haired Normans.

The profession of the bard attracted more respect in those days from the importance attached to fame. It was his province to record the deeds of heroes. When Ossian hears the traditions of inferior bards, he exclaims,

“I straightway seize the unfruitful tales,
And send them down in faithful verse.”

His philosophy of life is expressed in the opening of the third Duan of Ca-Lodin.

“Whence have sprung the things that are?
And whither roll the passing years?
Where does time conceal its two heads,
In dense impenetrable gloom,
Its surface marked with heroes’ deeds alone?
I view the generations gone;
The past appears but dim;
As objects by the moon’s faint beams,
Reflected from a distant lake.
I see, indeed, the thunder-bolts of war,
But there the unmighty joyless dwell,
All those who send not down their deeds
To far, succeeding times.”

The ignoble warriors die and are forgotten;

“Strangers come to build a tower,
And throw their ashes overhand;
Some rusted swords appear in dust;
One, bending forward, says,
‘The arms belonged to heroes gone;
We never heard their praise in song.’”

The grandeur of the similes is another feature which characterizes great poetry. Ossian seems to speak a gigantic and universal language. The images and pictures occupy even much space in the landscape, as if they could be seen only from the sides of mountains, and plains with a wide horizon, or across arms of the sea. The machinery is so massive that it cannot be less than natural. Oivana says to the spirit of her father, “Grey-haired Torkil of Torne,” seen in the skies,

“Thou glidest away like receding ships.”

So when the hosts of Fingal and Starne approach to battle,

“With murmurs loud, like rivers far,
The race of Torne hither moved.”

And when compelled to retire,

“dragging his spear behind,
Cudulin sank in the distant wood,
Like a fire upblazing ere it dies.”

Nor did Fingal want a proper audience when he spoke ;

“ A thousand orators inclined
To hear the lay of Fingal.”

The threats too would have deterred a man. Vengeance and terror were real. Trenmore threatens the young warrior, whom he meets on a foreign strand,

“ Thy mother shall find thee pale on the shore,
While lessening on the waves she spies
The sails of him who slew her son.”

If Ossian's heroes weep, it is from excess of strength, and not from weakness, a sacrifice or libation of fertile natures, like the perspiration of stone in summer's heat. We hardly know that tears have been shed, and it seems as if weeping were proper only for babes and heroes. Their joy and their sorrow are made of one stuff, like rain and snow, the rainbow and the mist. When Fillan was worsted in fight, and ashamed in the presence of Fingal,

“ He strode away forthwith,
And bent in grief above a stream,
His cheeks bedewed with tears.
From time to time the thistles gray
He lopped with his inverted lance.”

Crodar, blind and old, receives Ossian, son of Fingal, who comes to aid him in war,

“ ‘ My eyes have failed,’ says he, ‘ Crodar is blind,
Is thy strength like that of thy fathers ?
Stretch, Ossian, thine arm to the hoary-haired.’
I gave my arm to the king.
The aged hero seized my hand ;
He heaved a heavy sigh ;
Tears flowed incessant down his cheek.
‘ Strong art thou, son of the mighty,
Though not so dreadful as Morven's prince. * * *
Let my feast be spread in the hall,
Let every sweet-voiced minstrel sing ;
Great is he who is within my wall,
Sons of wave-echoing Cromach.’ ”

Even Ossian himself, the hero-bard, pays tribute to the superior strength of his father Fingal.

“ How beauteous, mighty man, was thy mind,
Why succeeded Ossian without its strength ? ”

CHAUCER.

What a contrast between the stern and desolate poetry of Ossian, and that of Chaucer, and even of Shakspeare and Milton, much more of Dryden, and Pope, and Gray. Our summer of English poetry, like the Greek and Latin before it, seems well advanced toward its fall, and laden with the fruit and foliage of the season, with bright autumnal tints; but soon the winter will scatter its myriad clustering and shading leaves, and leave only a few desolate and fibrous boughs to sustain the snow and rime, and creak in the blasts of ages. We cannot escape the impression, that the Muse has stooped a little in her flight, when we come to the literature of civilized eras. Now first we hear of various ages and styles of poetry, but the poetry of runic monuments is for every age. The bard has lost the dignity and sacredness of his office. He has no more the bardic rage, and only conceives the deed, which he formerly stood ready to perform. Hosts of warriors, earnest for battle, could not mistake nor dispense with the ancient bard. His lays were heard in the pauses of the fight. There was no danger of his being overlooked by his contemporaries. But now the hero and the bard are of different professions. When we come to the pleasant English verse, it seems as if the storms had all cleared away, and it would never thunder and lighten more. The poet has come within doors, and exchanged the forest and crag for the fireside, the hut of the Gael, and Stonehenge with its circles of stones, for the house of the Englishman. No hero stands at the door prepared to break forth into song or heroic action, but we have instead a homely Englishman, who cultivates the art of poetry. We see the pleasant fireside, and hear the crackling faggots in all the verse. The towering and misty imagination of the bard has descended into the plain, and become a lowlander, and keeps flocks and herds. Poetry is one man's trade, and not all men's religion, and is split into many styles. It is pastoral, and lyric, and narrative, and didactic.

Notwithstanding the broad humanity of Chaucer, and the many social and domestic comforts which we meet with in his verse, we have to narrow our vision somewhat to con-

sider him, as if he occupied less space in the landscape, and did not stretch over hill and valley as Ossian does. Yet, seen from the side of posterity, as the father of English poetry, preceded by a long silence or confusion in history, unenlivened by any strain of pure melody, we easily come to reverence him. Passing over the earlier continental poets, since we are bound to the pleasant archipelago of English poetry, Chaucer's is the first name after that misty weather in which Ossian lived, which can detain us long. Indeed, though he represents so different a culture and society, he may be regarded as in many respects the Homer of the English poets. Perhaps he is the youthfulest of them all. We return to him as to the purest well, the fountain furthest removed from the highway of desultory life. He is so natural and cheerful, compared with later poets, that we might almost regard him as a personification of spring. To the faithful reader his muse has even given an aspect to his times, and when he is fresh from perusing him, they seem related to the golden age. It is still the poetry of youth and life, rather than of thought; and though the moral vein is obvious and constant, it has not yet banished the sun and daylight from his verse. The loftiest strains of the muse are, for the most part, sublimely plaintive, and not a carol as free as nature's. The content which the sun shines to celebrate from morning to evening is unsung. The muse solaces herself, and is not ravished but consoled. There is a catastrophe implied, and a tragic element in all our verse, and less of the lark and morning dews, than of the nightingale and evening shades. But in Homer and Chaucer there is more of the innocence and serenity of youth, than in the more modern and moral poets. The *Iliad* is not sabbath but morning reading, and men cling to this old song, because they have still moments of unbaptized and uncommitted life, which give them an appetite for more. He represents no creed nor opinion, and we read him with a rare sense of freedom and irresponsibility, as if we trod on native ground, and were autochthones of the soil.

Chaucer had eminently the habits of a literary man and a scholar. We do not enough allow for the prevalence of this class. There were never any times so stirring, that there were not to be found some sedentary still. Through

all those outwardly active ages, there were still monks in cloisters writing or copying folios. He was surrounded by the din of arms. The battles of Hallidon Hill and Neville's Cross, and the still more memorable battles of Crecy and Poitiers, were fought in his youth, but these did not concern our poet much, Wicliffe much more. He seems to have regarded himself always as one privileged to sit and converse with books. He helped to establish the literary class. His character, as one of the fathers of the English language, would alone make his works important, even those which have little poetical merit. A great philosophical and moral poet gives permanence to the language he uses, by making the best sound convey the best sense. He was as simple as Wordsworth in preferring his homely but vigorous Saxon tongue, when it was neglected by the court, and had not yet attained to the dignity of a literature, and rendered a similar service to his country to that which Dante rendered to Italy. If Greek sufficeth for Greek, and Arabic for Arabian, and Hebrew for Jew, and Latin for Latin, then English shall suffice for him, for any of these will serve to teach truth "right as divers pathes leaden divers folke the right waye to Rome." In the Testament of Love he writes, "Let then clerkes enditen in Latin, for they have the propertie of science, and the knowinge in that facultie, and lette Frenchmen in their Frenche also enditen their queinte termes, for it is kyndely to their mouthes, and let us shewe our fantasies in soche wordes as we lerneden of our dames tonge."

He will know how to appreciate Chaucer best, who has come down to him the natural way, through the meagre pastures of Saxon and ante-Chaucerian poetry; and yet so human and wise he seems after such diet, that he is liable to misjudge him still. In the Saxon poetry extant, in the earliest English, and the contemporary Scottish poetry, there is less to remind the reader of the rudeness and vigor of youth, than of the feebleness of a declining age. It is for the most part translation or imitation merely, with only an occasional and slight tinge of poetry, and oftentimes the falsehood and exaggeration of fable, without its imagination to redeem it. It is astonishing to how few thoughts so many sincere efforts give utterance. But as they never sprang out of nature, so they will never root

themselves in nature. There are few traces of original genius, and we look in vain to find antiquity restored, humanized, and made blithe again, by the discovery of some natural sympathy between it and the present. But when we come to Chaucer we are relieved of many a load. He is fresh and modern still, and no dust settles on his true passages. It lightens along the line, and we are reminded that flowers have bloomed, and birds sung, and hearts beaten, in England. Before the earnest gaze of the reader the rust and moss of time gradually drop off, and the original green life is revealed. He was a homely and domestic man, and did breathe quite as modern men do. Only one trait, one little incident of human biography needs to be truly recorded, that all the world may think the author fit to wear the laurel crown. In the dearth we have described, and at this distance of time, the bare processes of living read like poetry, for all of human good or ill, heroic or vulgar, lies very near to them. All that is truly great and interesting to men, runs thus as level a course, and is as un aspiring, as the plough in the furrow.

There is no wisdom which can take place of humanity, and we find *that* in Chaucer. We can expand in his breadth and think we could be that man's acquaintance. He was worthy to be a citizen of England, while Petrarch and Boccaccio lived in Italy, and Tell and Tamerlane in Switzerland and in Asia, and Bruce in Scotland, and Wickliffe, and Gower, and Edward the Third, and John of Gaunt, and the Black Prince, were his own countrymen; all stout and stirring names. The fame of Roger Bacon came down from the preceding century, and the name of Dante still exerted the influence of a living presence. On the whole, Chaucer impresses us, as greater than his reputation, and not a little like Homer and Shakespeare, for he would have held up his head in their company. Among early English poets he is the landlord and host, and has the authority of such. The affectionate mention, which succeeding early poets make of him, coupling him with Homer and Virgil, is to be taken into the account in estimating his character and influence. King James and Dunbar of Scotland speak with more love and reverence of him, than any modern author of his predecessors of the last century. The same childlike relation is

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without parallel now. We read him without criticism for the most part, for he pleads not his own cause, but speaks for his readers, and has that greatness of trust and reliance which compels popularity. He confides in the reader, and speaks privily with him, keeping nothing back. And in return his reader has great confidence in him, that he tells no lies, and reads his story with indulgence, as if it were the circumlocution of a child, but discovers afterwards that he has spoken with more directness and economy of words than a sage. He is never heartless,

“For first the thing is thought within the hart,
Er any word out from the mouth astart.”

And so new was all his theme in those days, that he had not to invent, but only to tell.

We admire Chaucer for his sturdy English wit. The easy height he speaks from in his Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, as if he were equal to any of the company there assembled, is as good as any particular excellence in it. But though it is full of good sense and humanity, it is not transcendent poetry. For picturesque description of persons it is, perhaps, without a parallel in English poetry; yet it is essentially humorous, as the loftiest genius never is. Humor, however broad and genial, takes a narrower view than enthusiasm. The whole story of *Chanticleer* and *Dame Partlett*, in the *Nonne's Preeste's tale*, is genuine humanity. I know of nothing better in its kind, no more successful fabling of birds and beasts. If it is said of Shakspeare, that he is now Hamlet, and then Falstaff, it may be said of Chaucer that he sympathizes with brutes as well as men, and assumes their nature that he may speak from it. In this tale he puts on the very feathers and stature of the cock. To his own finer vein he added all the common wit and wisdom of his time, and every where in his works his remarkable knowledge of the world, and nice perception of character, his rare common sense and proverbial wisdom, are apparent. His genius does not soar like Milton's, but is genial and familiar. It shows great tenderness and delicacy, but not the heroic sentiment. It is only a greater portion of humanity with all its weakness. It is not heroic, as Raleigh's, nor pious, as Herbert's, nor philosophical, as Shakspeare's, but it is the child of the

English muse, that child which is the father of the man. It is for the most part only an exceeding naturalness, perfect sincerity, with the behavior of a child rather than of a man.

Gentleness and delicacy of character is every where apparent in his verse. The simplest and humblest words come readily to his lips. No one can read the Prioress' tale, understanding the spirit in which it was written, and in which the child sings, *O alma redemptoris mater*, or the account of the departure of Constance with her child upon the sea, in the Man of Lawe's tale, without feeling the native innocence and refinement of the author. Nor can we be mistaken respecting the essential purity of his character, disregarding the apology of the manners of the age. His sincere sorrow in his later days for the grossness of his earlier works, and that he "cannot recall and annull" much that he had written, "but, alas, they are now continued from man to man, and I cannot do what I desire," is not to be forgotten. A simple pathos and feminine gentleness, which Wordsworth occasionally approaches, but does not equal, are peculiar to him. We are tempted to say, that his genius was feminine, not masculine. It was such a feminineness, however, as is rarest to find in woman, though not the appreciation of it. Perhaps it is not to be found at all in woman, but is only the feminine in man.

Such pure, childlike love of nature is not easily to be matched. Nor is it strange; that the poetry of so rude an age should contain such sweet and polished praise of nature, for her charms are not enhanced by civilization, as society's are, but by her own original and permanent refinement she at last subdues and educates man.

Chaucer's remarkably trustful and affectionate character appears in his familiar, yet innocent and reverent, manner of speaking of his God. He comes into his thought without any false reverence, and with no more parade than the zephyr to his ear. If nature is our mother, then God is our father. There is less love and simple practical trust in Shakspeare and Milton. How rarely in our English tongue do we find expressed any affection for God. There is no sentiment so rare as the love of God. Herbert almost alone expresses it, "Ah, my dear God!" Our poet uses similar words, and whenever he sees a beautiful person, or

other object, prides himself on the "maistry" of his God. He reverently recommends Dido to be his bride,

"if that God that heaven and yearth made,
Would have a love for beauty and goodnesse,
And womanhede, trowth, and semeliness."

He supplies the place to his imagination of the saints of the Catholic calendar, and has none of the attributes of a Scandinavian deity.

But, in justification of our praise, we must refer the hearer to his works themselves; to the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, the account of *Gentilesse*, the *Flower and the Leaf*, the stories of *Griselda*, *Virginia*, *Ariadne*, and *Blanche the Dutchesse*, and much more of less distinguished merit. There are many poets of more taste and better manners, who knew how to leave out their dulness, but such negative genius cannot detain us long; we shall return to Chaucer still with love. Even the clown has taste, whose dictates, though he disregards them, are higher and purer than those which the artist obeys; and some natures, which are rude and ill developed, have yet a higher standard of perfection, than others which are refined and well balanced. Though the peasant's cot is dark, it has the evening star for taper, while the nobleman's saloon is meanly lighted. If we have to wander through many dull and prosaic passages in Chaucer, we have at least the satisfaction of knowing that it is not an artificial dulness, but too easily matched by many passages in life, and it is, perhaps, more pleasing, after all, to meet with a fine thought in its natural setting. We confess we feel a disposition commonly to concentrate sweets, and accumulate pleasures, but the poet may be presumed always to speak as a traveller, who leads us through a varied scenery, from one eminence to another, and, from time to time, a single casual thought rises naturally and inevitably, with such majesty and escort only as the first stars at evening. And surely fate has enshrined it in these circumstances for some end. Nature strews her nuts and flowers broadcast, and never collects them into heaps. This was the soil it grew in, and this the hour it bloomed in; if sun, wind, and rain, came here to cherish and expand the flower, shall not we come here to pluck it?

A true poem is distinguished, not so much by a felicitous expression, or any thought it suggests, as by the atmosphere which surrounds it. Most have beauty of outline merely, and are striking as the form and bearing of a stranger, but true verses come toward us indistinctly, as the very kernel of all friendliness, and envelope us in their spirit and fragrance. Much of our poetry has the very best manners, but no character. It is only an unusual precision and elasticity of speech, as if its author had taken, not an intoxicating draught, but an electuary. It has the distinct outline of sculpture, and chronicles an early hour. Under the influence of passion all men speak thus distinctly, but wrath is not always divine.

There are two classes of men called poets. The one cultivates life, the other art; one seeks food for nutriment, the other for flavor; one satisfies hunger, the other gratifies the palate. There are two kinds of writing, both great and rare; one that of genius, or the inspired, the other of intellect and taste, in the intervals of inspiration. The former is above criticism, always correct, giving the law to criticism. It vibrates and pulsates with life forever. It is sacred, and to be read with reverence, as the works of nature are studied. There are few instances of a sustained style of this kind; perhaps every man has spoken words, but the speaker is then careless of the record. Such a style removes us out of personal relations with its author, we do not take his words on our lips, but his sense into our hearts. It is the stream of inspiration, which bubbles out, now here, now there, now in this man, now in that. It matters not through what ice-crystals it is seen, now a fountain, now the ocean stream running under ground. It is in Shakspeare, Alpheus, in Burns, Arethuse; but ever the same. The other is self-possessed and wise. It is reverent of genius, and greedy of inspiration. It is conscious in the highest and the least degree. It consists with the most perfect command of the faculties. It dwells in a repose as of the desert, and objects are as distinct in it as oases or palms in the horizon of sand. The train of thought moves with subdued and measured step, like a caravan. But the pen is only an instrument in its hand, and not instinct with life, like a longer arm. It leaves a thin varnish or glaze over all its work. The works of Goethe furnish remarkable instances of the latter.

There is no just and serene criticism as yet. Our taste is too delicate and particular. It says nay to the poet's work, but never yea to his hope. It invites him to adorn his deformities, and not to cast them off by expansion, as the tree its bark. We are a people who live in a bright light, in houses of pearl and porcelain, and drink only light wines, whose teeth are easily set on edge by the least natural sour. If we had been consulted, the back bone of the earth would have been made, not of granite, but of Bristol spar. A modern author would have died in infancy in a ruder age. But the poet is something more than a scald, "a smoother and polisher of language"; he is a Cincinnatus in literature, and occupies no west end of the world, but, like the sun, indifferently selects his rhymes, and with a liberal taste weaves into his verse the planet and the stubble.

In these old books the stucco has long since crumbled away, and we read what was sculptured in the granite. They are rude and massive in their proportions, rather than smooth and delicate in their finish. The workers in stone polish only their chimney ornaments, but their pyramids are roughly done. There is a soberness in a rough aspect, as of unhewn granite, which addresses a depth in us, but a polished surface hits only the ball of the eye. The true finish is the work of time and the use to which a thing is put. The elements are still polishing the pyramids. Art may varnish and gild, but it can do no more. A work of genius is rough-hewn from the first, because it anticipates the lapse of time, and has an ingrained polish, which still appears when fragments are broken off, an essential quality of its substance. Its beauty is at the same time its strength, and it breaks with a lustre. The great poem must have the stamp of greatness as well as its essence. The reader easily goes within the shallowest contemporary poetry, and informs it with all the life and promise of the day, as the pilgrim goes within the temple, and hears the faintest strains of the worshippers; but it will have to speak to posterity, traversing these deserts through the ruins of its outmost walls, by the grandeur and beauty of its proportions.

LINES.

THOU hast learned the woes of all the world
From thine own longings and lone tears,
And now thy broad sails are unfurled,
And all men hail thee with loud cheers.

The flowing sunlight is thy home,
The billows of the sea are thine,
To all the nations shalt thou roam,
Through every heart thy love shall shine.

The subtlest thought that finds its goal
Far, far beyond the horizon's verge,
Oh, shoot it forth on arrows bold,
The thoughts of men, on, on to urge.

Toil not to free the slave from chains,
Think not to give the laborer rest ;
Unless rich beauty fills the plains,
The free man wanders still unblest.

All men can dig, and hew rude stone,
But thou must carve the frieze above ;
And columned high, through thee alone,
Shall rise our frescoed homes of love.

THE MODERN DRAMA.*

A TRAGEDY in five acts! — what student of poetry, — (for, admire, O Posterity, the strange fact, these days of book-craft produce not only inspired singers, and enchanted listeners, but students of poetry,) — what student in this strange sort, I say, has not felt his eye rivetted to this title, as if it were written in letters of fire? has not heard it whispered in his secret breast? — In this form alone canst thou express thy thought in the liveliness of life, this success alone should satisfy thy ambition!

Were all these ardors caught from a genuine fire, such as, in favoring eras, led the master geniuses by their successive efforts to perfect this form, till it afforded the greatest advantages in the smallest space, we should be glad to warm and cheer us at a very small blaze. But it is not so. The drama, at least the English drama of our day, shows a reflected light, not a spreading fire. It is not because the touch of genius has roused genius to production, but because the admiration of genius has made talent ambitious, that the harvest is still so abundant.

This is not an observation to which there are no exceptions, some we shall proceed to specify, but those who have, with any care, watched this ambition in their own minds, or analyzed its results in the works of others, cannot but feel, that the drama is not a growth native to this age, and that the numerous grafts produce little fruit, worthy the toil they cost.

'Tis, indeed, hard to believe that the drama, once invented, should cease to be a habitual and healthy expression of the mind. It satisfies so fully the wants both of sense and soul, supplying both deep and light excitements, simple, comprehensive, and various, adapted either

* *The Patrician's Daughter*, a tragedy, in five acts, by J. Westland Marston; London; C. Mitchel, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, 1841.

Athelwold, a tragedy in five acts, by W. Smith, Esq.; William Blackwood and Sons. London and Edinburgh, 1842.

Strafford, a tragedy, by John Sterling. London; Edward Moxon, Dover Street, 1843.

to great national and religious subjects, or to the private woes of any human breast. The space and time occupied, the vehicle of expression fit it equally for the entertainment of an evening, or the closet theme of meditative years. *Ædipus*, *Macbeth*, *Wallenstein*, chain us for the hour, lead us through the age.

Who would not covet this mirror, which, like that of the old wizards, not only reflects, but reproduces the whole range of forms, this key, which unlocks the realms of speculation at the hour when the lights are boldest and the shadows most suggestive, this goblet, whose single sparkling draught is locked from common air by walls of glittering ice? An artful wild, where nature finds no bound to her fertility, while art steadily draws to a whole its linked chain.

Were it in man's power by choosing the best, to attain the best in any particular kind, we would not blame the young poet, if he always chose the drama.

But by the same law of faery which ordains that wishes shall be granted unavailingly to the wisher, no form of art will succeed with him with whom it is the object of deliberate choice. It must grow from his nature in a certain position, as it first did from the general mind in a certain position, and be no garment taken from the shining store to be worn at a banquet, but a real body gradually woven and assimilated from the earth and sky which environed the poet in his youthful years. He may learn from the old Greek or Hindoo, but he must speak in his mother-tongue.

It was a melancholy praise bestowed on the German *Iphigenia*, that it was an echo of the Greek mind. O give us something rather than Greece more Grecian, so new, so universal, so individual!

An "After Muse," an appendix period must come to every kind of greatness. It is the criticism of the grandchild upon the inheritance bequeathed by his ancestors. It writes madrigals and sonnets, it makes Brutus wigs, and covers old chairs with damask patch-work, yet happy those who have no affection towards such virtu and entertain their friends with a pipe cut from their own grove, rather than display an ivory lute handed down from the

old time, whose sweetness we want the skill to draw forth.

The drama cannot die out : it is too naturally born of certain periods of national development. It is a stream that will sink in one place, only to rise to light in another. As it has appeared successively in Hindostan, Greece, (Rome we cannot count,) England, Spain, France, Italy, Germany, so has it yet to appear in New Holland, New Zealand, and among ourselves, when we too shall be made new by a sunrise of our own, when our population shall have settled into a homogeneous, national life, and we have attained vigor to walk in our own way, make our own world, and leave off copying Europe.

At present our attempts are, for the most part, feebler than those of the British "After Muse," for our playwrights are not from youth so fancy-fed by the crumbs that fell from the tables of the lords of literature, and having no relish for the berries of our own woods, the roots of our own fields, they are meagre, and their works bodiless ; yet, as they are pupils of the British school, their works need not be classed apart, and I shall mention one or two of the most note-worthy by-and-by.

England boasts one Shakspeare — ah ! that alone was more than the share of any one kingdom, — such a king ! There Apollo himself tended sheep, and there is not a blade of the field but glows with a peculiar light. At times we are tempted to think him the only genius earth has ever known, so beyond compare is he, when looked at as the myriad-minded ; then he seems to sit at the head of the stream of thought, a lone god beside his urn ; the minds of others, lower down, feed the current to a greater width, but they come not near him. Happily, in the constructive power, in sweep of soul, others may be named beside him : he is not always all alone.

Historically, such isolation was not possible. Such a being implies a long ancestry, a longer posterity. We discern immortal vigor in the stem that rose to this height.

But his children should not hope to walk in his steps. Prospero gave Miranda a sceptre, not his wand. His genius is too great for his followers, they dwindle in its shadow. They see objects so early with his eyes, they

can hardly learn to use their own. "They seek to produce from themselves, but they only reproduce him."

He is the cause why so much of England's intellect tends towards the drama, a cause why it so often fails. His works bring despair to genius, they are the bait and the snare of talent.

The impetus he has given, the lustre with which he dazzles, are a chief cause of the dramatic efforts, one cause of failure, but not the only one, for it seems probable that European life tends to new languages, and for a while neglecting this form of representation, would explore the realms of sound and sight, to make to itself other organs, which must for a time supersede the drama.

There is, perhaps, a correspondence between the successions of literary vegetation with those of the earth's surface, where, if you burn or cut down an ancient wood, the next offering of the soil will not be in the same kind, but raspberries and purple flowers will succeed the oak, poplars the pine. Thus, beneath the roots of the drama, lay seeds of the historic novel, the romantic epic, which were to take its place to the reader, and for the scene, the oratorios, the opera, and ballet.

Music is the great art of the time. Its dominion is constantly widening, its powers are more profoundly recognized. In the forms it has already evolved, it is equal to representing any subject, can address the entire range of thoughts and emotions. These forms have not yet attained their completeness, and already we discern many others hovering in the vast distances of the Tone-world.

The opera is in this inferior to the drama, that it produces its effects by the double method of dialogue and song. So easy seems it to excite a feeling, and by the orchestral accompaniments to sustain it to the end, that we have not the intellectual exhilaration which accompanies a severer enjoyment. For the same reasons, nothing can surpass the mere luxury of a fine opera.

The oratorio, so great, so perfect in itself, is limited in its subjects; and these, though they must be of the graver class, do not properly admit of tragedy. Minds cannot dwell on special griefs and seeming partial fates, when circling the universe on the wings of the great

chorus, sharing the will of the Divine, catching the sense of humanity.

Thus, much as has been given, we demand from music yet another method, simpler and more comprehensive than these. In instrumental music, this is given by the symphony, but we want another that shall admit the voice, too, and permit the association of the spectacle.

The ballet seems capable of an infinite perfection. There is no boundary here to the powers of design and expression, if only fit artists can be formed mentally and practically. What could not a vigorous imagination do, if it had delicate Ariels to enact its plans, with that facility and completeness which pantomime permits. There is reason to think we shall see the language of the eye, of gesture and attitude carried to a perfection, body made pliant to the inspirations of spirit, as it can hardly be where spoken words are admitted to eke out deficiencies. From our America we hope some form entirely new, not yet to be predicted, while, though the desire for dramatic representation exists, as it always must where there is any vigorous life, the habit of borrowing is so pervasive, that in the lately peopled prairies of the West, where civilization is but five years old, we find the young people acting plays, indeed, and "on successive nights to overflowing audiences,"—but what? Some drama, ready made to hand by the fortunes of Boon, or the defeats of Black Hawk? Not at all, but—Tamerlane and the like—Bombastes Furioso, and King Cambyses vein to the "storekeepers" and laborers of republican America.

In this connection let me mention the drama of *Metamora*, a favorite on the boards in our cities, which, if it have no other merit, yields something that belongs to this region, Forrest having studied for this part the Indian gait and expression with some success. He is naturally adapted to the part by the strength and dignity of his person and outline.

To return to Britain.

The stage was full of life, after the drama began to decline, and the actors, whom Shakspeare should have had to represent his parts, were born after his departure from the dignity given to the profession by the existence of such occasion for it. And again, out of the existence

of such actors rose hosts of playwrights, who wrote not to embody the spirit of life, in forms, shifting and interwoven in the space of a spectacle, but to give room for display of the powers of such and such actors. A little higher stood those, who excelled in invention of plots, pregnant crises, or brilliant point of dialogue, but both degraded the drama, Sheridan scarcely less than Cibber; and Garrick and the Kembles, while they lighted up the edifice, left slow fire for its destruction.

A partial stigma rests, as it has always rested, on the profession of the actor. At first flash, we marvel why. Why do not men bow in reverence before those, who hold the mirror up to nature, and not to common nature, but to her most exalted, profound, and impassioned hours?

Some have imputed this to an association with the trickeries and coarse illusions of the scene, with paste-board swords and crowns, mock-thunder and tinfoil moonshine. But in what profession are not mummeries practised, and ludicrous accessories interposed? Are the big wig of the barrister, the pen behind the ear of the merchant so reverend in our eyes?

Some say that it is because we pay the actor for amusing us; but we pay other men for all kinds of service, without feeling them degraded thereby. And is he, who has administered an exhilarating draught to my mind, in less pleasing association there, than he who has administered a febrifuge to the body?

Again, that the strong excitements of the scene and its motley life dispose to low and sensual habits.

But the instances, where all such temptations have been resisted, are so many, compared with the number engaged, that every one must feel that here, as elsewhere, the temptation is determined by the man.

Why is it then that to the profession, which numbers in its ranks Shakspeare and Moliere, which is dignified by such figures as Siddons, Talma, and Macready, respect is less willingly conceded than applause? Why is not discrimination used here as elsewhere? Is it the same thing to act the "Lady in Comus," and the Lady in "She stoops to Conquer," Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, and Sir Lucius O'Trigger? Is not the actor, according to his sphere, a great artist or a poor buffoon, just as a

lawyer may become a chancellor of the three kingdoms, or a base pettifogger!

Prejudice on this score, must be the remnant of a barbarism which saw minstrels the pensioned guests at barons' tables, and murdered Correggio beneath a sack of copper. As man better understands that his positive existence is only effigy of the ideal, and that nothing is useful or honorable which does not advance the reign of Beauty, Art and Artists rank constantly higher, as one with Religion. Let Artists also know their calling, let the Actor live and die a Roman Actor,* more than Raph-

* We may be permitted to copy, in this connection, the fine plea of Massinger's "Roman Actor."

PARIS. If desire of honor was the base^o
 On which the building of the Roman empire
 Was raised up to this height; if, to inflame
 The noble youth, with an ambitious heat,
 To endure the posts of danger, nay, of death,
 To be thought worthy the triumphal wreath,
 By glorious undertakings, may deserve
 Reward, or favor from the commonwealth;
 Actors may put in for as large a share,
 As all the sects of the philosophers:
 They with cold precepts (perhaps seldom read)
 Deliver what an honorable thing
 The active virtue is: but does that fire
 The blood, or swell the veins with emulation,
 To be both good and great, equal to that
 Which is presented on our theatres?
 Let a good actor, in a lofty scene,
 Show great Alcides, honored in the sweat
 Of his twelve labors; or a bold Camillus,
 Forbidding Rome to be redeemed with gold
 From the insulting Gauls, or Scipio,
 After his victories, imposing tribute
 On conquered Carthage; if done to the life,
 As if they saw their dangers, and their glories,
 And did partake with them in their rewards,
 All that have any spark of Roman in them,
 The slothful arts laid by, contend to be
 Like those they see presented.

SECOND SENATOR. He has put
 The consuls to their whisper.

PARIS. But 'tis urged
 That we corrupt youth, and traduce superiors.
 When do we bring a vice upon the stage,
 That does go off unpunished? Do we teach,
 By the success of wicked undertakings,
 Others to tread in their forbidden steps?

ael shall be elected Cardinals, and of a purer church ; and it shall be ere long remembered as dream and fable, that the representative of "*my Cid*" could not rest in consecrated ground.

In Germany these questions have already been fairly weighed, and those who read the sketches of her great actors, as given by Tieck, know that there, at least, they took with the best minds of their age and country their proper place.

And who, that reads Joanna Baillie's address to Mrs. Siddons, but feels that the fate, which placed his birth in another age from her, has robbed him of full sense of a

We show no arts of Lydian panderism,
 Corinthian poisons, Persian flatteries,
 But mulctéd so in the conclusion, that
 Even those spectators, that were so inclined,
 Go home changed men. And for traducing such
 That are above us, publishing to the world
 Their secret crimes, we are as innocent
 As such as are born dumb. When we present
 An heir, that does conspire against the life
 Of his dear parent, numbering every hour
 He lives, as tedious to him ; if there be
 Among the auditors one, whose conscience tells him
 He is of the same mould, — **WE CANNOT HELP IT.**
 Or, bringing on the stage a loose adulteress,
 That does maintain the riotous expense
 Of her licentious paramour, yet suffers
 The lawful pledges of a former bed
 To starve the while for hunger ; if a matron,
 However great in fortune, birth, or titles,
 Cry out, 'T is writ for me ! — **WE CANNOT HELP IT.**
 Or, when a covetous man's expressed, whose wealth
 Arithmetic cannot number, and whose lordships
 A falcon in one day cannot fly over ;
 Yet he so sordid in his mind, so griping
 As not to afford himself the necessaries
 To maintain life, if a patrician,
 (Though honored with a consulship) find himself
 Touched to the quick in this, — **WE CANNOT HELP IT.**
 Or, when we show a judge that is corrupt,
 And will give up his sentence, as he favors
 The person, not the cause ; saving the guilty
 If of his faction, and as oft condemning
 The innocent, out of particular spleen ;
 If any in this reverend assembly,
 Nay, even yourself, my lord, that are the image
 Of absent Cæsar, feel something in your bosom
 That puts you in remembrance of things past,
 Or things intended, — 'T is NOT IN US TO HELP IT.
 I have said, my lord, and now, as you find cause,
 Or censure us, or free us with applause.

kind of greatness whose absence none other can entirely supply.

* * * * *

The impassioned changes of thy beauteous face,
 Thy arms impetuous tost, thy robe's wide flow,
 And the dark tempest gathered on thy brow,
 What time thy flashing eye and lip of scorn
 Down to the dust thy mimic foes have borne;
 Remorseful musings sunk to deep dejection,
 The fixed and yearning looks of strong affection;
 The actioned turmoil of a bosom rending,
 Where pity, love, and honor, are contending;

* * * * *

Thy varied accents, rapid, fitful, slow,
 Loud rage, and fear's snatch'd whisper, quick and low,
 The burst of stifled love, the wail of grief,
 And tones of high command, full, solemn, brief;
 The change of voice and emphasis that threw
 Light on obscurity, and brought to view
 Distinctions nice, when grave or comic mood,
 Or mingled humors, terse and new, elude
 Common perception, as earth's smallest things
 To size and form the vesting hoar frost brings.

* * * Thy light * * * * *

* from the mental world can never fade,
 Till all, who've seen thee, in the grave are laid.
 Thy graceful form still moves in nightly dreams,
 And what thou wert to the rapt sleeper seems,
 While feverish fancy oft doth fondly trace
 Within her curtained couch thy wondrous face;
 Yea, and to many a wight, bereft and lone,
 In musing hours, though all to thee unknown,
 Soothing his earthly course of good and ill,
 With all thy potent charm thou actest still.

Perhaps the effect produced by Mrs. Siddons is still more vividly shown in the character of Jane de Montfort, which seems modelled from her. We have no such lotus cup to drink. Mademoiselle Rachel indeed seems to possess as much electric force as Mrs. Siddons, but not the same imposing individuality. The Kembles and Talma were cast in the royal mint to commemorate the victories of genius. That Mrs. Siddons even added somewhat of congenial glory to Shakspeare's own conceptions, those who compare the engravings of her in Lady Macbeth and Catharine of Aragon, with the picture drawn in their own minds from acquaintance with these beings in the original, cannot doubt; the sun is reflected with new glory in the majestic river.

Yet, under all these disadvantages there have risen up often, in England, and even in our own country, actors

who gave a reason for the continued existence of the theatre, who sustained the ill-educated, flimsy troop, which commonly fill it, and provoked both the poet and the playwright to turn their powers in that direction.

The plays written for them, though no genuine dramas, are not without value as spectacle, and the opportunity, however lame, gives freer play to the actor's powers, than would the simple recitation, by which some have thought any attempt at acting whole plays should be superseded. And under the starring system it is certainly less painful, on the whole, to see a play of Knowles's than one of Shakspeare's; for the former, with its frigid diction, unnatural dialogue, and academic figures, affords scope for the actor to produce striking effects, and to show a knowledge of the passions, while all the various beauties of Shakspeare are traduced by the puppets who should repeat them, and being closer to nature, brings no one figure into such bold relief as is desirable when there is only one actor. *Virginus*, the *Hunchback*, *Metamora*, are plays quite good enough for the stage at present; and they are such as those who attend the representations of plays will be very likely to write.

Another class of dramas are those written by the scholars and thinkers, whose tastes have been formed, and whose ambition kindled, by acquaintance with the genuine English dramatists. These again may be divided into two sorts. One, those who have some idea to bring out, which craves a form more lively than the essay, more compact than the narrative, and who therefore adopt (if Hibernicism may be permitted) the dialogued monologue to very good purpose. Such are *Festus*, *Paracelsus*, *Coleridge's Remorse*, *Shelley's Cenci*; *Miss Baillie's* plays, though meant for action, and with studied attempts to vary them by the lighter shades of common nature, which, from her want of lively power, have no effect, except to break up the interest, and *Byron's* are of the same class; they have no present life, no action, no slight natural touches, no delicate lines, as of one who paints his portrait from the fact; their interest is poetic, nature apprehended in her spirit; philosophic, actions traced back to their causes; but not dramatic, nature reproduced in actual presence. This, as a form for the closet, is a very good one, and well fitted to the genius of

our time. Whenever the writers of such fail, it is because they have the stage in view, instead of considering the dramatis personæ merely as names for classes of thoughts. Somewhere betwixt these and the mere acting plays stand such as Maturin's *Bertram*, Talfourd's *Ion*, and (now before me) Longfellow's *Spanish Student*. *Bertram* is a good acting play, that is, it gives a good opportunity to one actor, and its painting, though coarse, is effective. *Ion*, also, can be acted, though its principal merit is in the nobleness of design, and in details it is too elaborate for the scene. Still it does move and melt, and it is honorable to us that a piece constructed on so high a *motiv*, whose tragedy is so much nobler than the customary forms of passion, can act on audiences long unfamiliar with such religion. The *Spanish Student* might also be acted, though with no great effect, for there is little movement in the piece, or development of character; its chief merit is in the graceful expression of single thoughts or fancies; as here,

All the means of action

The shapeless masses, the materials,
Lie every where about us. What we need
Is the celestial fire to change the flint
Into transparent crystal, bright and clear.
That fire is genius! The rude peasant sits
At evening in his smoky cot, and draws
With charcoal uncouth figures on the wall.
The son of genius comes, foot-sore with travel,
And begs a shelter from the inclement night.
He takes the charcoal from the peasant's hand,
And, by the magic of his touch at once
Transfigured, all its hidden virtues shine,
And in the eyes of the astonished clown,
It gleams a diamond. Even thus transformed,
Rude popular traditions and old tales
Shine as immortal poems, at the touch
Of some poor houseless, homeless, wandering bard,
Who had but a night's lodging for his pains.
But there are brighter dreams than those of fame,
Which are the dreams of love! Out of the heart
Rises the bright ideal of these dreams,
As from some woodland fount a spirit rises
And sinks again into its silent deeps,
Ere the enamored knight can touch her robe!
'T is this ideal, that the soul of man,
Like the enamored knight beside the fountain,
Waits for upon the margin of life's stream;
Waits to behold her rise from the dark waters
Clad in a mortal shape! Alas! how many

Must wait in vain ! The stream flows evermore,
But from its silent deeps no spirit rises.

Or here,

I will forget her ! All dear recollections
Pressed in my heart, like flowers within a book,
Shall be torn out, and scattered to the winds ;
I will forget her ! But perhaps hereafter,
When she shall learn how heartless is the world,
A voice within her will repeat my name,
And she will say, ' He was indeed my friend.'

Passages like these would give great pleasure in the chaste and carefully-shaded recitation of *Macready* or *Miss Tree*. The style of the play is, throughout, elegant and simple. Neither the plot nor characters can boast any originality, but the one is woven with skill and taste, the others very well drawn, for so slight handling.

We had purposed in this place to notice some of the modern French plays, which hold about the same relation to the true drama, but this task must wait a more convenient season.

One of the plays at the head of this notice also comes in here, *The Patrician's Daughter*, which, though a failure as a tragedy, from an improbability in the plot, and a want of power to touch the secret springs of passion, yet has the merits of genteel comedy in the unstrained and flowing dialogue, and dignity in the conception of character. A piece like this pleases, if only by the atmosphere of intellect and refinement it breathes.

But a third class, of higher interest, is the historical, such as may well have been suggested to one whose youth was familiar with Shakspeare's *Julius Cæsar*, and *Kings of England*. Who that wears in his breast an English heart, and has feeling to appreciate the capabilities of the historic drama, but must burn with desire to use the occasions offered in profusion by the chronicles of England and kindred nations, to adorn the inherited halls with one tapestry more. It is difficult to say why such an attempt should fail, yet it does fail, and each effort in this kind shows plainly that the historic novel, not the historic drama, is the form appropriate to the genius of our day. Yet these failures come so near success, the spent arrows show so bold and strong a hand in the marksman, that we would not, for much, be without them.

First and highest in this list comes Philip Van Artevelde, of which we can say that it bears new fruit on the twentieth reading. At first it fell rather coldly on the mind, coming as it did, not as the flower of full flushed being, but with the air of an experiment made to verify a theory. It came with wrinkled critic's brow, consciously antagonistic to a tendency of the age, and we looked on it with cold critic's eye, unapt to weep or glow at its bidding. But, on closer acquaintance, we see that this way of looking, though induced by the author, is quite unjust. It is really a noble work that teaches us, a genuine growth that makes us grow, a reflex of nature from the calm depths of a large soul. The grave and comprehensive character of the ripened man, of him whom fire, and light, and earth have tempered to an intelligent delegate of humanity, has never been more justly felt, rarely more life-like painted, than by this author. The Flemish blood and the fiery soul are both understood. Philip stands among his compatriots the man mature, not premature or alien. He is what they should be, his life the reconciling word of his age and nation, the thinking head of an unintelligent and easily distempered body, a true king. The accessories are all in keeping, saplings of the same wood. The eating, drinking, quarrelling citizens, the petulant sister, the pure and lovely bride, the sorrowful and stained, but deep-souled mistress, the monk, much a priest, but more a man, all belong to him and all require him. We cannot think of any part of this piece without its centre, and this fact proclaims it a great work of art. It is great, the conception of the swelling tide of fortune, on which this figure is upborne serenely eminent, of the sinking of that tide with the same face rising from the depths, veiled with the same cloud as the heavens, in its sadness calmer yet. Too wise and rich a nature he, too intelligent of the teachings of earth and heaven to be a stoic, but too comprehensive, too poetic, to be swayed, though he might be moved, by chance or passion. Some one called him Philip the Imperturbable, but his greatness is, that he is *not* imperturbable, only, as the author announces, "not passion's slave." The gods would not be gods, if they were ignorant, or impassive; they must be able to see all that men see, only from a higher point of view.

Such pictures make us willing to live in the widest sense, to bear all that may be borne, for we see that virgin gold may be fit to adorn a scabbard, but the good blade is made of tempered steel.

Justice has not been done by the critics to the admirable conduct of the Second Part, because our imaginations were at first so struck by the full length picture of the hero in the conquering days of the First Part, and it was painful to see its majesty veiled with crape, its towering strength sink to ruins in the second. Then there are more grand and full passages in the First which can be detached and recollected ; as,

We have not time to mourn ; the worse for us,
He that lacks time to mourn lacks time to mend ;
Eternity mourns that. 'T is an ill cure
For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel them.
Where sorrow's held intrusive and turned out,
There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,
Nor aught that dignifies humanity.

That beginning,

To bring a cloud upon the summer day,

or this famous one,

Nor do I now despond, &c.

or the fine scene between Clara, Van Artevelde, and Father John, where she describes the death scene at Sesenheim's ; beginning,

Much hast thou merited, my sister dear.

The second part must be taken as a whole, the dark cloud widening and blackening as it advances, while ghastly flashes of presage come more and more frequent as the daylight diminishes. But there is far more fervor of genius than in the First, showing a mind less possessing, more possessed by, the subject, and finer touches of nature. Van Artevelde's dignity overpowers us more, as he himself feels it less ; as in the acceptance of Father John's reproof.

VAN ARTEVELDE.

Father John!

Though peradventure fallen in your esteem,
I humbly ask your blessing, as a man,
That having passed for more in your repute
Than he could justify, should be content,
Not with his state, but with the judgment true

That to the lowly level of his state
Brings down his reputation.

FATHER JOHN.

Oh my son!
High as you stand, I will not strain my eyes
To see how higher still you stood before.
God's blessing be upon you. Fare you well.

[*Exit.*]

ARTEVELDE.

The old man weeps.

But he reverts at once to the topic of his thought,

Should England play me false, &c.

as he always does, for a mind so great, so high, that it cannot fail to look over and around any one object, any especial emotion, returns to its habitual mood with an ease of which shallow and excitable natures cannot conceive. Thus his reflection, after he has wooed Elena, is not that of heartlessness, but of a deep heart.

How little flattering is a woman's love!

And is in keeping with

I know my course,
And be it armies, cities, people, priests,
That quarrel with my love, wise men or fools,
Friends, foes, or factions, they may swear their oaths,
And make their murmur; rave, and fret, and fear,
Suspect, admonish; they but waste their rage,
Their wits, their words, their counsel; here I stand
Upon the deep foundations of my faith,
To this fair outcast plighted; and the storm
That princes from their palaces shakes out,
Though it should turn and head me, should not strain
The seeming silken texture of this tie.

And not less with

Pain and grief
Are transitory things no less than joy;
And though they leave us not the men we were,
Yet they do leave us.

With the admirable passages that follow.

The delicate touches, with which Elena is made to depict her own character, move us more than Artevelde's most beautiful description of Adriana.

I have been much unfortunate, my lord,
I would not love again.

Shakspeare could not mend the collocation of those words.

When he is absent I am full of thought,
 And fruitful in expression inwardly,
 And fresh, and free, and cordial, is the flow
 Of my ideal and unheard discourse,
 Calling him in my heart endearing names,
 Familiarly fearless. But alas!
 No sooner is he present than my thoughts
 Are breathless and bewitched, and stunted so
 In force and freedom, that I ask myself
 Whether I think at all, or feel, or live,
 So senseless am I.

Would that I were merry!
 Mirth have I valued not before; but now
 What would I give to be the laughing front
 Of gay imaginations ever bright,
 And sparkling fantasies! Oh, all I have;
 Which is not nothing, though I prize it not;
 My understanding soul, my brooding sense,
 My passionate fancy, and the gift of gifts
 Dearest to woman, which deflowering Time,
 Slow ravisher, from clenchedest fingers wringa,
 My corporal beauty would I barter now
 For such an antic and exulting spirit
 As lives in lively women.

for

Your grave, and wise,
 And melancholy men, if they have souls,
 As commonly they have, susceptible
 Of all impressions, lavish most their love
 Upon the blithe and sportive, and on such
 As yield their want, and chase their sad excess,
 With jocund salutations, nimble talk,
 And buoyant bearing.

All herself is in the line,

Which is not nothing, though I prize it not.

And in her song,

Down lay in a nook my lady's brach.

This song I have heard quoted, and applied in such a way as to show that the profound meaning, so simply expressed, has sometimes been understood.

See with what a strain of reflection Van Artevelde greets the news that makes sure his overthrow.

It is strange, yet true,
 That doubtful knowledge travels with a speed
 Miraculous, which certain cannot match;
 I know not why, when this or that has chanced,
 The smoke should come before the flash; yet 't is so.

The creative power of a soul of genius, is shown by bringing out the poetic sweetness of Van Artevelde, more and more, as the scene assumes a gloomier hue. The melancholy music of his speech penetrates the heart more and more up to the close.

The gibbous moon was in a wan decline,
 And all was silent as a sick man's chamber,
 Mixing its small beginnings with the dregs
 Of the pale moonshine, and a few faint stars,
 The cold uncomfortable daylight dawned ;
 And the white tents, topping a low ground-fog,
 Showed like a fleet becalmed.

At the close of the vision :

And midmost in the eddy and the whirl,
 My own face saw I, which was pale and calm
 As death could make it, — then the vision passed,
 And I perceived the river and the bridge,
 The mottled sky, and horizontal moon,
 The distant camp and all things as they were.

* * * * *

Elena, think not that I stand in need
 Of false encouragement ; I have my strength,
 Which, though it lie not in the sanguine mood,
 Will answer my occasions. To yourself,
 Though to none other, I at times present
 The gloomiest thoughts that gloomy truths inspire,
 Because I love you. But I need no prop !
 Nor could I find it in a tinsel show
 Of prosperous surmise. Before the world
 I wear a cheerful aspect, not so false
 As for your lover's solace you put on ;
 Nor in my closet does the oil run low,
 Or the light flicker.

ELENA.

Lo, now ! you are angry
 Because I try to cheer you.

VAN ARTEVELDE.

No, my love,
 Not angry ; that I never was with you ;
 But as I deal not falsely with my own,
 So would I wish the heart of her I love,
 To be both true and brave ; nor self-beguiled,
 Nor putting on disguises for my sake,
 As though I faltered. I have anxious hours ;
 As who in like extremities has not ?
 But I have something stable here within,
 Which bears their weight.

In the last scenes :

CECILE.

She will be better soon, my lord.

VAN ARTEVELDE.

Say worse;

'T is better for her to be thus bereft.
 One other kiss on that bewitching brow,
 Pale hemisphere of charms. Unhappy girl!
 The curse of beauty was upon thy birth,
 Nor love bestowed a blessing. Fare thee well!

How clear his voice sounds at the very last.

The rumor ran that I was hurt to death,
 And then they staggered. Lo! we're flying all!
 Mount, mount, old man; at least let one be saved!
 Roosdyk! Vauclaire! the gallant and the kind!
 Who shall inscribe your merits on your tombs!
 May mine tell nothing to the world but this:
 That never did that prince or leader live,
 Who had more loyal or more loving friends!
 Let it be written that fidelity
 Could go no farther. Mount, old friend, and fly!

VAN RYK.

With you, my lord, not else. A fear-struck throng,
 Comes rushing from Mount Dorre. Sir, cross the bridge.

ARTEVELDE.

The bridge! my soul abhors — but cross it thou;
 And take this token to my Love, Van Ryk;
 Fly, for my sake in hers, and take her hence!
 It is my last command. See her conveyed
 To Ghent by Olsen, or what safer road
 Thy prudence shall descry. This do, Van Ryk.
 Lo! now they pour upon us like a flood! —
 Thou that didst never disobey me yet —
 This last good office render me. Begone!
 Fly whilst the way is free.

What commanding sweetness in the utterance of the name, Van Ryk, and what a weight of tragedy in the broken sentence which speaks of the fatal bridge. These are the things that actors rarely give us, the very passages to which it would be their vocation to do justice; saying out those tones we divine from the order of the words.

Yet Talma's *Pas encore* set itself to music in the mind of the hearer; and *Zara, you weep*, was so spoken as to melt the whole French nation into that one moment.

Elena's sob of anguish:

Arouse yourself, sweet lady : fly with me,
I pray you hear ; it was his last command
That I should take you hence to Ghent by Olsen.

ELENA.

I cannot go on foot.

VAN RYK.

No, lady, no,
You shall not need ; horses are close at hand,
Let me but take you hence. I pray you come.

ELENA.

Take *him* then too.

VAN RYK.

The enemy is near,
In hot pursuit ; we cannot take the body.

ELENA.

The body ! Oh !

In this place Miss Kemble alone would have had force
of passion to represent her, who

Flung that long funereal note
Into the upper sky ?

Though her acting was not refined enough by intellect
and culture for the more delicate lineaments of the char-
acter. She also would have given its expression to the
unintelligent, broken-hearted,

I cannot go on foot.

The body — yes, that temple could be so deserted by its
god, that men could call it so ! That form so instinct with
rich gifts, that baseness and sloth seemed mere names in its
atmosphere, could lie on the earth as unable to vindicate
its rights, as any other clod. The exclamation of Elena,
better bespoke the tragedy of this fact, than any eulogium
of a common observer, though that of Burgundy is fitly
worded.

Dire rebel though he was,
Yet with a noble nature and great gifts
Was he endowed : courage, discretion, wit,
An equal temper and an ample soul,
Rock-bound and fortified against assaults
Of transitory passion, but below
Built on a surging subterraneous fire,
That stirred and lifted him to high attempts,

So prompt and capable, and yet so calm ;
 He nothing lacked in sovereignty but the right,
 Nothing in soldiership except good fortune.

That *was* the grandeur of the character, that its calmness had nothing to do with slowness of blood, but was "built on a surging subterranean fire."

Its magnanimity is shown with a fine simplicity. To blame one's self is easy, to condemn one's own changes and declensions of character and life painful, but inevitable to a deep mind. But to bear well the blame of a lesser nature, unequal to seeing what the fault grows from, is not easy ; to take blame as Van Artevelde does, so quietly, indifferent from whence truth comes, so it be truth, is a trait seen in the greatest only.

ELENA.

Too anxious, Artevelde,
 And too impatient are you grown of late ;
 You used to be so calm and even-minded,
 That nothing ruffled you.

ARTEVELDE.

I stand reproved ;
 'Tis time and circumstance, that tries us all ;
 And they that temperately take their start,
 And keep their souls indifferently sedate,
 Through much of good and evil, at the last,
 May find the weakness of their hearts thus tried.
 My cause appears more precious than it did
 In its triumphant days.

I have ventured to be the more lavish of extracts that, although the publication of Philip Van Artevelde at once placed Mr. Taylor in the second rank of English poets, a high meed of glory, when we remember who compose the first, we seldom now hear the poem mentioned, or a line quoted from it, though it is a work which might, from all considerations, well make a part of habitual reading, and habitual thought. Mr. Taylor has since published another dramatic poem, "Edwin the Fair," whose excellencies, though considerable, are not of the same commanding character with those of its predecessor. He was less fortunate in his subject. There is no great and noble figure in the foreground on which to concentrate the interest, from which to distribute the lights. Neither is the spirit of an era seized with the same power. The figures are modern

English under Saxon names, and affect us like a Boston face, tricked out in the appurtenances of Goethe's *Faust*. Such a character as *Dustan's* should be subordinated in a drama; its interest is that of intellectual analysis, mere feelings it revolts. The main character of the piece should attract the feelings, and we should be led to analysis, to understand, not to excuse its life.

There are, however, fine passages, as profound, refined, and expressed with the same unstrained force and purity, as those in Philip Van Artevelde.

Athelwold, another of the tragedies at the head of this notice, takes up some of the same characters a few years later. Without poetic depth, or boldness of conception, it yet boasts many beauties from the free talent, and noble feelings of the author. *Athelwold* is the best sketch in it, and the chief interest consists in his obstinate rejection of *Elfrida*, whose tardy penitence could no way cancel the wrong, her baseness of nature did his faith. This is worked up with the more art, that there is justice in her plea, but love, shocked from its infinity, could not stop short of despair. Here deep feeling rises to poetry.

Dunstan and *Edgar* are well drawn sketches, but show not the subtle touches of a life-like treatment.

This, we should think, as well as the *Patrician's daughter*, might be a good acting play.

We come now to the work which affords the most interesting theme for this notice, from its novelty, its merits, and its subject, which is taken from that portion of English history with which we are most closely bound, the time preceding the Commonwealth.

Its author, Mr. Sterling, has many admirers among us, drawn to him by his productions, both in prose and verse, which for a time enriched the pages of *Blackwood*. Some of these have been collected into a small volume, which has been republished in this country.

These smaller pieces are of very unequal merit; but the best among them are distinguished by vigor of conception and touch, by manliness and modesty of feeling, by a depth of experience, rare in these days of babbling criticism and speculation. His verse does not flow or soar with the highest lyrical inspiration, neither does he enrich us by a large stock of original images, but for grasp and picturesque

presentation of his subject, for frequent bold and forceful passages, and the constantly fresh breath of character, we know few that could be named with him. The Sexton's Daughter is the longest and best known, but not the best of the minor poems. It has, however, in a high degree, the merits we have mentioned. The yew tree makes a fine centre to the whole picture. The tale is told in too many words, the homely verse becomes garrulous, but the strong, pure feeling of natural relations endears them all.

His Aphrodite is fitly painted, and we should have dreamed it so from all his verse.

* * * * *

The high immortal queen from heaven,
The calm Olympian face;
Eyes pure from human tear or smile,
Yet ruling all on earth,
And limbs whose garb of golden air
Was Dawn's primeval birth.

With tones like music of a lyre,
Continuous, piercing, low,
The sovran lips began to speak,
Spoke on in liquid flow,
It seemed the distant ocean's voice,
Brought near and shaped to speech,
But breathing with a sense beyond
What words of man may reach.

Weak child! Not I the puny power
Thy wish would have me be,
A roseleaf floating with the wind
Upon a summer sea.
If such thou need'st, go range the fields,
And hunt the gilded fly,
And when it mounts above thy head,
Then lay thee down and die.

The spells which rule in earth and stars,
Each mightiest thought that lives,
Are stronger than the kiss a child
In sudden fancy gives.
They cannot change, or fail, or fade,
Nor deign o'er aught to sway,
Too weak to suffer and to strive,
And tired while still 't is day.

And thou with better wisdom learn
The ancient lore to scan,
Which tells that first in Ocean's breast
Thy rule o'er all began;

And know that not in breathless noon
 Upon the glassy main,
 The power was born that taught the world
 To hail her endless reign.

The winds were loud, the waves were high,
 In drear eclipsæ the sun
 Was crouched within the caves of heaven,
 And light had scarce begun ;
 The Earth's green front lay drowned below,
 And Death and Chaos fought
 O'er all the tumult vast of things
 Not yet to severance brought.

'T was then that spoke the fateful voice,
 And 'mid the huge uproar,
 Above the dark I sprang to life,
 A good unhopèd before.
 My tresses waved along the sky,
 And stars leapt out around,
 And earth beneath my feet arose,
 And hid the pale profound.

A lamp amid the night, a feast
 That ends the strife of war,
 To wearied mariners a port,
 To fainting limbs a car,
 To exiled men the friendly roof,
 To mourning hearts the lay,
 To him who long has roamed by night
 The sudden dawn of day.

All these are mine, and mine the bliss
 That visits breasts in woe,
 And fills with wine the cup that once
 With tears was made to flow.
 Nor question thou the help that comes
 From Aphrodite's hand ;
 For madness dogs the bard who doubts
 Whate'er the gods command.

Alfred the Harper has the same strong picture and noble beat of wing. One line we have heard so repeated by a voice, that could give it its full meaning, that we should be very grateful to the poet for that alone.

Still lives the song though Regnar dies.

Dædalus we must quote.

DÆDALUS.

1.

Wail for Dædalus all that is fairest !
 All that is tuneful in air or wave !
 Shapes, whose beauty is truest and rarest,
 Haunt with your lamps and spells his grave !

2.

Statues, bend your heads in sorrow,
 Ye that glance 'mid ruins old,
 That know not a past, nor expect a morrow,
 On many a moonlight Grecian wold !

3.

By sculptured cave and speaking river,
 Thee, Dædalus, oft the Nymphs recall ;
 The leaves with a sound of winter quiver,
 Murmur thy name, and withering fall.

4.

Yet are thy visions in soul the grandest
 Of all that crowd on the tear-dimmed eye,
 Though, Dædalus, thou no more commandest
 New stars to that ever-widening sky.

5.

Ever thy phantoms arise before us,
 Our loftier brothers, but one in blood ;
 By bed and table they lord it o'er us,
 With looks of beauty and words of Good.

6.

Calmly they show us mankind victorious
 O'er all that's aimless, blind, and base ;
 Their presence has made our nature glorious,
 Unveiling our night's illumined face.

7.

Thy toil has won them a god-like quiet,
 Thou hast wrought their path to a lovely sphere ;
 Their eyes to peace rebuke our riot,
 And shape us a home of refuge here.

8.

For Dædalus breathed in them his spirit ;
 In them their sire his beauty sees ;
 We too, a younger brood, inherit
 The gifts and blessing bestowed on these.

9.

But ah! their wise and graceful seeming
 Recalls the more that the sage is gone;
 Weeping we wake from deceitful dreaming,
 And find our voiceless chamber lone.

10.

Dædalus, thou from the twilight fleest,
 Which thou with visions hast made so bright;
 And when no more those shapes thou seest,
 Wanting thine eye they lose their light.

11.

E'en in the noblest of Man's creations,
 Those fresh worlds round this old of ours,
 When the seer is gone, the orphaned nations
 See but the tombs of perished powers.

12.

Wail for Dædalus, Earth and Ocean!
 Stars and Sun, lament for him!
 Ages, quake in strange commotion!
 All ye realms of life, be dim!

13.

Wail for Dædalus, awful voices,
 From earth's deep centre Mankind appall!
 Seldom ye sound, and then Death rejoices,
 For he knows that then the mightiest fall.

Also the following, whose measure seems borrowed from Goethe, and is worthy of its source. We insert a part of it.

THE WOODED MOUNTAINS.

Woodland Mountains, in your leafy walks,
 Shadows of the Past and Future blend;
 'Mid your verdant windings flits or stalks
 Many a loved and disembodied friend.

With your oaks and pine-trees, ancient brood,
 Spirits rise above the wizard soil,
 And with these I rove amid the wood;
 Man may dream on earth no less than toil.

Shapes that seem my kindred meet the ken;
 Gods and heroes glimmer through the shade;
 Ages long gone by from haunts of men
 Meet me here in rocky dell and glade.

There the Muses, touched with gleams of light,
 Warble yet from yonder hill of trees,
 And upon the huge and mist-clad height
 Fancy sage a clear Olympus sees.

'Mid yon utmost peaks the elder powers
 Still unshaken hold their fixed abode,
 Fates primeval throned in airy towers,
 That with morning sunshine never glowed.

Deep below, amid a hell of rocks,
 Lies the Cyclops, and the Dragon coils,
 Heaving with the torrent's weary shocks,
 That round the untrodden region boils.

But more near to where our thought may climb,
 In a mossy, leaf-clad, Druid ring,
 Three gray shapes, prophetic Lords of Time,
 Homer, Dante, Shakspeare, sit and sing.

Each in his turn his descant frames aloud,
 Mingling new and old in ceaseless birth,
 While the Destinies hear amid their cloud,
 And accordant mould the flux of earth.

Oh! ye trees that wave and glisten round,
 Oh! ye waters gurgling down the dell,
 Pulses throb in every sight and sound,
 Living Nature's more than magic spell.

Soon amid the vista still and dim,
 Knights, whom youth's high heart forgetteth not,
 Each with scars and shadowy helmet grim,
 Amadis, Orlando, Launcelot.

Storn they pass along the twilight green,
 While within the tangled wood's recess
 Some lorn damsel sits, lamenting keen,
 With a voice of tuneful amorousness.

Clad in purple weed, with pearly crown,
 And with golden hairs that waving play,
 Fairest earthly sight for King and Clown,
 Oriana or Angelica.

But in sadder nooks of deeper shade,
 Forms more subtle lurk from human eye,
 Each cold Nymph, the rock or fountain's maid,
 Crowned with leaves that sunbeams never dry.

And while on and on I wander, still
 Passed the plashing streamlet's glance and foam,
 Hearing oft the wild-bird pipe at will,
 Still new openings lure me still to roam.

In this hollow smooth by May-tree walled,
 White and breathing now with fragrant flower,
 Lo! the fairy tribes to revel called,
 Start in view as fades the evening hour.

Decked in rainbow roof of gossamer,
 And with many a sparkling jewel bright,
 Rose-leaf faces, dew-drop eyes are there,
 Each with gesture fine of gentle sprite.

Gay they woo, and dance, and feast, and sing,
 Elfin chants and laughter fill the dell,
 As if every leaf around should ring
 With its own aerial emerald bell.

But for man 't is ever sad to see
 Joys like his that he must not partake,
 'Mid a separate world, a people's glee,
 In whose hearts his heart no joy could wake.

Fare ye well, ye tiny race of elves;
 May the moon-beam ne'er behold your tomb;
 Ye are happiest childhood's other selves,
 Bright to you be always evening's gloom.

And thou, mountain-realm of ancient wood,
 Where my feet and thoughts have strayed so long,
 Now thy old gigantic brotherhood
 With a ghostlier vastness round me throng.

Mound, and cliff, and crag, that none may scale
 With your serried trunks and wrestling boughs,
 Like one living presence ye prevail,
 And o'erhang me with Titanian brows.

In your Being's mighty depth of Power,
 Mine is lost, and melted all away.
 In your forms involved I seem to tower,
 And with you am spread in twilight grey.

In this knotted stem whereon I lean,
 And the dome above of countless leaves,
 Twists and swells, and frowns a life unseen,
 That my life with it resistless weaves.

Yet, O nature, less is all of thine
 Than thy borrowings from our human breast;
 Thou, O God, hast made thy child divine,
 And for him this world thou hallowest.

The Rose and the Gauntlet we much admire as a ballad, and the tale is told in fewest words, and by a single picture; but we have not room for it here. In Lady Jane

Grey, though this again is too garrulous, the picture of the princess at the beginning is fine, as she sits in the antique casement of the rich old room.

The lights through the painted glass

Fall with fondest brightness o'er the form
Of her who sits, the chamber's lovely dame,
And her pale forehead in the light looks warm,
And all these colors round her whiteness flame.

Young is she, scarcely passed from childhood's years,
With grave, soft face, where thoughts and smiles may play,
And unalarmed by guilty aims or fears,
Serene as meadow flowers may meet the day.

No guilty pang she knows, though many a dread
Hangs threatening o'er her in the conscious air,
And 'mid the beams from that bright casement shut,
A twinkling crown foreshows a near despair.

The quaint conciseness of this last line pleases me.

He always speaks in marble words of Greece. But I must make no more quotations.

Some part of his poem on Shakspeare is no unfit prelude to a few remarks on his own late work. With such a sense of greatness none could wholly fail.

With meaning won from him for ever glows
Each air that England feels, and star it knows;
And gleams from spheres he first conjoined to earth
Are blent with rays of each new morning's birth,
Amid the sights and tales of common things,
Leaf, flower, and bird, and wars, and deaths of kings,
Of shore, and sea, and nature's daily round
Of life that tills, and tombs that load the ground,
His visions mingle, swell, command, pass by,
And haunt with living presence heart and eye,
And tones from him, by other bosoms caught,
Awaken flush and stir of mounting thought,
And the long sigh, and deep, impassioned thrill,
Rouse custom's trance, and spur the faltering will.
Above the goodly land, more his than ours,
He sits supreme enthroned in skyey towers,
And sees the heroic brood of his creation
Teach larger life to his ennobled nation.
O! shaping brain! O! flashing fancy's hues!
O! boundless heart kept fresh by pity's dews!
O! wit humane and blythe! O! sense sublime
For each dim oracle of mantled Time!
Transcendant form of man! in whom we read
Mankind's whole tale of Impulse, Thought, and Deed.

Such is his ideal of the great dramatic poet. It would not be fair to measure him, or any man, by his own ideal; that affords a standard of spiritual and intellectual progress, with which the executive powers may not correspond. A clear eye may be associated with a feeble hand or the reverse. The mode of measurement proposed by the great thinker of our time is not inapplicable. First, show me what aim a man proposes to himself; next, with what degree of earnestness he strives to attain it. In both regards we can look at Mr. Sterling's work with pleasure and admiration. He exhibits to us a great crisis, with noble figures to represent its moving springs. His work is not merely the plea for a principle, or the exposition of a thought, but an exhibition of both at work in life. He opens the instrument and lets us see the machinery without stopping the music. The progress of interest in the piece is imperative, the principal character well brought out, the style clear and energetic, the tone throughout is of a manly dignity, worthy great times. Yet its merit is of a dramatic sketch, rather than a drama. The forms want the roundness, the fulness of life, the thousand charms of spontaneous expression. In this last particular Sterling is as far inferior to Taylor, as Taylor to Shakspeare. His characters, like Miss Baillie's or Talfourd's, narrate rather than express their life. Not elaborately, not pedantically, but yet the effect is that, while they speak we look on them as past, and Sterling's view of them interests us more than themselves. In his view of relations again we must note his inferiority to Taylor, who in this respect is the only contemporary dramatist on whom we can look with complacency. Taylor's characters really meet, really bear upon one another. In contempt and hatred, or esteem, reverence, and melting tenderness, they challenge, bend, and transfuse one another.

Strafford never alters, never is kindled by or kindles the life of any other being, never breathes the breath of the moment. Before us, throughout the play, is the view of his greatness taken by the mind of the author; we are not really made to feel it by those around him; it is echoed from their lips, not from their lives. Lady Carlisle is the only personage, except Strafford, that is brought out into much relief. Everard is only an accessory, and the

king, queen, and parliamentary leaders, drawn with a few strokes to give them their historical position. Scarcely more can be said of Hollis; some individual action is assigned him, but not so as to individualize his character. The idea of the relation at this ominous period between Strafford and Lady Carlisle is noble. In these stern times he has put behind him the flowers of tenderness, and the toys of passion.

Lady, believe me, that I loved you truly,
 Still think of you with wonder and delight,
 Own you the liveliest, noblest heart of woman
 This age, or any, knows; but for love ditties
 And amorous toys, and kisses ocean-deep,
 Strafford and this old Earth are all too sad.

But when the lady had a soul to understand the declaration, and show herself worthy his friendship, there is a hardness in his action towards her, a want of softness and grace, how different from Van Artevelde's:

My Adriana, victim that thou art.

The nice point indeed, of giving the hero manly firmness, and an even stern self-sufficiency, without robbing him of the beauty of gentle love, was touched with rare success in Van Artevelde. Common men may not be able to show firmness and persistency, without a certain hardness and glassiness of expression; but we expect of the hero, that he should combine the softness with the constancy of Hector.

This failure is the greater here, that we need a private tie to Strafford to give his fall the deepest tragic interest.

Lady Carlisle is painted with some skill and spirit. The name given her by St. John of "the handsome vixen," and the willingness shown by her little page to die, rather than see her after failing to deliver her letter, joined with her own appearance, mark her very well. The following is a prose sketch of her as seen in common life.

SIR TOBY MATTHEW'S PORTRAIT OF LUCY PERCY, COUNTESS OF CARLISLE.

"She is of too high a mind and dignity, not only to seek, but almost to wish the friendship of any creature: they, whom she is pleased to choose, are such as are of the most eminent condition, both for power and employment; not with any design towards her own particular,

either of advantage or curiosity, but her nature values fortunate persons as virtuous. She prefers the conversation of men to that of women; not but she can talk on the fashions with her female friends, but she is too soon sensible that she can set them as she will; that pre-eminence shortens all equality. She converses with those who are most distinguished for their conversational powers.

Of love freely will she discourse, listen to all its faults, and mark all its power. She cannot herself love in earnest, but she will play with love, and will take a deep interest for persons of condition and celebrity."—*See Life of Pym; in Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, Vol. xci., p. 213.*

The noblest trait, given her in the play, is the justice she is able to do Charles, after his treachery has consigned *Strafford* to the Tower.

LADY CARLISLE.

And he betrayed you.

STRAFFORD.

He! it cannot be,
There's not a minion in his court so vile,
Holland nor Jermyn, would deceive a trust
Like that I placed in him, nor would belie
So seeming heart felt words as those he spake.

LADY CARLISLE.

He's not entirely vile, and yet he did it.

This, seen in unison with her out-pouring of contempt upon the king when present, makes out a character. As a whole, that given her by the poet is not only nobler than the one assigned her in history, but opposed to it in a vital point.

The play closes after *Strafford* has set forth for the scaffold with the ejaculation from her left in the Tower, where she has waited on his last moments,

"Alone, henceforth forever!"

While history makes her transfer her attachment to *Pym*, who must have been, in her eyes, *Strafford's* murderer, on the score of her love of intellectual power, in which all other considerations were merged. This is a character so odious, and in a woman, so unnatural, that we are tempted rather to suppose it was hatred of the king for his base and treacherous conduct towards *Strafford*, that induced her to betray to *Pym* the counsels of the court, as the best means of revenge. Such a version of her motives would not be

inconsistent with the character assigned her in the play. It would be making her the agent to execute her own curse, so eloquently spoken after she finds the king willing to save himself by the sacrifice of Strafford's life.

KING CHARLES.

The woman's mad; her passion braves the skies!

LADY CARLISLE.

I brave them not; I but invoke their justice
To rain hot curses on a tyrant's head;
Henceforth I set myself apart for mischief,
To find and prompt men capable of hate,
Until some dagger, steeled in Strafford's blood,
Knocks at the heart of Strafford's murderer.

KING CHARLES.

His murderer! O God! — no, no, — not that!
(Sinks back into a seat.)

LADY CARLISLE.

And here I call on all the powers above us
To aid the deep damnation of my curse,
And make this treason to the noblest man,
That moves alive within our English seas,
Fatal to him and all his race, whose baseness
Destroys a worth it ne'er could understand.
Stars in your glory, vital air and sun,
And thou, dark earth, our cradle, nurse, and grave,
And more than all, free truth and penal justice,
Conspire with all your dreadful influence
Against his blood, whose crime ye now behold!
Make him a byword, and a name of woe,
A conquered warrior, and a throneless outcast,
To teach all kings the law of evil power,
Till by an end more friendless and abhorred
Than his great victim's, and with heavier pain,
Let him slink off to a detested grave!
And now I give your majesty leave to go,
And may you carry from my house away,
That fixed incurable ulcer of the heart,
Which I have helped your thoughts to fasten there.

If these burning words had as much power to kindle her own heart, as they must that of the hearer, we only realize our anticipations, when we find her sending to the five members the news of the intention of Charles to arrest them, thus placing him in a position equally ridiculous and miserable, having incurred all the odium of this violent transaction to no purpose. That might well be a proud moment of gratified vengeance to her, when he stood amid

the sullen and outraged parliament, baffled like a school-boy, loathed as a thief, exclaiming, "The birds are flown" and all owing to "the advices of the honorable Lady Carlisle."

The play opens with Strafford's return to London. He is made to return in rather a different temper from what he really did, not only trusting the king, but in his own greatness fearless of the popular hatred. The opening scenes are very good, compact, well wrought, and showing at the very beginning the probable fortunes of the scene, by making the characters the agents of their own destinies. A weight of tragedy is laid upon the heart, and at the same time we are inspired with deep interest as to *how* it shall be acted out.

Strafford appears before us as he does in history, a grand and melancholy figure, whose dignity lay in his energy of will, and large scope of action, not in his perception of principles, or virtue in carrying them out. For his faith in the need of absolute sway to control the herd, does not merit the name of a principle.

In my thought, the promise of success
Grows to the self-same stature as the need,
Which is gigantic. There's a king to guide,
Three realms to save, a nation to control,
And by subduing to make blest beyond
Their sottish dreams of lawless liberty.
This to fulfil Strafford has pledged his soul
In the unfaltering hands of destiny.

Nor can we fail to believe, that the man of the world might sincerely take this view of his opponents.

No wonder they whose life is all deception,
A piety that, like a sheep-skin drum,
Is loud because 't is hollow, — thus can move
Belief in others by their swollen pretences.
Why, man, it is their trade; they do not stick
To cozen themselves, and will they stop at you?

The court and council scenes are good. The materials are taken from history, with Shakspearean adherence to the record, but they are uttered in masculine cadences, sinewy English, worthy this great era in the life of England.

The king and queen and sycophants of the court are too carelessly drawn. Such unmitigated baseness and folly, are unbearable in poetry. The master invests his worst

characters with redeeming traits, or at least, touches them with a human interest, that prevents their being objects of disgust rather than contempt or aversion. This is the poetic gift, to penetrate to the truth below the fact. We need to hear the excuses men make to themselves for their worthlessness.

The council of the parliamentary leaders is far better. Here the author speaks his natural language from the lips of grave enthusiastic men. Pym's advice to his daughter is finely worded, and contains truths, which, although they have been so often expressed, are not like to find so large reception, as to dispense with new and manifold utterance.

The Lord has power
 To guard his own: pray, Mary, pray to Him,
 Nor fear what man can do. A rule there is
 Above all circumstance, a current deep
 Beneath all fluctuations. This who knows,
 Though seeming weakest, firmly as the sun
 Walks in blind paths where earthly strongest fall,
 Reason is God's own voice to man, ordains
 All holy duties, and all truth inspires:
 And he who fails, errs not by trusting it,
 But deafening to the sound his ear, from dread
 Of the stern roar it speaks with. O my child,
 Pray still for guidance, and be sure 't will come.
 Lift up your heart upon the knees of God;
 Losing yourself, your smallness, and your darkness,
 In his great light, who fills and moves the world,
 Who hath alone the quiet of perfect motion —
 Sole quiet, not mere death.

The speech of Vane is nobly rendered.

The conversations of the populace are tolerably well done. Only the greatest succeed in these; nobody except Goethe in modern times. Here they give, not the character of the people, but the spirit of the time, playing in relation to the main action the part of chorus.

SECOND WOMAN.

There's Master St. John has a tongue
 That threshes like a flail.

THIRD WOMAN.

And Master Fiennes
 That's a true lamb! He'd roast alive the Bishop.

CITIZEN.

I was close by the coach, and with my nose

Upon the door, I called out, Down with Strafford!
 And then just so he fixed his eyes on mine,
 And something seemed to choke me in the throat;
 In truth, I think it must have been the devil!

THIRD CITIZEN.

I saw him as he stept out of the House,
 And then his face was dark, but very quiet;
 It seemed like looking down the dusky mouth
 Of a great cannon.

Everard says with expressive bitterness as they shout
 "Down with Strafford,"

I've heard this noise so often, that it seems
 As natural as the howling of the wind.

And again —

For forty years I've studied books and men,
 But ne'er till these last days have known a jot
 Of the true secret madness in mankind.
 This morn the whispers leapt from each to each,
 Like a petard alight, which every man
 Feared might explode in his own hands, and therefore
 Would haste to pass it onward to his friend.

Even in our piping times of peace, nullification and the Rhode Island difficulties have given us specimens of the process of fermentation, the more than Virgilian growth of Rumor.

The description of the fanatic preacher by Everard is very good. The poor secretary, not placed in the prominent rank to suffer, yet feeling all that passes, through his master, finds vent to his grief, not in mourning, but a strong causticity;

The sad fanatic preacher,
 In whom one saw, by glancing through the eyes,
 The last grey curdling dregs of human joy,
 Dropped sudden sparks that kindled where they fell.

Strafford draws the line between his own religion and that of the puritans, as it seemed to him, with noble phrase in his last advices to his son.

Say it has ever been his father's mind,
 That perfect reason, justice, government,
 Are the chief attributes of Him who made,
 And who sustains the world, in whose full being,
 Wisdom and power are one; and I, his creature,
 Would fain have gained authority and rule,
 To make the imagined order in my soul

Supreme o'er all, the proper good of man.
 But Him to love who shaped us, and whose breast
 Is the one home of all things, with a passion
 Electing Him amid all other beings,
 As if he were beside them, not their all.
 This is the snug and dozing delirium
 Of men, who filch from woman what is worst,
 And cannot see the good. Of such beware.

This is the nobler tone of Strafford's spirit.* That more habitual to him is heard in his presumptuous joy before entering the parliament, into which he went as a conqueror, and came out a prisoner. His confidence is not noble to us, it is not that of Brutus or Van Artevelde, who, knowing what is prescribed by the law of right within the breast, can take no other course but that, whatever the consequences; neither like the faith of Julius Cæsar or Wallenstein in their star, which, though less pure, is not without religion; but it is the presumption of a strong character which, though its head towers above those of its companions when they are on the same level, yet has not taken a sufficiently high platform, to see what passes around or above it. Strafford's strength cannot redeem his infatuation, while he struggles; vanquished, not overwhelmed, he is a majestic figure, whose features† are well marked in various passages.

Compared with him, whom I for eighteen years
 Have seen familiar as my friend, all men
 Seem but as chance-born flies, and only he
 Great Nature's chosen and all-gifted son.

* His late biographer says well in regard to the magnanimity of his later days, of so much nobler a tone than his general character would lead us to expect. "It is a mean as well as a hasty judgment, which would attribute this to any unworthy compromise with his real nature. It is probably a juster and more profound view of it, to say that, into a few of the later weeks of his life, new knowledge had penetrated from the midst of the breaking of his fortunes. It was well and beautifully said by a then living poet,

'The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
 Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.'"

Forster's Life of Strafford, Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia.

† "A poet, who was present, exclaimed,
 On thy brow
 Sate terror mixed with wisdom, and at once
 Saturn and Hermes in thy countenance."

Life of Strafford, p. 388.

Certainly there could not be a more pointed and pregnant account given of the man than is suggested by this last line.

* Van Artevelde also bears testimony to the belief of the author, that familiarity breeds no contempt, but the reverse in the service of genuine nobility. A familiarity of eighteen years will not make any but a stage hero, other than a hero to his valet de chambre.

King Charles says,

To pass the bill,—
Under his eye, with that fixed quiet look
Of imperturbable and thoughtful greatness,
I cannot do it.

Strafford himself says, on the final certainty of the king's desertion,

Dear Everard, peace! for there is nothing here
I have not weighed before, and made my own.

And this, no doubt, was true, in a sense. Historians, finding that Strafford expressed surprise, and even indignation, that the king had complied with Strafford's own letter releasing him from all obligation to save his life, have intimated that the letter was written out of policy. But this is a superficial view; it produces very different results from giving up all to another to see him take it; and, though Strafford must have known Charles's weakness too well to expect any thing good from him, yet the consummation must have produced fresh emotion, for a strong character cannot be prepared for the conduct of a weak one; there is always in dishonor somewhat unexpected and incredible to one incapable of it.

The speeches in parliament are well translated from the page of history. The poet, we think, has improved upon it in Strafford's mention of his children; it has not the theatrical tone of the common narrative, and is, probably, nearer truth, as it is more consistent with the rest of his deportment.

He has made good use of the fine anecdote of the effect produced on Pym by meeting Strafford's eye at the close of one of his most soaring passages.

* That with familiarity respect
Doth slacken, is a word of common use;
I never found it so.

Philip Van Artevelde, 2d Part, p. 29.

FTM.

The King is King, but as he props the State,
 The State a legal and compacted bond,
 Tying us all in sweet fraternity,
 And that loosed off by fraudulent creeping hand,
 Or cut and torn by lawless violence,
 There is no King because the State is gone ;
 And in the cannibal chaos that remains
 Each man is sovereign of himself alone.
 Shall then a drunken regicidal blow
 Be paid by forfeit of the driveller's head,
 And he go free, who, slaying Law itself,
 Murders all royalty and all subjection ?
 He who, with all the radiant attributes
 That most, save goodness, can adorn a man,
 Would turn his kind to planless brutishness.
 His knavery soars, indeed, and strikes the stars,
 Yet is worse knavery than the meanest felon's.

(*Strafford fixes his eyes on Pym, who hesitates.*)

Oh ! no, my Lords, Oh ! no,
 (*Aside to Hampden.*) His eye confounds me ; he* was once
 my friend.

(*Aloud.*) Oh ! no, my Lords, the very selfsame rule, &c.

The eloquence of this period could not be improved upon ; but it is much to select from and use its ebullitions with the fine effect we admire in this play. Whatever view be taken of Strafford, whether as condemnatory as the majority of writers popular among us, the descendants of the puritans, would promote, or that more lenient and discriminating, brought out in this play, for which abundant grounds may be discovered by those who will seek, we cannot view him at this period but with the interest of tragedy as of one suffering unjustly. For however noble the eloquence of the parliamentary leaders in appealing to a law above *the* law, to an eternal justice in the breast, which afforded sufficient sanction to the desired measure, it cannot but be seen, at this distance of time, that this

* Through the whole of the speech Strafford is described to have been closely and earnestly watching Pym, when the latter suddenly turning, met the fixed and faded eyes and haggard features of his early associate, and a rush of feelings from other days, so fearfully contrasting the youth and friendship of the past with the love-poisoned hate of the present, and the mortal agony impending in the future, for a moment deprived the patriot of self-possession " His papers he looked on," says Baillie, " but they could not help him, so he behoved to pass them." For a moment only ; suddenly recovering his dignity and self-command, he told the court, &c.—*Life of Pym, Cabinet Cyclopædia.*

reigned not purely in their own breasts, that his doom, though sought by them from patriotic, not interested motives, was, in itself, a measure of expediency. He was *the* victim, because the most dreaded foe, because they could not go on with confidence, while the only man lived, who could and would sustain Charles in his absurd and wicked policy. Thus, though he might deserve that the people on whom he trampled should rise up to crush him, that the laws he had broken down should rear new and higher walls to imprison him, though the shade of Eliot called for vengeance on the counsellor who alone had so long saved the tyrant from a speedier fall, and the victims of his own oppressions echoed with sullen murmur to the "silver trumpet" call,* *yet*, the greater the peculiar offences of this man, the more need that his punishment should have been awarded in an absolutely pure spirit. And this it was not; it may be respected as an act of just retribution; but not of pure justice.

Men who had such a cause to maintain, as his accusers had, should deserve the praise awarded by Wordsworth to him, who,

In a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
Yet fixes good on good alone, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows.

The heart swells against Strafford as we read the details of his policy. Even allowing that his native temper, prejudices of birth, and disbelief in mankind, really inclined him to a despotic government, as the bad best practicable, that his early espousal of the popular side was only a stratagem to terrify the court, and that he was thus, though a deceiver, no apostate, yet, he *had* been led, from whatever motives, to look on that side; his great intellect was clear of sight, the front presented by better principles in that time commanding. We feel that he was wilful in the course he took, and self-aggrandizement his principal, if not his only motive. We share the hatred of his time, as we see him so triumphant in his forceful, wrongful measures. But we would not have had him hunted down with such a

* "I will not repeat, Sirs, what you have heard from that silver trumpet." One of the parliament speaking of Ruyard.

hue and cry, that the tones of defence had really no chance to be heard. We would not have had papers stolen, and by a son from a father who had entrusted him with a key, to condemn him. And what a man was this thief, one whose high enthusiastic hope never paused at good, but ever rushed onward to the best.

Who would outbid the market of the world,
And seek a holier than a common prize,
And by the unworthy lever of to-day
Ope the strange portals of a better morn.

Begin to-day, nor end till evil sink
In its due grave; and if at once we may not
Declare the greatness of the work we plan,
Be sure, at least, that ever in our eyes
It stand complete before us, as a dome
Of light beyond this gloom; a house of stars,
Encompassing these dusky tents; a thing
Absolute, close to all, though seldom seen,
Near as our hearts, and perfect as the heavens.
Be this our aim and model, and our hands
Shall not wax faint until the work is done.

He is not the first, who, by looking too much at the stars has lost the eye for severe fidelity to a private trust. He thought himself "obliged in conscience to impart the paper to Master Pym." Who that looks at the case by the code of common rectitude can think it was ever his to impart?

What monstrous measures appear the arbitrary construction put on the one word in the minutes which decided the fate of Strafford, the freeing the lords of council from the oath of secrecy under whose protection he had spoken there, the conduct of the House towards Lord Digby, when he declared himself not satisfied that the prisoner could with justice be declared guilty of treason; the burning his speech by the common hangman when he dared print it, to make known the reasons of his course to the world, when placarded as Straffordian, held up as a mark for popular rage for speaking it.* Lord Digby was not a man of honor, but they did not know that, or if they did, it had nothing to do with his right of private judgment. What could Strafford, what could Charles do more high-handed? If they had violated the privileges of parliament, the more reason parliament should respect their privileges, above all

* See Parliamentary History, Vol. IX.

the privilege of the prisoner, to be supposed innocent until proved guilty. The accusers, obliged to set aside rule, and appeal to the very foundations of equity, could only have sanctioned such a course by the religion and pure justice of their proceedings. Here the interest of the accusers made them not only demand, but insist upon, the condemnation; the cause was prejudged by the sentiment of the people, and the resentments of the jury, and the proceedings conducted, beside, with the most scandalous disregard to the sickness and other disadvantageous circumstances of Strafford. He was called on to answer "if he will come," just at the time of a most dangerous attack from his cruel distemper, if he *will not come*, the cause is still to be pushed forward. He was denied the time and means he needed to collect his evidence. The aid to be given him by counsel, after being deprived of his chief witness "by a master stroke of policy," was restricted within narrow limits. While he prepared his answers, in full court, for he was never allowed to retire, to the points of accusation, vital in their import, requiring the closest examination, those present talked, laughed, ate, lounged about. None of this disturbed his magnanimous patience; his conduct indeed is so noble, through the whole period, that he and his opponents change places in our minds; at the time, he seems the princely deer, and they the savage hounds.* Well, it is all the better for the tragedy, but as we read the sublime appeals of Pym to a higher state of being, we cannot but wish that all had been done in accordance with them. The art and zeal, with which the condemnation of Strafford was obtained, have had high praise as statesmanlike; we would have wished for them one so high as to preclude this.

* Who can avoid a profound feeling, not only of compassion, but sympathy, when he reads of Strafford obliged to kneel in Westminster Hall. True, he would, if possible, have brought others as low; but there is a deep pathos in the contrast of his then, and his former state, best shown by the symbol of such an act. Just so we read of Bonaparte's green coat being turned at St. Helena, after it had faded on the right side. He who had overturned the world, to end with having his old coat turned! There is something affecting, Belisarius-like, in the picture. When Warren Hastings knelt in Westminster Hall, the chattering but pleasant Miss Burney tells us, Wyndham, for a moment struck, half shrunk from the business of prosecuting him. At such a sight, whispers in every breast the monition, Had I been similarly tempted, had I not fallen as low, or lower?

No doubt great temporary good was effected for England by the death of Strafford, but the permanence of good is ever in proportion with the purity of the means used to obtain it. This act would have been great for Strafford, for it was altogether in accordance with his views. He met the parliament ready to do battle to the death, and might would have been right, had he made rules for the lists; but *they* proposed a different rule for their government, and by that we must judge them. Admit the story of Vane's pilfering the papers not to be true, that the minutes were obtained some other way. This measure, on the supposition of its existence, is defended by those who defend the rest.

Strafford would certainly have come off with imprisonment and degradation from office, had the parliament deemed it safe to leave him alive. When we consider this, when we remember the threat of Pym, at the time of his deserting the popular party, "You have left us, but I will never leave you while your head is on your shoulders," we see not, setting aside the great results of the act, and looking at it by its merits alone, that it differs from the administration of Lynch law in some regions of our own country. Lynch law, with us, has often punished the gamester and the robber, whom it was impossible to convict by the usual legal process; the evil in it is, that it cannot be depended upon, but, while, with one hand it punishes a villain, administers with the other as summary judgment on the philanthropist, according as the moral sentiment or prejudice may be roused in the popular breast.

We have spoken disparagingly of the capacities of the drama for representing what is peculiar in our own day, but, for such a work as this, presenting a great crisis with so much clearness, force, and varied beauty, we can only be grateful, and ask for more acquaintance with the same mind, whether through the drama or in any other mode.

Copious extracts have been given, in the belief that thus, better than by any interpretation or praise of ours, attention would be attracted, and a wider perusal ensured to Mr. Sterling's works.

In his mind there is a combination of reverence for the Ideal, with a patient appreciation of its slow workings in the actual world, that is rare in our time. He looks re-

ligiously, he speaks philosophically, nor these alone, but with that other faculty which he himself so well describes.

You bear a brain
Discursive, open, generally wise,
But missing ever that excepted point
That gives each thing and hour a special oneness.
The little key-hole of the infrangible door,
The instant on which hangs eternity,
And not in the dim past and empty future,
Waste fields for abstract notions.

Such is the demonology of the man of the world. It may rule in accordance with the law of right, but where it does not, the strongest man may lose the battle, and so it was with Strafford.

To R. B.

BELOVED friend! they say that thou art dead,
Nor shall our asking eyes behold thee more,
Save in the company of the fair and dread,
Along that radiant and immortal shore,
Whither thy face was turned for evermore.
Thou wert a pilgrim toward the True and Real,
Never forgetful of that infinite goal;
Salient, electrical thy weariless soul,
To every faintest vision always leal,
Even 'mid these phantoms made its world ideal.
And so thou hast a most perennial fame,
Though from the earth thy name should perish quite;
When the dear sun sinks golden whence he came,
The gloom, else cheerless, hath not lost his light;
So in our lives impulses born of thine,
Like fireside stars across the night shall shine.

C. A. D.

AUTUMN WOODS.

— 1785.

I HAVE had tearful days,
 I have been taught by melancholy hours,
 My tears have dropped, like these chill autumn showers,
 Upon the rustling ways.

Yes! youth, thou sorrowest,
 For these dead leaves, unlike your rising morn,
 Are the sad progeny of months forlorn,
 Weary and seeking rest.

Thou wert a homeless child,
 And vainly clasped the solitary air,
 And the gray ash renewed thy cold despair, —
 Grief was thy mother mild.

Thy days have sunlight now,
 Those autumn leaves thy tears do not deplore,
 There flames a beacon on the forest's shore,
 And thy unwrinkled brow.

O holy are the woods,
 Where nature yearly glorifies her might,
 And weaves a rich and frolicsome delight
 In the deep solitudes.

Far through the fading trees
 The pine's green plume is waving bright and free,
 And in the withered age of man to me
 A warm and sweet spring breeze.

BROOK FARM.

WHEREVER we recognize the principle of progress, our sympathies and affections are engaged. However small may be the innovation, however limited the effort towards the attainment of pure good, that effort is worthy of our best encouragement and succor. The Institution at Brook Farm, West Roxbury, though sufficiently extensive in respect to number of persons, perhaps is not to be considered an experiment of large intent. Its aims are moderate; too humble indeed to satisfy the extreme demands of the age; yet, for that reason probably, the effort is more valuable, as likely to exhibit a larger share of actual success.

Though familiarly designated a "Community," it is only so in the process of eating in commons; a practice at least, as antiquated, as the collegiate halls of old England, where it still continues without producing, as far as we can learn, any of the Spartan virtues. A residence at Brook Farm does not involve either a community of money, of opinions, or of sympathy. The motives, which bring individuals there, may be as various as their numbers. In fact, the present residents are divisible into three distinct classes; and if the majority in numbers were considered, it is possible that a vote in favor of self-sacrifice for the common good would not be very strongly carried. The leading portion of the adult inmates, they whose presence imparts the greatest peculiarity and the fraternal tone to the household, believe that an improved state of existence would be developed in association, and are therefore anxious to promote it. Another class consists of those who join with the view of bettering their condition, by being exempted from some portion of worldly strife. The third portion, comprises those who have their own development or education, for their principal object. Practically, too, the institution manifests a threefold improvement over the world at large, corresponding to these three motives. In consequence of the first, the companionship, the personal intercourse, the social bearing are of a marked, and very superior character.

There may possibly, to some minds, long accustomed to other modes, appear a want of homeness, and of the private fireside; but all observers must acknowledge a brotherly and softening condition, highly conducive to the permanent, and pleasant growth of all the better human qualities. If the life is not of a deeply religious cast, it is at least not inferior to that which is exemplified elsewhere; and there is the advantage of an entire absence of assumption and pretence. The moral atmosphere so far is pure; and there is found a strong desire to walk ever on the mountain tops of life; though taste, rather than piety, is the aspect presented to the eye.

In the second class of motives, we have enumerated, there is a strong tendency to an important improvement in meeting the terrestrial necessities of humanity. The banishment of servitude, the renouncement of hireling labor, and the elevation of all unavoidable work to its true station, are problems whose solution seems to be charged upon association; for the dissociate systems have in vain sought remedies for this unfavorable portion of human condition. It is impossible to introduce into separate families even one half of the economies, which the present state of science furnishes to man. In that particular, it is probable that even the feudal system is superior to the civic: for its combinations permit many domestic arrangements of an economic character, which are impracticable in small households. In order to economize labor, and dignify the laborer, it is absolutely necessary that men should cease to work in the present isolate competitive mode, and adopt that of cooperative union or association. It is as false and as ruinous to call any man 'master' in secular business, as it is in theological opinions. Those persons, therefore, who congregate for the purpose, as it is called, of bettering their outward relations, on principles so high and universal as we have endeavored to describe, are not engaged in a petty design, bounded by their own selfish or temporary improvement. Every one who is here found giving up the usual chances of individual aggrandizement, may not be thus influenced; but whether it be so or not, the outward demonstration will probably be equally certain.

In education, Brook Farm appears to present greater mental freedom than most other institutions. The tuition

being more heart-rendered, is in its effects more heart-stirring. The younger pupils as well as the more advanced students are held, mostly, if not wholly, by the power of love. In this particular, Brook Farm is a much improved model for the oft-praised schools of New England. It is time that the imitative and book-learned systems of the latter should be superseded or liberalized by some plan, better calculated to excite originality of thought, and the native energies of the mind. The deeper, kindly sympathies of the heart, too, should not be forgotten; but the germination of these must be despaired of under a rigid hireling system. Hence, Brook Farm, with its spontaneous teachers, presents the unusual and cheering condition of a really "free school."

By watchful and diligent economy, there can be no doubt that a Community would attain greater pecuniary success, than is within the hope of honest individuals working separately. But Brook Farm is not a Community, and in the variety of motives with which persons associate there, a double diligence, and a watchfulness perhaps too costly, will be needful to preserve financial prosperity. While, however, this security is an essential element in success, riches would, on the other hand, be as fatal as poverty, to the true progress of such an institution. Even in the case of those foundations which have assumed a religious character, all history proves the fatality of wealth. The just and happy mean between riches and poverty is, indeed, more likely to be attained when, as in this instance, all thought of acquiring great wealth in a brief time, is necessarily abandoned, as a condition of membership. On the other hand, the presence of many persons, who congregate merely for the attainment of some individual end, must weigh heavily and unfairly upon those whose hearts are really expanded to universal results. As a whole, even the initiative powers of Brook Farm have, as is found almost every where, the design of a life much too objective, too much derived from objects in the exterior world. The subjective life, that in which the soul finds the living source and the true communion within itself, is not sufficiently prevalent to impart to the establishment the permanent and sedate character it should enjoy. Undeniably, many devoted individuals are there; several who have as generously

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and quiet attendance at the refectons, superior arrangements for industry, and generally an increased seriousness in respect to the value of the example, which those who are there assembled may constitute to their fellow beings.

Of about seventy persons now assembled there, about thirty are children sent thither for education; some adult persons also place themselves there chiefly for mental assistance; and in the society there are only four married couples. With such materials it is almost certain that the sensitive and vital points of communication cannot well be tested. A joint-stock company, working with some of its own members and with others as agents, cannot bring to issue the great question, whether the existence of the marital family is compatible with that of the universal family, which the term "Community" signifies. This is now the grand problem. By mothers it has ever been felt to be so. The maternal instinct, as hitherto educated, has declared itself so strongly in favor of the separate fire-side, that association, which appears so beautiful to the young and unattached soul, has yet accomplished little progress in the affections of that important section of the human race—the mothers. With fathers, the feeling in favor of the separate family is certainly less strong; but there is an undefinable tie, a sort of magnetic *rapport*, an invisible, inseverable, umbilical chord between the mother and child, which in most cases circumscribes her desires and ambition to her own immediate family. All the accepted adages and wise saws of society, all the precepts of morality, all the sanctions of theology, have for ages been employed to confirm this feeling. This is the chief corner stone of present society; and to this maternal instinct have, till very lately, our most heartfelt appeals been made for the progress of the human race, by means of a deeper and more vital education. Pestalozzi and his most enlightened disciples are distinguished by this sentiment. And are we all at once to abandon, to deny, to destroy this supposed stronghold of virtue? Is it questioned whether the family arrangement of mankind is to be preserved? Is it discovered that the sanctuary, till now deemed the holiest on earth, is to be invaded by intermeddling skepticism, and its altars sacrilegiously destroyed by the rude hands of innovating progress? Here "social science" must be brought to issue.

The question of association and of marriage are one. If, as we have been popularly led to believe, the individual or separate family is in the true order of Providence, then the associative life is a false effort. If the associative life is true, then is the separate family a false arrangement. By the maternal feeling, it appears to be decided that the co-existence of both is incompatible, is impossible. So also say some religious sects. Social science ventures to assert their harmony. This is the grand problem now remaining to be solved, for at least, the enlightening, if not for the vital elevation of humanity. That the affections can be divided or bent with equal ardor on two objects, so opposed as universal and individual love, may at least be rationally doubted. History has not yet exhibited such phenomena in an associate body, and scarcely perhaps in any individual. The monasteries and convents, which have existed in all ages, have been maintained solely by the annihilation of that peculiar affection on which the separate family is based. The Shaker families, in which the two sexes are not entirely dissociated, can yet only maintain their union by forbidding and preventing the growth of personal affection other than that of a spiritual character. And this in fact is not personal in the sense of individual, but ever a manifestation of universal affection. Spite of the speculations of hopeful bachelors and æsthetic spinsters, there is somewhat in the marriage bond which is found to counteract the universal nature of the affections, to a degree tending at least to make the considerate pause, before they assert that, by any social arrangements whatever, the two can be blended into one harmony. The general condition of married persons at this time is some evidence of the existence of such a doubt in their minds. Were they as convinced as the unmarried of the beauty and truth of associate life, the demonstration would be now presented. But might it not be enforced that the two family ideas really neutralize each other? Is it not quite certain that the human heart cannot be set in two places; that man cannot worship at two altars? It is only the determination to do what parents consider the best for themselves and their families, which renders the o'er populous world such a wilderness of selfhood as it is. Destroy this feeling, they say, and you prohibit every motive to exertion. Much

truth is there in this affirmation. For to them, no other motive remains, nor indeed to any one else, save that of the universal good, which does not permit the building up of supposed self-good, and therefore, forecloses all possibility of an individual family.

These observations, of course, equally apply to all the associative attempts, now attracting so much public attention; and perhaps most especially to such as have more of Fourier's designs than are observable at Brook Farm. The slight allusion in all the writers of the "Phalansterian" class, to the subject of marriage, is rather remarkable. They are acute and eloquent in deploring Woman's oppressed and degraded position in past and present times, but are almost silent as to the future. In the mean while, it is gratifying to observe the successes which in some departments attend every effort, and that Brook Farm is likely to become comparatively eminent in the highly important and praiseworthy attempts, to render labor of the hands more dignified and noble, and mental education more free and loveful.

C. L.

TANTALUS.

THE astronomers said, Give us matter and a little motion, and we will construct the universe. It is not enough that we should have matter, we must also have a single impulse, one shove to launch the mass, and generate the harmony of the centrifugal and centripetal forces. Once heave the ball from the hand, and we can show how all this mighty order grew. — A very unreasonable postulate, thought some of their students, and a plain begging of the question. Could you not prevail to know the genesis of projection as well as the continuation of it? — Nature, meantime, had not waited for the discussion, but, right or wrong, bestowed the impulse, and the balls rolled. It was no great affair, a mere push, but the astronomers were right in

making much of it, for there is no end to the consequences of the act. That famous aboriginal push propagates itself through all the balls of the system, and through every atom of every ball; through all the races of creatures, and through the history and performances of every individual. Exaggeration is in the course of things. Nature sends no creature, no man, into the world, without adding a small excess of his proper quality. Given the planet, it is still necessary to add the impulse; so to every creature nature added a little violence of direction in its proper path, a shove to put it on its way; in every instance a slight generosity, a drop too much. Without electricity the air would rot, and without this violence of direction which men and women have, without a spice of bigot and fanatic, no excitement, no efficiency. We aim above the mark to hit the mark. Every act hath some falsehood of exaggeration in it. And when now and then comes along some sad, sharp-eyed man, who sees how paltry a game is played and refuses to play, but blabs the secret; how then? is the bird flown? O no, the wary Nature sends a new troop of fairer forms, of lordlier youths, with a little more excess of direction to hold them fast to their several aim; makes them a little wrong-headed in that direction in which they are rightest, and on goes the game again with new whirl for a generation or two more. See the child, the fool of his senses, with his thousand pretty pranks, commanded by every sight and sound, without any power to compare and rank his sensations, abandoned to every bauble, to a whistle, a painted chip, a lead dragoon, a gilt gingerbread horse; individualizing every thing, generalizing nothing, who thus delighted with every thing new, lies down at night overpowered by the fatigue, which this day of continual pretty madness has incurred. But Nature has answered her purpose with the curly, dimpled lunatic. She has tasked every faculty and has secured the symmetrical growth of the bodily frame by all these attitudes and exertions; an end of the first importance, which could not be trusted to any care less perfect than her own. This glitter, this opaline lustre plays round the top of every toy to his eye, to ensure his fidelity, and he is deceived to his good.

We are made alive and kept alive by the same arts. Let the stoics say what they please, we do not eat for the

good of living, but because the meat is savory, and the appetite is keen. Nature does not content herself with casting from the flower or the tree a single seed, but she fills the air and earth with a prodigality of seeds, that, if thousands perish, thousands may plant themselves, that hundreds may come up, that tens may live to maturity, that at least one may replace the parent. All things betray the same calculated profusion. The excess of fear with which the animal frame is hedged round, shrinking from cold, starting at sight of a snake, at every sudden noise or falling stone, protects us through a multitude of groundless alarms from some one real danger at last. The lover seeks in marriage his private felicity and perfection, with no prospective end; and nature hides in his happiness her own end, namely, progeny, or the perpetuity of the race.

But the craft with which the world is made runs also into the mind and character of men. No man is quite sane, but each has a vein of folly in his composition, a slight determination of blood to the head, to make sure of holding him hard to some one point which nature had taken to heart.

Great causes are never tried on their merits; but the great cause is reduced to particulars, to suit the size of the partisans, and the contention is ever hottest on minor matters. Not less remarkable is that over-faith of each man in the importance of what he has to do or say. The poet, the prophet has a higher value for what he utters, than any hearer, and therefore it gets spoken. The strong, self-complacent Luther declares, with an emphasis not to be mistaken, that "God himself cannot do without wise men." Jacob Behmen and George Fox betray their egotism in the pertinacity of their controversial tracts, and James Naylor once suffered himself to be worshipped as the Christ. Each prophet comes presently to identify himself with his thought, and to esteem his hat and shoes sacred. However this may discredit such persons with the judicious, it helps them with the people, and gives pungency, heat, and publicity to their words. A similar experience is not infrequent in private life. Each young and ardent person writes a diary, into which, when the hours of prayer and penitence arrive, he inscribes his soul. The

pages thus written are to him burning and fragrant; he reads them on his knees by midnight and by the morning star; he wets them with his tears. They are sacred; too good for the world, and hardly yet to be shown to the dearest friend. This is the man-child that is born to the soul, and her life still circulates in the babe. The living cord has not yet been cut. By and by, when some time has elapsed, he begins to wish to admit his friend or friends to this hallowed experience, and with hesitation, yet with firmness, exposes the pages to his eye. Will they not burn his eyes? The friend coldly turns them over, and returns from the writing to conversation with easy transition, which strikes the other party with astonishment and vexation. He cannot suspect the writing itself. Days and nights of fervid life, of communion with angels of darkness and of light, bear witness in his memory to that tear-stained book. He suspects the intelligence or the heart of his friend. Is there then no friend? He cannot yet credit that one may have impressive experience, and yet may not know how to put his private fact into literature, or into harmony with the great community of minds; and perhaps the discovery, that wisdom has other tongues and ministers than we, that the truth, which burns like living coals in our heart, burns in a thousand breasts, and though we should hold our peace, that would not the less be spoken, might check too suddenly the flames of our zeal. A man can only speak so long as he does not feel his speech to be partial and inadequate. It is partial, but he does not see it to be so whilst he makes it. As soon as he is released from the instinctive, the particular, and sees its partiality, he shuts his mouth in disgust. For no man can write any thing, who does not think that what he writes is for the time the history of the world; or do any thing well, who does not esteem his work to be of greatest importance. My work may be of none, but I must not think it of none, or I shall not do it with impunity.

In like manner, there is throughout nature something mocking, something that leads us on and on, but arrives nowhere, keeps no faith with us; all promise outruns the performance. We live in a system of approximations, not of fulfilment. Every end is prospective of some other end, which is also temporary; a round and final success nowhere.

We are encamped in nature, not domesticated. Hunger and thirst lead us on to eat and to drink, but bread and wine, mix and cook them how you will, leave us hungry and thirsty after the stomach is full. It is the same with all our arts and performances. Our music, our poetry, our language itself, are not satisfactions but suggestions.

The pursuit of wealth, of which the results are so magical in the contest with nature, and in reducing the face of the planet to a garden, is like the headlong game of the children in its reaction on the pursuers. What is the end sought? Plainly to secure the ends of good sense and beauty from the intrusion of deformity or vulgarity of any kind. But men use a very operose method. What an apparatus of means to secure a little conversation! This great palace of brick and stone, these servants, this kitchen, these stables, horses, and equipage; this bankstock and file of mortgages; trade to all the world; countryhouse and cottage by the waterside; all for a little conversation, high, clear, and spiritual! Could it not be had as well by beggars on the highway? No, all these things came from the successive efforts of these beggars to remove one and another interference. Wealth was applied first to remove friction from the wheels of life; to give clearer opportunity. Conversation, character, were the avowed ends; wealth was good as it silenced the creaking door, cured the smoky chimney, brought friends together in a warm and quiet room, and kept the children and the dinner-table in a different apartment. Thought, virtue, beauty, were the ends, but it was known that men of thought and virtue sometimes had the headache, or wet feet, or could lose good time whilst the room was getting warm in winter days. Unluckily in the exertions necessary to remove these inconveniences, the main attention had been diverted to this object; the old aims had been lost sight of, and to remove friction had come to be the end. That is the ridicule of rich men, and Boston, London, Vienna, and now the governments generally of the world are *cities and governments of the rich*, and the masses are not men, but *poor men*, that is, men who would be rich; this is the ridicule of the class, that they arrive with pains and sweat, and fury, nowhere; when all is done, it is for nothing. They are men who have interrupted the whole

conversation of a company to make their speech, and now have forgotten what they went to say. The appearance strikes the eye, everywhere, of an aimless society, an aimless nation, an aimless world. Were the ends of nature so great and cogent as to exact this immense sacrifice of men?

Quite analogous to these deceits in life, there is, as might be expected, a similar effect on the eye from the face of external nature. There is in woods and waters a certain enticement and flattery, together with a failure to yield a present satisfaction. This disappointment is felt in every landscape. I have seen the softness and beauty of the summer clouds floating feathery overhead, enjoying, as it seemed, their height and privilege of motion, whilst yet they appeared not so much the drapery of this place and hour, as fore-looking to some pavilions and gardens of festivity beyond. Who is not sensible of this jealousy? Often you shall find yourself not near enough to your object. The pine tree, the river, the bank of flowers, before you, does not seem to be nature. Nature is still elsewhere. This or this is but outskirts and far-off reflection and echo of the triumph that has passed by, and is now at its glancing splendor and heyday, perchance in the neighbouring fields, or, if you stood in the field, then in the adjacent woods. The present object shall give you this sense of stillness that follows a pageant which has just gone by. It is the same among the men and women, as among the silent trees; always a referred existence, an absence, never a presence and satisfaction. Is it that beauty can never be grasped? in persons and in landscape is equally inaccessible? The accepted and betrothed lover has lost the wildest charm of his maiden in her acceptance of him. She was heaven whilst he pursued her as a star. He cannot be heaven if she stoops to such an one as he. So is it with these wondrous skies, and hills, and forests. What splendid distance, what recesses of ineffable pomp and loveliness in the sunset! But who can go where they are, or lay his hand, or plant his foot thereon? Off they fall from the round world for ever and ever; glory is not for hands to handle.

What shall we say of this omnipresent appearance of that first projectile impulse, this flattery and baulking of so

many good well-meaning creatures? Must we not suppose somewhere in the universe a slight treachery, a slight derision? Are we not engaged to a serious resentment of this use that is made of us? Are we tickled trout, and fools of nature? Unhappily, there is not the smallest prospect of advantage from such considerations. Practically, there is no great danger of their being pressed. One look at the face of heaven and earth puts all petulance at rest, and soothes us to wiser convictions. We see that Nature converts itself into a vast promise, and will not be rashly explained. Her secret is untold. Many and many an *Œdipus* arrives; he has the whole mystery teeming in his brain. Alas! the same sorcery has spoiled his skill; no syllable can he shape on his lips. Her mighty orbit vaults like the fresh rainbow into the deep, but no archangel's wing was yet strong enough to follow it and report of the return of the curve. But it also appears, and the experience might dispose us to serenity, that our actions are seconded and disposed to greater conclusions than we designed. We are escorted on every hand through life by great spiritual potentates, and a beneficent purpose lies in wait for us. It is not easy to deal with Nature by card and calculation. We cannot bandy words with her; we cannot deal with her as man with man. If we measure our individual forces against hers, we may easily feel as if we were the sport of an overwhelming destiny. But if, instead of identifying ourselves with the work, we feel that the soul of the Workman streams through us, that a paradise of love and power lies close beside us, where the Eternal Architect broods on his thought and projects the world from his bosom, we may find the peace of the morning dwelling first in our hearts, and the fathomless powers of gravity and chemistry, and over them of life, pre-existing within us in their highest form.

THE FATAL PASSION, — A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

BY WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

HENRY GRAY. CHESTER. WILLIAM GRAY, *the father.* MURRAY, *friend to Gray.* VINCENT. MARY. ADELINE.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

A Wood. — HENRY. (*Alone.*)

How like a part too deeply fixed in me,
A shadow where the substance lies behind,
Is this sweet wood. I cannot grasp my thought,
But see it swell around me in these trees,
These layers of glistening leaves, and swimming full
In the blue, modulated heaven o'er all.
I would embrace you kindred tenements,
Where dwells the soul by which I deeply live.
But ye are silent; they call you emblems,
The symbols of creation, whose memory
Has failed in its behest, and so ye stand
Merely dumb shadows of what might have been,
Or hints of what may be beyond these days.

(Enter Chester and observes Henry.)

CHESTER. (*to himself.*) I love these moods of youth, I love the
might
Of untamed nature battling with despair.
How firmly grasps the iron-handed earth
The youthful heart, and lugs it forth to war
With calm, unmoving woods, or silent lakes,
Making it dastard in the sun's light dance.
Brave on, ye unbarked saplings, soon your boughs
Shall wing the arrows of red manhood's life,
And then, as your low depths of ignorance
Unfold, how shall you wonder at your youth.
How flaunt the banners in the light of morn,
How torn and trailing when the day-god sets.
'T is a brave sight with all sails up, to see
The shining bark of youth dash through the foam,
And sickening to the most, to look upon

Her planks all started, and her rigging split,
 When she hugs closely to the beach in age.
 But I console myself for my gray hairs,
 By spinning such warm fancies in my brain,
 'That I become a little thing again,
 And totter o'er the ground, as when I whipped my top.
 (*Approaches Henry.*)

- Your servant, sir, the day goes bravely down.
HEN. 'Through the red leaves, I see the morning's glow.
CHES. 'T is but the picture of some morning scene;
 A fair conceit the sun has in his head,
 And when he sets makes fatal flourishes.
HEN. I hear you jest with nature, that you mock,
 And fling queer faces at her holy calm,
 Write witty volumes that demoralize;
 Pray Mr. Chester do you fear the devil?
CHES. As I do nightfall. I have some night-fears,
 Some horrid speculations in my brain;
 And when the mice play hangmen in the wall,
 Or out the house the pretty frost-toes creep,
 I think, pest o'nt, what dark and doleful sounds,
 If it were safe I'd raise the curtain's hem.
 And when I puff away the cheerful light,
 The moonbeam makes a thief's dark-lantern flit;
 My head is filled with horribund designs,
 And on myself I pack damned Macbeth's part.
 I love to nourish such complexed conceits;
 I have a vein of dreadful longing in me,
 Was born to murder, and excel in arson,
 And so I love the devil, though broad day
 Has all the devilish aspects that I know.
 See, comes the gentle Mary, know you her?
HEN. Not I, my solitude hath its own figures.

(*Enter Mary.*)

- CHES.** (*to Mary.*) God speed thee, lady, it was opportune
 Your footsteps led you up this sheltered walk,
 For here is Henry Gray, my friend at least,
 And now is yours.
MARY. I willingly would know what Chester does,
 And Mr. Gray, I trust, will but forgive me.
 I rarely venture in these forest walks,
 Where leads that prithe? (*To Henry.*)
HEN. 'T is by the lake, which gleaming like a sword,
 One edge of this green path, a peacock lance,
 Crosses in sport, and then descends away,
 And vanishes among the outspread moors.

CHES. And Mr. Gray, sweet Mary, knows the path,
 All paths that frolic in these devious woods,
 For he's sworn friends with squirrels, steals their nuts,
 Divides with other beasts their favorite meat,
 Can show you hungry caves, whose blackening jaws
 Breathe out a little night into the air,
 Will stand you on the dizzy precipice,
 Where all whirls round you like a whizzing wheel,
 In truth his skill is perfect, so farewell.

(Exit Chester.)

SCENE II.

HENRY AND MARY.—*(By the Lake.)*

MARY. Those hills you say are lofty.

HEN. Most lofty.

I have clomb them, and there stood gazing
 On villages outspread, and larger towns
 Gleaming like sand-birds on the distant beach.
 I love the mountains, for a weight of care
 Falls off his soul, who can o'erlook this earth.

MARY. And there you passed the night?

HEN. I have passed weeks

Upon their very tops, and thought no more
 To fall upon the low, dark days of earth.
 Above, the clouds seemed welcome faces to me,
 And near the raging storms, came giant-like,
 And played about my feet. Yet even there,
 I feared for my own heart, lest I should grow
 Too careless of myself. Yonder the town,—
 You must excuse my absence, for the clock
 Rounds the small air-balls into leaden weights.

(Exit Henry.)

MARY, *(alone.)* I breathe, and yet how hardly,—a moment,
 What a thing am I,—a passing moment,
 Lifting from the earth my weary heart so sick,
 O'er-burdened with the grating jar of life,—
 This youth,—how sleeps the lake, how blue it gleams.

(Chester again enters.)

CHES. Ah! Mary alone,—indeed, has Henry Gray
 Shot like a rocket in the rayful air?
 A brilliant youth, at least his eyes are bright.

SCENE III.

CHESTER AND MARY. — (*Outskirts of Town.*)

MARY. He is a student at the college.

CHES. Mark you, he *is* a student, and knows the trick.

He has a brother too, Vincent, a gay

Free, dashing animal, or so I hear,

But I hate characters at second-hand.

You know they are towns-people; 't is an old,

And comfortable family, I hear.

Pest on't, my brains won't hold much matter now,

I am too old for gossip.

MARY. Has he a sister?

CHES. Who wants that good device? it is a part

Of every comfortable family.

MARY. My father's mansion, will you enter?

CHES. No, Mary, not to-night. (*Mary goes in.*)

(*Chester alone.*) What comes of this,

When two youths come together, but woman

Rarely loves,—a play upon the word, So, So!

As I grow old, I lose all reasoning.

I hunt most nimble shadows, and have grown

A perfect knave for picking out old seams.

(*Enter William Gray.*)

GRAY. Good evening Mr. Chester. I call it evening,
For I see you walk, and they say here your gait
Is nightly.

CHES. I have seen Henry now, and Mary came,
He had not known her,—strange!

GRAY. Mary, the banker's daughter; a girl of promise.

CHES. They are old friends of mine, banker and all.
I've held him on my arm, and made him quake
At jingling coppers. He's richer now-a-days.

GRAY. 'T would please me to make more of them.

CHES. I will contrive it. There are times in life,
When one must hold the cherry to his lips,
Who faints to pluck a fair maid by the ear.

ACT II. — SCENE I.

ADELINE AND VINCENT. — (*Mr. Gray's House.*)

VIN. She is a lovely girl.

ADE. And rich as lovely.

VIN. I wish I knew her better.

ADE. One day is not enough, friend Vin., to know
The mind of woman; many days must go,
And many thoughts.

VIN. You will assist me, Adeline.

ADE. So far as in me lies,—I know not Mary.

VIN. But the sex is in your favor.

ADE. I know not that.

(Enter Henry.)

VIN. You made a good report on botany.

HEN. I'm glad you think so. 'Tis a fair study,
To spy into the pretty hearts of flowers,
To read their delicacies, so near to.
But Vincent, science at the best
Demands but little justice at my hands,
It has its masters, has its oracles,
I am content to gather by the wall,
Some little flowers that sport a casual life,
To hover on the wing; who comes?—'Tis Chester.*(Exit Chester.)*CHES. Three friends in charming concert act their part.
But Henry, I have news for you.

SCENE II.

CHESTER AND HENRY. — (*Seated in Chester's House.*)

HEN. What is the news, I pray?

CHES. Last night, as I went walking in the wood,
I practise often in these woodland walks,
And on some nights I almost pluck the stars
Like crystal plums from off the tops of trees,—
But, as I said, I walked far down the wood,
In that rheumatic kind of greasy gait
I have accumulated, and I went

Dreaming and dreaming on, almost asleep,
 If not quite half awake, until I reached
 The lake's dim corner, where one ragged tree
 Let in a gush of fuming light. The moon
 Now being high, and at its full, I saw
 Upon that little point of land a shape,
 A fair round shape, like early womanhood,
 Kneeling upon the ground wept by the dews;
 And then I heard such dreadful roar of sobs,
 Such pouring fountains of imagined tears
 I saw, following those piteous prayers,
 All under the great placid eye of night.
 'T was for an old man's eye, for a young heart
 Had spun it into sighs, and answered back.
 And now the figure came and passed by me,
 I had withdrawn among the ghostly shrubs,
 'T was Mary, — poor Mary! I have seen her smile
 So many years, and heard her merry lips
 Say so much malice, that I am amazed
 She should kneel weeping by the silent lake,
 After old midnight night-caps all but me.
 But you are young, what can you make of it?

HEN. What can one make of figures? I can see
 The fair girl weeping by the moonlit lake.

CHES. Canst thou not see the woman's agony,
 Canst thou not feel the thick sobs in thy throat,
 That swell and gasp, till out your eyes roll tears
 In miserable circles down your cheeks?

HEN. I see a woman weeping by the lake;
 I see the fair, round moon look gently down,
 And in the shady woods friend Chester's form,
 Leaning upon his old, bent maple stick.

CHES. What jest ye? Dare you, Henry Gray, to mock
 A woman's anguish, and her scalding tears,
 Does Henry Gray say this to his friend Chester,
 Dares he speak thus, and think that Chester's scorn
 Will not scoff out such paltry mockeries?

HEN. Why how you rage; why Chester, what a flame
 A few calm words have lighted in thy breast.
 I mock thee not, I mock no woman's tears,
 Within my breast there is no mockery.

CHES. True, true, it is an old man's whim, a note
 Of music played upon a broken harp.
 I fancied you could read this woman's tears,
 Pest on't, I am insane; I will go lock me up.

[Exit Chester.]

HEN. (*alone.*) Ye fates, that do possess this upper sphere,

Or that some dull remorse would fasten firm
 Within this rim of bone, this mind's warder.
 Come, come to me ye hags of secret woe,
 That hide in the hearts of the adulterous false,
 Has hell not one pang left for me to feel?
 I rave; 't is useless, 't is pretended rage;
 I am as calm as this vast hollow sphere,
 In which I sit, as in a woman's form.
 I am no woman, they are merry things,
 That smile, and laugh, and dream away despair.
 What am I? 'T is a month, a month has gone,
 Since I stood by the lake with Henry Gray,
 A month! a little month, thrice ten short days,
 And I have lived and looked. Who goes? 't is Chester,
 I must, — he shall come in.

[*She speaks from the window. Chester enters.*]

CHES. You keep late hours, my gentle Mary.

MARY. Do not speak so. There is no Mary here.

Hush! (*Holds up her finger.*) I cannot bear your voice;
 't is agony

To me to hear a voice, my own is dumb.

Say, — thou art an old man, thou hast lived long,

I mark it in thy tottering gait, thy hair,

Thy red, bleared eyes, thy miserable form,

Say, in thy youthful days, — thou art a man,

I know it, but still men are God's creatures, —

Say, tell me, old man Chester, did thine eyes

Ever forget to weep, all closed and dry?

Say, quick, here, here, where the heart beats, didst feel

A weight, as if thy cords of life would snap,

As if the volume of the blood had met,

As if all life in fell conspiracy

Had met to press thy fainting spirit out? —

Say, say, speak quickly; hush! hush! no, not yet,

Thou canst not, thou art Chester's ghost, he's dead,

I saw him, 't was a month ago, in his grave,

Farewell, sweet ghost, farewell, let's bid adieu.

[*Chester goes out, weeping.*]

'T is well that I am visited by spirits.

If 't were not so, I should believe me mad,

But all the mad are poor deluded things,

While I am sound in mind. 'T is one o'clock,

I must undress, for I keep early hours.

SCENE IV.

The Wood. — HENRY AND MURRAY.

- HEN.** I cannot think you mean it ; 't is some dream
Of your excited fancy. You are easily
Excited. You saw a nodding aspen,
For what should Mary's figure here ?
- MUR.** It was her figure, I am persuaded.
They tell strange tales, they say she has gone mad,
That something's crazed her brain.
- HEN.** Is that the story ? I have been mad myself.
Sometimes I feel that madness were a good,
To be elated in a wondrous trance,
And pass existence in a buoyant dream ;
It were a serious learning. I do see
The figure that you speak of, 't is Mary.
- MUR.** I'll leave you then together. (*Enter Mary.*)
- HEN.** (*To Mary.*) You have the way alone ; I was your guide
Some weeks ago, to the blue, glimmering lake.
I trust these scenes greet happily your eyes.
- MARY.** They are most sweet to me ; let us go back
And trace that path again. I think 't was here
We turned, where this green sylvan church
Of pine hems in a meadow and some hills.
- HEN.** Among these pines they find the crow's rough nest,
A lofty cradle for the dusky brood.
- MARY.** This is the point I think we stood upon.
I would I knew what mountains rise beyond,
Hast ever gone there ?
- HEN.** Ah ! ye still, pointing spires of native rock,
That, in the amphitheatre of God,
Most proudly mark your duty to the sky,
Lift, as of old, ye did my heart above.
Excuse me, maiden, for my hurried thought.
'T is an old learning of the hills ; the bell !
Ah ! might the porter sometimes sleep the hour.

[*Exit Henry.*]*The Sun is setting.*

- MARY.** 'T is all revealed, I am no more deceived,
That voice, that form, the memory of that scene !
I love thee, love thee, Henry ; I am mad,
My brain is all on fire, my heart a flame,
You mountains rest upon my weary mind ;
The lake lies beating in my broken heart.

That bell that summoned him to the dark cell,
 Where now in innocence he tells his beads,
 Shall summon me beyond this weary world.
 I long to be released; I will not stay,
 There is no hope, no vow, no prayer, no God,
 All, all have fled me, for I love, love one,
 Who cannot love me, and my heart has broke.
 Ye mountains, where my Henry breathed at peace,
 Thou lake, on whose calm depths he calmly looked,
 And setting sun, and winds, and skies, and woods,
 Protect my weary body from the tomb;
 As I have lived to look on you with him,
 O let my thoughts still haunt you as of old,
 Nor let me taste of heaven, while on the earth,
 My Henry's form holds its accustomed place.

[Stabs herself.]

INTERIOR OR HIDDEN LIFE.*

PROFESSOR UPHAM, who for about seventeen years has sedulously occupied the chair of moral philosophy at Bowdoin College, in this volume, presents an additional proof of the spontaneous love which entitles him to that office, as well as of his sincere regard for the well being of all mankind. The basis of his work is the position that the human soul, every human being, may be holy. Strange proof of occasional default that men should ever think otherwise!

As might naturally be expected, however, from the author's occupation, his work manifests more precision in style, than most productions on similar subjects in former

* Principles of the Interior or Hidden Life, designed particularly for the consideration of those who are seeking assurance of faith and perfect love. By THOMAS C. UPHAM; Boston: D. S. King; 1843. 12mo. pp. 464.

times, which the professor has evidently read with a feeling even deeper than that of an admiring taste. There is, nevertheless, a gravity and a serene humble tone spread over the whole book, which justifies us in placing it on the same shelf with the works of Madame Guion, Fenelon, and others whom the author ardently loves. Those sentiments, principles, and experiences, which a gay and fretful world is glad to swamp in the deluge of frivolous occupations, the learned professor has endeavored to revive and embody forth in language so simple and plain, that none can fence their selfish idleness behind the usual epithet of "mystic." Scarcely a chapter in the two and forty, into which the work is divided, but might be quoted as proof of the simplest method in which such sentiments can be uttered. We cannot say he has the familiar, household eloquence of William Law, nor has he perhaps drunk from the like depths of the drainless well of spiritual being, but he is undoubtedly always sincere to the revelation within him, and perhaps better calculated than such earlier authors to address his cotemporaries. As a specimen of the style, and as a key to the whole work, which we have not space now to analyse fully, we submit the following extract from the first chapter, entitled "*Some Marks or Traits of the Hidden Life.*"

"There is a modification or form of religious experience which may conveniently, and probably with a considerable degree of propriety, be denominated the Interior or Hidden Life. When a person first becomes distinctly conscious of his sinfulness, and in connection with this experience, exercises faith in Christ as a Saviour from sin, there is no doubt, however feeble these early exercises may be, that he has truly entered upon a new life. But this new life, although it is in its element different from that of the world, is only in its beginning. It embraces undoubtedly the true principle of a restored and renovated existence, which in due time will expand into heights and depths of knowledge and of feeling; but it is now only in a state of incipency, maintaining and oftentimes but feebly maintaining a war with the anterior or natural life, and being nothing more at present than the early rays and dawnings of the brighter day that is coming.

"It is not so with what may conveniently be denominated

the Hidden Life; a form of expression which we employ to indicate a degree of Christian experience, greatly in advance of that, which so often lingers darkly and doubtfully at the threshold of the Christian's career. As the Hidden Life, as we now employ the expression, indicates a greatly advanced state of the religious feeling, resulting in a sacred and intimate union with the the Infinite Mind, we may perhaps regard the Psalmist, who had a large share of this interior experience, as making an indistinct allusion to it, when he says, 'Thou art my HIDING place, and my shield.' And again 'He that dwelleth in the SECRET PLACE of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.' Perhaps the Apostle Paul makes some allusion to this more advanced and matured condition of the religious life, when in the Epistle to the Galatians, he says, 'I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; YET NOT I, BUT CHRIST LIVETH IN ME.' And again, addressing the Colossians, 'Set your affections on things above, not on things on earth; for ye are dead, and YOUR LIFE IS HID WITH CHRIST IN GOD.' And does not the Saviour himself sometimes recognise the existence of an Interior or Hidden Life, unknown to the world, and unknown, to a considerable extent, even to many that are denominated Christians, but who are yet in the beginning of their Christian career? 'He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the Churches. To him that *overcometh* will I give to eat of the HIDDEN MANNA, and I will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which *no man knoweth save he that RECEIVETH it.*'—p. 15.

In this cautious and unassuming way does the author endeavor to introduce the reader to an understanding of that, which cannot indeed be truly understood without experience, but which he devotedly applies his scholastic faculties and facilities to awaken some conception of in the public mind. To the well experienced soul it must appear strange indeed that the question need be put, "Does not the Saviour himself *sometimes* recognise the Interior or Hidden Life?" We would ask, "Does he not *always* recognise it, appeal to it, endeavor to quicken it?" Was it not the peculiar and high revelation he opened to man, that the kingdom of Heaven is within him? Scattered over the heathen world might, more or less obscurely, be

found affirmations of most Christian doctrines; but this fact had never before been declared with such emphasis, clearness, and certitude as by Jesus and his intimate disciples. It is the especial fact which makes Christianity the transcendent religion of this world. From this ground alone could Christ justly denounce priestcraft in the vehement terms familiar to us all, and establish a religion utterly unsectarian or formal, but dwelling only in heart and life.

On the subject of the two degrees of religious experience, which Professor Upham in the above extract endeavors to elucidate, Christ appears to us to have been so strikingly explicit, that it is surprising the mere biblical student should overlook it. He says "You must be born again; of the water, *and* of the Spirit." In this case one term is not to be interpreted into the other. The water-birth and the Spirit-birth are clearly two processes in the human soul, which Swedenborg illustrates by the terms "Spiritual" and "Celestial," and other writers of deep religious experience have under some terms or other endeavored to make them sensible to their fellow pilgrims; a labor however on which little success has yet attended. Books sell and circulate in the world in the ratio of the natures and taste of the people at the time. It is not just at present so easy to find readers on the subject of the Inner Life as of the Outer Life. Frivolous novels are rather more in demand than relations from the ever new. Much that is beautiful, much that is valuable, nay, that very reality which is most needful to human happiness, is for the greater part lost to mankind by the overlooking of this second inward birth; by the supposition that the first, or the birth into intelligence, is all that need succeed to the natural birth in order to human redemption. Truly does our author observe "the life, which we are considering may properly be called a Hidden Life, because its moving principles, its interior and powerful springs of action, are not known to the world."

"The natural man can appreciate the natural man. The man of the world can appreciate the man of the world. And it must be admitted, that he can appreciate, to a considerable extent, numbers of persons, who profess to be Christians, and who are probably to be regarded as such in the ordinary sense of the term, because the natural life

still remains in them in part. There is such a mixture of worldly and religious motives in the ordinary forms of the religious state, such an impregnation of what is gracious with what is natural, that the men of the world can undoubtedly form an approximated, if not a positive estimate of the principles, which regulate the conduct of its possessors. But of the springs of movement in the purified or Hidden Life, except by dark and uncertain conjecture, they know comparatively nothing."—p. 16.

"Again, the Hidden Life has a claim to the descriptive epithet, which we have proposed to apply to it, because, in its results upon individual minds, it is directly the reverse of the life of the world. The natural life seeks notoriety. Desirous of human applause, it aims to clothe itself in purple and fine linen. It covets a position in the market-place and at the corners of the streets. It loves to be called Rabbi. But the life of God in the soul, occupied with a divine companionship, avoids all unnecessary familiarities with men. It pursues a lowly and retired course." "It is willing to be little, to be unhonored, and to be cast out from among men. It has no eye for worldly pomp; no ear for worldly applause. It is formed on the model of the Saviour, who was a man unknown." "It has no essence, but its own spiritual nature, and no true locality but the soul, which it sanctifies."—p. 18.

We must be permitted to use warmer language than the usual phrase, that "this book is a valuable addition to the literature of our country." Professor Upham has a nobler and a sincerer design than that of adding merely another volume to our abundant stores, or of gaining proselytes to some miserable sectarianism, or of building up a personal fame. He pursues his subject, without needless literary display, through its theological and personal windings and accessories, until he discourses on 'the state of union with God,' in language as plain and as suitable to the present state of the public mind, as could characterize the humblest disciples of goodness.

"The state of union with God, when it is the subject of distinct consciousness, constitutes, without being necessarily characterized by revelations or raptures, the soul's spiritual festival, a season of special interior blessedness, a foretaste of Heaven. The mind unaffected by worldly vicissitudes,

and the strifes and oppositions of men, reposes deeply in a state of happy submission and quietude, in accordance with the expression of the epistle to the Hebrews, that those who believe "ENTER INTO REST." So true it is, in the language of Kempis, that "he who comprehendeth all things in His will, and beholdeth all things in His light, hath his *heart fixed*, and abideth in the peace of God." "How can there be otherwise than the peace of God, pure, beautiful, sublime, when consecration is without reserve, and faith is without limit; and especially when self-will, the great evil of our fallen nature, is eradicated. What higher idea can we have of the most advanced Christian experience, than that of entire union with the divine will, by a subjection of the human will? When the will of man, ceasing from its divergencies and its disorderly vibrations, becomes fixed to one point, henceforward immovable, always harmonizing, moment by moment, with God's central and absorbing purposes, then we may certainly say, that the soul, in the language which is sometimes applied to it, and in a modified sense of the terms, has become not only perfected in faith and love, but "united and one with God," and "transformed into the divine nature."—"He, that is joined to the Lord, is one spirit." "And from that moment, in its higher nature, and so far as it is not linked to earth by sympathies, which its God has implanted, and which were smitten and bled even in the case of our Saviour, the soul knows sorrow no more; the pain of its inward anguish is changed into rejoicing; it has passed into the mount of stillness, the Tabor of inward transfiguration, the Temple of unchanging tranquillity."—p. 429.

Such an unusual, we might almost say, as far as the American public is concerned, such an unprecedented appeal, we trust will not be made in vain. Pious narratives, providential adventures, and personal experiences have from time to time found a ready auditory, in this republic; and a reception not less cordial ought to be awarded to the expression of like principles and sentiments uttered in universal terms.

PINDAR.

Pindar is an empty name to all but Greek scholars. We have no reputation in literature comparable to his, which is so ill supported in English translation. The most diligent and believing student will not find one glance of the Theban eagle in West and his colleagues, who have attempted to clothe the bird with English plumage. Perhaps he is the most untranslatable of poets, and though he was capable of a grand national music, yet did not write sentences, which alone are conveyed without loss into another tongue. Some of our correspondents, who found aid and comfort in Mr. Thoreau's literal prose translations of Anacreon and of Æschylus, have requested him to give versions of the Olympic and Nemæan Odes; and we extract from his manuscripts a series of such passages as contain somewhat detachable and presentable in an English dress.

SECOND OLYMPIC ODE. — 109.

Elysium.

Equally by night always,
 And by day, having the sun, the good
 Lead a life without labor, not disturbing the earth
 With violent hands, nor the sea water,
 For a scanty living; but honored
 By the gods, who take pleasure in fidelity to oaths,
 They spend a tearless existence;
 While the others suffer unsightly pain.
 But as many as endured threefold
 Probation, keeping the mind from all
 Injustice, go the way of Zeus to Kronos' tower,
 Where the ocean breezes blow around
 The island of the Blessed; and flowers of gold shine,
 Some on the land from dazzling trees,
 And the water nourishes others;
 With garlands of these they crown their hands and hair;
 According to the just decrees of Rhadamanthus;
 Whom Father Kronos, the husband of Rhea
 Having the highest throne of all, has ready by himself as
 his assistant judge.
 Peleus and Kadmus are regarded among these;
 And his mother brought Achilles, when she had
 Persuaded the heart of Zeus with prayers;
 Who overthrew Hector, Troy's
 Unconquered, unshaken column, and gave Cycnus
 To death, and Morning's Æthiop son.

OLYMPIC V. — 34.

Always around virtues labor and expense strive toward a
work
Covered with danger ; but those succeeding seem to be
wise even to the citizens.

OLYMPIC VI. — 14.

Dangerless virtues,
Neither among men, nor in hollow ships,
Are honorable ; but many remember if a fair deed is done.

OLYMPIC VII. — 100.

Origin of Rhodes.

Ancient sayings of men relate,
That when Zeus and the Immortals divided earth,
Rhodes was not yet apparent in the deep sea ;
But in salt depths the island was hid.
And Helius * being absent no one claimed for him his lot ;
So they left him without any region for his share,
The pure god. And Zeus was about to make a second
drawing of lots
For him warned. But he did not permit him ;
For he said that within the white sea he had seen a certain
land springing up from the bottom,
Capable of feeding many men, and suitable for flocks.
And straightway He commanded golden-filleted Lachesis
To stretch forth her hands, and not contradict
The great oath of the gods, but with the son of Kronos
Assent, that to the bright air being sent by his nod,
It should hereafter be his prize. And his words were fully
performed,
Meeting with truth. The island sprang from the watery
Sea ; and the genial Father of penetrating beams,
Ruler of fire-breathing horses, has it.

OLYMPIC VIII. — 95.

A man doing fit things
Forgets Hades.

* The Sun.

OLYMPIC X. — 59.

Hercules names the Hill of Kronos.

He named the Hill of Kronos, for before nameless,
 While Cenomaus ruled, it was moistened with much snow,
 And at this first rite the Fates stood by,
 And Time, who alone proves
 Unchanging truth.

OLYMPIC X. — 85.

Olympia at Evening.

With the javelin Phrastor struck the mark ;
 And Eniceus cast the stone afar,

Whirling his hand, above them all,
 And with applause it rushed
 Through a great tumult ;
 And the lovely evening light
 Of the fair-faced moon shone on the scene.

OLYMPIC X. — 109.

Fame.

When, having done fair things, O Agesidamus,
 Without the reward of song, a man may come
 To Hades' rest, vainly aspiring
 He obtains with toil some short delight.
 But the sweet-voiced lyre,
 And the sweet flute, bestow some favor ;
 For Zeus' Pierian daughters
 Have wide fame.

THE FOURTEENTH OLYMPIC ODE.

To Asopichus, of Orchomenos, on his Victory in the Stadic Course.

O ye, who inhabit for your lot the seat of the Cephisian
 Streams, yielding fair steeds, renowned Graces,
 Ruling bright Orchomenos,
 Protectors of the ancient race of Minys,
 Hear, when I pray.

For with you are all pleasant
 And sweet things to mortals ;
 If wise, if fair, if noble,
 Any man. For neither do the gods,
 Without the august Graces,
 Rule the dance,
 Nor feasts ; but stewards
 Of all works in heaven,
 Having placed their seats
 By golden-bowed Pythian Apollo,
 They reverence the eternal power
 Of the Olympian Father ;
 August Aglaia, and song-loving
 Euphrosyne, children of the mightiest god,
 Hear now, and Thalia loving-song,
 Beholding this band, in favorable fortune
 Lightly dancing ; for in Lydian
 Manner meditating,
 I come celebrating Asopichus,
 Since Minya by thy means is victor at the Olympic games.
 Now to Persephone's*
 Black-walled house go Echo,
 Bearing to his father the famous news ;
 That seeing Cleodamus thou mayest say,
 That in renowned Pisa's vale
 His son crowned his young hair
 With plumes of illustrious contests.

FIRST PYTHIAN ODE. — 8.

To the Lyre.

Thou extinguishest even the spear-like bolt
 Of everlasting fire. And the eagle sleeps on the sceptre of
 Zeus,
 Drooping his swift wings on either side,
 The king of birds.

— 25.

Whatever things Zeus has not loved
 Are terrified, hearing
 The voice of the Pierians,
 On earth and the immeasurable sea.

PYTH. II. — 159.

A plain-spoken man brings advantage to every government,

* Cleodamus, the father of the hero, was dead.

To a monarchy, and when the
Impetuous crowd, and when the wise rule a city.

As a whole, the third Pythian Ode, to Hiero, on his victory in the single-horse race, is one of the most memorable. We extract first the account of

Æsculapius.

As many therefore as came suffering
From spontaneous ulcers, or wounded
In their limbs with glittering steel,
Or with the far-cast stone,
Or by the summer's heat o'ercome in body,
Or by winter, relieving he saved from
Various ills; some cherishing
With soothing strains,
Others having drunk refreshing draughts, or applying
Remedies to the limbs, others by cutting off he made erect.
But even wisdom is bound by gain,
And gold appearing in the hand persuaded even him with
its bright reward,
To bring a man from death
Already overtaken. But the Kronian, smiting
With both hands, quickly took away
The breath from his breasts;
And the rushing thunderbolt hurled him to death.
It is necessary for mortal minds
To seek what is reasonable from the divinities,
Knowing what is before the feet, of what destiny we are.
Do not, my soul, aspire to the life
Of the Immortals, but exhaust the practicable means.

In the conclusion of the ode the poet reminds the victor, Hiero, that adversity alternates with prosperity in the life of man, as in the instance of

Peleus and Cadmus.

The Immortals distribute to men
With one good two
Evils. The foolish therefore
Are not able to bear these with grace,
But the wise, turning the fair outside.

But thee the lot of good fortune follows,
For surely great Destiny

Looks down upon a king ruling the people,
 If on any man. But a secure life
 Was not to Peleus, son of Æacus,
 Nor to godlike Kadmus,
 Who yet are said to have had
 The greatest happiness
 Of mortals, and who heard
 The song of the golden-filleted Muses,
 On the mountain, and in seven-gated Thebes,
 When the one married fair-eyed Harmonia,
 And the other Thetis, the illustrious daughter of wise-
 counselling Nereus.
 And the gods feasted with both;
 And they saw the royal children of Kronos
 On golden seats, and received
 Marriage gifts; and having exchanged
 Former toils for the favor of Zeus,
 They made erect the heart.
 But in course of time
 His three daughters robbed the one
 Of some of his serenity by acute
 Sufferings; when Father Zeus, forsooth, came
 To the lovely couch of white-armed Thyone.
 And the other's child, whom only the immortal
 Thetis bore in Pthia, losing
 His life in war by arrows,
 Being consumed by fire excited
 The lamentation of the Danaans.
 But if any mortal has in his
 Mind the way of truth,
 It is necessary to make the best
 Of what befalls from the blessed.
 For various are the blasts
 Of high-flying winds.
 The happiness of men stays not a long time,
 Though fast it follows rushing on.

Humble in humble estate, lofty in lofty,
 I will be; and the attending dæmon
 I will always reverence in my mind,
 Serving according to my means.
 But if Heaven extend to me kind wealth,
 I have hope to find lofty fame hereafter.
 Nestor and Lycian Sarpedon —
 They are the fame of men —
 From resounding words which skilful artists
 Sung, we know.

For virtue through renowned
 Song is lasting. ἄσπετος
 But for few is it easy to obtain.

PYTH. IV. — 59.

Origin of Thera,

Whence, in after times, Libyan Cyrene was settled by Battus. Triton, in the form of Eurypylus, presents a clod to Euphemus, one of the Argonauts, as they are about to return home.

He knew of our haste,
 And immediately snatching a clod
 With his right hand, strove to give it
 As a chance stranger's gift.
 Nor did the hero disregard him, but leaping upon the shore,
 Stretching hand to hand,
 Received the mystic clod.
 But I hear it sinking from the deck,
 Go with the sea brine
 At evening, accompanying the watery sea.
 Often indeed I urged the careless
 Menials to guard it, but their minds forgot.
 And now in this island the imperishable seed of spacious
 Libya
 Is spilled before its hour.

PYTH. V. — 87.

Apollo.

He bestowed the lyre,
 And he gives the muse to whom he wishes,
 Bringing peaceful serenity to the breast.

PYTH. VIII. — 136.

Man.

(Σκιάς ἕναρ ἄνθρωποι.) The phantom of a shadow are men.
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PYTH. IX. — 31.

Hypseus' Daughter Cyrene.

He reared the white-armed child Cyrene,
 Who loved neither the alternating motion of the loom,
 Nor the superintendence of feasts,
 With the pleasures of companions;
 But with javelins of steel,
 And the sword, contending,
 To slay wild beasts;
 Affording surely much
 And tranquil peace to her father's herds;
 Spending little sleep
 Upon her eye-lids,
 As her sweet bed-fellow, creeping on at dawn.

PYTH. X. — 33.

The Height of Glory.

Fortunate and celebrated
 By the wise is that man,
 Who conquering by his hands, or virtue
 Of his feet, takes the highest prizes
 Through daring and strength,
 And living still sees his youthful son
 Deservedly obtaining Pythian crowns.
 The brazen heaven is not yet accessible to him.
 But whatever glory we
 Of mortal race may reach,
 He goes beyond, even to the boundaries
 Of navigation. But neither in ships, nor going on foot,
 Couldst thou find the wonderful way to the contests of the
 Hyperboreans.

THIRD NEMEAN ODE. — 32.

To Aristoclide, Victor at the Nemean Games.

If, being beautiful,
 And doing things like to his form,
 The child of Aristophanes
 Went to the height of manliness; no further
 Is it easy to go over the untravelled sea,
 Beyond the pillars of Hercules.

NEM. III. — 69.

The Youth of Achilles.

One with native virtues
Greatly prevails; but he who
Possesses acquired talents, an obscure man,
Aspiring to various things, never with fearless
Foot advances, but tries
A myriad virtues with inefficient mind.

Yellow-haired Achilles, meanwhile, remaining in the house
of Philyra,
Being a boy played
Great deeds; often brandishing
Iron-pointed javelins in his hands,
Swift as the winds, in fight he wrought death to savage
lions;
And he slew boars, and brought their bodies
Palpitating to Kronian Centaurus,
As soon as six years old. And all the while
Artemis and bold Athene admired him,
Slaying stags without dogs or treacherous nets;
For he conquered them on foot.

NEM. IV. — 66.

Whatever virtues sovereign destiny has given me,
I well know that time creeping on
Will fulfil what was fated.

NEM. V. — I.

The kindred of Pytheas, a victor in the Nemean games, had wished to procure an ode from Pindar for less than three drachmæ, asserting that they could purchase a statue for that sum. In the following lines he nobly reproves their meanness, and asserts the value of his labors, which, unlike those of the statuary, will bear the fame of the hero to the ends of the earth.

No image-maker am I, who being still make statues
Standing on the same base. But on every
Merchant-ship, and in every boat, sweet song,
Go from Ægina to announce that Lampo's son,
Mighty Pytheas,
Has conquered the pancratic crown at the Nemean games.

NEM. VI. — 1.

The Divine in Man.

One the race of men and of gods ;
 And from one mother
 We all breathe.
 But quite different power
 Divides us, so that the one is nothing,
 But the brazen heaven remains always
 A secure abode. Yet in some respect we are related,
 Either in mighty mind or form, to the Immortals ;
 Although not knowing
 To what resting place
 By day or night, Fate has written that we shall run.

NEM. VIII. — 44.

The Treatment of Ajax.

In secret votes the Danaans aided Ulysses ;
 And Ajax, deprived of golden arms, struggled with death.
 Surely, wounds of another kind they wrought
 In the warm flesh of their foes, waging war
 With the man-defending spear.

NEM. VIII. — 68.

The Value of Friends.

Virtue increases, being sustained by wise men and just,
 As when a tree shoots up with gentle dew into the liquid
 air.
 There are various uses of friendly men ;
 But chiefest in labors ; and even pleasure
 Requires to place some pledge before the eyes.

NEM. IX. — 41.

Death of Amphiaraus.

Once they led to seven-gated Thebes an army of men, not
 according
 To the lucky flight of birds. Nor did the Kronian,

Brandishing his lightning, impel to march
 From home insane, but to abstain from the way.
 But to apparent destruction
 The host made haste to go, with brazen arms
 And horse equipments, and on the banks
 Of Ismenus, defending sweet return,
 Their white-flowered bodies fattened fire.
 For seven pyres devoured young-limbed
 Men. But to Amphiarus
 Zeus rent the deep-bosomed earth
 With his mighty thunder-bolt,
 And buried him with his horses,
 Ere being struck in the back
 By the spear of Periclymenus, his warlike
 Spirit was disgraced.
 For in dæmonic fears
 Flee even the sons of gods.

MEM. I. — 153.

Castor and Pollux.

Pollux, son of Zeus, shared his immortality with his
 brother Castor, son of Tyndarus, and while one was in
 heaven, the other remained in the infernal regions, and
 they alternately lived and died every day, or, as some say,
 every six months. While Castor lies mortally wounded by
 Idas, Pollux prays to Zeus, either to restore his brother to
 life, or permit him to die with him, to which the god
 answers,

Nevertheless, I give thee
 Thy choice of these; if indeed fleeing
 Death and odious age,
 You wish to dwell on Olympus,
 With Athene and black-speared Mars;
 Thou hast this lot.
 But if thou thinkest to fight
 For thy brother, and share
 All things with him,
 Half the time thou mayest breathe, being beneath the earth,
 And half in the golden halls of heaven.
 The god thus having spoken, he did not
 Entertain a double wish in his mind.

And he released first the eye, and then the voice,
Of brazen-mitred Castor.

FIRST ISTHMIAN ODE. — 65.

Toil.

One reward of labors is sweet to one man, one to another,
To the shepherd, and the plougher, and the bird-catcher,
And whom the sea nourishes.
But every one is tasked to ward off
Grievous famine from the stomach.

ISTH. II. — 9.

The Venality of the Muse.

Then the Muse was not
Fond of gain, nor a laboring woman ;
Nor were the sweet-sounding
Soothing strains
Of 'Terpsichore, sold,
With silvered front.
But now she directs to observe the saying
Of the Argive, coming very near the truth,
Who cried, " Money, money, man,"
Being bereft of property and friends.

ISTH. VI. — 62.

Hercules' Prayer concerning Ajax, son of Telamon.

If ever, O father Zeus, thou hast heard
My supplication with willing mind,
Now I beseech thee with prophetic
Prayer, grant a bold son from Eribœa
To this man my fated guest ;
Rugged in body
As the hide of this wild beast
Which now surrounds me, which, first of all
My contests, I slew once in Nemea, and let his mind agree.
To him thus having spoken, Heaven sent
A great eagle, king of birds,
And sweet joy thrilled him inwardly.

THE PREACHING OF BUDDHA.

The following fragments are extracts from one of the religious books of the Buddhists of Nepal, entitled the

"WHITE LOTUS OF THE GOOD LAW."

THE original work, which is written in Sanscrit, makes part of the numerous collection of Buddhist books, discovered by M. Hodgson, the English resident at the Court of Katmandou, and sent by him to the Asiatic Society of Paris. M. Burnouf examined, some years since, this collection, which includes a great part of the canonical books of the Buddhists, and of which translations are found in all the nations which are Buddhists, (the people of Thibet, China, and the Moguls.) The book, from which the following extracts are taken, is one of the most venerated, by all the nations which worship Buddha, and shows very clearly the method followed by the Sage who bears this name. The work is in prose and verse. The versified part is only the reproduction in a metrical rather than a poetical form of the part written in prose. We prefix an extract from the article of M. Eugene Burnouf, on the *origin* of Buddhism.

"The privileged caste of the Brahmins reserved to itself the exclusive monopoly of science and of religion; their morals were relaxed; ignorance, cupidity, and the crimes which it induces, had already deeply changed the ancient society described in the Laws of Menu. In the midst of these disorders, (about six centuries before Christ.) in the north of Bengal, a young Prince born into the military caste, renounced the throne, became a *religious*, and took the name of Buddha. His doctrine, which was more moral than metaphysical, at least in its principle, reposed on an opinion admitted as a fact, and upon a hope presented as a certainty. This opinion is, that the visible world is in a perpetual change; that death proceeds to life, and life to death; that man, like all the living beings who surround him, revolves in the eternally moving circle of transmigration; that he passes successively through all the forms of life, from the most elementary up to the most perfect; that the place, which he occupies in the vast scale of living beings, depends on the merit of the actions which he performs in this world, and that thus the virtuous man ought, after this life, to be born again with a divine body, and the guilty with a body accursed; that the rewards of heaven and the pains of hell, like all which this world contains, have only a limited duration; that time exhausts the merit of virtuous actions, and effaces the evil of bad ones; and that the fatal law of change brings back to the earth both the god and the devil, to put both again on trial, and cause them to run a new course of transmigration. The hope, which the Buddha came to bring to men, was the possibility of escaping from the law of transmigration by entering that which he calls enfranchisement; that is to say, according to one of the oldest schools, the annihilation of the thinking principle as well as of the material principle. That annihilation was not entire until death; but he who was destined to attain to it, possessed during his life an unlimited science, which gave him the pure view of the world as it is, that is, the knowledge of the physical and intellectual laws, and the practice of the six transcendent perfections, of alms, of morality, of science, of energy, of patience, and of charity. The authority, on which the votary rested his teaching, was wholly personal; it was formed of two

elements, one real, the other ideal. The one was regularity and sanctity of conduct, of which chastity and patience formed the principal traits. The second was the pretension that he had to be Buddha, that is, illuminated, and as such, to possess a supernatural power and science. With his power he resisted the attacks of vice; with his science he represented to himself, under a clear and complete form, the past and the future. Hence he could recount all which he had done in his former existences, and he affirmed thus, that an incalculable number of beings had already attained, like himself, by the practice of the same virtues, to the dignity of Buddha. He offered himself, in short, to men as their Saviour, and he promised them that his death should not destroy his doctrine, but that this doctrine should endure after him for many ages, and that when its salutary action should have ceased, there would appear to the world a new Buddha, whom he would announce by his own name; and the legends say that before descending on earth, he had been consecrated in Heaven in the quality of the future Buddha.

The philosophic opinion, by which he justified his mission, was shared by all classes, Brahmins, warriors, farmers, merchants, all believed equally in the fatality of transmigration, in the retribution of rewards and pains, in the necessity of escaping in a decisive manner the perpetually changing condition of a merely relative existence. He believed in the truths admitted by the Brahmins. His disciples lived like them, and like them imposed stern penances, bending under that ancient sentence of reprobation fulminated against the body by oriental asceticism. It does not appear that Buddha laid any claim himself to miraculous power. In fact, in one of his discourses, occur these remarkable words. A king urged him to confound his adversaries by the exhibition of that superhuman force, which is made to reduce incredulity to silence: "O king!" replied the Buddha, "I do not teach the law to my disciples by saying to them, Go work miracles before the Brahmins and the masters of houses whom you meet, but I teach them in this wise, Live, O holy one, by concealing your good works, and by exposing your sins." This profound humility, this entire renunciation is the characteristic trait of primitive Buddhism, and was one of the most powerful instruments of its success with the people."

THE Tathâgata* is equal and not unequal towards all beings, when it is the question to convert them: "He is, O Kaçyapa,† as the rays of the sun and moon, which shine alike upon the virtuous and the wicked, the high and the low; on those who have a good odor, and those who have a bad; on all these the rays fall equally and not unequally at one and the same time. So, O Kaçyapa, the rays of intelligence, endowed with the knowledge of omnipotence, make the Tathâgatas venerable. Complete instruction in the good law is equally necessary for all beings, for those who have

* Tathâgata means, he who has come like Anterior Buddha, and is synonymous with Buddha.

† Kaçyapa was of the Brahminical caste, one of the first disciples of Buddha.

entered into the five roads of existence, for those, who according to their inclination have taken the great vehicle, or the vehicle of Pratyeka-Buddha,* or that of the auditors. And there is neither diminution or augmentation of absolute wisdom in such or such a Tathâgata. On the contrary, all equally exist, and are equally born to unite science and virtue. There are not, O Kaçyapa three vehicles; there are only beings who act differently from each other; it is on account of that we discriminate three vehicles.'

This said, the respectable Kâçyapa spoke thus to Bhagavat: † "If there are not, O Bhagavat! three different vehicles, why employ in the present world the distinct denominations of Auditors, Pratyêkabuddhas and Bodhisattvas?" ‡ This said, Bhagavat spoke thus to the respectable Kaçyapa: "It is, O Kaçyapa, as when a potter makes different pots of the same clay. Some become vases to contain molasses, others are for clarified butter, others for milk, others for curds, others inferior and impure vases. The variety does not belong to the clay, it is only the difference of the substance that we put in them, whence comes the diversity of the vases. So there is really only one vehicle, which is the vehicle of Buddha; there is no second, no third vehicle." This said, the respectable Kaçyapa spoke thus to Bhagavat: "If beings, arising from this union of three worlds, have different inclinations, is there for them a single annihilation, or two, or three?" Bhagavat said, "Annihilation, O Kaçyapa, results from the comprehension of the equality of all laws; there is only one, and not two or three. Therefore, O Kaçyapa, I will propose to thee a parable; for penetrating men know through parables the sense of what is said."

* Pratyeka-Buddhas is a kind of selfish Buddha, who possesses science without endeavoring to spread it, for the sake of saving others. The *great vehicle*, is a figurative expression, designating the state of Buddha, which is the first of the three means that the Buddhist doctrine furnishes to man, whereby to escape the conditions of actual existence.

† Bhagavat means he who is perfect in virtue and happiness, and is the most honorary title applied to Buddha.

‡ The Bodhisattva is a potential Buddha, a Buddha not yet completely developed, but sure of being so, when he shall have finished his *last mortal existence*.

“It is as if, O Kaśyapa, a man born blind should say, ‘there are no forms, of which some have beautiful and some ugly colors; no spectators of these different forms; there is no sun, nor moon, nor constellations, nor stars; and no spectators who see stars.’ And when other men reply to the man born blind, there are diversities of color and spectators of these diverse colors; there is a sun and a moon, and constellations and stars, and spectators who see the stars, the man born blind believes them not, and wishes to have no relations with them. Then there comes a physician who knows all maladies; he looks on this man born blind, and this reflection comes into his mind: it is for the guilty conduct of this man in an anterior life, that he is born blind. All the maladies which appear in this world, whatever they are, are in four classes; those produced by wind, those produced by bile, those produced by phlegm, and those which come by the morbid state of the three principles united. This physician reflected much upon the means of curing this malady, and this reflection came into his mind: the substances which are in use here, are not capable of destroying this evil; but there exist in Himavat, king of mountains, four medicinal plants, and what are they? The first is named *that which possesses all savors and all colors*; the second, *that which delivers from all maladies*; the third, *that which neutralizes all poisons*; the fourth, *that which procures well-being in whatsoever situation it may be*. These are the four medicinal plants. Then the physician, feeling touched with compassion for the man born blind, thought on the means of going to Himavat, king of mountains, and having gone thither, he mounted to the summit, he descended into the valley, he traversed the mountain in his search, and having sought he discovered these four medicinal plants, and having discovered them, he gave them to the blind man to take, one after having masticated it with the teeth, another after having pounded it, this after having cooked it with other substances, that after mingling it with other raw substances, another by introducing it into a given part of the body with a needle, another after having consumed it in the fire, the last, after having employed it, mingled with other substances as food or as drink.

Then the man born blind, in consequence of having em-

ployed these means, recovered his sight, and having recovered it, he looked above, below, far and near; he saw the rays of the sun, and moon, the constellations, the stars, and all forms; and thus he spoke: "Certainly I was a fool in that I never would believe those who saw and reported to me these things. Now I see every thing, I am delivered from my blindness; I have recovered sight, and there is no one in the world who is in any thing above me."

But at this moment the Sages endowed with the five kinds of supernatural knowledge present themselves; these Sages who have divine sight, divine hearing, knowledge of the thoughts of others, the memory of their anterior existences, and of a supernatural power, speak thus to this man: "Thou hast only recovered sight, O man, and still thou knowest nothing. Whence comes then this pride? Thou hast not wisdom and thou art not instructed." Then they speak to him thus: "When thou art seated in the interiors of thy house, O man, thou seest not, thou knowest not other forms which are without; thou distinguishest not in beings whether their thoughts are benevolent or hostile to thee; thou perceivest not, thou understandest not at the distance of five yôdjanas the sound of the conch, of the tambour, and of the human voice; thou canst not transport thyself even to the distance of a kroca, without making use of thy feet; thou hast been engendered and developed in the body of thy mother, and thou dost not even remember that. How then art thou learned, and how knowest thou everything, and how canst thou say, I see everything? Know, O man, that that which is clearness is obscurity; know also that that which is obscurity is clearness."

Then this man speaks thus to the Sages: What means must I employ, or what good work must I do to acquire an equal wisdom? I can by your favor obtain these qualities. Then these Sages say thus to the man: If thou desirest wisdom, contemplate the law, seated in the desert, or in the forest, or in the caverns of the mountains, and free thyself from the corruption of evil. Then, endowed with purified qualities, thou shalt obtain supernatural knowledge. Then this man, following this counsel, entering into the religious life, living in the desert, his thought fixed upon a single object, was freed from that of the world, and

acquired these five kinds of supernatural knowledge ; and having acquired them, he reflected thus ; The conduct which I pursued before, put me in possession of no law, and of no quality. Now, on the contrary, I go wherever my thought goes ; before I had only little wisdom, little judgment, I was blind.

Behold, O Kâçyapa ! the parable that I would propose to thee to make thee comprehend the sense of my discourse. See now what is in it. The man blind from his birth, O Kâçyapa ! designates those beings who are shut up in the revolution of the world, into which is entrance by five roads ; they are those who know not the excellent law, and who accumulate upon themselves the obscurity and the thick darkness of the corruption of evil. They are blinded by ignorance, and in this state of blindness they collect the conceptions, under the name and the form which are the effect of the conceptions, until at last there takes place the production of what is a great mass of miseries.* Thus are blind beings shut up by ignorance in the revolution of the world.

But the Tathâgata, who is placed beyond the union of the three worlds, feeling compassion for them, moved with pity, as is a father for his only beloved son, having descended into the union of the three worlds, contemplates beings revolving in the circle of transmigration, and beings who know not the true means of escaping from the world. Then Bhagavat looked on them with the eyes of wisdom, and having seen them, he knew them. "These beings," said he, "after having accomplished, in the first place, the principle of virtue, have feeble hatreds and vivid attachments, or feeble attachments and vivid hatreds and errors. Some have little intelligence ; others are wise ; these have come to maturity and are pure ; those follow false doctrines. Bhagavat, by employing the means he has at his disposal, teaches these beings three vehicles. Then the Bôdhisattvas, like the sages endowed with the five kinds of supernatural knowledge, and who have perfectly clear sight, the Bôdhisattvas, I say, having conceived the thought of the

* The French translator from the Sanscrit, says,—in an explanation of this obscure passage,—See "L'Histoire du Bouddhisme indien," par M. Burnouf.

state of Buddha, having acquired a miraculous patience, in the law, are raised to the supreme state of Buddha, perfectly developed. In this comparison, the Tathagata must be regarded as a great physician; and all beings must be regarded as blinded by error, like the man born blind. Affection, hatred, error, and the sixty-two false doctrines are wind, bile, phlegm. The four medicinal plants are these four truths; namely, the state of void, the absence of a cause, the absence of an object, and the entrance into annihilation. And as, according to the different substances that we employ, we cure different maladies, so, according as beings represent the state of void, the absence of a cause, the absence of an object, and the entrance into exemption, they arrest the action of ignorance; from the annihilation of ignorance comes that of the conceptions, until at last comes the annihilation of that which is only a great mass of evils. Then the thought of man is neither in virtue nor in sin.

The man who makes use of the vehicle of the auditors or the Pratyekabuddhas must be regarded as the blind man who recovers sight. He breaks the chain of the miseries of transmigration; disembarrassed from the chains of these miseries, he is delivered from the union of the three worlds which are entered by five ways. This is why he who makes use of the vehicle of the auditors knows what follows, and pronounces these words, — there are no more laws henceforth to be known by a Buddha perfectly developed; I have attained annihilation! But Bhagavat shows to him the law. How, said he, shall not he who has obtained all the laws attain annihilation? Then Bhagavat introduces him into the state of Buddha. Having conceived the thought of this state, the auditor is no longer in the revolution of the world, and he has not yet attained annihilation. Forming to himself an exact idea of the reunion of the three worlds, he sees the world void in the ten points of space, like a magical apparition, an illusion, like a dream, a mirage, an echo. He sees all laws, those of the cessation of birth, as well as those which are contrary to annihilation; those of deliverance, as well as those contrary to exemption; those which do not belong to darkness and obscurity, as well as those which are contrary to clearness. He who thus sees into profound laws, he

sees, like the blind man, the differing thoughts and dispositions of all the beings who make up the reunion of the three worlds.

I who am the king of law, I who am born in the world, and who govern existence, I explain the law to creatures, after having recognized their inclinations. Great heroes, whose intelligence is firm, preserve for a long time my word; they guard also my secret, and do not reveal it to creatures. Indeed, from the moment that the ignorant hear this science so difficult to comprehend, immediately conceiving doubts in their madness, they will fall from it, and fall into error. I proportion my language to the subject and the strength of each; and I correct a doctrine by a contrary explication. It is, O Kâçyapa, as if a cloud, raising itself above the universe, covered it entirely, hiding all the earth. Full of water, surrounded with a garland of lightning, this great cloud, which resounds with the noise of thunder, spreads joy over all creatures. Arresting the rays of the sun, refreshing the sphere of the world, descending so near the earth as to be touched with the hand, it pours out water on every side. Spreading in an uniform manner an immense mass of water, and resplendent with the lightnings which escape from its sides, it makes the earth rejoice. And the medicinal plants which have burst from the surface of this earth, the herbs, the bushes, the kings of the forest, little and great trees; the different seeds, and every thing which makes verdure; all the vegetables which are found in the mountains, in the caverns, and in the groves; the herbs, the bushes, the trees, this cloud fills them with joy, it spreads joy upon the dry earth, and it moistens the medicinal plants; and this homogeneous water of the cloud, the herbs and the bushes pump up, every one according to its force and its object. And the different kinds of trees, the great as well as the small, and the middle-sized trees, all drink this water, each one according to its age and its strength; they drink it and grow, each one according to its need. Absorbing the water of the cloud by their trunks, their twigs, their bark, their branches, their boughs, their leaves, the great medicinal plants put forth flowers and fruits. Each one according to its strength, according to its destination, and conformably to the nature of the germ whence it

springs, produces a distinct fruit, and nevertheless there is one homogeneous water like that which fell from the cloud. So, O Kâçyapa, the Buddha comes into the world, like a cloud which covers the universe, and hardly is the chief of the world born, than he speaks and teaches the true doctrine to creatures.

And thus, says the great sage, honored in the world, in union with gods. I am Tathagata, the conqueror, the best of men; I have appeared in the world like a cloud. I will overflow with joy all beings whose limbs are dry, and who are attached to the triple condition of existence. I will establish in happiness those who are consumed with pain, and give to them pleasures and annihilation. — Listen to me, oh ye troops of gods and men! Approach and look upon me. I am Tathagata the blessed, the being without a superior, who is born here in the world to save it. And I preach to thousands of millions of living beings the pure and very beautiful law; its nature is one and homogeneous; it is deliverance and annihilation. — With one and the same voice I explain the law, taking incessantly for my subject the state of Buddha, for this law is uniform; inequality has no place in it, no more than affection or hatred.

You may be converted; there is never in me any preference or aversion for any, whosoever he may be. It is the same law that I explain to all beings, the same for one as for another.

Exclusively occupied with this work, I explain the law; whether I rest, or remain standing, whether I lie upon my bed or am seated upon my seat, I never experience fatigue. I fill the whole universe with joy, like a cloud which pours everywhere a homogeneous water, always equally well disposed towards respectable men, as towards the lowest, towards virtuous men as towards the wicked; towards abandoned men as towards those who have conducted most regularly; towards those who follow heterodox doctrines and false opinions, as towards those whose doctrines are sound and perfect.

Finally, I explain to little as well as to great minds, and to those whose organs have a supernatural power; inaccessible to fatigue, I spread everywhere, in a suitable manner, the rain of the law.

After having heard my voice, according to the measure

of their strength, beings are established in different situations, among the gods, among men, in beautiful bodies, among the Cakras, the Brahmas, and the T'chakravartins.

Listen. I am going to explain to you what the humble and small plants are, which are found in the world ; what the plants of middle size are ; and what the trees of a great height. Those men who live with a knowledge of the law exempt from imperfections, who have obtained annihilation, who have the six kinds of supernatural knowledge, and the three sciences, these men are named the small plants. The men who live in the caverns of the mountains, and who aspire to the state of Pratyekâbuddha, men whose minds are half purified, are the plants of middle size. Those who solicit the rank of heroes, saying, I will be a Buddha, I will be the chief of gods and men, and who cultivate energy and contemplation, these are the most elevated plants. And the sons of Buddha, who quietly, and full of reserve, cultivate charity, and conceive no doubt concerning the rank of heroes among men, these are named trees. Those who turn the wheel and look not backward, the strong men who possess the power of supernatural faculties, and who deliver millions of living beings, these are named great trees.

It is, however, one and the same law which is preached by the conqueror, even as it is one homogeneous water which is poured out by the cloud, those men who possess, as I have just said, the different faculties, are as the different plants which burst from the surface of the earth.

Thou mayst know by this example and this explanation the means of which Tathagata makes use ; thou knowest how he preaches a single law, whose different developments resemble drops of rain. As to me, I will pour out the rain of the law, and the whole world shall be filled with satisfaction, and men shall meditate, each one according to his strength upon this homogeneous law which I explain. So that while the rain falls, the herbs and the bushes, as well as the plants of middle size, the trees of all sizes, shall shine in the ten points of space.

This instruction, which exists always for the happiness of the world, gives joy by different laws to the whole universe ; the whole world is overflowed with joy as plants are covered with flowers. The plants of middle size, which

grow upon the earth, and the venerable sages, who are firm in the destruction of faults, and running over immense forests, show the well-taught law to the Bodhisattvas. The numerous Bodhisattvas, endowed with memory and fortitude, who having an exact idea of the three worlds, seeking the supreme state of Buddha, eminently grow like the trees. Those who possess supernatural faculties, and the four contemplations, who having heard of void, experience joy therein, and who emit from their bodies millions of rays, are called great trees.

This teaching of the law, O Kâçyapa, is like the water which the cloud pours out over all, and by whose action the great plants produce in abundance mortal flowers. I explain the law which is the cause of itself; I tried, in its time, the state of Buddha, which belongs to the great sage; behold my skilfulness in the use of means; it is that of all the guides of the world.

What I have said is the supreme truth; may my auditors arrive at complete annihilation; may they follow the excellent way which conducts to the state of Buddha; may all the auditors, who hear me, become Buddhas.

EROS.

THE sense of the world is short,
 Long and various the report, —
 To love and be beloved; —
 Men and gods have not outlearned it,
 And how oft so e'er they've turned it,
 Tis not to be improved.

ETHNICAL SCRIPTURES.

HERMES TRISMEGISTUS.

[We subjoin a few extracts from the old English translation (by *Doctor Everard*, London, 1650,) of the *Divine Pyramander* of *Hermes Trismegistus*. The books ascribed to *Hermes* are thought to have been written, or at least interpolated, by the new Platonists in the third or fourth century of our era. *Dr. Cudworth* (*Intellectual System*, Vol. II. p. 142, Lond. 1820,) thinks them to be for the most part genuine remains of the ancient Egyptian theology, and to have been translated by *Apuleius*. The book deserves, on account of the purity and depth of its religious philosophy, an honorable place among ethical writings.]

Good is voluntary or of its own accord; Evil is involuntary or against its will.

The Gods choose good things as good things.

Nothing in heaven is servanted; nothing upon earth is free. Nothing is unknown in heaven, nothing is known upon earth. The things upon earth communicate not with those in heaven. Things on earth do not advantage those in heaven; but all things in heaven do profit and advantage the things upon earth.

Providence is Divine Order.

What is God and the Father and the Good, but the Being of all things that yet are not, and the existence itself of those things that are?

The sight of good is not like the beams of the sun, which being of a fiery shining brightness maketh the eye, blind by his excessive light; rather the contrary, for it enlighteneth and so much increaseth the power of the eye, as any man is able to receive the influence of this intelligible clearness. For it is more swift and sharp to pierce, and harmless withal, and full of immortality, and they that are capable, and can draw any store of this spectacle and sight, do many times fall asleep from the body into this most fair and beauteous vision; which things *Celius* and *Saturn* our Progenitors attained unto.

For the knowledge of it is a divine silence, and the rest of all the senses. For neither can he that understands that, understand anything else; nor he that sees that, see anything else, nor hear any other thing, nor move the body. For, shining steadfastly on and round about the whole mind, it enlighteneth all the soul, and loosing it from the bodily senses and motions, it draweth it from the body, and changeth it wholly into the essence

of God. For it is possible for the soul, O Son, to be deified while yet it lodgeth in the body of man, if it contemplates the beauty of the Good.

He who can be truly called man is a divine living thing, and is not to be compared to any brute man that lives upon earth, but to them that are above in heaven, that are called Gods. Rather, if we shall be bold to speak the truth, he that is a man indeed, is above them, or at least they are equal in power, one to the other. For none of the things in heaven will come down upon earth, and leave the limits of heaven, but a man ascends up into heaven, and measures it. And he knoweth what things are on high, and what below, and learneth all other things exactly. And that which is the greatest of all, he leaveth not the earth, and yet is above: so great is the greatness of his nature. Wherefore we must be bold to say, that an earthly man is a mortal God, and that the heavenly God is an immortal man.

ASCRPTION.

Who can bless thee, or give thanks for thee or to thee?

When shall I praise thee, O Father; for it is neither possible to comprehend thy hour, nor thy time?

Wherefore shall I praise thee, — as being something of myself, or having anything of mine own, or rather as being another's?

For thou art what I am, thou art what I do, thou art what I say.

Thou art all things, and there is nothing which thou art not.

Thou art thou, all that is made, and all that is not made.

The mind that understandeth;

The Father that maketh;

The Good that worketh;

The Good that doth all things. Of matter the most subtle and slender part is air; of the air, the soul; of the soul, the mind; of the mind, God.

By me the truth sings praise to the truth, the good praiseth the good.

O All! receive a reasonable sacrifice from all things.

Thou art God, thy man cryeth these things unto thee,

by the fire, by the air, by the earth, by the water, by the spirit, by thy Creatures.

FROM THE GULISTAN OF SAADI.

Take heed that the orphan weep not ; for the Throne of the Almighty is shaken to and fro, when the orphan sets a-crying.

The Dervish in his prayer is saying, O God ! have compassion on the wicked, for thou hast given all things to the good in making them good.

Any foe whom you treat courteously will become a friend, excepting lust ; which, the more civilly you use it, will grow the more perverse.

Ardishir Babagan asked an Arabian physician, what quantity of food ought to be eaten daily. He replied, Thirteen ounces. The king said, What strength can a man derive from so small a quantity ? The physician replied, so much can support you, but in whatever you exceed that, you must support it.

If conserve of roses be frequently eaten, it will cause a surfeit, whereas a crust of bread eaten after a long interval will relish like conserve of roses.

Saadi was troubled when his feet were bare, and he had not wherewithal to buy shoes ; but "soon after meeting a man without feet, I was thankful for the bounty of Providence to me, and submitted cheerfully to the want of shoes."

Saadi found in a mosque at Damascus an old Persian of an hundred and fifty years, who was dying, and was saying to himself, "I said, I will enjoy myself for a few moments ; alas ! that my soul took the path of departure ; alas ! at the variegated table of life I partook a few mouthfuls, and the fates cried, Enough !"

I heard of a Dervish who was consuming in the flame of want, tacking patch after patch upon his ragged garment, and solacing his mind with verses of poetry. Somebody observed to him, Why do you sit quiet, while a certain gentleman of this city has girt up his loins in the service of the religious independents, and seated himself by the door of their hearts ? He would esteem himself obliged by an opportunity of relieving your distress. He said, Be silent, for I swear by Allah, it were equal to the torments of hell to enter into Paradise through the interest of a neighbor.

THE TIMES.

A FRAGMENT.

Give me truths,
For I am weary of the surfaces,
And die of inanition. If I knew
Only the herbs and simples of the wood,
Rue, cinquefoil, gill, vervain, and agrimony,
Blue-vetch, and trillium, hawkweed, sassafras,
Milkweeds, and murky brakes, quaint pipes, and sundew,
And rare and virtuous roots, which in these woods
Draw untold juices from the common earth,
Untold, unknown, and I could surely spell
Their fragrance, and their chemistry apply
By sweet affinities to human flesh,
Driving the foe and establishing the friend, —
O that were much, and I could be a part
Of the round day, related to the sun
And planted world, and full executor
Of their imperfect functions.
But these young scholars who invade our hills,
Bold as the engineer who fells the wood,
And travelling often in the cut he makes,
Love not the flower they pluck, and know it not,
And all their botany is Latin names.
The old men studied magic in the flowers,
And human fortunes in astronomy,
And an omnipotence in chemistry,
Preferring things to names, for these were men,
Were unitarians of the united world,
And wheresoever their clear eye-beams fell,
They caught the footsteps of the SAME. Our eyes
Are armed, but we are strangers to the stars,
And strangers to the mystic beast and bird,
And strangers to the plant and to the mine;
The injured elements say, Not in us;

And night and day, ocean and continent,
Fire, plant, and mineral, say, Not in us,
And haughtily return us stare for stare.
For we invade them impiously for gain,
We devastate them unreligiously,
And coldly ask their pottage, not their love.
Therefore they shove us from them, yield to us
Only what to our griping toil is due ;
But the sweet affluence of love and song,
The rich results of the divine consents
Of man and earth, of world beloved and lover,
The nectar and ambrosia are withheld ;
And in the midst of spoils and slaves, we thieves
And pirates of the universe, shut out
Daily to a more thin and outward rind,
Turn pale and starve. Therefore, to our sick eyes,
The stunted trees look sick, the summer short,
Clouds shade the sun, which will not tan our hay,
And nothing thrives to reach its natural term,
And life, shorn of its venerable length,
Even at its greatest space, is a defeat,
And dies in anger that it was a dupe ;
And in its highest noon and wantonness,
Is early frugal, like a beggar's child ;
With most unhandsome calculation taught,
Even in the hot pursuit of the best aims
And prizes of ambition, checks its hand,
Like Alpine cataracts, frozen as they leaped,
Chilled with a miserly comparison
Of the toy's purchase with the length of life.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Letters from New York. By L. M. CHILD.

WE should have expressed our thanks for this volume in the last number of the Dial, had the few days, which intervened between its reception and the first of October, permitted leisure even to read it. Now the press and the public have both been beforehand with us in awarding the due meed of praise and favor. We will not, however, refrain, though late, from expressing a pleasure in its merits. It is, really, a contribution to *American* literature, recording in a generous spirit, and with lively truth, the pulsations in one great centre of the national existence. It is equally valuable to us and to those on the other side of the world. There is a fine humanity in the sketches of character, among which we would mention with especial pleasure, those of Julia, and Macdonald Clarke. The writer never loses sight of the hopes and needs of all men, while she faithfully winnows grain for herself from the chaff of every day, and grows in love and trust, in proportion with her growth in knowledge.

The Present. Nos. 1 — 6. Edited by W. H. CHANNING.

MR. CHANNING'S *Present* is a valiant and vivacious journal, and has no superior in the purity and elevation of its tone, and in the courage of its criticism. It has not yet expressed itself with much distinctness as to the methods by which socialism is to heal the old wounds of the public and private heart; but it breathes the air of heaven, and we wish it a million readers.

President Hopkins's Address before the Society of Alumni of Williams College, August, 1843.

WE have read with great pleasure this earnest and manly discourse, which has more heart in it than any literary oration we remember. No person will begin the address, without reading it through, and none will read it, without conceiving an affectionate interest in Williams College.

Deutsche Schnellpost.

THIS paper, published in the German language twice a week in New York, we have read for several months with great advantage, and can warmly recommend it to our readers. It contains, besides its lively *feuilletons*, a good correspondence from Paris, and, mainly, very well selected paragraphs from all the German newspapers, communicating important news not found in any other American paper, from the interior of the continent of Europe. It is edited with great judgment by Eichthal and Bernhard; and E. P. Peabody, 13 West street, is their agent in Boston.

THE DIAL.

VOL. IV.

APRIL, 1844.

No. IV.

IMMANUEL KANT.

IT is a common remark, that the most characteristic feature of modern thought is its subjectiveness. In the natural reaction which followed the dogmatism and formalism,—the ultra objectiveness of the preceding period, the confidence of the mind in all authorities and all affirmatives, was severely shaken; and a contest ensued between Skepticism, on the one hand, and the abiding instinct of Existence in the human mind, on the other, which turned the attention of all philosophers to the foundation and principles of our knowledge.

Modern speculation, therefore, has returned to the fundamental problem of human science; and asks, first of all, "Can we know anything?" To this question, the common man readily answers in the affirmative; and if asked how he knows it is so, refers to the actual knowledge which we have of the outward world. He has a head on his shoulders; the sun is shining; or the like,—to which he expects your ready assent.

In this affirmation, as in those systems of metaphysics which, like the Common Sense philosophy, &c., consist of careful statements of the convictions of the vulgar* consciousness,—we see the original prejudice of the human mind, *that something exists*: the unshapen and unsyllabled Fact (including all other facts) of the Consciousness,—sometimes lost sight of for a moment, but never permanently shaken off. The universality of this prejudice assures us that it *encloses a vital truth, and demands*

* I use the word vulgar in its strict sense, as signifying the *natural* as opposed to the *philosophical* consciousness.

explanation at the hands of the philosopher. Reduced to its strict terms, the assertion of the vulgar consciousness amounts to nothing more than this. "I am aware of phenomena." In this sense we see the correctness (from this point of view) of Locke's principle, that we derive all our ideas from sensation and reflection. For he is evidently speaking only of our perceptions of phenomena, of which we can be aware only in consequence of two actions, — in one of which we are passive, and recipient of impressions — Sensation: — in the other, active and creative, — Reflection, the grasping of the object by the mind. Neither the blind man nor the insane behold the blue sky; the former because he cannot *see* — the latter because he cannot *comprehend* it.

But we cannot rest long contented with the popular solution of the problem; — but admitting all it asserts, we ask farther: — Whether this, after all, touches the point in question? Whether our being aware of phenomena, proves that we have any actual objective Knowledge. Plainly it does not necessarily; for a phenomenon is not any fact itself, but the *appearance* of a fact under certain relations; and these relations being accidental and varying, the same fact may very well appear in different and even antagonist phenomena, — as the same degree of caloric may appear warm to one man, and cold to another. Here we may easily see the origin of Berkleyism; for, starting with the tacit assumption that we can know nothing but phenomena, and soon finding out the superficial and accidental nature of phenomena in themselves, we naturally transfer this character to our knowledge. The same idea is typified in the Hindoo doctrine of Maya, the delusive Goddess of Phenomena. And even if we were willing to receive phenomena as facts, still this would not bring us much farther; for they would still be mere detached existences, unrelated except by accidental position, and consequently we could not reason from one to the other, nor even classify them, without at the same time acknowledging the accidental nature of our classification. This is the skepticism of Hume, — the natural consequence of Locke's philosophy.

The general dismay and resistance with which Hume's doctrine was received by his contemporaries, is attributable to its peculiar excellence as an expression of the thought

of his age. So keen was the unconscious feeling of the correctness of the results at which he had arrived from the general data, and so violent the resistance against these results of the inmost nature of man, that a convulsion was produced which opened new depths in the human consciousness. In Hume the national mind of Great Britain may be said to have uttered itself for once, though it silenced its own rational voice forthwith by tumults of inane babble. But the question which Hume had put, in a manner so direct and manly, had to be answered somewhere; and it was answered in the "Critical Philosophy."

"It was the hint given by David Hume," says Kant,* "which many years ago waked me from my dogmatic slumbers, and gave quite another direction to my researches in the field of speculative philosophy." Hume had clearly shown, that in the instance of the idea of Cause and Effect, the phenomenon which we call the Cause does not of itself involve the conception of the subsequent phenomenon which we call the Effect, and he concluded from this that their connection is empirical and imaginary; which, from Locke's point of view, is evidently the case. Herein is contained the rudiment of the idea developed by Kant, which we are about to examine, namely, — that of anything essentially foreign to our mind, an absolute object, we could have no objective knowledge. A feeling of the imperious necessity with which the two conceptions of Cause and Effect are seen in every case to be united, led Kant to perceive that their union must depend upon some law of our mind. For their necessary connection could not be deduced from experience, which gives only probability, — never the universal and invariable feeling of necessity, which is the evidence of certain knowledge; and beyond experience we have no source of knowledge except the mind itself. This led him to make a critical review of the consciousness, *a priori*, — or, as he calls it, a Critique of the Pure Reason.

In this review he postulates nothing more than the universally admitted proposition above mentioned, — the common perception of phenomena, which he calls Experience; and seeks, according to the principle above hinted at, to

* Prolegomena zu jed. künft. Metaphys. Vorr. p. 13.

discover, amid the ever varying shadow-dance of phenomena, something constant and necessary: — for this evidently must be the character of all the elements of true knowledge.

But phenomena, as we have already seen, do not claim to be *things*, themselves — but only *appearances*; that is, impressions on our minds. Hence we cannot pretend to say whether phenomena have any existence at all, out of our perception, or not, without leaving the ground to which we are restricted by our postulate. Leaving untouched, therefore, the question as to the objective existence of outward things, Kant finds that every phenomenon is presented to the mind as occupying a portion of time or space. All our perceptions of material objects have extension, either as duration or as size.*

The universality and necessity of these attributes show that they depend upon certain laws; laws, however, not of the object, since in phenomena we have no object, but only subjective impressions: — laws therefore of the subject of the mind in its relation to phenomena; — or, as Kant styles it, the Understanding.

Having thus discovered the two original and necessary forms under which the mind perceives material objects, Kant endeavored to complete a Natural History of the Understanding, by drawing up a table of its other laws or forms, which he calls the Categories, and reduces to several classes. But herein he does not confine himself to the legitimate province of the philosopher, the elucidation of obscure facts of consciousness, but casts about among empirical perceptions, and endeavors to classify them, *a posteriori*; thus introducing an empirical element into his Critique. His table of categories is consequently both incomplete and redundant.

* It must be kept in mind, that the necessity of the laws of Time and Space does not depend upon invariable experience (which can never give certainty, but only strong probability), but upon our distinct consciousness that, independent of these laws, phenomena (with which alone is our present concern) could not exist. Thus, supposing that all bodies appeared to us of a red color, all our experience might bear witness that this was the constant attribute of extended surfaces; but though this might induce us to surmise some necessity in the case, still there would be no essential difficulty in separating the notion of red from our conception of body. But a body which does not occupy a portion of space, is to us a nonentity.

From this survey of the Understanding, it is evident that our experience of material objects is subject in Form to certain laws. The subject-matter of phenomena is of course empirical, being out of the reach of the Understanding, and must be supplied by Experience. Of material objects, therefore, we can know *a priori* only the laws of possible experience.

Thus far our attention has been occupied exclusively with the examination of the mind in its relations to phenomena. Of course our only concern has been with the subjective forms of phenomena (as being all that we can know with certainty about them), neglecting the question as to whether we can know anything in its objectivity, or essential existence. Our inquiry has been into the How, not into the What, of our knowledge of material objects.

The latter question, however, is vastly the more interesting, since it is this in fact to which the original, instinctive belief in Existence, points. This, therefore, is the all-important inquiry.

In seeking to go behind Phenomena, we quit the sphere of the Understanding, and come into the region of the Pure Reason, which has to do only with Fact and Essence, neglecting entirely Phenomena and Accident. The affirmations of the Pure Reason, Kant calls the Transcendental Ideas, since they *transcend* the Understanding and its perceptions; and he divides them into three classes, according as they affirm the existence: 1. Of the I, or Soul, — Psychological; 2. Of the Not-I, or Nature, — Cosmological; 3. Of the Supreme Being, — Theological. This division however is empirical, and all the Transcendental Ideas may be reduced to one, — the affirmation that something *is*. Kant proceeds to examine the results arrived at by the Pure Reason, and finds that in every instance in which we attempt to derive objective knowledge from them, a contradiction is produced between them and the laws of the Understanding. This he calls the Antinomianism of the Pure Reason. Now all objects, according to him, can be perceived only according to the laws of the Understanding; therefore the results of the Pure Reason, as far as they claim objective or theoretical application, must be erroneous. Their only value, accordingly, is subjective (practical).

Here it seems, at first sight, as if Kant had fallen into

the error of confounding the perceptions of the Pure Reason with those of the Understanding ; or of confining our knowledge to mere sensuous knowledge. And it appears as if he might have pursued, in spiritual phenomena, a course parallel to that adopted in the examination of sensuous perceptions. Indeed, Kant's instinctive Realism overpowers his system in many particulars. As, for instance, in his allowing to the Pure Reason a *regulative* use, even in matters of theory ; and in fact in his whole Practical Philosophy, which leaves the practical authority of the Pure Reason entirely unexplained.

But the errors of a man like Kant do not lie so near the surface. An examination of the nature of the Reason, will show us what he was (unconsciously) aiming at in his separation of Theoretical and Practical Philosophy.

If we consider the Reason (as Kant considered it, and as the most still consider it,) as a faculty of perception of outward facts — an organon for acquiring knowledge of the Not-I, — it is evident that we can know (as in the case of the Understanding) only its subjective Forms, and we cannot depend on its results, since it can give us no certainty. For having, in this case, no control over its object, the subject-matter of its perceptions will of course be entirely accidental, as far as the Reason is concerned, and we shall again find ourselves cheated of the reality of our Knowledge, and presented with the empty shells instead. In this event it is of little consequence whether these merely subjective Forms be those of the Understanding or not, — they must at all events be analogous to all intents and purposes.

Kant perceived, however, that the Transcendental Ideas, contrary to the perceptions of the Understanding, claim to include both Form and subject-matter ; which subject-matter he could not place out of the Reason, since this would be virtually destroying it, — but placing it in the Reason, he thought the destruction of its objectivity the necessary consequence. The contest between this result of his iron logic and the dictates of his realistic instinct, produced a puzzle which he thought (not unnaturally) insurmountable.

His adherence to his system of course deprives his Practical Philosophy of its fundamental principle, and rendered it necessary for him in all cases to postulate precisely that

which it is the duty of Philosophy to explain, — thus in his Ethics, Law, &c.

His main principle, however, which he so courageously and philosophically upholds throughout — that we can know nothing out of ourselves, — contains the leading idea of Modern Philosophy; and to him belongs the praise of having been the first to bring it into distinct consciousness.

LIFE IN THE WOODS.

“ Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.”
 . SHAKESPEARE.

THAT must be a very pleasant life indeed, wherein no enemy shall appear who cannot be easily subdued by a strong arm and an axe. Yet it seems to have been an enemy no more potent which drove men from free life in the woods, to the shackles of a closer congregation. It is the fashion to speak of the woodland life, as savage, barbarous, and brutal; and of the housed life, either in feudal castle or trading city, as refined, polished, and elevated. It might not be altogether wasted time to inquire whether this conclusion stands upon a true foundation or not. So many errors pass current as truths, that one may be not illiberally induced to investigate such a question, though it be one that the stricter student will deem of minor morality. Of such small questions, much that is of mighty import is not unsequently constructed.

That cosmogony which affirms for man the highest origin, represents him in his pristine creation as contravening his Creator's will, and in the very first generation, the very first vital act, as quarrelling with, and murdering his brother. If this be literally true of the external man, as it is now undoubtedly a true signature of operations in the human soul, the first wigwam was probably erected more as a defence from the assaults of man against his

brother, than from the assaults of uncongenial weather. When peace reigns in every human bosom, the free man may wander for food and for repose to whatever latitude the season shall render propitious to his feelings and his wants. The thought of erecting a house grew not out of human necessity so much as out of human rapacity. The love of power in some assailant, rather than the love of art in some pacific being, forced on man the utility of a house for his protection, while in a state of repose. It at least defended him from too sudden a surprise, if it did not wholly protect him. The inclemency of a stronger brother, more than the inclemency of the weather, generated the thought of a stockade.

Passing over this consideration, let us contemplate the sylvan man in his native state, let us compare him with the civilian, and see to which the superiority must be awarded, both as respects nature and conditions. Behold, what it is difficult for us to imagine, an individual wholly free from the diseases consequent upon luxury and debauchery, and subject only to the little incidental ills of the exhilarating chase. Conceive of one to whom hereditary or chronic disease is unknown, to whom catarrh, and cough, and palsying apprehension of a cold never are disturbances. He walks erect, with elastic, almost bounding, step, expanded and uncovered chest, and limbs untrammelled by the ligatures of fashion. Health, strength, and agility, combined with an unchecked reliance on their continuance, are a living fund of joy, wonderfully contrasting with the disease, weakness, and imbecility of modern refinement.

Every sense in the primitive forester's frame is integrally preserved. He holds an immediate intercourse with nature herself, or at least by his unerring senses and the undeviating objects in nature, he is enabled intuitively to read off the living volume as it lies open and unpolluted before him. By mere sight and smell, he is at once inducted into a knowledge of the essential properties of plants, and can without experience, foretell their operations on the human system, as unerringly as the native sheep can select its suitable food, or the untamed wood-dove, can without schooling, essay a winged journey.

If *after* long labor and close study, the civic student knows something concerning nature from his books and

pictures, the sylvan student knows much of her and her laws *before* the record of book or graver was constructed. He is as a mother who knows of maternity, and a mother's feelings in a living and soul-participating manner, antecedent to all external observation, while the college student is comparable to the obstetric physician, who compiles a book from external observation only, and writes of feelings he never felt, and of experiences he never did or can experience.

The sylvan is present at the very fountain head, living in and with the works, productions, and operations which will, by and by, be recorded; the civilian is acquainted only with the record. The one is witness to the vital spring and birth of nature's offspring; the other's studies are comparable only to a poring over the parish register.

It is the boast of modern experimental philosophy, that it has abandoned or overturned the Aristotelian method of study by words, adopting that of studying things. But it pursues its objects by means of crucibles, retorts, and balances, as deceptive, vague, and unsatisfactory as the studies they have superseded; for these, after all, stood as near the moral source as modern science. Whereas the pure, unsophisticated human body, is a retort, a test, far surpassing all the instruments which the highest science can boast. By the sylvan man all nature is affectionately felt; by the civilized it is only intellectually scanned. The warmth of life is characteristic of one; the coldness of death the distinguishing mark of the other. Chymical science, the great boast and wonder worker of our enlightened age, cannot even discern those delicate differences and lineaments in nature, which optics can reveal, and it can do nothing in any department of nature, until the object is reduced to its mineral state. In the grand and noble field of life it is powerless. Vegetables and animals, as such, in their living beauty are fruitlessly presented to the chymist's skill. He has weights and measures, but cannot compute living motion any more than he can fathom moral emotion. He has testing apparatus, but no taste. But our natural chymist only sees and knows such objects in life and motion. With his unassisted eye, he perceives varieties which the chymist never learns, and by an unvitiated palate, he detects in the living volume of nature the

occult essential qualities of plants, which the last analysis in the laboratory rarely or never can reveal. The forms, odors, statures of plants, as they simply stand before him, are types in the boundless volume of which the scientific student seems ever destined to peruse merely the title page. The eye, the nose, the palate, the touch, and every sense is an inlet direct from the book of nature, a first impression, which to the civilized student rarely comes otherwise than at second hand. He must refer to his printed authority, and his human classification, his encyclopedia, his constructed circle of circumferential science; while our nature-student has in himself the authority, knows truly the real author, and feels himself to be at the centre of science, of which the circumference lies about him. "The unity of the Sciences," the last pleasing thought of labored skill, the key-stone with which studious industry has at length crowned its self-wondrous arch, is no novelty to the free soul. He never felt knowledge otherwise than as a unity; nature or natural objects never were thus dissectively presented to him. He sees objects analytically without doubt, as well as synthetically; but always perhaps under both aspects at once, always in their individual existence as well as united to an antecedent unity, the parent of them all.

For all the purposes of life, for all the utilities of his life, the science of the forest man is complete. All the wants which in such a life are generated, in the immediate world about him, find their supplies. The pressure of hunger, the needful clothing, even the ornaments which he desires, with their tasteful forms, and superadded tints, he obtains without difficulty or danger to himself or fellow man. Not so is it with the wants and wishes generated in civic life. These know no bounds, but expand with every gratification; their victims at once boasting over their expansion, and groaning over their denial. No sea or land is unexplored to create new wants, or to supply excited and extraneous appetites, and carrying with him to the innocent and pure, disease and vice of the cruellest kind, civilized man boasts the extension of his domain, the multiplication of his likeness.

A darker age presumes upon its false illumination, to call antecedent ages dark. A busy, wandering, restless

civilization ventures from the point of its own worthless activity, to pronounce the contented child of nature savage and barbarous. Literally, perhaps, these epithets are justly applied. If savage means a dweller in the wood, and barbarian one who does not denude his chin of hair; if the terms be taken to mean no more than these, there would be clearly no greater injustice or condemnation in them, than in calling one a civilian who dwells in a city. But the design in using these words is to affirm that the heights of mind, elevation of thought, purity in sentiment are denied to man in one condition of life, and granted in the other.

That those who are most ready to use these allusions aspersionally ever think about the matter, or are capable of thinking very profoundly, may, until they feel more benignly, very charitably be doubted. But there is sufficient evidence on record to prove that the sublimest conceptions have not been withheld from the mind of the North American native, any more than from the highly taught sons of civilization. A narrative not unworthy of Swedenborg, or even of Plato, is reported in David Brainerd's Diary, kept while he was a missionary among the natives of New Jersey, about one hundred years ago. Of its correctness there is very little room to doubt; since the recorder mourns over it in every aspect, and that the seer could have acquired it from any other person, there is no ground whatever to suspect. It is given in these words:—

“What increases the aversion of the Indians to Christianity, is the influence their *powwows* have upon them. These are supposed to have a power of foretelling future events, of recovering the sick, and of charming persons to death. And their *Spirit*, in its various operations, seems to be a Satanical imitation of the spirit of prophecy, that the church in early ages was favored with.

“I have labored to gain some acquaintance with this affair, and have for that end consulted the man mentioned in my journal, of the 9th of May, who since his conversion to Christianity has endeavored to give me the best intelligence he could of this matter. But it seems to be such a mystery of iniquity, that I cannot well understand it, and so far as I can learn, he himself has not any clear notions of the thing, now his spirit of divination is gone from him. However, the manner in which he says he obtained this spirit, was, he was admitted into

the presence of a great man who informed him that he loved, pitied, and desired to do him good. It was not in this world that he saw the great man, but in a world above at a vast distance from this. The great man, he says, was clothed with the day; yea, with the brightest day he ever saw, a day of many years, yea of everlasting continuance! This whole world, he says, was drawn upon him, so that in him the earth and all things in it might be seen. I asked him if rocks, mountains, and seas were drawn upon, or appeared in him. He replied, that every thing that was beautiful and lovely in the earth was upon him, and might be seen by looking on him, as well as if one was on the earth to take a view of them there. By the side of the great man, he said, stood his shadow or spirit. This shadow, he says, was as lovely as the man himself, and filled all places, and was most agreeable as well as wonderful to him.

“Here, he says, he tarried some time, and was unspeakably entertained and delighted with a view of the great man, of his shadow or spirit, and of all things in him. And what is most of all astonishing, he imagined all this to have passed before he was born. He never had been, he says, in this world at that time. And what confirms him in the belief of this, is, that the great man told him he must come down to earth, be born of such a woman, meet with such and such things, and in particular, that he should once in his life be guilty of murder. At this he was displeased, and told the great man he would never murder. But the great man replied, ‘I have said it, and it shall be so.’ Which has accordingly happened. At this time, he says, the great man asked him what he would choose in life. He replied, first to be a hunter, and afterwards to be a powwow or diviner. Whereupon the great man told him he should have what he desired, and that his shadow should go along with him down to earth, and be with him forever. There were, he says, all this time no words spoken between them. The conference was not carried on by any human language, but they had a kind of mental intelligence of each other’s thoughts. After this, he says, he saw the great man no more; but supposes he came down to earth to be born, but the spirit or shadow of the great man still attended him, and ever after continued to appear to him in dreams, and other ways, until he felt the power of God’s word upon his heart, since which it has entirely left him.

“There were some times when this spirit came upon him in a special manner, and he was full of what he saw in the great man; and then, he says, he was all light, and not only light himself, but it was light all around him, so that he could see

through men, and know the thoughts of their hearts. These depths of Satan I leave to others to fathom, and do not know what ideas to affix to such terms, nor can guess what conceptions of things these creatures have at the times when they call themselves all light." — p. 204.

So similar are some of these sentiments, and so like are some of these words to those of Swedenborg and Wordsworth, that in the obscurity of time they might be attributed to these sources. But as our record is dated three fourths of a century before one, and many years before the other authority, such hypothesis is manifestly untenable; but the converse is rather to be maintained.

In a previous passage the zealous Brainerd remarks.

"I find that in antient times, before the coming of the white people, some supposed there were four invisible powers, who presided over the four corners of the earth. Others imagined the Sun to be the only deity, and that all things were made by him. Others at the same time having a confused notion of a certain body or fountain of deity, somewhat like the *anima mundi*; so frequently mentioned by the more learned antient heathens, diffusing itself to various animals, and even to inanimate things, making them the immediate authors of good to certain persons."

When we find so unwilling a witness bearing satisfactory testimony to the spontaneous generation of the most profound and subtle thoughts, which have ever entered the human soul, filling, in so vivid a manner, that of the unschooled savage, how can we deny the presence of that mental life and quickness, which as polished and civilized beings we delight to boast. To these red men, and to all the white who came into connexion with them, the names and works and thoughts of Behmen the profound, or of Plato the elegant, were alike unknown. To these wilds their renown had not then travelled, and even now they are unpopular and obscure authors. Had it indeed been otherwise, and could it be proved that such sentiments were the results of outward lessons, it would prove no less satisfactorily to what subtlety of thought the native mind could ascend; even beyond that of the missionary teacher having St. John's mystic gospel in his hand. For I must not suppose that those whom I now address, like Brainerd, "cannot even guess what conceptions these creatures have

at the time they call themselves all light," seeing that we know there "is a true light, which lighteth every man who cometh into the world."

No wonder need be then excited in our minds, when we occasionally hear of the young spirit, to whom the costliest education has been afforded, and before whom the whole world invitingly lies as a beautiful unexplored garden, every path free to his foot, turning, after a little experience, his course from the city towards the woods. The experiment of a true wilderness life by a white person must, however, be very rare. He is not born for it; he is not natured for it. He lacks the essential qualities as well as the physical substance for such a life, and the notion of entering on it must be considered merely an interesting dream. Some amalgamation may, however, be possible; and to unite the advantages of the two modes has doubtless been the aim of many. Even now we hear of some individuals, on whom the world might hopefully rely to become eminent even amongst the worthy, betaking themselves from the busy haunts of men to a more select and secluded life.

But will they succeed in wrestling against their increased natural needs, and their remaining civic wants, diminished as these may be? On trial, as on due consideration, it will be found that this is not a very promising course. By the time the hut is built, the rudest furniture constructed, the wood chopped, the fire burning, the bread grown and prepared, the whole time will be exhausted, and no interval remain for comfortably clothing the body, for expansion in art, or for recreation by the book or pen. This but faintly promises to be the mode, by which the simple and pure in heart shall escape the pressures and burdens, which prevent the full and happy development of the soul.

Of those who have sought a recluse life on a religious basis, it has been remarked that solitude is a state suitable only to the best or the worst. The average cast of humanity cannot be much benefitted by it. It is not a condition in which human beings can be brought into the world, and it is rarely a condition in which they should attempt to remain in it. The austerities pertaining to silence and solitude may improve the very bad; they may leave uninjured the very good; but such as are in the

process of improvement, an association of some kind seems more suitable, as it is evidently more natural. It is natural, not only in the sense of harmony with the humane affections, which out of social intimacy must painfully wither, but also it is natural to the interior or spirit life. The highest virtue can be promoted by friendship and fellowship. If even God himself may have a favorite disciple upon whose bosom he can recline; the spiritually minded surely cannot commit a very great error in adopting the aid of co-support, when they are so fortunate as to find it, or still more fortunate to be able to bestow it.

No mistake could be more evident than that of assuming that the child of nature lives an isolate life. On the contrary, he moves in a circle much more social than modern cities can boast. The tribe is a better type of the universal family than the city, where the inhabitants of the same street are frequently unknown to each other after dwelling many years side by side. Again, so little of the love-destroying notion of property enters into this free man's scheme, that the universal idea is not erased. He is not an isolated but a dispersive being. He lives not alone; he merely occupies a large space. He does not estimate his strength, his value, or his happiness by the density of the population, but rather by its rarity. In the spare civic statistics of forty persons to the square mile, he is oppressed by the crowd. He requires abundant supplies of vital air, and the atmosphere is corrupted for him long before the white man's neighborhood arrives at a comfortable point. The pure oxygen which the Creator provides is suitable to the red man, while the white is only happy in steam, or some other self-generated atmosphere. By union of numbers, by condensation into a phalanx, the white man conquers the red, whom singly he could never subdue. By a new and superior phalanx, constructed altogether on a different basis, it is probably destined that the present civilized institutions shall be superseded, and the new and superior nature in man receive a new and superior development.

This is in fact the point to which all our endeavors must converge. Poetic wanderings will not more rectify us than trading conversations. And on calm consideration, unswayed by those paradoxes which ingenious men have from time to time constructed concerning the beauti-

ful liberty of the sylvan life, and to which imaginations we have on this occasion perhaps too strongly tended, have we not to confess that one is as distant from true life as the other? They both lie on the same circumference. They are but segments of one circle, struck by the compasses of human selfishness at too great a distance from the true centre. There does not appear to have been any true inward progress by the change from the woods to the town; if indeed men ever were so changed, and it be not the fact that these two lives belong to two distinct races, each severally fitted by organization for its respective mode of life; which seems the truer hypothesis.

Conceding civilization to be some *improvement* in social arrangements, while we assert that it secures no vital *progress* to the soul, we have to conclude that it is our business and our duty to look in some other, some new direction. It is evidently not by a new circumferential disposition of humanity, that it will be brought into new vital relations. The outward conditions may be more or less favorable to the placing of each individual soul in a position to receive the higher influences, and to live the higher life; but such conditions are scarcely within the scope of any scientific predictions. They seem to be in all cases as immediately within the hands of the highest source of good, as the good itself of which the human soul is by such conditions brought to be the recipient. Or, if there be any conditioning required, it is not to be sought in persons, events, or things without and about man, so much as *in* himself. The critical event in the career of any human soul, which shall open it to the highest consciousness, and subject it to the highest, and tenderest, and loveliest graces can never be foretold. The uninitiate spectator can scarcely believe the importance of the occasion when it is affirmed. Actions of the most ordinary kind, but performed by some particular person; events of apparently the lightest character, yet administered by providence through some delicate human relationship, often suffice to produce that sacred effect, which results from the feeling that every door of human sympathy is closed against us. It is in this sad hour; it is in such sacred mood of mind; that the holy flame descends upon the altar of the human bosom; after which the outward conditions of life

in very deed become a matter of light importance. Thenceforward riches or poverty, cities or woods, association or isolation or dispersion, nay even health and sickness dwindle into films and shadows, scarcely noticeable by the regenerate soul.

To view all things as male and female is a favorite habit of many acute minds; and to such it may appear, that the forest and civilized lives are the male and female, from whose marriage an offspring shall result more conducive to human bliss. But it is difficult to conceive how corrupt parents shall have pure progeny, until their own corruption be annulled. They are rather to be estimated both as males. And, as in the olden history, the tiller of the ground is again destined to destroy the keeper of sheep, the hunter of deer.

C. L.

THE EMIGRANTS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FREILIGRATH. BY CHARLES T. BROOKS.

I CANNOT take my eyes away
 From you, ye busy, bustling band!
 Your little all to see you lay
 Each in the waiting seaman's hand.

Ye men that from your necks let down
 Your heavy baskets to the earth,
 Of bread from German corn baked brown
 By German wives on German hearth.

And you, with braided tresses neat,
 Black-Forest maidens, lithe and brown,
 How careful, on the stoop's green seat,
 You set your pails and pitchers down.

Ah, oft have home's cool shaded tanks
 These pails and pitchers filled for you;
 On far Missouri's silent banks
 Shall these the scenes of home renew:

The stone-rimmed fount in village-street,
Where oft ye stooped to chat and draw,
The hearth and each familiar seat,
The pictured tiles your childhood saw.

Soon, in the distant, wooded West,
Shall loghouse-walls therewith be graced;
Soon many a tired, tawny guest
Shall sweet refreshment from them taste.

From them shall drink the Cherokee,
Worn from the hot and dusty chase;
Nor more from German vintage ye
Shall bear them home in leaf-crowned grace.

Oh, say, why seek ye other lands?
The Neckar's vale hath wine and corn;
Full of dark firs the Schwarzwald stands;
In Spessart rings the Alpherd's horn.

Ah! in strange forests ye shall yearn
For the green mountains of your home!
To Deutschland's yellow wheatfields turn,
In spirit o'er her vinehills roam!

How will the forms of days grown pale
In golden dreams float softly by,
Like some wild legendary tale
Before fond memory's moistened eye.

The boatman calls; — Go hence in peace!
God bless you, man and wife and sire!
Bless all your fields with rich increase,
And crown each faithful heart's desire!

THE YOUTH OF THE POET AND THE PAINTER.

[Continued from p. 284 of last Number.]

LETTER XIV.

REBECCA ASHFORD TO EDWARD ASHFORD.

MY DEAR SON,

Now you have left college, let us think no more about it. I doubt not that you did right, if the place was so very disagreeable to you. I never, as you know, have meant to force you; and if you had not left so suddenly, without consulting me on the subject, it is very likely I should not have felt so much about it. It was the uncertainty connected with your movements that troubled me, and led me to write you, I dare say, letters that my sober moments might not sanction. However, let us say nothing more about college. I hope you will pursue your studies, especially the modern languages, — these are indispensable, as your father used to say, to a merchant or professional man. If you now return, and Fanny says every time a stage drives by, "There comes Neddy," you can easily carry out your studies by the aid of good masters here, even if you entered a store at once, as I trust you will. Though I had once supposed you might be a lawyer, I should still not object to your becoming a merchant, and in some conversation I had with Mr. Penny the other day, he said, he thought he could find you a place immediately. I should not expect, that if you entered the counting-room on your return, you would find it beneficial to devote your whole time to mercantile occupations, but only a part of each day; the remainder you could devote to exercise, on foot, or in the saddle. I have just purchased a saddle-horse, who has a very easy gait, and, as you remember, there are many fine drives about Doughnut. Your old room has been refitted, the coal-grate taken out, and a large, convenient wood fire-place made of it. I have put in a red carpet, and made a red sofa-spread; and put in some curtains of the same color; I think it will have a pleasant effect in winter. We have had a new book-case

made, and put in the place of the old one, with drawers for papers and curiosities, underneath the shelves. Your books preserve their old order. I feel confident we shall pass a pleasant winter. It is getting late now and cold, and it will be necessary for you to provide yourself with some thicker stockings perhaps; I send with this, a bundle also containing the rest of your flannel waiscoats. You must pay particular attention to guarding your throat when you are abroad, as you may bring on another attack of the bronchitis, which troubled you so much two winters ago. The season, so far, has been healthy with us, and your sister is in good condition. I shall be glad to know when you are coming, and always delighted to get a line from you, when you feel like writing. Fanny sends her best love.

Your affectionate mother,
REBECCA ASHFORD.

LETTER XV.

FRANCIS PENNY TO EDWARD ASHFORD.

MY DEAR SIR,

Doughnut.

In a conversation I had the pleasure to have with Mrs. Ashford, some days since, she mentioned accidentally, I think, the fact that you had left college, and were about to pursue some branch of occupation unconnected with the liberal professions. I therefore took the liberty of mentioning to Mrs. Ashford, that if your inclination tended to entering upon the duties of a merchant, I should be much gratified to exert myself personally in your behalf. I have made several inquiries, and discovered a situation in the Messrs. Swippins' Wholesale Grocery Concern. This, it occurs to me, would generally be considered an eligible situation.

It is within my power to speak the more confidently upon this subject, because I formerly carried on a business of this description myself. At first, a person who had not been used to business confinement, would perhaps find his time a little too much taken up with the affairs of the

Concern, but I think, from a little statement which I will make, of what would be required the first two years, you will not deem it too severe a privation, when it is considered how great gain will result from these two years. It is my opinion, that the benefits would more than outweigh the sacrifice, even if it was heavier.

You would, during the first year, be required to sweep the store before breakfast, make the fires, and at noon, secure an early meal, by which means you would be present while the clerks and partners were at their dinners, and in the evening remain till a little after dark, and close the store. During the morning, you would either be engaged in the clerk's room copying letters, or employed in the store-room, or at some vessel checking the cargo; yet this latter duty would subject you to no confinement, as, on the contrary, it is universally performed in the open air. Copying letters might frequently occupy you for six hours during the day, but as it would be the means of education, this brief time would pass agreeably.

Emanuel Swippins, Esq., the head of the firm, is the father of the Misses Swippins, friends I think of your family, and to my knowledge very affable, cheerful young people. By forming an acquaintance with Mr. Swippins, you would secure an introduction to the best mercantile houses in Doughnut. Mr. Swippins's principal partner is George Potlid, Esq., and the two other partners, Messrs Muffins and Tweezy; they are all of them cultivated, agreeable, fine-spirited persons, in whose society you would find great knowledge of business, and those true refinements which adorn and polish human existence. I have written without Mrs. Ashford's knowledge, for which pardon me.

Your most obliged servant,

FRANCIS PENNY.

LETTER XVI.

JAMES HOPE TO EDWARD ASHFORD.

Trifecut.

I have been glad to receive some verses from you, in your late letters. Continue sending them, for I discover a

new melody, and a completer finish in each new poem, and the last I receive seems always the best. I notice what you have said of Mathews Gray, in one of your letters, but I think you would like him more than you suspect, on a personal acquaintance. He has the power of attaching others, through the medium of his intellect, no less than his heart, and I believe he has never made a friendship by which his friend has not been benefited. I notice you have the general impression of his character; like others, you have set him down for a critic. But he only criticizes, to assist himself and others in getting a better knowledge of the person, — never, for the mere purpose of delivering an opinion. Gray takes more interest in all those he hears of, or meets with, than any one I know, and has a real pleasure in living in another, which his faculty enables him fully to sustain. No one can pass a few days in his society, without becoming impressed with the extent and variety of his learning, and the depth of his inquiries; he is with this, exempt from pedantry either in book-studies, or affection; he never presses himself into the service of another, but with childlike enthusiasm opens his heart and mind, when the sympathy is demanded.

I have at length concluded that I will go abroad, and pass a year or two, not that I have exhausted the wells of thought in my own country, but because I am in a condition to go, and must take the time as I find it. My health has not been as good as usual this autumn, and I am advised to spend the next winter on the continent of Europe. I shall regret leaving you, yet must trust to the imperfect medium of letters, to keep our knowledge of one another fresh, and will do my part in sending you whatever I find of any importance, as far as I can speak of it with any satisfaction to myself. In the mean time, if it would be agreeable to you, I will desire Gray to send a word occasionally from his retreat.

Foreign travel has become so much a matter of course with our American youth, that it seems now no more than spending a month at the Falls, or a winter at the South. I regard it however of more importance to the artist, than the general man of letters, if we learn whatever our own collections can teach, before we cross the ocean. There is a certain period, to which we each of us reach, when we

have satisfied our desires on one side, and ask for a new life, to give our thoughts a new direction, and I seem to have arrived there. I am now in need of better pictures, than I can see about me here, and after so much of this new country, I long to fly and compare it with the antique. I aim to raise my present standard of beauty by higher models, and to scrutinize myself in the mirrors of better artists. I feel that if my taste merits some regard for its delicacy, it aspires to scale the lofty summits of purer art; I am fearful of degenerating into a half-formed amateur, if I do not seek after the absolutely best productions which remain. My opportunities may have been as good as I could secure in America, but I know that Florence or Rome contains ten times more than I can find here, if I spent a lifetime in the search. How can I learn anything of Michael, Raphael, Titian, Claude, or any of the masters, in this country!

And yet I fear to go. Perhaps when I look upon the really sublime works, I shall turn away in despair, and resolve never again to aspire to be an artist. I have seen with wonder our second-rate artists flocking to Italy, and after copying a few pictures, return, still carrying out their petty imitations; I had thought they would have been shamed into silence, by communing with what was so far above them. I know their excuse, that they had a certain department in which they could labor, and could content themselves, if they did a little well, if they only limited themselves, and bound their endeavors within the circle of least diameter.

I feel it will be a crisis in my life, when I sit before those magnificent works, which have held the worship of the world captive for centuries; I shall enter the gallery with trembling limbs. Yet I long for the trial. It is what I have looked forward to so many years, that, of late, I think it has worn so much on my spirits as to impair my health. It might have been a happiness, if I could have rushed forward as the mass of painters, and, upon finishing some tiny bijou, considered myself the best of artists; yet, if a happiness, it is a low pleasure, and I feel it would be more noble to sacrifice every lesser work, and not to call myself anything before fully proving my powers. What a canker in the breast it is to aspire so continually, yet accomplish nothing;

and how many must have died of the unfulfilled desire to create. Yet, we are ready to accept the pangs of disappointment, sooner than the vacancy of those who never wish to become masters. I can conceive of no position so admirable, as that of the truly successful painter. His glory comes in his lifetime, and follows upon the production of his works. The first painter of an age stands among his fellows a monument so lofty, that the crown never darkens, but an eternal sun brightens the figure.

I shall not hurry from city to city, but pass half a year at Rome, and as much time at Florence. With me, travelling abroad never shines under the light of a pleasure excursion. There are minor reasons, why I am desirous to go; the change, the society, the civilization, will have their relative importance. It is in the main a stern trial of my right to be an artist, a period of study and starvation. I feel I must go alone, and work out the problem by myself; I must face the beauty alone, and seek no aid to enable me to gain a footing. It is my intention to copy, for some time, from the best pictures, and after I am thoroughly imbued with the best thoughts of others, try my own hand. I know this subjects me to the danger of becoming an imitator. I may adopt too much of the style which pleases me best, and when I paint my own picture, not recognise the copyist. It is necessary I should be strong enough to scrutinize my productions with the critic's eye, and however much others may differ from me, I can only satisfy myself, as a critic of my own works. I have vibrated so many years between being an artist, and no artist, that I must cast the die myself. Perhaps I have not taken the wisest path; it is that only which can satisfy me.

Ever yours,

HOPE.

LETTER XVII.

MATHEWS GRAY TO JAMES HOPE.

Eaton.

I have written of late on the character and pursuits of Edward. Your announcement that you are resolved to do

what you have long meditated, and to spend a year in Europe, leads me to you. I hear the decision, on some accounts, with regret, and especially as it is your purpose to tread alone the fertile fields of transatlantic civilization. You resemble Edward more than you think; and your solitary pilgrimage will not differ, essentially, from his retreat to Lovedale. It is what I might expect, from the difference in your characters, that you should seek the broad land of art, while he lies beneath the oaks of the forest. While I think Edward has chosen the right spot to make the foundation of his education for a poet, it is my duty to say that I would not have you leave America just yet. You feel as keenly sensitive to disappointment, as a painter, as he does as a poet; but he retreats to nature alone, leaving the verses of his brother rhymesters, while you will enter the hotbed of art, and not only warm, but, perchance, scorch yourself in the sun. As a painter, you are liable to more difficulties, in succeeding, than he contends with; and there is this difference in your positions, that Edward contends with himself, more than with others, while you owe your defeats to an unappeasable ambition, not to excel others, it is true, but to stand as high. Your character, as a man, is more formed than his, while your development as an artist remains much less certain. The total beauty of a picture strikes us with far greater force than the aggregate of a poem, and it occurs to me you are more alive to your deficiencies in your art than he is in his. Added to this, you will excuse me if I say I believe you have too exacting a view of what you are bound to effect as an artist, at present, and are unwilling to take the benefits you should of right claim as student. You demand an absolute perfection now, not indeed in whole works, but in tendencies whereby you may elect for yourself to be an artist. Neither will you allow us to give our opinion of your merit, but accept only your own; and yet, in the case of another, you are ready to admit that he cannot really judge how good are his works.

I no more doubt that you were born a painter, than that Edward was a poet; it grieves me to find how you adhere to your old notions, of going abroad and making a trial, to decide for life, in the choice of your pursuit. The pursuit was chosen for you by nature, before your

birth, like every other man's. I would have you believe my statement, for I am in 'the true position to see that your power, as an artist, cannot be justly questioned. Therefore resolve, having nearly completed the preliminary studies for the world in general, and which no one regrets mastering, to devote yourself exclusively to your own affairs. Take your palette and canvass, and station yourself among the fields and groves, and draw the spirit direct from the springs of life. This is what Claude did, what Salvator did, what every artist will do, if circumstances allow. Yours do allow it. You are mortgaged to no other pursuit, your worldly means are ample, your health, I doubt not, improvable, the moment you settle this question with yourself. Fancy yourself a merchant, sitting at your desk dealing in bills of exchange, and ciphering up learned accounts from an elegant red lined check-book; fancy yourself circling in the old round of gain and opinion, with dry and dusty money-venders; you, who have given ten years' of life, each moment a diamond, to prepare for the artist's studio; think how tedious, after the first novelty had wore off; think of those long years of repetition, in the same round; *feel*, what the retrospect of ten years spent in such an arena would produce, what anguish, what horror, what spasms of remorse; a life without creation, an existence without action. Then, I say, take your palette and pencil, and retreat to the woods, and there paint ten years for yourself, forgetting these ever lived another painter. With what joy you would trace a flexile landscape on your glowing canvass; how would your eyes live in the rich greens of the foliage, the golden dyes of the clouds, and the soft, hazy tints of the aerial distance; some shepherd driving home his flock in this peaceful sunset, would be the poetical figure of your repose. Neither would the heavy, beating storm coming wild and ominous across the blue floor of the sea, smile upon you the less; between the points of the two islands yonder, the waves would leap along the horizon's line, a herd of wild animals, while these stately rocks in your foreground, with one pine keenly verdant hanging over them, stand like simple wisdom; between your distance and your feet, the shadows would shift and play, as every wind sent a cloud over, and the surface of the sea spring

into life under the magnetic burden, and a shower of diamonds flit and glisten like fire-flies on the mirror. What a new day every morning handed you, to enbalm it in magic colors, and the cottage hearth would scatter its ruby finish on the undried sketches, and make you taste the sweets of your glazing to-morrow. After ten such years, you would enter Italy, and not doff your hat to Claude or Poussin.

M. G.

LETTER XVIII.

EDWARD ASHFORD TO JAMES HOPE.

Lovedale.

It will grieve me not to see you before you leave for Europe; and yet I fear, I could be of little service to you, if you remained in America. I feel my barrenness of thought and feeling more sensibly every day. I am convinced more than ever, these are my trial years, when I must go forth alone into the wilderness, and see if I have any strength. Yet I am sure of some things, and have nearly swept some corners of my heart, and trimmed the lamps in my cave. At last, they have consented to leave me in peace; I am to be no more troubled by my Uncle Richard, and even my mother has said, she will never more mention college. I will send you some further leaves of my journal, as a parting gift.

E.

Come to me, cold wind of the late autumn, and rest thy vexed spirit in my breast; I am cold as thou, yet love the sun, and the deep warmth of rosy summer. I am not like thee, for I cannot wander over mountain, and moor, nor rattle the cottage-blinds, nor sing merrily in the locks of the dry grass; I am still and motionless. O give me thy hurrying pinions, and we will sweep like the grey gulls over the blue sea, and rock the little vessels, as they ride at anchor near the coves of the shore, as we fly from country to country. Then perhaps we shall come to some little island, where the roses bloom, and the sward is soft,

and the clouds golden, and there we will sink into a sleep so quiet, that life can never more awake us.

MORNING.

Merrily on, merrily on,
 Singing a song to the golden light,
 We wander the arms of the air upon,
 And mock the dull earth in our hurrying flight;
 Over the hill where rises the moon,
 Over the brook as it lispeth a tune,
 Over the cottage with ivy around,
 Where the flowers spring soft from the warm deep ground;
 Under the shower of the sunny day,
 Under the twilight's banners grey,
 Through star and through cloud,
 Through rain and through snow,
 Through desert and crowd,
 Through gladness and woe,
 We pass with the dance of the lightning's beam,
 We vanish like figures in memory's dream;

To-day perhaps was the last warm day of autumn, and the sky was clear as a note of music. I lay upon a spot of emerald grass, under the polished screen of oak-leaves, which the frost has left to glisten over the dark mirror of the stream. A sunny golden-rod moved stately in the whisper of a little wind, and the violet aster, starry and complete, softly swung in the southern breath. In this little cottage, built by the trees and flowers; I summoned a creature with dark hair and gentle smiles, willing to abide through all the long years of time. All through the spring and summer we should need no fire, except the sun, and in autumn and winter, we could shelter ourselves in a wigwam. Those long winter evenings, I felt I should write many poems, and sing them to the maiden. The snows around could not chill the hospitable flame that burnt within, for it would be lit on the altar of affection. No fear, no fatigue should enter this little dwelling, which these sweet thoughts built, on the edge of the river. The maiden with her pencil, would write the music of my verse into graceful figures. Life would pass so sweet and tranquil, never intruded upon by a passion or a care, and all

we coveted should be time, and even then be satisfied to leave this pleasant fireside, when the soft voice of death called us away together.

I have seen many such pictures, yet how impossible to believe I shall realize one of them. They are truly pictures. If I were only a painter, and could give them color and form, how happy a child I should be. Those maiden's deep eyes; if I could only paint them, her clear forehead and sweet trembling mouth. I see her sitting in my skiff, gazing vacantly into the sky, wrapped in a shawl filled with bright colors, her long hair streaming like moss about her temples and cheeks, how much repose in her calm face, and as I look at her, she catches my eye fixed on her trance, and smiles like the taste of sweet wine. That wandering, dreamy, moonlit smile, that chases the shadow from her countenance, like the afternoon sunlight of a partly clouded day, how much better, than full broad laughter. She sits now on a little point yonder, where the wind blows, and still the fringes of the bright drapery circle about her brows, though she looks to me chill and shivering. The flowers and the grass wave above, as she bends and rests her head upon the rock, while far across the river crosses the sunlight. Yet in the cool breeze she again looks up, and her crescent mouth curls in a strange sunny mirth, which makes the place warm. For this maiden of my dreams renders the landscape warm, whether the day is cold or not; she has such deep joy in her heart. Sometimes we wander over the sandbank, and sit on a fair hill, where birches and oaks wave their branches, and a little brook runs tinkling in silver murmurs at our feet, and echoes the softly sighing wind. There we read the poems of the masters of song, or hear the bees sing their late busy songs. The light is bright and free and cheering, and all the sight swims in an elastic sea of pleasure. We wend our way back to our cottage at nightfall; it is to sit by the hearth, and hear the legends written by forgetfulness on the brain of an old witch who lives near, and has come down to warm her skinny hands at the fire, — a harmless witch in a white cap and a faded gown. I see the long lashes of the maiden's eyes, and there is a little

child, who has come to sit by the fire for a few moments, the grandchild of the old witch. The fragrant fern curls in the flame, and sends its thick smoke high into the air. Doubtless the people will think there are gipsies in the wood.

To-day there comes one of those dull rains, which makes me press my hands upon my heart, and say I am a-weary. I dart swiftly through the forest, but my limbs are cold; the air is chill, laden with mist, through which I can see nothing distinct, and I fall over the old decayed branches lying around, and the prickly chesnut burrs stain my hands with blood. Everything seems dreamlike, but it is the dream of despair, not of hope. I feel when I go back, I shall wish to write some verses, try them, and fail. Why shall I try, why shall I fail? Is it not like my life always, — always a trial and a failure. And to be disappointed in such radiant forms, when they have ever worn the same character with myself outwardly, and to find them indeed only flesh and blood. It is reason I should wander alone for many years. I look into the windows of the little cottages, where people stand around bright fires, even more earnestly to-day, than I did on that other shivering day; for when the rain patters fast and glitters in long drops on my hair, when my hands and feet ache with cold, and I seem to have lived centuries in a sudden hour, ah! I long to sit by you, cheerful fire, and smile with you who smile there. I cannot come yet, perhaps I shall sometime. I have too many of these grey waves rolling over the bed of my existence, and dashing their blinding spray over the tall bare rocks which hem it in. I wish the wind would cease blowing for an hour, and leave me to the silence of utter repose, even if I have no fire on the hearth; I wish the waters of this deep lake could be drawn up by the sun, and then fall back in tears, or dry forever, and let me see the shells and weeds at the bottom, for more than mother of pearl may be there. Life is like a room, surrounded with mirrors, in each of which I am reflected back, alas! always in my own figure; many persons obscure their images by throwing dust around, but I think it is better we should be reflected in fair proportions. I

walked far to-day in the forest, solitary in heart, and heard the yellow leaves sing death-songs, and sink heavy with the weeping day on the moist ground. How many years swept through me in that walk; and I found a poor dove bleeding, with broken wing, where I should have thought no sportsman would have ventured, until I remembered that no glen is sacred from the tread of the murderer. I took the wounded sailor of the air home, and warmed it, and its wound was healed. The broken wing, as I thought, was not so badly hurt; it could fly. It looked up at me inquiringly, after I fed it, and then flew through the window that I had opened. I saw to-day the sun hid far behind the mist. Why should he struggle so pale, when he shines so like a king on other days; yet it is frolic to him, for he has no care to take, but has his course set. Nature says sometimes to me, I will set your course, if you will let me. O! I am too proud and careless of my course, I reply, and of everything's course; I must first respect and feel for others, then I can safely tread my own way. Yet I generally feel as if others had little to expect from me, they are all so much happier than I am. I seem as happy to them, perhaps, as they to me; I am a hollow trunk, with some ivy trailing over it, but full of worms, yet I look green and fresh. They tell me they are happy. They smile as I do, but I look in my sister's eyes, and see such a still, deep grief lying there, so sweet and mild, yet the crystal which the years of concealed sorrow has formed. Because it is so sweet and mild, they call her a happy woman; the world seems always to mistake this dress they wear, for themselves. I suppose the ruder people take a coarse kind of enjoyment in existence, which would be so far less preferable to me, than the wild pangs of Hell! The contented seem like cows and oxen, chewing grass, though they believe it is fine abrosia; they drain the muddy water of the morass, and call it nectar.

The frost last night pinched the vines, and the maples have thrown their scarlet cloaks about them. They sparkle in such joyful colors, because they are to sleep long weeks, and wake in a new dress. The dust had formed its webs on them, and the insects pierced their thin folds. Now, they can be tossed off, as the snake sheds its skin. I wish

I could have my autumn come now, with them ; I should be content to sleep as many thousand centuries as they do seconds, and wake in a fresh robe. I must stand still to see them change, but remain as I am. Our season is so long, so many years. We live it all in a moment, and the rest is dreary expectation. I hardly know whether to quit my sweet Lovedale, and pass my winter in the city, to be teased by the dull people, or not. I am nearly resolved to go, for I feel anxious to be with mother, if I can do anything besides weary her. There are some books to read, and some pictures to see. I can do some work, like the earth, under the snows of winter, when she prepares for the spring ; at least I think I can, although I may fall into one of those terrible anguishes, as I did last year, when my head burnt as if it was on fire, and my eyes refused to read, and every sound in the street hammered upon my ear as it would burst it in. I sometimes fear, in the fury of that bitter wind, I may lose all knowledge of myself suddenly, and never again recall the earth, or be led to end the struggle by some glittering point.

LETTER XIX.

JAMES HOPE TO EDWARD ASHFORD.

I address you, dear friend, on the eve of my departure, to thank you for the many beautiful additions you have made to my life, within the last few months, and to regret my absorption in other thoughts, which has scarcely allowed me to turn to you. But my heart, like the star of the north, never changes its place, and I trust may guide your every sorrow there. I have never offered you consolation ; that stuff was made for other moulded men. I have offered you only myself, with what I have of life or experience. I feel our unlikeness, and had we not been forced apart, but have dwelt together, I think we should have been more aid to each other. But do not regard this early separation as any place where two roads part ; our path runs in the same direction, even if we travel by different conveyances. I am glad to be gone, for myself, but lament for you ; I know not how I shall bear the long absence, but

I trust you will write me often all you know and do. I rejoice to hear you will spend the winter at home. In meeting Gray, which I contemplate as certain, you will, I trust, find satisfaction. So noble, so deep, so hearty a man cannot fail to be set in your life as a rare jewel, which, if you do not wear, you can gaze upon with abundant delight.

I leave my books and pictures at your disposal. I cannot say much for my present collection of pictures. In my large portfolio you will find the sketches I made in our journey, that you mention in one of your letters, and my later drawings.

Ever your friend,

HOPE.

LETTER XX.

EDWARD ASHFORD TO JAMES HOPE.

The City.

I have now been a month in the city. Your absence is a loss which I find difficult to bear. I walk alone through the crowded streets, while life flits around me, colder than the winter's snows. The men that pass, they are the shadows only of my memory. It seems as if last autumn I had strayed for a time in heaven, for that sweet river was an Elysium, compared with this noisy monotony. What clay-cold figures, tragic always, but never sunny, formed in leaden moulds, the counterpart of each other. I dream no dreams here, but sit in patience, longing for spring's green robe to wrap around me. Will it come, will the gay foliage burst on the bare branches of my existence, with flowers at my feet, starring the emerald floor. I seek something picturesque, when the winds drive the eddying snow about the roofs of the houses, but all is too hard, and my imagination sinks under the definite outlines. So do the persons I meet in society impress me, — statues, without one soft and graceful line to delight. Yet I think I shall find presently, among these polished persons, some vision of my inward heart, to render its lonely throbs into

reality. I pray to them to come and let me judge them ; they approach, — the one is not here.

My letters I fear, from the city, will be less to you than those I sent from Lovedale ; yet *they* contained the least part of what I would have said. Is it not so always with letters, and do they not mock you, as they do me ? My journal I keep, but almost fear to send any part, it is so trifling and shallow. Yet I know how deeply you value the city, and the life here, and will like to know what I do under these heaps of snow. I look forward eagerly for the letters you will send, laden with sweets from every region of art, and sometimes wish, for my own sake, though not for yours, I were wandering with you. I am too dull and cold to wander over the world with any companion.

EDWARD ASHFORD.

LETTER XXI.

JAMES HOPE TO EDWARD ASHFORD.

Florence.

The common places of travel I shall leave to the guide-books, and write of what is nearest my own heart, my progress as a painter. I saw good pictures in London, and more at the Louvre in Paris, but still hastened on, for my goal lay afar in the field of sunny Italy. I have been in Florence a week, yet seen the labors of centuries, and Italy is to me the bright land of art I fancied. But I have not taken the brush in my hand ; I enter the galleries, silent, afraid to express my admiration, how much more to copy. I am too weak to imitate such master pieces ; they confound me by their excellence, as if they who produced them were the inhabitants of another world, spirits from above, descended to elevate us who toil on these low plains. I wish Gray would send a strong, manly epistle, and wake me out of this trance, into which I expected to fall ; I would, you felt like writing, but I know, dear friend, how sorely life weighs upon you at home. I think, each time the post comes, to open a letter from the other side of the water, which may push me into action ; the

packet arrives, it contains some excellent letters from my mother about body and clothes, a few plain words of common sense from my father as to expenses on the road, and a page of nonsense from that arch coquette, my sister, who every season breaks a new score of hearts. How much letters become, when we really are separated from those who write them; they each contain a fate.

Your only letter I received at Paris; it was so short and hurried, that I still think I must have missed part, or the packet with which it came, may have been opened, and the sheet containing extracts from your journal, perhaps a poem, abstracted. It merely informed me you were in the city, but gave no notion of what you do, what people you see, or how you pass your time in the cold breezes. I pray that I may not lose sight of your motions, and that my next packet will contain an abundance of good news. Write fully if you have discovered anything in literature or art this winter, for I am in great need of discoveries; I want the spectacle of another's courage to set me forward on my journey.

My present experiences shed a brighter light on the past than I had expected, and what seemed to me of little value, when it was acted, by my new knowledge has become inestimable. I find that all the masters had their practical days of failure, when performance seemed impossibility, and life was hung with dark clouds. I gaze on the first, stiff sketches of painters, whose fame has since stretched the length of continents; art, too, saluted them in the same unconcerned manner that it does me to-day. I cling to their failures, and feel cheered; I admire their steady progress, and hope for myself; I almost laugh at what I deemed defeat, yet have not thus far dared to take the next step. Very true is it, that they failed in the beginning, but, when they were fairly on the road, they strode forward with the magnificent steps of conquerors, in the proud assurance of victory. They were willing to pine and cower for a day, while the long years were reserved for noble achievements; they sat patient through their school-days, and then rushed like Arabian coursers over the wide, bleak sands of existence, strewing grace over the flowerless road, as unconscious as the ever radiant Aurora. The banner no more trailed in the low dust of rivalry and

disappointment, but each true master shook his glittering spear aloft, or planted it in its lofty might, over the bodies of a host of slain.

The lives of the great masters used to interest us greatly many years ago, and I cannot add anything of interest to your present acquaintance with them; the facts can be had everywhere. I observe in all their histories the same struggle with themselves, and with their circumstances. Genius has never exempted any of his sons from the common trials of humanity, and has generally added some heavier sorrow to counterbalance the possession of the creative power. We read their struggles, as if they came of right to them; we are not willing to condole with them, for have they not that which renders life illustrious? They carve the monuments which outlast the fame of them for whom they were erected.

If these great works illustrate my past life, how much more do they serve as prophets of my future. They almost say, leave off, presumptuous stranger, for how can you pretend to a seat among princes. At the same time, they lead me on, when they declare they were the productions of men like myself, fallible and prone to ill success. These things have been accomplished by the energies of my race, and shall I, a son of the same Jove, not dare to mount as high, and scale the clouds with them. I shall dare, shall I not? I shall succeed, *must* I not?

O Italy, thou land of light and love, glowing in the sun's warm rays, will thy blue skies hang over me, like a funeral pall, or shall thy sweet winds joyfully sing my triumph! Descend upon me, beautiful spirit that hauntest these green pines, and windest through the golden chestnuts, descend and tip my pencil with thy sacred fire. Burn in the veins of a wanderer from a northern land, abounding in frost and snow, and melt the ice which years of disappointed hope have centred in him. And ye, masters, whose glory has become the splendid inheritance of an else poverty-stricken land, be merciful to a pilgrim to your rosy shrines.

Send me too your prayer, my Edward.

Farewell.

HOPK.

LETTER XXII.

EDWARD ASHFORD TO JAMES HOPE.

MY DEAR HOPE,

Crayton.

I breathe more free ; I have left the city, and am in the mountains. The other part of my life I spent on the plain, except our walks in the summer vacations. I am among the mountains, and feel almost as I once thought I should. I needed new forms ; I looked upward, there were those vast clouds glowing in the red of morning, or the sapphire of sunset, but they fled, fled away, and I could not detain them. But the mountains remain. I see the sun linger, then fade calmly behind them ; they fold the valleys in shadow, they veil the placid bosom of the deep lakes ; I seek my room satisfied, for the morning will present them to my view, new, and yet old, and permanent. Is it not fine, this permanence, a strong reality, not in indefinable distance, but at our side. They enfold the landscape, a band of guardian friends, firm, self-sufficing, stern, yet affectionate. I have put a verse or two about them in my note book.

Stand, thus forever stand, severest heights,
 With the green veils clothing your simple forms,
 How are ye permanent alone, while we,
 Who soar above you, like the clouds flit by,
 And have no firm horizon, no fixed stars.
 Me penetrate with your unvexed repose,
 For I would build, as ye do, not on sand,
 But from the central heat, whence all things spring.
 I come among you as a traveller,
 And am received within your sheltering arms,
 Nor do ye vanish as the morning mists,
 But stand and soar sublime in majesty.
 I drink from the clear springs that in you rise,
 Upon your tops I see the landscape grow,
 Shall I be lofty, and breathe the upper air.

My lines will be cold on warm Italia's plains. I find some pleasant persons, for the people borrow the color of the hills. They are robust and sweet-hearted, and I think sometimes here could I pass my life.

Ever thine,

EDWARD.

LETTER XXIII.

JAMES HOPE TO EDWARD ASHFORD.

Yes! I am in Italy. From every roof that shines in the sunbeams, from every shepherd's figure that rises in the distance, I feel, I rejoice, I am in an old, a mellow, an artistic land. It is a land that has been subdued, peopled, illustrated, by the genius of man. Its language flows in copious majesty. I see free and graceful gestures, dark and passionate eyes. I am in a land where man has learned to live, for here he has learned to love. Never before did I know what it is for a country to have a Past. And you, my dear Ashford, why were you born, with your rich and flexible heart, in a cold, unformed nation, where the first rudiments of art and letters painfully taught, only set off the stern figures in stronger relief. Come to me, by this bay of Naples, O come to Rome, and see the sunset, where the luxury of man's creative genius has built monuments for the warm light to illustrate.

I think that all painting, all art, must be put aside, for antiquity is the land of wonder, and all things modern diminish into distance. Do not think I have become the prey of irresolute moods, for I pursue with firm purpose a certain study, and, as a beginner, dare not name the art in which I am taking lessons. For why should I name it so early? I will rather speak of the monuments of genius, than of my uncertain beginning. But I cannot detach and criticise by the piece; all this is done in every guide-book and new volume of travels. I will rather speak of art, of life, of myself, of what I see, of where I go. And you, — will imagine the rest.

Ever yours,

HOPE.

LETTER XXIV.

EDWARD ASHFORD TO JAMES HOPE.

I cannot come; I am fastened to the mountains. It is life for me here; it would be death to go. The burning

hope of years finds here a spirit to fan it into stronger flame. She is beautiful, — yes, — it is a woman. As I gaze, I ask, does not such beauty stand to mock all other facts, for how wan, how shrivelled, are the people at her side. A woman, why, Hope, when I think of it, I had nearly sold myself to the evil one, by suspecting existence was such a meagre affair, that could afford me nothing to admire. An ocean of life seems hemmed in within the little band that girds her luxuriant waist. So free, spirited, so wild, and so harmonious, a creature who never had a care, a heavy thought, a weary hour, who was born to expand like a rosebud, to feel only the sunbeams, to clasp only the purest breeze. Where she stands, the place rises into luxury; at the old gate of her home, she glows like a rosy statue. It is natural to her to be innocent, to be happy. I have forgotten that I was alive, as I used to be. I look as I walk through the woods, and she meets me; in the clouds I see her soft smile; her deep, suffused eye penetrates the evening grey; and my last thought, is the joy that one so beautiful, so innocent, can live. I shall not weary you with writing how black and glossy is her hair, how smooth her cheek, how ample her queen-like stature. If I admire her for any thing, it is for being good, something I hated in others. This is because goodness is the element of her being, not factitious, and worn as a covering.

O, my dear Hope, I am so happy in this provision which life has made to ease me of the dull burden, not of care, but of self-interest, that I feared was fastened on my shoulder. Before, it seemed so dreamlike and uncertain. It was this shadow of self, which lowered on my endeavors.

EDWARD.

LETTER XXV.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Crayton.

I am glad I have a friend; I rejoice that I can pour the sparkling waters of delight freely forth for another to taste. Do not expect from me the philosophy of love,

and rest content in knowing that my heart is no longer a void. This will give you satisfaction, for I know the happiness of your friend is more to you than your own. I ask, when I meet this lovely person, if I mistake not in claiming so much for her, so much beauty, and sweetness, and greatness. Are these lover's errors, does my imagination sport with my understanding, and do I no longer perceive, and compare accurately? Even if a self-deceiver, should I not rest content in such deceit.

It is this I have longed for so many years, to have before me a beauty that excels the brilliant colors of imagination, and adds a secret force to my apprehension. She, — Frances, is the only daughter of a worthy lawyer in the mountain village, and her power of adorning a sheltered home is moulded into perfect security. I will not say I made rapidly her acquaintance, but I feel that a mysterious sympathy has drawn us together, has united us, from the first. I am now familiar with the lesser traits of her singular beauty, her excellent feeling for the gayer aspects of life, her generous vivacity, her deep modesty, and that love of existence which feeds upon the every-day without becoming gross.

In meeting with this person, I naturally perceive that this is a crisis in my hitherto silent organization. Because the supply of a wish, indulged in with but little hope of satisfaction, shows me I must not delay, but open at once this blissful gate leading out of darkness. I must rush forward, not stand knocking long at this first entrance into day. Presumptuous youth! yes, it is for me to be presumptuous; if born in the north, I am in pulse the native of the south. The blood circulates with electric speed through my veins. If nature has hitherto stood so cold, and vast, a firm monitor, an unapproachable beauty, masked, yet desired, may I not resolve to accept the first flower that blooms for me to cherish. I read in her eloquent eye the steadfast faith that serenely rests in my heart, and know it is impossible that she is not wholly mine. I cannot explain to you how surprising an influence this event must exert on all my plans, and how I have considered, and seen it to be possible to adopt the system, the views of my race. Before, I did not know that truly I was a man, nor was I indissolubly

connected with the dream of youth. I have been a solitary, a vague, if an independent person; I have shadowed out great designs impossible to fulfil; I have been stimulated by motives which had their origin in poverty, and the frozen centre of self. How has the ring of necessity been sown with flowers, fragrant and blooming. The voyage of existence shall not end in uncertainty without touching at fortunate isles.

I am strong; I am encouraged. Too long I followed a solitary path, leading anywhere rather than to consistent happiness. I now perceive the relation of many sayings of friends and advisers, to reality, that I vainly imagined before were unconnected with truth. I am not afraid, in opening the deepest chambers of my being, that you cannot comprehend what I mean, even if my expressions need perfecting. I see her pass in the street, from the window. That glance on the ground, that open brow, that proud and elegant figure. I must go, I must join her.

Farewell, dear friend.

EDWARD.

LETTER XXVII.

JAMES HOPE TO MATHEWS GRAY.

MY DEAR GRAY,

I should have addressed you many times, had I been able to unfold the result of impressions, that much conversation with art must have stamped in my mind. Many months of study must elapse before I see clearly, and in the mean time, I would offer a comment upon your letter, which advised me to remain at home, and draw from the unfailing springs of nature. In this advice, if I may call the devotion of your heart and mind to my welfare, by such a common place term, I see the tendency that you possess, to base every pursuit upon nature. It may be true, that situated as the artist is in America, the child of a new period, emphatically so, in the history of the present age, he should apply himself to the development of a new side of art, and this view of the matter will apply to poetry. The

American poet must not direct his verse by any model, if he would seek to be the prophet of his age, but must create his public, his style, his success. England or Italy cannot furnish him with material.

If I allow the possibility of the original, to the poet, why not equally to the painter. Is not painting a kindred art, and does it not maintain itself by the power of the painter, free from trammel, independent and self-sustained. I confess, I cannot see how the comparison holds good between the poet and the painter, when we carry it to this length. I think painting more the property of art, than poetry. Painting, in many respects, ranks with the best prose, and when it rises into the region of poetry, never loses its connection with earth. It is not so nearly related to what we call the infinite, or what we better speak of as the un-named; poetry is the religion, painting is the religion carried out in fact, of art, and both are equally important, and intrinsically beautiful.

The great composer almost stands alone, for what do the mass of his auditors bear away, except a vague, if pleasing recollection; they know nothing intimately; they do not possess even a part of his design, as a property. Music seems to me a very exclusive art, and painting enjoys a more open and finished existence. I cannot help feeling, how happy is the choice of the painter. He is not allowed to fail; he must be admirable, or nothing. Mediocre verses, by dint of good print, fair paper, and ingenious reviewing, may attract considerable praise, but the expensive frame only leads us to condemn the picture more, if it be not good.

I am led to these remarks by the sight of celebrated pictures, and feel the immense superiority of the great artist to his host of unknown imitators. No artist attracts me more than Claude. In his works you will not find sublimity, daring, not even splendor. But how has he enchanted nature, by the magical violet of his skies, his soft and warm greens, his skill evermore combining, evermore repeating, if you will, in such attractive reproduction. It is like the face of the old world, as we call it; the morning never rises with the same cloud, and the faintest dawn has a certain force, unlike all others. This

architecture of Claude's, is the best pictorial architecture. Pure, but not coldly unimpassioned, classical without stiffness, romantic without rudeness, the Corinthian of landscape. His festivals, his shepherdess, driving a few goats, the only figure of a simple twilight-scene, where the few lines of the landscape are edged with a few soft outlines of foliage, these sunsets over the waters gilding these easy yet possibly active ships, seem as if any day one could copy at least, so plain a style, so quiet a manner, yet who has ever copied Claude. And how does art bud and bloom in our dear land, so dear to the wanderer; when I see the stars and stripes, since I left you, my heart beats as if they were the face of a friend.

Ever yours,

HOPE.

LETTER XXVII.

MATHEWS GRAY TO JAMES HOPE.

MY DEAR HOPE,

I shall not resign the idea, that it is the best time now, to lay the broad foundation for a school of American art. The dawn of this republic, whose career promises to be as long, as it is already brilliant, should excite new emotions in the breasts of the artists. Sacred is imitation, sacred are the lines written by men, but let us love the day that is, and believe in an ever-present creative spirit, I shall be told that our history is too recent for song, its figures too active for outline, but surely should our wildness be embalmed before it has evaporated. I walk through the forest, or glide upon the river; I enjoy the day, where neither Greece nor Rome passed theirs; let us picture for the next age, what actually is, and not leave the Niebuhrs of that day, to dispute about our history. We are not too busy, we are not too idle, to devote a few years of time, to sanctify the early annals of a nation, of a people.

You will all present your graduating tickets, received from the elder schools of art, and maintain that by following near to nature, and attempting to set forth facts just at hand, we must end in nothing. It might not be

well to call them historical pictures, the broad wilderness, the Indian council-fire, the combats between the old and the new, between the regular and the militia, liberty and independence, the craving for novelty, and the like, but did not Raphael portray with matchless fidelity the faith and fancy of his day, and was Hogarth less true to his. Art must come, you will say, in good time, and woe to him, who endeavors to drag it forth at the unpropitious moment; I think what is called "Art," has only a factitious existence. I sometimes fancy I have the true American spirit. There are patriots, not a few, those who expound the laws abound, and we possess social philosophers by the million. I am a lover of my country, in itself; I desire to see the grand moments, of so aspiring a youth, fitly sung, fitly pictured. The old, the time-worn, the past, not too closely, O learned student, cram us so young with these.

Let England, let the world, say what bad things it will of America, let Americans vilify the national tastes, I see no country, where merit sooner finds its true reward. We do not neglect poets, painters, scholars; we are proud to excess, if so be any man has a gift from God, whereby he can well discern this beauty that is in the world. No people will so little suffer that any of their reputation shall be lost. It is an old and a tough story, that we are a nation only allied to money-making. Some poet does not receive his expected patronage, for writing some useless sonnets, and therefore writes some more, to abuse his customers for their neglect.

The Americans seem cold to art; it is their trick, and I love them for it. In appearance, they defer to matter; in truth, they do esteem beauty and virtue. They have not time, to say that they would say, about a thousand matters, which presently we shall hear of. The wood must be felled, cabins built, corn planted, crops garnered, and then perhaps a few words about life, and its completion. And how does it all concern you? I must have you feel like an American, among the ruins of those empires, and see American forms, and model American architectures. For after all my dear Hope, it is at home, that you must build the palace of your good fame, and in your native granite. From foreign lands come many

things, which adorn and sweeten existence, but only from the soil of our country, spring the fair trees under whose wide boughs, the people are sheltered. Excuse me for writing of this so much to-day, but so often am I called to speak of anything rather than of patriotism, that I must unbesom. Write often to your friend,

M. G.

LETTER XXVIII.

EDWARD ASHFORD TO JAMES HOPE.

Like the soft steps of a girl, graceful and tender, so melteth the spring into the summer, and the blossoms on every tree deck gaily the landscape, and make the old woods to rejoice in their newborn caresses. It was a pleasant thing for me, that I came to see you wedded, seasons of buds and flowers, while, far on their frosty chariots, the dark, sere elders of your race sternly career. Ye have smiled, blessed days, ye have smiled tenderly, for I needed your genial caresses. Ye have said to the child of the south, — O child, among the mountains we will plant your path with roses, with violets, and the sweet offerings of the many-colored forest; thy days were full of tears, many and sad, but the sun has risen, and the world is fair.

I have looked in those dark eyes, not to be disappointed. Ah! well did my Frances know, that my heart would have been rent asunder, as the atom of frost rends the iron, if but a cold word had fallen in the early summer of my love. This is a fearful world, says the moralist, but love casteth out fear. My dear Hope, forget those years of suffering, in which you suffered with me, for in some constitutions winter precedes spring.

Even now I feel I needed one thing more to complete my happiness, for at my marriage you were not there. My mother came, and my sister, and my uncle, all looking as bright as possible, and mightily contented, and I quite took to the good people. We were married in Crayton, where I am living. Is it not remarkable, I am actually "keeping house," as they call it. It is a kind of cottage, with low, sloping roof, deep piazza, far from the

road, and an avenue of elms leads to it. Around, you see ample fields, and a garden in the rear. I grasp the shovel, and imagine myself throwing up the earth. Over the cottage a mighty elm expands its green pavilion, and there the orioles build; sometimes I see their fiery breasts glowing through the leaves. I have called my cottage by your name. I know it sounds a little English perhaps, — "Hope Cottage"; but where I live, is it not also where you do. I think you will like this nest. It is an imbowered place, rural enough, yet by no means rustic, tasteful, yet not sub-urban. It is true, that the inside of my little dwelling pleases me most. From the parlor where I now sit, with Frances by my side, I see the lofty range of mountains that encircles the valley, the lakes, the distant river, and many a roof of the husbandmen light in the beams of the sun; I see the calm, beautiful face of day.

It is like him, you will say, not a word of his wife. My wife! should we not make a very low bow to the judiciary for permitting us to have wives. And yet one hears of divorces. It is beautifully quiet here, far off the road, and Frances sings in the evenings, when no other sound can be heard. I am sure you will like her singing, free and sweet, like herself. Are you not coming back to pass a day at my house? "Bravo, Mr. Landlord."

Your friend,

EDWARD.

THE TWIN LOVES.

FROM out the sphere where ages I had moved
With silent joy among the stars divine,
With sudden bound I started, for I loved
No longer their dim, silent, silvery shine.
Burning within me was a grief more dear
Than all the pleasures of that starry sphere,
That sprang from earth, yet ever looked toward heaven.
And that I loved more dearly, that I knew
That all its fire and its course uneven
Were born from other worlds, away from view,
Where dæmons wail, and yet where love is true.

Truer and fiercer than the quiet light
That shines eternal in our heavenly dome;
And if it spring from earth and care, and blight
With its dark fire the sweetness of its home,
Points yet toward highest heaven, whither nought else can
come.

Forth sprang I from my cloudy seat above,
And towards the earth I bent my winged way;
And as I passed did from my brow remove
The diadem of time, that ages gray
Spent in that spheral life upon my head did lay.

Then from me passed remembrance and its grief,
From me went all the lore that I had learned,
So far away, that a faint dim belief
Of what had been before within me burned,
But vague and shadowy; all my strength was turned,
To weakness, and I wept; — as who would not,
Cast on this world's cold shore, before him such sad lot.

Then when I raised my eyes, behold there sate
 Two shadowy forms beside me. They did seem
 Brothers in age and beauty, if their state
 Were not beyond all age. 'T was not a dream,
 For these twin forms still on my pathway gleam,
 Still light the dark sad path that I must go,
 Still dry the tears that thou alone mayest know.

Like, yet dissimilar, their figures were ; —
 One like the *Grecian Eros* gazed on me
 So statue-like, so earnest, so severe ;
 And his deep eyes seemed fixed tenderly
 Not on the weeping child, but anxiously
 To watch the swelling of the germ within,
 Round which the body's veil, clustered full light and
 thin.

The other smiled upon my infant form,
 Twined his warm fingers in my waving hair,
 And said ; " Oh come with me into the storm
 Of this world's sadness ; thee I'll shield from care ;
 I'll bid the blustering winds, they shall forbear,
 And only sunny zephyrs dare to breathe
 Within the magic circle that I'll wreath."

He sang to me of earthly love, and bright
 Flooded the colors on his canvass then,
 He sang to me of hopes and dear delight
 Most fondly cherished by the sons of men ;
 He sang of home. — " Ah, child, thou too mayest gain
 A portion in this paradise, with me
 Wilt thou but sail over this summer sea."

Aye while he spoke dreamy enchantment fell
 From his sweet lips, and I, entranced away,
 Lent myself to the mastery of his spell,
 As many another had before that day.

But while I watched the ever-changing play
Of joy upon his features smooth and clear,
Behold! his brother's voice, in accent calm I hear.

High and imperial was its tone; — it sounded
First like the trumpet in its thrilling cheer,
And as its clear stern note the sweetness wounded
That but then filled the air, it seemed severe;
But as it followed on its high career
My soul was strengthened, so that the proud tone
Answered to power within me like its own.

His earnest eye was fixed upon the ground,
Yet sometimes did it read far into mine;
No story of earth's love his tale did bound,
High and exalted was his front divine;
Yet round his feet sweet flowers of earth did twine, —
Not ever, — for he turned his steps away,
And in a rocky path he went his way.

Ask you if I him followed? Aye we wend,
I and his brother, on that pathway wild;
And when its roughness the boy's feet offend,
In my strong arms I bear the sorrowing child,
And soothe him till comes back, serene and mild,
Love's early joy. So with him may I go
Still heavenward, and not stay, even with love, below.

DIALOGUE.

SCENE is in a chamber, in the upper story of a city boarding house. The room is small, but neat and furnished with some taste. There are books, a few flowers, even a chamber organ. On the wall hangs a fine engraving from one of Dominichino's pictures. The curtain is drawn up, and shows the moonlight falling on the roofs and chimnies of the city and the distant water, on whose bridges threads of light burn dully.

To Aglauron enter Laurie. A kindly greeting having been interchanged,

Laurie. It is a late hour, I confess, for a visit, but coming home I happened to see the light from your window, and the remembrance of our pleasant evenings here in other days came so strongly over me, that I could not help trying the door.

Aglauron. I do not now see you here so often, that I could afford to reject your visits at any hour.

L. (Seating himself, looks round for a moment with an expression of some sadness.) All here looks the same, your fire burns bright, the moonlight I see you like to have come in as formerly, and we, — we are not changed, Aglauron?

A. I am not.

L. Not towards me?

A. You have elected other associates, as better pleasing or more useful to you than I. Our intercourse no longer ministers to my thoughts, to my hopes. To think of you with that habitual affection, with that lively interest I once did, would be as if the mutilated soldier should fix his eyes constantly on the empty sleeve of his coat. My right hand being taken from me, I use my left.

L. You speak coldly, Aglauron; you cannot doubt that my friendship for you is the same as ever.

A. You should not reproach me for speaking coldly. You have driven me to subdue my feelings by reason, and the tone of reason seems cold because it is calm.

You say your friendship is the same. Your thoughts of your friend are the same, your feelings towards him are not. Your feelings flow now in other channels.

L. Am I to blame for that?

A. Surely not. No one is to blame; if either were so,

it would be I, for not possessing more varied powers to satisfy the variations and expansions of your nature.

L. But have I not seemed heartless to you at times?

A. In the moment, perhaps, but quiet thought always showed me the difference between heartlessness and the want of a deep heart.

Nor do I think this will eventually be denied you. You are generous, you love truth. Time will make you less restless, because less bent upon yourself, will give depth and steadfastness to that glowing heart. Tenderness will then come of itself. You will take upon you the bonds of friendship less easily and knit them firmer.

L. And you will then receive me?

A. I or some other; it matters not.

L. Ah! you have become indifferent to me.

A. What would you have? That gentle trust, which seems to itself immortal, cannot be given twice. What is sweet and flower-like in the mind is very timid, and can only be tempted out by the wooing breeze and infinite promise of spring. Those flowers, once touched by a cold wind, will not revive again.

L. But their germs lie in the earth.

A. Yes, to await a new spring! But this conversation is profitless. Words can neither conceal, nor make up for the want of flowing love. I do not blame you, Laurie, but I cannot afford to love you as I have done any more, nor would it avail either of us, if I could. Seek elsewhere what you can no longer duly prize from me. Let us not seek to raise the dead from their tombs, but cherish rather the innocent children of to-day.

L. But I cannot be happy unless there is a perfectly good understanding between us.

A. That, indeed, we ought to have. I feel the power of understanding your course, whether it bend my way or not. I need not communication from you, or personal relation to do that,

“Have I the human kernel first examined,
Then I know, too, the future will and action.”

I have known you too deeply to misjudge you, in the long run.

L. Yet you have been tempted to think me heartless.

A. For the moment only ; have I not said it ? Thought always convinced me that I could not have been so shallow as to barter heart for anything but heart. I only, by the bold play natural to me, led you to stake too high for your present income. I do not demand the forfeit on the friendly game. Do you understand me ?

L. No, I do not understand being both friendly and cold.

A. Thou wilt, when thou shalt have lent as well as borrowed.

I can bring forward on this subject gospel independent of our own experience. The poets, as usual, have thought out the subject for their age. And it is an age where the complex and subtle workings of its spirit make it not easy for the immortal band, the sacred band of equal friends, to be formed into phalanx, or march with equal step in any form.

Soon after I had begun to read some lines of our horoscope, I found this poem in Wordsworth, which seemed to link into meaning many sounds that were vibrating round me.

A COMPLAINT.

There is a change, and I am poor ;
Your Love hath been, nor long ago,
A Fountain at my fond Heart's door,
Whose only business was to flow ;
And flow it did ; not taking heed
Of its own bounty, or my need.

What happy moments did I count,
Blest was I then all bliss above ;
Now, for this consecrated Fount
Of murmuring, sparkling, living love,
What have I ? shall I dare to tell ?
A comfortless and hidden WELL.

A Well of love, it may be deep,
I trust it is, and never dry ;
What matter ? if the Waters sleep
In silence and obscurity,
Such change, and at the very door
Of my fond heart, hath made me poor.

This, at the time, seemed unanswerable ; yet, afterwards, I found among the writings of Coleridge what may serve as a sufficient answer.

A SOLILOQUY.

Unchanged within to see all changed without,
Is a blank lot and hard to bear, no doubt.

Yet why at other's wanings shouldst thou fret?

Then only might'st thou feel a just regret,
Hadst thou withheld thy love, or hid thy light
In selfish forethought of neglect and slight,

O wiselier, then, from feeble yearnings freed,
While, and on whom, thou mayst, shine on! nor heed

Whether the object by reflected light

Return thy radiance or absorb it quite;

And though thou notest from thy safe recess

Old Friends burn dim, like lamps in noisome air,

Love them for what they *are*; nor love them *less*,
Because to *thee* they are not what they *were*.

L. Do you expect to be able permanently to abide by such solace?

A. I do not expect so Olympian a calmness, that at first, when the chain of intercourse is broken, when confidence is dismayed, and thought driven back upon its source, I shall not feel a transient pang, even a shame, as when

"The sacred secret hath flown out of us,
And the heart been broken open by deep care."

The wave receding, leaves the strand for the moment forlorn, and weed-bestrown.

L. And is there no help for this? Is there not a pride, a prudence, identical with self-respect, that could preserve us from such mistakes?

A. If you can show me one that is not selfish forethought of neglect or slight, I would wear it and recommend it as the desired amulet. As yet, I know no pride, no prudence except love of truth.

Would a prudence be desirable that should have hindered our intimacy?

L. Ah no! it was happy, it was rich.

A. Very well then, let us drink the bitter with as good a grace as the sweet, and for to-night talk no more of ourselves.

L. To talk then of those other, better selves, the poets. I can well understand that Coleridge should have drunk so deeply as he did of this bitter-sweet. His nature was ardent, intense, variable in its workings, one of tides, crises, fermentations. He was the flint from which the

spark must be struck by violent collision. His life was a mass in the midst of which fire glowed, but needed time to transfuse it, as his heavenly eyes glowed amid such heavy features. The habit of taking opium was but an outward expression of the transports and depressions to which he was inly prone. In him glided up in the silence, equally vivid, the Christabel, the Geraldine. Through his various mind

“Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea.”

He was one of those with whom

“The meteor offspring of the brain
Unnourished wane,
Faith asks her daily bread,
And fancy must be fed.”

And when this was denied,

“Came a restless state, ’twixt yea and nay,
His faith was fixed, his heart all ebb and flow;
Or like a bark, in some half-sheltered bay,
Above its anchor driving to and fro.”

Thus we cannot wonder that he, with all his vast mental resources and noble aims, should have been the bard elect to sing of Dejection, and that the pages of his prose works should be blistered by more painful records of personal and social experiences, than we find in almost any from a mind able to invoke the aid of divine philosophy, a mind touched by humble piety. But Wordsworth, who so early knew, and sought, and found the life, and the work he wanted, whose wide and equable thought flows on like a river through the plain, whose verse seemed to come daily like the dew to rest upon the flowers of home affections, we should think he might always have been with his friend, as he describes two who had grown up together,

“Each other’s advocate, each other’s stay,
And strangers to content, if long apart,
Or more divided than a sportive pair
Of sea-fowl, conscious both that they are hovering
Within the eddy of a common blast,
Or hidden only by the concave depth
Of neighboring billows from each other’s sight.”

And that we should not find in him traces of the sort of wound, nor the tone of deep human melancholy that we find in this Complaint, and in the sonnet, "Why art thou silent."

A. I do not remember that.

L. It is in the last published volume of his poems, though probably written many years before.

"Why art thou silent? Is thy love a plant
Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air
Of absence withers what was once so fair?
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?
Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant,
(As would my deeds have been) with hourly care,
The mind's least generous wish a mendicant
For nought but what thy happiness could spare.
Speak, though this soft warm heart, once free to hold
A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,
Be left more desolate, more dreary cold,
Than a forsaken bird's nest filled with snow,
Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine;
Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know."

A. That is indeed the most pathetic description of the speechless palsy that precedes the death of love.

"Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?"

But Laurie, how could you ever fancy a mind of poetic sensibility would be a stranger to this sort of sadness?

What signifies the security of a man's own position and choice? The peace and brightness of his own lot? If he has this intelligent sensibility can he fail to perceive the throb that agitates the bosom of all nature, or can his own fail to respond to it?

In the eye of man, or in the sunset clouds, from the sobs of literature, or those of the half-spent tempest, can he fail to read the secrets of fate and time, of an over-credulous hope, a too much bewailed disappointment? Will not a very slight hint convey to the mind in which the nobler faculties are at all developed, a sense of the earthquakes which may in a moment upheave his vineyard and whelm his cottage beneath rivers of fire. Can the poet at any time, like the stupid rich man, say to his soul, "Eat, drink, and be merry." No, he must ever say to his fellow man, as Menelaus to his kingly brother,

"Shall my affairs
Go pleasantly, while thine are full of woe."

Oh never could Wordsworth fail beside his peaceful lake to know the tempests of the ocean. Beside, to an equable temperament sorrow seems sadder than it really is, for such know less of the pleasures of resistance.

It needs not that one of deeply thoughtful mind be passionate, to divine all the secrets of passion. Thought is a bee that cannot miss these flowers.

Think you that if Hamlet had held exactly the position best fitted to his nature, had his thoughts become acts, without any violent willing of his own, had a great people paid life-long homage to his design, had he never detected the baseness of his mother, nor found cause to suspect the untimely fate of his father, had that "rose of May, the sweet Ophelia," bloomed safely at his side, and Horatio always been near, with his understanding mind and spotless hands, do you think all this could have preserved Hamlet from the astounding discovery that

"A man may smile, and smile, and be a villain?"

That line, once written on his tables, would have required the commentary of many years for its explanation.

L. He was one by nature adapted to "consider too curiously," for his own peace.

A. All thoughtful minds are so.

L. All geniuses have not been sad.

A. So far as they are artistic, merely, they differ not from instinctive, practical characters, they find relief in work. But so far as they tend to evolve thought, rather than to recreate the forms of things, they suffer again and again the pain of death, because they open the gate to the next, the higher realm of being. Shakspeare knew both, the joy of creation, the deep pang of knowledge, and this last he has expressed in Hamlet with a force that vibrates almost to the centre of things.

L. It is marvellous, indeed, to hear the beautiful young prince catalogue

"The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, * * * *
* * The whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, * * *
* * * * The spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes."

To thee, Hamlet, so complete a nature,

“The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The noble and most sovereign reason,
The unmatched form and feature of blown youth,”

could such things come so near? Who then shall hope a refuge, except through inborn stupidity or perfected faith?

A. Ay, well might he call his head a globe! It was fitted to comprehend all that makes up that “quintessence of dust, how noble in reason; how infinite in faculties; in form, and moving, how express and admirable; in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god; the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals!” yet to him, only a quintessence of dust!

L. And this world only “a sterile promontory.”

A. Strange, that when from it one can look abroad into the ocean, its barrenness should be so depressing. But man seems to need some shelter, both from wind and rain.

L. Could he not have found this in the love of Ophelia?

A. Probably not, since that love had so little power to disenchant the gloom of this period. She was to him a flower to wear in his bosom, a child to play the lute at his feet. We see the charm of her innocence, her soft credulity, as she answers her brother,

“No more, but so?”

The exquisite grace of her whole being in the two lines

“And I of ladies most deject and wretched
That sucked the honey of his music vows.”

She cannot be made to misunderstand him; his rude wildness crushes, but cannot deceive her heart. She has no answer to his outbreaks but

“O help him, you sweet Heavens!”

But, lovely as she was, and loved by him, this love could have been only the ornament, not, in any wise, the food of his life. The moment he is left alone, his thoughts revert to universal topics; it was the constitution of his mind, no personal relation could have availed it, except in the way of suggestion. He could not have been absorbed in the present moment. Still it would have been

“Heaven and earth!

Must I remember?”

L. Have you been reading the play of late ?

A. Yes ; hearing Macready, one or two points struck me that have not before, and I was inclined to try for my thousandth harvest from a new study of it.

Macready gave its just emphasis to the climax —

“ I ’ll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane,”

so unlike in its order to what would have been in any other mind, as also to the two expressions in the speech so delicately characteristic,

“ The glimpses of the moon.”

and

“ With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls.”

I think I have in myself improved, that I feel more than ever what Macready does not, the deep calmness, always apparent beneath the delicate variations of this soul’s atmosphere.

“ The readiness is all.”

This religion from the very first harmonizes all these thrilling notes, and the sweet bells, even when most jangled out of tune, suggest all their silenced melody.

From Hamlet I turned to Timon and Lear ; the transition was natural yet surprising, from the indifference and sadness of the heaven-craving soul to the misanthropy of the disappointed affections and wounded trust. Hamlet would well have understood them both, yet what a firmament of spheres lies between his “ pangs of despised love,” and the anguish of Lear.

“ O Regan, Goneril !
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave you all —
O that way madness lies, let me shun that,
No more of that.”

* * * * *

“ I tax you not, you elements, with unkindness ;
I never gave you kingdom, called you children.”

* * * * *

It rends the heart only ; no grief would be possible from a Hamlet, which would not, at the same time, exalt the soul.

The outraged heart of Timon takes refuge at once in action, in curses, and bitter deeds. It needs to be relieved by the native baseness of Apemantus's misanthropy, baseness of a soul that never knew how to trust, to make it dignified in our eyes. Timon, estranged from men, could only die; yet the least shade of wrong in this heaven-ruled world would have occasioned Hamlet a deeper pain than Timon was capable of divining. Yet Hamlet could not for a moment have been so deceived as to fancy man worthless, because many men were; he knew *himself* too well, to feel the surprise of Timon when his steward proved true.

“ Let me behold
Thy face. — Surely this man was born of woman. —
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man.”

He does not deserve a friend that could draw higher inferences from his story than the steward does.

“ Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
Who then dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty that makes gods, doth still mar men.”

Timon tastes the dregs of the cup. He persuades himself that he does not believe even in himself.

“ His semblable, even himself, Timon disdains.”

“ Who dares, who dares
In purity of manhood to stand up
And say *this man's a flatterer*, if one be
So are they all.”

L. You seem to have fixed your mind, of late, on the subject of misanthropy!

A. I own that my thoughts have turned of late on that low form which despair assumes sometimes even with the well disposed. Yet see how inexcusable would it be in any of these beings. Hamlet is no misanthrope, but he has those excelling gifts, least likely to find due response from those around him. Yet he is felt, almost in his due sense, by two or three.

Lear has not only one faithful daughter, whom he knew not how to value, but a friend beside.

Timon is prized by the only persons to whom he was good, purely from kindness of nature, rather than the joy he expected from their gratitude and sympathy, his servants.

Tragedy is always a mistake, and the loneliness of the deepest thinker, the widest lover, ceases to be pathetic to us, so soon as the sun is high enough above the mountains.

Were I, despite the bright points so numerous in their history and the admonitions of my own conscience, inclined to despise my fellow men, I should have found abundant argument against it during this late study of Hamlet. In the streets, saloons, and lecture rooms, we continually hear comments so stupid, insolent, and shallow on great and beautiful works, that we are tempted to think that there is no Public for anything that is good ; that a work of genius can appeal only to the fewest minds in any one age, and that the reputation now awarded to those of former times is never felt, but only traditional. Of Shakspeare, so vaunted a name, little wise or worthy has been written, perhaps nothing so adequate as Coleridge's comparison of him to the Pine-apple ; yet on reading Hamlet, his greatest work, we find there is not a pregnant sentence, scarce a word that men have not appreciated, have not used in myriad ways. Had we never read the play, we should find the whole of it from quotation and illustration familiar to us as air. That exquisite phraseology, so heavy with meaning, wrought out with such admirable minuteness, has become a part of literary diction, the stock of the literary bank ; and what set criticism can tell like this fact how great was the work, and that men were worthy it should be addressed to them ?

L. The moon looks in to tell her assent. See she has just got above that chimney. Just as this happy certainty has with you risen above the disgusts of the day.

A. She looks surprised as well as complacent.

L. She looks surprised to find me still here. I must say good night. My friend, good night.

A. Good night, and farewell.

L. You look as if it were for some time.

A. That rests with you. You will generally find me here, and always I think like-minded, if not of the same mind.

An ancient sage had all things deeply tried,
 And, as result, thus to his friends he cried,
 "O friends, there are no friends." And to this day
 Thus twofold moves the strange magnetic sway,
 Giving us love which love must take away.
 Let not the soul for this distrust its right,
 Knowing when changeful moons withdraw their light,
 Then myriad stars, with promise not less pure,
 New loves, new lives to patient hopes assure,
 So long as laws that rule the spheres endure.

THE CONSOLERS.

CONSOLERS of the solitary hours
 When I, a pilgrim, on a lonely shore
 Sought help, and found none — save in those high powers
 That then I prayed might never leave me more!

There was the blue, eternal sky above,
 There was the ocean silent at my feet,
 There was the universe — but nought to love;
 The universe did its old tale repeat.

Then came ye to me, with your healing wings,
 And said, "Thus bare and branchless must thou be,
 Ere thou couldst feel the wind from heaven that springs."

And now again fresh leaves do bud for me, —
 Yet let me feel that still the spirit sings
 Its quiet song, coming from heaven free.

J.

TO READERS.

A VOICE, a heart, a free, unfettered pen,
 My life in its own shape not rudely tasked,
 If I could journey o'er my path again,
 No entertainment could be better asked,
 Not wealth, not fame, nor gentlemen to see,
 Rather would I consort with liberty.

That which I must not buy, I do demand,
 My way to worship God, my company,
 The service of my own decisive hand,
 The love that by its life is deeply free,
 Flattered by those I live with,— O not so,
 If I have dropped the seed, then may it grow.

Yet I would perish rather, and be dead
 Within this mortal mind than lose my right
 Upon a nobler fruitage to be fed,
 And spring where blooms more excellent delight,
 To man, shall time remain the sacred thing,
 Shall poets for reward demand to sing?

Bring to my lays thy heart, if it be thine,
 Read what is written and no meaning see,
 Think that I am a barren, useless vine,
 There is no bond agreed 'twixt thee and me,
 That thou shouldest read the meaning clearly writ,
 Yet thou and I may both be part of it.

O Reader, if my heart could say,
 How in my blood thy nature runs,
 Which manifesteth no decay,
 The torch that lights a thousand suns,
 How thou and I, are freely lent,
 A little of such element.

If I could say, what landscape says,
 And human pictures say far more,
 If I could twine our sunny days,
 With the rich colors, on the floor
 Of daily love, how thou and I,
 Might be refreshed with charity.

For pleasant is the softening smile
 Of winter sunset o'er the snow,
 And blessed is this spherical isle
 That through the cold, vast void must go,
 The current of the stream is sweet,
 Where many waters closely meet.

C.

THE DEATH OF SHELLEY.

FAIR was the morn, — a little bark bent
 Like a gull o'er the waters blue,
 And the mariners sang in their merriment,
 For Shelley the faithful and true,
 Shelley was bound on his voyage o'er the sea,
 And wherever he sailed the heart beat free.

And a dark cloud flew, and the white waves hurled
 The crests in their wrath, at the angry wind,
 The little bark with its sails unfurled,
 While the dreadful tempest gathered behind, —
 With the book of Plato pressed to his heart,
 Came to the beach Shelley's mortal part,

Then a pyre they kindled by ocean side,
 Poets were they who Shelley did burn,
 The beautiful flame to Heaven applied,
 The ashes were pressed in the marble urn,
 In Rome shall those ashes long remain,
 And from Shelley's verse spring golden grain.

C.

A SONG OF THE SEA.

WHERE the breeze is an emerald green,
The breath of the fathomless deep,
Fresh, pure, living it falls on the scene,
While the little waves tremblingly creep,
 So the air of the soul hath this firmness of cheer,
 And over it thoughts like wild vessels veer.

'T is a breeze from the shore that uplifts
The surface, and tosses it far,
But the depths are unmoved, and the drifts
Of white foam like the cloud o'er the star,
 Hurry on, madly roam, but the light is unmoved,
 Like the heart of the bride for the mate she has loved.

I would sail on the sea in my boat,
I would drift with the rolling tide,
In the calm of green harbors I float,
On the black mountainous chasms I ride,
 I am never at anchor, I never shall be,
 I am sailing the glass of infinity's sea.

Rage on, strongest winds, for the sail
Has ropes to the fast trimly set,
My heart which is oak cannot fail,
And the billows I cheered that I met,
 Cold, — no, good breeze thou art comfort to me,
 There are vessels I hail on the generous sea.

C.

TO THE POETS.

YE who sing the maiden's kiss,
 And the silver sage's thought,
 Loveliness of inward bliss,
 And the graver learning taught,
 Tell me, are your skies and streams
 Real, or the shape of dreams.

Many rainy days may go,
 Many clouds the sun obscure,
 And your verses clearer grow,
 And your lovely songs more pure,
 Mortals are we, but ye are
 Burning keenly like a star.

C.

FOUBIERISM.

IN the last week of December, 1843, and first week of January, 1844, a Convention was held in Boston, which may be considered as the first publication of Fourierism in this region.

The works of Fourier do not seem to have reached us, and this want of text has been ill supplied by various conjectures respecting them; some of which are more remarkable for the morbid imagination they display than for their sagacity. For ourselves we confess to some remembrances of vague horror, connected with this name, as if it were some enormous parasitic plant sucking the life principles of society, while it spread apparently an equal shade, inviting man to repose under its beautiful but poison-dropping branches. We still have a certain question about

Fourierism, considered as a catholicon for evil, but our absurd horrors were dissipated, and a feeling of genuine respect for the friends of the movement ensured, as we heard the exposition of the doctrine of Association, by Mr. Channing, and others. That name already consecrated to humanity, seemed to us to have worthily fallen, with the mantle of the philanthropic spirit, upon this eloquent expounder of socialism; in whose voice and countenance, as well as in his pleadings for humanity, the spirit of his great kinsman still seemed to speak.

We cannot sufficiently lament that there was no reporter of the speech in which Mr. Channing set forth the argument derived from the analogy of nature, against the doctrine of community of goods to the exclusion of individual property. It was the general scope of the argument, to show that Life was forever tending to individuality of expression, and could not be refused the material order also, as a field for the scope of this tendency, and that individual property was the expression of this universal law; the lowest expression certainly, but still an expression. It would not be fair to give a garbled report of his masterly and delicate sketch of the ultimate result of denying this principle. He divided the truth on this subject to right and left, with the sword of pure spirit. Let it be sufficient to say, that only the ecstasy of self-love could understand it as casting personal reflections; and that it could not be expected to find an understanding heart with the ecstasy of destructiveness, which has seized many modern reformers.

But in the absence of reports of this and other speeches, we will give a sketch of Fourierism, as we gathered it from the debates of the Convention, and conversation with its friends; and then take the liberty of stating some qualifications, and limitations, which seem to have escaped the attention of its enthusiastic disciples. The general view upon which Fourier proceeds is this: that there is in the Divine Mind a certain social order, to which man is destined, and which is discoverable by man, according to his truth in thought to the two poles of Christian perfection, Love of God and Love of Man.

He assumes the fact, which will hardly be disputed, that the present social organizations are not this divine order;

but that they perpetually and necessarily generate external evils, which so complicate the temptations of man, as to make innocence impossible, and virtue only the meed of crucifixion; nor even attainable by that, except in instances of beings endowed with supernatural energy. For the proof of this fact, he appeals to all history and all experience.

Environed, as he felt himself also to be by this extreme disorder, yet Fourier had the courage to attempt to discover the Divine order, and labored forty years at the work. Brought up in mercantile life, and keeping this position, which enabled him to know personally the customs and laws of trade, as it is; and endowed with a genius for calculation, which, in the service of justice and benevolence, followed out the bearings of these customs and laws, and the effects of large monopolies upon the social happiness and moral character of the various men directly and indirectly affected by them; he yet, to use his own words, 'labored in distraction for seven years, before he obtained the clue.' At last, having seen that Labor stands, in the social world, for the analogous fact of motion in the physical, he pronounced the word *Attraction*, which arranged to his mind the universe of men, as once before, that same word, to a kindred genius, arranged the universe of matter.

The question then became, what is that social arrangement, so broad, and so elastic, that every man shall find, at every hour of the day, and every season of his life, *just that labor* which is to him attractive and not *repugnant*.

As Fourier places among the constituent passions of men every social charity, and even a passion for *self-sacrifice*, he could maintain that there is nothing done, and nothing to be done in the world, which might not find a willing agent, were circumstances properly arranged.

But to induce a desire after this arrangement, and evoke the ability to make it, mankind must have its scientific foundations, or harmony with the nature of things, made manifest to their reason. Man therefore must be analyzed into his constituent powers; and then the tendencies of each of these powers be studied out, and corresponding circumstances imagined, which should yield to each power its legitimate range; for such circumstances must neces-

sarily be the Divine Order of Society to which man is destined.

Thus analyzed, man, according to Fourier, is constituted of twelve fundamental passions, consisting, firstly, of the five senses; secondly, of the four social passions, friendship, ambition, love, and the parental sentiment; and thirdly, of three intellectual powers, whose strange names, according to our best recollection, are Cabalism, Alternatism, and Emulation.

The training of these twelve powers into their appropriate activities, that each may contribute its share, both to the harmony of the Universe, and the unity of the individual, is what Fourier calls the social development of the passions.

This view of the constituency of man and the necessity of his training, may be made plainer perhaps by translating his language into that of another remarkable thinker, who seems to have had, fundamentally, the same view. Swedenborg says, that man's soul is made up of Loves, and every Love must find its Wisdom, the marriage unions of Love and Wisdom, being made manifest in Uses. The Angel of Love must find the Angel of Wisdom to whom it is betrothed, on penalty of becoming a devil, says Swedenborg. If the passions do not find their developments, by the law of groups and series, says Fourier, they become principles of disorder, and produce what we see now all around us,— *a world lying in wickedness and dead in sin.*

There is one of man's passions which has found its social development, so far as to become an illustration of the meaning of this theory with regard to all the rest; and this is the Passion of Hearing. Music is the Wisdom of this Passion; and the progress of this science has involved the large variety of musical instruments, and created the song, the chorus, the opera, the oratorio, and the orchestra. So, according to Fourier, each of the senses, each of the social passions, each of the intellectual powers, in finding its legitimate scope, must create a music in its sphere, with instruments corresponding, and weave men into groups corresponding with the chorus, the opera, the oratorio, and the orchestra. And there are intimations of this. The passion of Sight has created Painting, Sculpture, Architecture. And even what seems to be the humbler powers of

Touch, Taste, Smell, have not failed to bring the tribute of their exactions to the comforts and elegancies of life, and the science of vitality.

One obvious and undisputed function of the senses, is to build up bodies, and contribute to physical well-being. But this is not all. There is another function which the senses have to perform, beside this obvious one; and also beside the transcendental one of creating harmonies in five different modes; even though we may admit that all these harmonies may rise to the spiritual elevation of that divine art which Beethoven has carried to the acme of symbolizing the highest intellectual, moral, and even religious exercises of the soul. This function is to perfect the Earth on which we live, and make it not only yield its treasures for physical well-being to every creature, but perform adequately its part in the Sidereal Universe.

At this point of Fourier's system, there opens upon us a quite poetical extent of view. Geologists and geographers have intimated to us heretofore, that the earth needs to be dressed and kept by men, in order not to become in several ways desert, and that the climates, which depend much more upon the state of the surface of the earth, than upon its relations with the sun, should be ameliorated. Fourier would demonstrate that *the cursing of the ground for man's sake*, sung of by the old Hebrew prophet, is no metaphor; but that, literally, man's falling below his destiny, has, as its natural consequence, the return of the earth to a state of chaos. He demonstrates, that, following out the suggestions of the senses of taste and smell, the human race must cultivate the whole vegetable creation, if not the animal, to a perfection which would involve an agricultural science, absolutely sublime in its extent; while the spring-carriage, and easy railroad car, and every contribution the mechanical arts have made to the commodity of man, would fall among the meanest and vulgarest class of the innumerable results of seeking for the wisdom of the sense of Touch.

But is the earth to be restored to the state of Paradise, through the labors of man, merely to react upon his physical nature, and contribute to his personal enjoyments? By no means. But the earth thus cultivated and perfected, shall shine as a brighter star in the firmament of ether

worlds; shall hold, by its imponderable fluids, a more perfect relation with the sun, and through that star with the whole sidereal heavens.

It is hardly fair to Fourier to touch, without entering into his reasonings, upon a part of his system which is so original, and which requires, in order to be appreciated, at least all that he has himself said upon it.

If the development and training of the senses to results of science and art, have these wide bearings upon the sidereal universe, we may not doubt that Fourier makes the development and bearings of the social passions, open another captivating and exalting vista of thought.

The word Friendship, in this nomenclature, stands for the sentiment of humanity, in its widest and in its most delicate relations. Fourier attempts to show that to give this passion its scope, the social system, which is according to the divine order, will realize in its institutions all, and more than all, that declarations of the Rights of man have ever suggested; all that his hopes have aspired to and expressed, under the images of the Millennium and Fifth Monarchy.

And to balance this great liberty, the second social passion must have its scope. This passion, which he defines as the love of order, in graduating persons according to their comparative worth with relation to each other, he calls *Ambition*; thus casting out of this word its bad meaning, — for its object is no longer the exaltation of *self*, but of *worth*. It gives to every man and woman their exact place in the social scale, and justifies the idea of government. By the balance of the two passions of Friendship and Ambition, Liberty and Law will become, as they should do, the poles of a living political order.

The Passions of Love, and the Parental Sentiment, will also, when, through a general ease of circumstances, they are left free to find their legitimate exercises, dignify woman universally; and by consequence, purify the institution of marriage, and unfold the family, to their highest ends of refining, and sanctifying, and cherishing human beings, into the richest forms of life.

The Christian world, as it is, can hardly fail to acknowledge, that although Christianity has sanctified the *formula* of monogamy, yet the whole deep significance of that insti-

tution is yet to be widely appreciated. To marry from any consideration but the one of sentiment, must be considered a crime, before mankind will cease from that adultery of the heart, of which Christ warned his disciples.

Lastly, the three intellectual passions into which Fourier analyzes the Reason, have for their office to estimate the natures and ends of the foregoing nine passions, and interweave them into one web of life, according to their natures and ends; and then they will take the still higher range, of enjoying the divine order, and tracing in the happiness thence resulting, the image of God.

We see from the above rude outline, that Fourier thinks he has discovered the divine order, which is the true organization of society, by studying each of the twelve passions of man, with the same respect that the passion of hearing has been studied, in order to derive from thence the present living art of music. He thinks, that by following out the results of this study in practice, the earth would be cultivated and restored to the state of Paradise; with the superstructure thereon of a world of art, in harmony with the beauty of nature. Also, that political institutions would combine all desirable liberty, with all that can come from the observance of law, by distributing all men according to the gradation of their natures; and that individual families would be established in the purest and most powerful form; lastly, that the functions of Reason would be vindicated to their worthiest objects, of perpetually unfolding and keeping in order this great estate of man, internal and external.

If Fourier had done nothing but suggest to his race, that the divine order of society was a possible discovery, and thus have given a noble object to human investigations, and presented a worthy prize for human energy, in this direction, he would have done much. It is claimed, however, by those who have studied his works, that he has done a great deal more; that he has himself successfully worked at the practical problems; and the *Phalanx* which he has discovered in detail, is, as it were, a house already builded, into which men may go, and at once live, freed from a multitude of the evils that press upon the modern civilized state. A word or two in explanation of this Phalanx.

It is not a community of goods. It is a state of society

which provides a public fund, as all societies do, and on a better security for its return in just proportions to those who produce it, but which admits of individual property as much as any partnership in trade. It is indeed a great partnership, in which the members throw in capital of three species, namely, labor, skill, and money, (which last is the representative of past labor and skill.) All these species of capital will draw a large interest, when the Phalanx is in operation; but in order to prevent any great inequality of the third species of capital, (money,) it is a fundamental law of the Phalanx that small sums shall draw interest in a larger ratio than large ones. The common property, accumulated by the Phalanx in its corporate capacity, shall be subject to the will of the members, expressed by ballot and otherwise; its general destination being to provide for all children, without distinction of rank or birth, an individually appropriate education, according to their genius and capacity; also to provide public conveniences, and common comforts and amusements, and means of expressing their genius, to all the members.

The labor in the Phalanx will be organized upon scientific principles, i. e. by the law of groups and series, and individual genius and disposition will be the guide as to the distribution of the members into the several groups and series. The well being and good training of the laborer will never be sacrificed to the external object of the labor, for Fourier endeavors to demonstrate that, in the divine order, the necessity of such a sacrifice never can occur, even though all ends are answered.

The first objection that strikes a spiritual or intellectual person, at the presentation of Fourierism, is its captivating material aspect. A system which accepts the social passions, and even the senses of man in full, and puts them on the same ground with the functions of Reason, seems to be a dead-leveller.

Undoubtedly, at first sight, it is especially captivating to the sensualist. But, on a little investigation, it will be found to present no bed of roses for the sluggard, nor paradise for the mere epicure. The discharge of the external functions of the senses, involves the keenest and most health-giving labor, though a labor that must have all the characteristics of the chase, and other chosen amusements of

manly men and women; nor can the labor fall upon any one to the degree of making a drudge.

Also, the abundance which this discharge of the external functions of the senses will bring forth from the earth, to the physical well-being of man, will leave him leisure to follow out the leadings of his social passions, which now are cramped and warped from their objects, by the necessity that rests upon every man to *scramble*, in order to get his sufficiency out of the present scarcity of provisions on the globe. For, undoubtedly, it is because poverty is in the world, and because all the accumulated riches, if divided, would not leave even a competence to each, that even the rich cannot get rid of this all-devouring instinct of hoarding, or getting more. Were every man assured of the necessities and comforts of life, where would be the stimulus to this morbid passion for gain, which consumes the civilized man, and makes him sacrifice the purity and warmth of his friendship, love, and parental sentiment?

But, then, the social passions, thus set free to act, do not carry within them their own rule, nor the pledge of conferring happiness. They can only get this from the free action upon them of the intellectual passions which constitute human Reason.

But these functions of Reason,—do they carry within themselves the pledge of their own continued health and harmonious action?

Here Fourierism stops short, and, in so doing, proves itself to be, not a life, a soul, but only a body. It may be a magnificent body for humanity to dwell in for a season; and one for which it may be wise to quit old diseased carcasses, which now go by the proud name of civilization. But if its friends pretend, for what has been now described, any higher character than that of a body, thus turning men from seeking for principles of life essentially above organization, it will prove but another, perhaps a greater curse.

In being a body, however, it is as much entitled to consideration, as any other body which has been created. It has the presumptive advantage of being a creation of the Christian life. The question is, whether the Phalanx acknowledges its own limitations of nature, in being an organization, or opens up any avenue into the source of life that shall keep it sweet, enabling it to assimilate to itself contrary elements, and consume its own waste; so that,

Phoenix-like, it may renew itself forever in great and finer forms.

This question, the Fourierists in the Convention, from whom alone we have learnt anything of Fourierism, did not seem to have considered.

But this is a vital point. Did our time and space permit, we should be tempted to follow out some curious analogies, suggested to us by reading Karl Ottfried Mueller's History of the Dorians. In looking over Fourier's analysis of human nature, as given above, we notice that every one of his passions, whether sensuous, social, or intellectual, was recognised as a *god*, by some separate tribe in antiquity. The Oriental religions, with the exception of the Hebrew, and the European also, consisted in deifications of the Forces and the Functions of Being. The Dorians alone, in their fidelity to the beautiful individuality of their Apollo, gave to Grecian culture that polarity which is essential to a reproductive life; and made Greece what it is in the history of humanity.

But it is not our purpose to recommend the worship of Apollo to the Fourierists. The Word of God, the doctrine of the expiation, which even divinity must make, if it would act upon earth; all that Apollo beautifully intimated in his human form of superhuman beauty; in his destruction of the Pythoness; or in his pilgrimage to Tempe, where Jove made inquisition for blood; or in his reappearance from the Hyperborean land of perpetual summer, with wheat sheaves for men; all is symbolized and realized in Christ. And this is now the only name under heaven, by which men may be saved from spiritual death. Christian churches in the midst of a Phalanx, might be the Dorian cities of another Greece. Only let each member be at once subject and law-giver, like a Lycurgus, pupil and master like a Pythagoras; like Lacedemon, fighting and conquering for self-preservation only, and the liberty of the conquered.

In a former article, we suggested the idea, that the Christian churches planted by the Apostles, were only initiatory institutions, to be lost, like the morning star, in the deeper glory of a kingdom of heaven on earth, which we then fancied Socialism would bring about.

Since then, by the study of ancient nationalities, and also of Neander's History of the Churches of Christ up to the time of Constantine, together with observations on the attempt at West Roxbury, we have come to see that initiatory churches

will have an office as long as men are born children; and that a tremendous tyranny is necessarily involved by constituting society itself the **VISIBLE** church of Christ. Those who have ideas, and who, individually, and free from human constraining, have pledged themselves to live by them alone, or die, must be a select body, in the midst of the instinctive life that is perpetually arriving on the shores of Being, and which it is not fair or wise to catch up and *christen* before it can understand its position, and give its consent. We must be men before we are Christians, else we shall never be either Christians or men.

The life of the world is now the Christian life. For eighteen centuries, Art, Literature, Philosophy, Poetry, have followed the fortunes of the Christian idea. Ancient history is the history of the apotheosis of Nature, or natural religion; modern history is the history of an Idea, or revealed religion. In vain will any thing try to be, which is not supported thereby. Fourier does homage to Christianity with many words. But this may be *cant*, though it thinks itself sincere. Besides, there are many things which go by the name of Christianity, that are not it. Let the Fourierists see to it, that there be freedom in their Phalanx for churches, unsupported by its material organization, and lending it no support on its material side. Independently existing, within them, but not of them, feeding on ideas, forgetting that which is behind, petrified into performance, — and pressing on to the stature of the perfect man, they will finally spread themselves in spirit over the whole body.

In fine, it is our belief, that unless the Fourierist bodies are made alive by Christ, 'their constitution will not march;' and the galvanic force of reaction, by which they move for a season, will not preserve them from corruption. As 'the corruption of the best is the worst,' the warmer their friends are, the more awake should they be to this danger, and the more energetic to avert it.

We understand that Brook Farm has become a Fourierist establishment. We rejoice in this, because such persons as form that association will give it a fair experiment. We wish it God-speed. May it become a University where the young American shall learn his duties, and become worthy of this broad land of his inheritance.

E. P. P.

THE YOUNG AMERICAN.

A Lecture read before the Mercantile Library Association, in Boston, at the Odeon, Wednesday, 7 February, 1844.

GENTLEMEN :

It is remarkable, that our people have their intellectual culture from one country, and their duties from another. Our books are European. We were born within the fame and sphere of Shakspeare and Milton, of Bacon, Dryden and Pope ; our college text-books are the writings of Butler, Locke, Paley, Blackstone, and Stewart ; and our domestic reading has been Clarendon and Hume, Addison and Johnson, Young and Cowper, Edgeworth and Scott, Southey, Coleridge and Wordsworth, and the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews. We are sent to a feudal school to learn democracy. A gulf yawns for the young American between his education and his work. We are like the all-accomplished banker's daughter, who, when her education was finished, and her father had become a bankrupt, and she was asked what she could do for him in his sickness and misfortunes, — could she make a shirt, mix bread, scald milk pans ? No, but she could waltz, and cut rice-paper, and paint velvet, and transfer drawings, and make satin stitch, and play on the clavichord, and sing German songs, and act charades, and arrange tableaux, and a great many other equally useful and indispensable performances. It has seemed verily so with the education of our young men ; the system of thought was the growth of monarchical institutions, whilst those that were flourishing around them were not consecrated to their imagination nor interpreted to their understanding.

This false state of things is newly in a way to be corrected. America is beginning to assert itself to the senses and to the imagination of her children, and Europe is receding in the same degree. This their reaction on education gives a new importance to the internal improvements and to the politics of the country.

There is no American citizen who has not been stimulated to reflection by the facilities now in progress of construction for travel and the transportation of goods in the

United States. The alleged effect to augment disproportionately the size of cities, is in a rapid course of fulfilment in this metropolis of New England.

The growth of Boston, never slow, has been so accelerated since the railroads have been opened which join it to Providence, to Albany, and to Portland, that the extreme depression of general trade has not concealed it from the most careless eye. The narrow peninsula, which a few years ago easily held its thirty or forty thousand people, with many pastures and waste lands, not to mention the large private gardens in the midst of the town, has been found too strait when forty are swelled to a hundred thousand. The waste lands have been fenced in and builded over, the private gardens one after the other have become streets. Boston proper consisted of seven hundred and twenty acres of land. Acre after acre has been since won from the sea, and in a short time the antiquary will find it difficult to trace the peninsular topography. Within the last year, the newspapers tell us, from twelve to fifteen hundred buildings of all sorts have been erected, many of them of a rich and durable character. And because each of the new avenues of iron road ramifies like the bough of a tree, the growth of the city proceeds at a geometrical rate. Already a new road is shooting northwest towards the Connecticut and Montreal; and every great line of road that is completed makes cross sections from road to road more practicable, so that the land will presently be mapped in a network of iron.

This rage for road building is beneficent for America, where vast distance is so main a consideration in our domestic politics and trade, inasmuch as the great political promise of the invention is to hold the Union staunch, whose days seemed already numbered by the mere inconvenience of transporting representatives, judges, and officers, across such tedious distances of land and water. Not only is distance annihilated, but when, as now, the locomotive and the steamboat, like enormous shuttles, shoot every day across the thousand various threads of national descent and employment, and bind them fast in one web, an hourly assimilation goes forward, and there is no danger that local peculiarities and hostilities should be preserved.

The new power is hardly less noticeable in its relation

to the immigrant population, chiefly to the people of Ireland, as having given employment to hundreds of thousands of the natives of that country, who are continually arriving in every vessel from Great Britain.

In an uneven country the railroad is a fine object in the making. It has introduced a multitude of picturesque traits into our pastoral scenery. The tunneling of mountains, the bridging of streams, the bold mole carried out into a broad silent meadow, silent and unvisited by any but its own neighbors since the planting of the region; the encounter at short distances along the track of gangs of laborers; the energy with which they strain at their tasks; the cries of the overseer or *boss*; the character of the work itself, which so violates and revolutionizes the primal and immemorial forms of nature; the village of shanties, at the edge of beautiful lakes until now the undisturbed haunt of the wild duck, and in the most sequestered nooks of the forest, around which the wives and children of the Irish are seen; the number of foreigners, men and women, whom now the woodsman encounters singly in the forest paths; the blowing of rocks, explosions all day, with the occasional alarm of frightful accident, and the indefinite promise of what the new channel of trade may do and undo for the rural towns, keep the senses and imagination active; and the varied aspects of the enterprise make it the topic of all companies, in cars and boats, and by fire-sides.

This picture is a little saddened, when too nearly seen, by the wrongs that are done in the contracts that are made with the laborers. Our hospitality to the poor Irishman has not much merit in it. We pay the poor fellow very ill. To work from dark to dark for sixty, or even fifty cents a day, is but pitiful wages for a married man. It is a pittance when paid in cash; but when, as generally happens, through the extreme wants of the one party, met by the shrewdness of the other, he draws his pay in clothes and food, and in other articles of necessity, his case is still worse; he buys everything at disadvantage, and has no adviser or protector. Besides, the labor done is excessive, and the sight of it reminds one of negro-driving. Good farmers and sturdy laborers say that they have never seen so much work got out of a man in a day. Poor fellows! Hear their

stories of their exodus from the old country, and their landing in the new, and their fortunes appear as little under their own control as the leaves of the forest around them. As soon as the ship that brought them is anchored, one is whirled off to Albany, one to Ohio, one digs at the levee at New Orleans, and one beside the waterwheels at Lowell, some fetch and carry on the wharves of New York and Boston, some in the woods of Maine. They have too little money, and too little knowledge, to allow them the exercise of much more election of whither to go, or what to do, than the leaf that is blown into this dike or that brook to perish.

And yet their plight is not so grievous as it seems. The escape from the squalid despair of their condition at home, into the unlimited opportunities of their existence here, must be reckoned a gain. The Irish father and mother are very ill paid, and are victims of fraud and private oppression; but their children are instantly received into the schools of the country; they grow up in perfect communication and equality with the native children, and owe to their parents a vigor of constitution which promises them at least an even chance in the competitions of the new generation. Whether it is this confidence that puts a drop of sweetness in their cup, or whether the buoyant spirits natural to the race, it is certain that they seem to have almost a monopoly of the vivacity and good nature in our towns, and contrast broadly, in that particular, with the native people. In the village where I reside, through which a railroad is being built, the charitable ladies, who, moved by the report of the wrongs and distresses of the newly arrived laborers, explored the shanties, with offers of relief, were surprised to find the most civil reception, and the most bounding sportfulness from the oldest to the youngest. Perhaps they may thank these dull shovels as safe vents for peccant humors; and this grim day's work of fifteen or sixteen hours, though deplored by all the humanity of the neighborhood, is a better police than the sheriff and his deputies.

1. But I have abstained too long from speaking of that which led me to this topic, — its importance in creating an American sentiment. An unlooked for consequence of the railroad, is the increased acquaintance it has given the

American people with the boundless resources of their own soil. If this invention has reduced England to a third of its size, by bringing people so much nearer, in this country it has given a new celerity to *time*, or anticipated by fifty years the planting of tracts of land, the choice of water-privileges, the working of mines, and other natural advantages. Railroad iron is a magician's rod, in its power to evoke the sleeping energies of land and water.

The railroad is but one arrow in our quiver, though it has great value as a sort of yard-stick, and surveyor's line. The bountiful continent is ours, state on state, and territory on territory, to the waves of the Pacific sea ;

"Our garden is the immeasurable earth,
The heaven's blue pillars are Medea's house,"

and new duties, new motives await and cheer us. The task of planting, of surveying, of building upon this immense tract, requires an education and a sentiment commensurate thereto. A consciousness of this fact, is beginning to take the place of the purely trading spirit and education which sprang up whilst all the population lived on the fringe of sea-coast. And even on the coast, prudent men have begun to see that every American should be educated with a view to the values of land. The arts of engineering and of architecture are studied ; scientific agriculture is an object of growing attention ; the mineral riches are explored ; limestone, coal, slate, and iron ; and the value of timber-lands is enhanced.

Columbus alleged as a reason for seeking a continent in the West, that the harmony of nature required a great tract of land in the western hemisphere, to balance the known extent of land in the eastern ; and it now appears that we must estimate the native values of this immense region to redress the balance of our own judgment, and appreciate the advantages opened to the human race in this country, which is our fortunate home. The land is the appointed remedy for whatever is false and fantastic in our culture. The great continent we inhabit is to be physic and food for our mind, as well as our body. The land, with its tranquillizing, sanative influences, is to repair the errors of a scholastic and traditional education, and bring us into just relations with men and things.

This habit of living in the presence of these invitations of natural wealth is not inoperative; and this habit, combined with the moral sentiment which, in the recent years, has interrogated every institution, and usage, and law, has, very naturally, given a strong direction to the wishes and aims of active young men to withdraw from cities, and cultivate the soil. This inclination has appeared in the most unlooked for quarters, in men supposed to be absorbed in business, and in those connected with the liberal professions. And since the walks of trade were crowded, whilst that of agriculture cannot easily be, inasmuch as the farmer who is not wanted by others, can yet grow his own bread, whilst the manufacturer or the trader who is not wanted, cannot,—this seemed a happy tendency. For, beside all the moral benefit which we may expect from the farmer's profession, when a man enters it from moral causes, this promised the conquering of the soil, plenty, and beyond this, the adorning of the whole continent with every advantage and ornament which labor, ingenuity, and affection for a man's home, could suggest. This great savage country should be furrowed by the plough, and combed by the harrow; these rough Alleghanies should know their master; these foaming torrents should be bestriden by proud arches of stone; these wild prairies should be loaded with wheat; the swamps with rice; the hill-tops should pasture innumerable sheep and cattle; the interminable forests should become graceful parks, for use and for delight.

In this country, where land is cheap, and the disposition of the people pacific, every thing invites to the arts of agriculture, of gardening, and domestic architecture. Public gardens, on the scale of such plantations in Europe and Asia, are now unknown to us. There is no feature of the old countries that more agreeably and newly strikes an American, than the beautiful gardens of Europe; such as the Boboli in Florence, the Villa Borghese in Rome, the Villa d'Este in Tivoli: works easily imitated here, and which might well make the land dear to the citizen, and inflame patriotism. It is the fine art which is left for us, now that sculpture, and painting, and religious and civil architecture have become effete, and have passed into second childhood. We have twenty degrees of latitude wherein to choose a seat, and the new modes of travelling enlarge the

opportunity of selection, by making it easy to cultivate very distant tracts, and yet remain in strict intercourse with the centres of trade and population. And the whole force of all the arts goes to facilitate the decoration of lands and dwellings. A garden has this advantage, that it makes it indifferent where you live. A well-laid garden makes the face of the country about you of no account; low or high, grand or mean, you have made a beautiful abode worthy of man. If the landscape is pleasing, the garden shows it, — if tame, it excludes it. A little grove, which any farmer can find, or cause to grow near his house, will, in a few years, so fill the eye and mind of the inhabitant, as to make cataracts and chains of mountains quite unnecessary to his scenery; and he is so contented with his alleys, woodlands, orchards, and river, that Niagara, and the Notch of the White Hills, and Nantasket Beach, are superfluities. And yet the selection of a fit houselot has the same advantage over an indifferent one, as the selection to a given employment of a man who has a genius for that work. In the last case, all the culture of years will never make the most painstaking scholar his equal: no more will gardening give the advantage of a happy site to a house in a hole or on a pinnacle. "God Almighty first planted a garden," says Lord Bacon, "and it is the purest of human pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which, buildings and palaces are but gross handyworks; and a man shall ever see that when ages grow to civility and elegance, men come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely, as if gardening were the greater perfection." Bacon has followed up this sentiment in his two *Essays on Buildings*, and *on Gardens*, with many pleasing details on the decoration of lands; and Aubrey has given us an engaging account of the manner in which Bacon finished his own manor at Gorhambury. In America, we have hitherto little to boast in this kind. The cities continually drain the country of the best part of its population: the flower of the youth, of both sexes, goes into the towns, and the country is cultivated by a so much inferior class. The land, — travel a whole day together, — looks poverty-stricken, and the buildings plain and poor. In Europe, where society has an aristocratic structure, the land is full of men of the best stock, and the best culture, whose interest and pride it is to remain half

the year on their estates, and to fill them with every convenience and ornament. Of course these make model farms, and model architecture; and are a constant education to the eye of the surrounding population. Whatever events in progress shall go to disgust men with cities, and infuse into them the passion for country-life, and country-pleasures, will render a prodigious service to the whole face of this continent, and will further the most poetic of all the occupations of real life, the bringing out by art the native but hidden graces of the landscape.

I look on such improvements, also, as directly tending to endear the land to the inhabitant, and give him whatever is valuable in local attachment. Any relation to the land, the habit of tilling it, or mining it, or even hunting on it, generates the feeling of patriotism. He who keeps shop on it, or he who merely uses it as a support to his desk and ledger, or to his manufactory, values it very little. The vast majority of the people of this country live by the land, and carry its quality in their manners and opinions. We in the Atlantic states, by position, have been commercial, and have, as I said, imbibed easily an European culture. Luckily for us, now that steam has narrowed the Atlantic to a strait, the nervous, rocky West is intruding a new and continental element into the national mind, and we shall yet have an American genius. How much better when the whole land is a garden, and the people have grown up in the bowers of a paradise. Without looking, then, to those extraordinary social influences which are now acting in precisely this direction, but only at what is inevitably doing around us, I think we must regard the *land* as a commanding and increasing power on the American citizen, the sanative and Americanizing influence, which promises to disclose new powers for ages to come.

2. In the second place, the uprise and culmination of the new and anti-feudal power of Commerce, is the political fact of most significance to the American at this hour.

We cannot look on the freedom of this country, in connexion with its youth, without a presentiment that here shall laws and institutions exist on some scale of proportion to the majesty of nature. To men legislating for the vast area betwixt the two oceans, betwixt the snows and the tropics, somewhat of the gravity and grandeur of nature

will infuse itself into the code. A heterogeneous population crowding on all ships from all corners of the world to the great gates of North America, namely, Boston, New York, and New Orleans, and thence proceeding inward to the prairie and the mountains, and quickly contributing their private thought to the public opinion, their toll to the treasury, and their vote to the election, it cannot be doubted that the legislation of this country should become more catholic and cosmopolitan than that of any other. It seems so easy for America to inspire and express the most expansive and humane spirit; new-born, free, healthful, strong, the land of the laborer, of the democrat, of the philanthropist, of the believer, of the saint, she should speak for the human race. America is the country of the Future. From Washington, its capital city, proverbially 'the city of magnificent distances,' through all its cities, states, and territories, it is a country of beginnings, of projects, of vast designs, and expectations. It has no past: all has an onward and prospective look. And herein is it fitted to receive more readily every generous feature which the wisdom or the fortune of man has yet to impress.

Gentlemen, there is a sublime and friendly Destiny by which the human race is guided, — the race never dying, the individual never spared, — to results affecting masses and ages. Men are narrow and selfish, but the Genius, or Destiny, is not narrow, but beneficent. It is not discovered in their calculated and voluntary activity, but in what befalls, with or without their design. Only what is inevitable interests us, and it turns out that love and good are inevitable, and in the course of things. That Genius has infused itself into nature. It indicates itself by a small excess of good, a small balance in brute facts always favorable to the side of reason. All the facts in any part of nature shall be tabulated, and the results shall indicate the same security and benefit; so slight as to be hardly observable, and yet it is there. The sphere is found flattened at the poles, and swelled at the equator; a form flowing necessarily from the fluid state, yet *the form*, the mathematician assures us, required to prevent the great protuberances of the continent, or even of lesser mountains cast up at any time by earthquakes, from continually deranging the axis of the earth. The census of the population is

found to keep an invariable equality in the sexes, with a trifling predominance in favor of the male, as if to counter-balance the necessarily increased exposure of male life in war, navigation, and other accidents. Remark the unceasing effort throughout nature at somewhat better than the actual creatures: *amelioration in nature*, which alone permits and authorizes amelioration in mankind. The population of the world is a conditional population; these are not the best, but the best that could live in the existing state of soils, of gases, animals, and morals: the best that could *yet* live; there shall be a better, please God. This Genius, or Destiny, is of the sternest administration, though rumors exist of its secret tenderness. It may be styled a cruel kindness, serving the whole even to the ruin of the member; a terrible communist, reserving all profits to the community, without dividend to individuals. Its law is, you shall have every thing as a member, nothing to yourself. For Nature is the noblest engineer, yet uses a grinding economy, working up all that is wasted today into tomorrow's creation;—not a superfluous grain of sand, for all the ostentation she makes of expense and public works. It is because Nature thus saves and uses, laboring for the general, that we poor particulars are so crushed and straitened, and find it so hard to live. She flung us out in her plenty, but we cannot shed a hair, or a paring of a nail, but instantly she snatches at the shred, and appropriates it to the general stock. Our condition is like that of the poor wolves: if one of the flock wound himself, or so much as limp, the rest eat him up incontinently.

That serene Power interposes an irresistible check upon the caprices and officiousness of our wills. His charity is not our charity. One of his agents is our will, but that which expresses itself in our will, is stronger than our will. We are very forward to help it, but it will not be accelerated. It resists our meddling, eleemosynary contrivances. We devise sumptuary laws and relief laws, but the principle of population is always reducing wages to the lowest pittance on which human life can be sustained. We legislate against forestalling and monopoly; we would have a common granary for the poor; but the selfishness which stores and hoards the corn for high prices, is the preventive of famine; and the law of self-preservation is surer policy

than any legislation can be. We concoct eleemosynary systems, and it turns out that our charity increases pauperism. We inflate our paper currency, we repair commerce with unlimited credit, and are presently visited with unlimited bankruptcy.

It is easy to see that we of the existing generation are conspiring with a beneficence, which, in its working for coming generations, sacrifices the passing one, which infatuates the most selfish men to act against their private interest for the public welfare. We build railroads, we know not for what or for whom; but one thing is very certain, that we who build will receive the very smallest share of benefit therefrom. Immense benefit will accrue; they are essential to the country, but that will be felt not until we are no longer countrymen. We do the like in all matters: —

“Man’s heart the Almighty to the Future set
By secret and inviolable springs.”

We plant trees, we build stone houses, we redeem the waste, we make long prospective laws, we found colleges, hospitals, but for many and remote generations. We should be very much mortified to learn that the little benefit we chanced in our own persons to receive was the utmost they would yield.

The history of commerce, which of course includes the history of the world, is the record of this beneficent tendency. The patriarchal form of government readily becomes despotic, as each person may see in his own family. Fathers wish to be the fathers of the minds of their children, as well as of their bodies, and behold with great impatience a new character and way of thinking presuming to show itself in their own son or daughter. This feeling, which all their love and pride in the powers of their children cannot subdue, becomes petulance and tyranny when the head of the clan, the emperor of an empire, deals with the same difference of opinion in his subjects. Difference of opinion is the one crime which kings never forgive. An empire is an immense egotism. “I am the State,” said the French Louis. When a French ambassador mentioned to Paul of Russia, that a man of consequence in St. Petersburg was interesting

himself in some matter, the Czar vehemently interrupted him with these words, — “There is no man of consequence in this empire, but he with whom I am actually speaking ; and so long only as I am speaking to him, is he of any consequence.” And Nicholas, the present emperor, is reported to have said to his council, “Gentlemen, the age is embarrassed with new opinions. Rely on me, gentlemen, I shall oppose an iron will to the progress of liberal opinions.”

It is very easy to see that this patriarchal or family management gets to be rather troublesome to all but the papa ; the sceptre comes to be a crowbar. And this very unpleasant egotism, Feudalism or the power of Aristocracy opposes, and finally destroys. The king is compelled to call in the aid of his brothers and cousins, and remote relations, to help him keep his overgrown house in order ; and this club of noblemen always come at last to have a will of their own ; they combine to brave the sovereign, and call in the aid of the people. Each chief attaches as many followers by kindness, and maintenance, and gifts, as he can ; and as long as war lasts, the nobles, who must be soldiers, rule very well. But when peace comes, the nobles prove very whimsical and uncomfortable masters ; their frolics turn out to be very insulting and degrading to the commoner. Feudalism grew to be a bandit and brigand.

Meantime Trade (or the merchant and manufacturer) had begun to appear : Trade, a plant which always grows wherever there is peace, as soon as there is peace, and as long as there is peace. The luxury and necessity of the noble fostered it. And as quickly as men go to foreign parts, in ships or caravans, a new order of things springs up ; new ideas awake in their minds. New command takes place, new servants and new masters. Their information, their wealth, their correspondence, have made them quite other men than left their native shore. *They* are nobles now, and by another patent than the king's. Feudalism had been good, had broken the power of the kings, and had some very good traits of its own ; but it had grown mischievous, it was time for it to die, and, as they say of dying people, all its faults came out. Trade was the strong man that broke it down, and raised a

new and unknown power in its place. It is a new agent in the world, and one of great function ; it is a very intellectual force. This displaces physical strength, and instals computation, combination, information, science, in its room. It calls out all force of a certain kind that slumbered in the former dynasties. It is now in the midst of its career. Feudalism is not ended yet. Our governments still partake largely of that element. Trade goes to make the governments insignificant, and to bring every kind of faculty of every individual that can in any manner serve any person, *on sale*. Instead of a huge Army and Navy, and Executive Departments, it tends to convert Government into a bureau of intelligence, an Intelligence-Office, where every man may find what he wishes to buy, and expose what he has to sell, not only produce and manufactures, but art, skill, and intellectual and moral values. This is the good and this the evil of trade, that it goes to put everything *into market*, talent, beauty, virtue, and man himself.

By this means, however, it has done its work. It has its faults, and will come to an end, as the others do. We rail at Trade, and the philosopher and lover of man have much harm to say of it ; but the historian of the world will see that Trade was the principle of Liberty ; that Trade planted America and destroyed Feudalism ; that it makes peace and keeps peace, and it will abolish slavery. We complain of the grievous oppression of the poor, and of its building up a new aristocracy on the ruins of the aristocracy it destroyed. But there is this immense difference, that the aristocracy of trade has no permanence, is not entailed, was the result of toil and talent, the result of merit of some kind, and is continually falling, like the waves of the sea, before new claims of the same sort. Trade is an instrument in the hands of that friendly Power which works for us in our own despite. We design it thus and thus ; but it turns out otherwise and far better. This beneficent tendency, omnipotent without violence, exists and works. Every observation of history inspires a confidence that we shall not go far wrong ; that things mend. That is it. That is the moral of all we learn, that it warrants Hope, HOPE, the prolific mother of reforms. Our part is plainly not to throw ourselves

across the track, not to block improvement, and sit till we are stone, but to watch the uprise of successive mornings, and to conspire with the new works of new days. Government has been a fossil; it should be a plant. I conceive that the office of statute law should be to express, and not to impede the mind of mankind. New thoughts, new things. Trade was one instrument, but Trade is also but for a time, and must give way to somewhat broader and better, whose signs are already dawning in the sky.

3. I pass in the third place to speak of the signs of that which is the sequel of trade.

It is in consequence of the revolution in the state of society wrought by trade, that Government in our times is beginning to wear so clumsy and cumbrous an appearance. We have already seen our way to shorter methods. The time is full of good signs. Some of them shall ripen to fruit. All this beneficent socialism is a friendly omen, and the swelling cry of voices for the education of the people, indicates that Government has other offices than those of banker and executioner. Witness the new movements in the civilized world, the Communism of France, Germany, and Switzerland; the Trades' Unions; the English League against the Corn Laws; and the whole *Industrial Statistics*, so called. In Paris, the blouse, the badge of the operative, has begun to make its appearance in the saloons. Witness too the spectacle of three Communities which have within a very short time sprung up within this Commonwealth, beside several others undertaken by citizens of Massachusetts within the territory of other States. These proceeded from a variety of motives, from an impatience of many usages in common life, from a wish for greater freedom than the manners and opinions of society permitted, but in great part from a feeling that the true offices of the State, the State had let fall to the ground; that in the scramble of parties for the public purse, the main duties of government were omitted, — the duty to instruct the ignorant, to supply the poor with work and with good guidance. These communists preferred the agricultural life as the most favorable condition for human culture; but they thought that the farm, as we manage it, did not satisfy

the right ambition of man. The farmer, after sacrificing pleasure, taste, freedom, thought, love, to his work, turns out often a bankrupt, like the merchant. This result might well seem astounding. All this drudgery, from cockcrowing to starlight, for all these years, to end in mortgages and the auctioneer's flag, and removing from bad to worse. It is time to have the thing looked into, and with a sifting criticism ascertained who is the fool. It seemed a great deal worse because the farmer is living in the same town with men who pretend to know exactly what he wants. On one side, is agricultural chemistry, coolly exposing the nonsense of our spendthrift agriculture and ruinous expense of manures, and offering, by means of a teaspoonful of artificial guano, to turn a sandbank into corn; and, on the other, the farmer, not only eager for the information, but with bad crops and in debt and bankruptcy, for want of it. Here are Etzlers and countless mechanical projectors, who, with the Fourierists, undoubtingly affirm that the smallest union would make every man rich; — and, on the other side, is this multitude of poor men and women seeking work, and who cannot find enough to pay their board. The science is confident, and surely the poverty is real. If any means could be found to bring these two together!

This was one design of the projectors of the Associations which are now making their first feeble experiments. They were founded in love, and in labor. They proposed, as you know, that all men should take a part in the manual toil, and proposed to amend the condition of men by substituting harmonious, for hostile industry. It was a noble thought of Fourier, which gives a favorable idea of his system, to distinguish in his Phalanx a class as the Sacred Band, by whom whatever duties were disagreeable, and likely to be omitted, were to be assumed.

At least, an economical success seemed certain for the enterprise, and that agricultural association must, sooner or later, fix the price of bread, and drive single farmers into association, in self-defence; as the great commercial and manufacturing companies had already done. The Community is only the continuation of the same movement which made the joint-stock companies for manufac-

tures, mining, insurance, banking, and so forth. It has turned out cheaper to make calico by companies; and it is proposed to plant corn, and to bake bread by companies, and knowing men affirm it will be tried until it is done.

Undoubtedly, abundant mistakes will be made by these first adventurers, which will draw ridicule on their schemes. I think, for example, that they exaggerate the importance of a favorite project of theirs, that of paying talent and labor at one rate, paying all sorts of services at one rate, say ten cents the hour. They have paid it so; but not an instant would a dime remain a dime. In one hand it became an eagle as it fell, and in another hand a copper cent. For, obviously, the whole value of the dime is in knowing what to do with it. One man buys with it a land-title of an Indian, and makes his posterity princes; or buys corn enough to feed the world; or pen, ink, and paper, or a painter's brush, by which he can communicate himself to the human race as if he were fire; and the other buys plums and gooseberries. Money is of no value: it cannot spend itself. All depends on the skill of the spender.

Whether, too, the objection almost universally felt by such women in the community as were mothers, to an associate life, to a common table, and a common nursery, &c., setting a higher value on the private family with poverty, than on an association with wealth, will not prove insuperable, remains to be determined.

But the Communities aimed at a much greater success in securing to all their members an equal, and very thorough education. And the great aims of the movement will not be relinquished, even if these attempts fail, but will be prosecuted by like-minded men in all society, until they succeed.

This is the value of the Communities; not what they have done, but the revolution which they indicate as on the way. Yes, Government must educate the poor man. Look across the country from any hill-side around us, and the landscape seems to crave Government. The actual differences of men must be acknowledged, and met with love and wisdom. These rising grounds which command the champaign below, seem to ask for lords, true lords, *land-lords*, who understand the land and its

uses, and the applicabilities of men, and whose government would be what it should, namely, mediation between want and supply. How gladly would each citizen pay a commission for the support and continuation of such good guidance. Goethe said, 'no man should be rich but those who understand it : ' and certainly the poor are prone to think that very few of the rich understand how to use their advantage to any good purpose ; they have not originality, nor even grace in their expenditure. But if this is true of wealth, it is much more true of power ; none should be a governor who has not a talent for governing. Now many people have a native skill for carving out business for many hands ; a genius for the disposition of affairs ; and are never happier than when difficult practical questions which embarrass other men, are to be solved : all lies in light before them : they are in their element. Could any means be contrived to appoint only these ! There really seems a progress towards such a state of things, in which this work shall be done by these natural workmen : and this, not certainly through any increased discretion shown by the citizens at elections, but by the gradual contempt into which official government falls, and the increasing disposition of private adventurers to assume its fallen functions. Thus the Post Office is likely to go into disuse before the private transportation shop of Harnden and his competitors. The currency threatens to fall entirely into private hands. Justice is continually administered more and more by private reference, and not by litigation. We have feudal governments in a commercial age. It would be but an easy extension of our commercial system, to pay a private emperor a fee for services, as we pay an architect, or engineer, or a lawyer for advice. If any man has a talent for righting wrong, for administering difficult affairs, for counselling poor farmers how to turn their estates to good husbandry, for combining a hundred private enterprises to a general benefit, let him in the county-town, or in Court-street, put up his sign-board, Mr. Smith, *Governor*, Mr. Johnson, *Working king*.

How can our young men complain of the poverty of things in New England, and not feel that poverty as a demand on their charity to make New England rich ?

Where is he who seeing a thousand men useless and unhappy, and making the whole region look forlorn by their inaction, and conscious himself of possessing the faculty they want, does not hear his call to go and be their king?

We must have kings, and we must have nobles. Nature is always providing such in every society, — only let us have the real instead of the titular. Let us have our leading and our inspiration from the best. The actual differences in personal power are not to be disputed. In every society some men are born to rule, and some to advise. Let the powers be well directed, directed by love, and they would everywhere be greeted with joy and honor. The chief is the chief all the world over, only not his cap and his plume. It is only their dislike of the pretender, which makes men sometimes unjust to the true and finished man. If society were transparent, the noble would everywhere be gladly received and accredited, and would not be asked for his day's work, but would be felt as benefit, inasmuch as he was noble. That were his duty and stint, — to keep himself pure and purifying, the leaven of his nation. I think I see place and duties for a nobleman in every society; but it is not to drink wine and ride in a fine coach, but to guide and adorn life for the multitude by forethought, by elegant studies, by perseverance, self-devotion, and the remembrance of the humble old friend, by making his life secretly beautiful.

I call upon you, young men, to obey your heart, and be the nobility of this land. In every age of the world, there has been a leading nation, one of a more generous sentiment, whose eminent citizens were willing to stand for the interests of general justice and humanity, at the risk of being called, by the men of the moment, chimerical and fantastic. Which should be that nation but these States? Which should lead that movement, if not New England? Who should lead the leaders, but the Young American? The people, and the world, is now suffering from the want of religion and honor in its public mind. In America, out of doors all seems a market; in doors, an air-tight stove of conventionalism. Every body who comes into our houses savors of these precious habits; the men of the market, the women of

the custom. I find no expression in our state papers or legislative debate, in our lyceums or churches, specially in our newspapers, of a high national feeling, no lofty counsels that rightfully stir the blood. I speak of those organs which can be presumed to speak a popular sense. They recommend only conventional virtues, whatever will earn and preserve property; always the capitalist; the college, the church, the hospital, the theatre, the hotel, the road, the ship, of the capitalist, — whatever goes to secure, adorn, enlarge these, is good; what jeopardizes any of these, is damnable. The 'opposition' papers, so-called, are on the same side. They attack the great capitalist, but with the aim to make a capitalist of the poor man. The opposition is between the ins and the outs; between those who have money, and those who wish to have money. But who announces to us in journal, or in pulpit, or in the street,

"Man alone
Can perform the impossible."

I take pleasure in adding the succeeding lines from the ode of the German poet:—

"He distinguishes,
Chooses, and judges,
He can impart to the
Moment duration.

Noble be man,
Helpful and good!
Since that alone
Distinguishes him
From all the beings
Which we know.

Hail to the unknown
Higher powers
Whom we divine!
His pattern teach us
Faith in them!"

I shall not need to go into an enumeration of our national defects and vices which require this Order of Censors in the state. I might not set down our most proclaimed offences as the worst. It is not often the worst trait that occasions the loudest outcry. Men com-

plain of their suffering, and not of the crime. I fear little from the bad effect of Repudiation ; I do not fear that it will spread. Stealing is a suicidal business ; you cannot repudiate but once. But the bold face and tardy repentance permitted to this local mischief, reveal a public mind so preoccupied with the love of gain, that the common sentiment of indignation at fraud does not act with its natural force. The more need of a withdrawal from the crowd, and a resort to the fountain of right, by the brave. The timidity of our public opinion, is our disease, or, shall I say, the publicness of opinion, the absence of private opinion. Good-nature is plentiful, but we want justice, with heart of steel, to fight down the proud. The private mind has the access to the totality of goodness and truth, that it may be a balance to a corrupt society ; and to stand for the private verdict against popular clamor, is the office of the noble. If a humane measure is propounded in behalf of the slave, or of the Irishman, or the Catholic, or for the succor of the poor, that sentiment, that project, will have the homage of the hero. That is his nobility, his oath of knighthood, to succor the helpless and oppressed ; always to throw himself on the side of weakness, of youth, of hope, on the liberal, on the expansive side, never on the defensive, the conserving, the timorous, the lock and bolt system. More than our good will we may not be able to give. We have our own affairs, our own genius, which chains us to our proper work. We cannot give our life to the cause of the debtor, of the slave, or the pauper, as another is doing, but one thing we are bound to, not to blaspheme the sentiment and the work of that man, not to throw stumbling blocks in the way of the abolitionist, the philanthropist, as the organs of influence and opinion are swift to do. It is for us to confide in the beneficent Supreme Power, and not to rely on our money, and on the state because it is the guard of money. At this moment, the terror of old people and of vicious people, is lest the Union of these States be destroyed. As if the Union had any other real basis than the good pleasure of a majority of the citizens to be united. But the wise and just man will always feel that he stands on his own feet ; that he imparts strength to the state, not receives security

from it; and that if all went down, he and such as he would quite easily combine in a new and better constitution. Every great and memorable community has consisted of formidable individuals, who, like the Roman or the Spartan, lent his own spirit to the state and so made it great. Yet only by the supernatural is a man strong: only by confiding in the Divinity which stirs in us. Nothing is so weak as an egotist. Nothing is mightier than we, when we are vehicles of a truth before which the state and the individual are alike ephemeral.

Gentlemen, the development of our American internal resources, the extension to the utmost of the commercial system, and the appearance of new moral causes which are to modify the state, are giving an aspect of greatness to the Future, which the imagination fears to open. One thing is plain for all men of common sense and common conscience, that here, here in America, is the home of man. After all the deductions which are to be made for our pitiful and most unworthy politics, which stake every gravest national question on the silly die, whether James or whether Jonathan shall sit in the chair and hold the purse, after all the deduction is made for our frivolities and insanities, there still remains an organic simplicity and liberty, which, when it loses its balance redresses itself presently, which offers opportunity to the human mind not known in any other region.

It is true, the public mind wants self-respect. We are full of vanity, of which the most signal proof is our sensitiveness to foreign and especially English censure. One cause of this is our immense reading, and that reading chiefly confined to the productions of the English press. But a more misplaced sensibility than this tenderness to fame on the subject of our country and civil institutions, I cannot recall. Could we not defend and apologize for the sun and rain. Here are we, men of English blood, planted now for five, six, or seven generations on this immense tract in the temperate zone, and so planted at such a conjuncture of time and events, that we have left behind us whatever old and odious establishments the mind of men had outgrown. The unsupportable burdens under which Europe staggers, and almost every month mutters, 'A Revolution! a Revolu-

tion!' we have escaped from as by one bound. No thanks to us; but in the blessed course of events it did happen that this country was not open to the Puritans until they had felt the burden of the feudal system, and until the commercial era in modern Europe had dawned, so that without knowing what they did, they left the whole curse behind, and put the storms of the Atlantic between them and this antiquity. And the felling of the forest, and the settling in so far of the area of this continent, was accomplished under the free spirit of trading communities with a complete success. Not by our right hand, or foresight, or skill, was it done, but by the simple acceptance of the plainest road ever shown men to walk in. It was the human race, under Divine leading, going forth to receive and inhabit their patrimony. And now, if any Englishman, or Frenchman, or Spaniard, or Russian, or German, can find any food for merriment in the spectacle, make him welcome to shake his sides. There never was a people that could better afford to be the subject of a little fun, than we. An honest man may, perhaps, wonder how, with so much to call forth congratulation, our lively visitors should be so merry and critical. Perhaps they have great need of a little holiday and diversion from their domestic cares, like other house-keepers who have a heavy time of it at home, and need all the refreshment they can get from kicking up their feet a little now that they have got away on a frolic.

It is also true, that, to imaginative persons in this country, there is somewhat bare and bald in our short history, and unsettled wilderness. They ask, who would live in a new country, that can live in an old? Europe is to our boys and girls, what novels and romances are; and it is not strange they should burn to see the picturesque extremes of an antiquated country. But it is one thing to visit the pyramids, and another to wish to live there. Would they like tithes to the clergy, and sevenths to the government, and horse-guards, and licensed press, and grief when a child is born, and threatening, starved weavers, and a pauperism now constituting one-thirteenth of the population? Instead of the open future expanding here before the eye of every boy to

vastness, would they like the closing in of the future to a narrow slit of sky, and that fast contracting to be no future? One thing, for instance, the beauties of aristocracy, we commend to the study of the travelling American. The English, the most conservative people this side of India, are not sensible of the restraint, but an American would seriously resent it. The aristocracy, incorporated by law and education, degrades life for the unprivileged classes. It is a questionable compensation to the embittered feeling of a proud commoner, the reflection that the worthless lord who, by the magic of title, paralyzes his arm, and plucks from him half the graces and rights of a man, is himself also an aspirant excluded with the same ruthlessness from higher circles, since there is no end to the wheels within wheels of this spiral heaven. Something may be pardoned to the spirit of loyalty when it becomes fantastic; and something to the imagination, for the baldest life is symbolic. Philip II. of Spain rated his ambassador for neglecting business of great importance in Italy, whilst he debated some point of honor with the French ambassador; "You have left a business of importance for a ceremony." The ambassador replied, "How? for a ceremony? your majesty's self is but a ceremony." In the East, where the religious sentiment comes in to the support of the aristocracy, and in the Romish church also, there is a grain of sweetness in the tyranny; but in England, the fact seems to me intolerable, what is commonly affirmed, that such is the transcendent honor accorded to wealth and birth, that no man of letters, be his eminence what it may, is received into the best society, except as a lion and a show. It seems to me, that with the lights which are now gleaming in the eyes of all men, residence in that country becomes degradation to any man not employed to revolutionize it. The English have many virtues, many advantages, and the proudest history of the world; but they need all, and more than all the resources of the past to indemnify a heroic gentleman in that country for the mortifications prepared for him by the system of society, and which seem to impose the alternative to resist or to avoid it. That there are mitigations and practical alleviations to this rigor, is

not an excuse for the rule. Commanding worth, and personal power must sit crowned in all companies, nor will extraordinary persons be slighted or affronted in any company of civilized men. But the system is an invasion of the sentiment of justice and the native rights of men, which, however decorated, must lessen the value of English citizenship. It is for Englishmen to consider, not for us: we only say, let us live in America, too thankful for our want of feudal institutions. Our houses and towns are like mosses and lichens, so slight and new; but youth is a fault of which we shall daily mend. And really at last all lands are alike. Ours, too, is as old as the Flood, and wants no ornament or privilege which nature could bestow. Here stars, here woods, here hills, here animals, here men abound, and the vast tendencies concur of a new order. If only the men are well employed in conspiring with the designs of the Spirit who led us hither, and is leading us still, we shall quickly enough advance out of all hearing of other's censures, out of all regrets of our own, into a new and more excellent social state than history has recorded.

HERALD OF FREEDOM.*

WE have occasionally, for several years, met with a number of this spirited journal, edited, as abolitionists need not be informed, by Nathaniel P. Rogers, once a counsellor at law in Plymouth, still further up the Merrimack, but now, in his riper years, come down the hills thus far, to be the Herald of Freedom to those parts. We have been refreshed not a little by the cheap cordial of his editorials, flowing like his own mountain-torrents, now clear and sparkling, now foaming and gritty, and always spiced with the essence of the fir and the Norway pine; but never dark nor muddy, nor threatening with smothered murmurs,

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like the rivers of the plain. The effect of one of his effusions reminds us of what the hydropathists say about the electricity in fresh spring-water, compared with that which has stood over night to suit weak nerves. We do not know of another notable and public instance of such pure, youthful, and hearty indignation at all wrong. The church itself must love it, if it have any heart, though he is said to have dealt rudely with its sanctity. His clean attachment to the right, however, sanctions the severest rebuke we have read.

We have neither room, nor inclination, to criticise this paper, or its cause, at length, but would speak of it in the free and uncalculating spirit of its author. Mr. Rogers seems to us to occupy an honorable and manly position in these days, and in this country, making the press a living and breathing organ to reach the hearts of men, and not merely "fine paper, and good type," with its civil pilot sitting aft, and magnanimously waiting for the news to arrive, — the vehicle of the earliest news, but the *latest intelligence*, — recording the indubitable and last results, the marriages and deaths, alone. The present editor is wide awake, and standing on the beak of his ship; not as a scientific explorer under government, but a yankee sealer, rather, who makes those unexplored continents his harbors in which to refit for more adventurous cruises. He is a fund of news and freshness in himself, — has the gift of speech, and the knack of writing, and if anything important takes place in the Granite State, we may be sure that we shall hear of it in good season. No other paper that we know keeps pace so well with one forward wave of the restless public thought and sentiment of New England, and asserts so faithfully and ingenuously the largest liberty in all things. There is, beside, more unpledged poetry in his prose, than in the verses of many an accepted rhymer; and we are occasionally advertised by a mellow hunter's note from his trumpet, that, unlike most reformers, his feet are still where they should be, on the turf, and that he looks out from a screener natural life into the turbid arena of politics. Nor is slavery always a sombre theme with him, but invested with the colors of his wit and fancy, and an evil to be abolished by other means than sorrow and bitterness of complaint. He will fight this fight with what cheer may

be. But to speak of his composition. It is a genuine yankee style, without fiction, — real guessing and calculating to some purpose, and reminds us occasionally, as does all free, brave, and original writing, of its great master in these days, Thomas Carlyle. It has a life above grammar, and a meaning which need not be parsed to be understood. But like those same mountain-torrents, there is rather too much slope to his channel, and the rainbow sprays and evaporations go double-quick-time to heaven, while the body of his water falls headlong to the plain. We would have more pause and deliberation, occasionally, if only to bring his tide to a head, — more frequent expansions of the stream, still, bottomless mountain tarns, perchance inland seas, and at length the deep ocean itself.

We cannot do better than enrich our pages with a few extracts from such articles as we have at hand. Who can help sympathizing with his righteous impatience, when invited to hold his peace or endeavor to convince the understandings of the people by well ordered arguments ?

—“ Bandy compliments and arguments with the somnambulist, on ‘table rock,’ when all the waters of Lake Superior are thundering in the great horse-shoe, and deafening the very war of the elements! Would you not shout to him with a clap of thunder through a speaking-trumpet, if you could command it, — if possible to reach his senses in his appalling extremity! Did Jonah *argufy* with the city of Nineveh, — ‘yet forty days,’ cried the vagabond prophet, ‘and Nineveh shall be overthrown!’ That was his salutation. And did the ‘Property and Standing’ turn up their noses at him, and set the mob on to him? Did the clergy *discountenance* him, and call him extravagant, misguided, a divider of churches, a disturber of parishes? What would have become of that city, if they had done this? Did they ‘approve his principles’ but dislike his ‘measures’ and his ‘spirit’!!

“Slavery must be cried down, denounced down, ridiculed down, and pro-slavery with it, or rather before it. Slavery will go when pro-slavery starts. The sheep will follow when the bell-wether leads. Down, then, with the bloody system, out of the land with it, and out of the world with it, — into the Red Sea with it. Men *sha’nt* be enslaved in this country any longer. Women and children *sha’nt* be flogged here any longer. If you undertake to hinder us, the worst is your own.” — “But this is all fanaticism. *Wait and see.*”

He thus raises the anti-slavery ‘war-whoop’ in New Hampshire, when an important convention is to be held, sending the summons

—“To none but the whole-hearted, fully-committed, cross-the-Rubicon spirits.” — “From rich ‘old Cheshire,’ from Rockingham, with her

horizon setting down away to the salt sea." — "From where the sun sets behind Kearsage, even to where he rises gloriously over *Moses Norris's* own town of *Pittsfield*; and from Amoskeag to Ragged Mountains, — Coos — Upper Coos, home of the everlasting hills, send out your bold advocates of human rights, — wherever they lay, scattered by lonely lake, or Indian stream, or 'Grant,' or 'Location,' — from the trout-haunted brooks of the Amoriscoggin, and where the adventurous streamlet takes up its mountain march for the St. Lawrence.

"Scattered and insulated men, wherever the light of philanthropy and liberty has beamed in upon your solitary spirits, come down to us like your streams and clouds; — and our own Grafton, all about among your dear hills, and your mountain-flanked valleys — whether you *home* along the swift Ammonosuck, the cold Pemigewasset, or the ox-bowed Connecticut." —

— "We are slow, brethren, dishonorably slow, in a cause like ours. Our feet should be as 'hinds' feet.' 'Liberty lies bleeding.' The leaden-colored wing of slavery obscures the land with its baleful shadow. Let us come together, and inquire at the hand of the Lord, what is to be done."

And again; on occasion of the New England Convention, in the Second-Advent Tabernacle, in Boston, he desires to try one more blast, as it were, 'on Fabyan's White Mountain horn.'

"Ho, then, people of the Bay State, — men, women, and children; children, women, and men, scattered friends of the *friendless*, wheresoever ye inhabit, — if habitations ye have, as such friends have not *always*, — along the sea-beat border of Old Essex and the Puritan Landing, and up beyond sight of the sea-cloud, among the inland hills, where the sun rises and sets upon the dry land, in that vale of the Connecticut, too fair for human content, and too fertile for virtuous industry, — where deepens that haughtiest of earth's streams, on its seaward way, proud with the pride of old Massachusetts. Are there any friends of the friendless negro haunting such a valley as this? In God's name, I fear there are none, or few, for the very scene looks apathy and oblivion to the genius of humanity. I blow you the summons though. Come, if any of you are there.

"And gallant little Rhode Island; *transcendent* abolitionists of the tiny commonwealth. I need not call you. You are *called* the year round, and, instead of sleeping in your tents, stand harnessed, and with trumpets in your hands, — every one!

"Connecticut! yonder, the home of the Burleighs, the Monroes, and the Hudsons, and the native land of old George Benson! are you ready? 'All ready!'

"Maine here, off east, looking from my mountain post, like an everglade. Where is your Sam. Fessenden, who stood storm-proof, 'gainst New Organization in '38? Has he too much name as a jurist and an orator, to be found at a New England Convention in '43? God forbid. Come one and all of you from 'Down East,' to Boston, on the 30th, and let the sails of your coasters whiten all the sea-road. Alas! there are scarce enough of you to man a fishing boat. Come up, mighty in your fewness.

“ And green Vermont, what has become of your anti-slavery host, — thick as your mountain maples, — mastering your very politics, — not by balance of power, but by sturdy majority. Where are you now? Will you be at the *Advent Meeting* on the 30th of May? Has anti-slavery waxed too trying for your off-hand, how-are-ye, humanity? Have you heard the voice of Freedom of late? Next week will answer.

“ Poor, cold, winter-ridden New Hampshire, — winter-killed, I like to have said, — she will be there, bare-foot, and bare-legged, making tracks like her old bloody-footed volunteers at Trenton. She will be there, if she can work her passage. I guess her minstreley* will, — for birds can go independently of car, or tardy stage-coach. — ”

— “ Let them come as Macaulay says they did to the siege of Rome, when they did not leave old men and women enough to begin the harvests. Oh how few we should be, if every soul of us were there. How few, and yet it is the entire muster-roll of Freedom for all the land. We should have to beat up for recruits to complete the army of Gideon, or the *platoon* at the Spartan straits. The foe are like the grasshoppers for *multitude*, as for *moral power*. Thick grass mows the easier, as the Goth said of the enervated millions of falling Rome. They can't stand too thick, nor too tall for the anti-slavery scythe. Only be there at the mowing.”

In noticing the doings of another Convention, he thus congratulates himself on the liberty of speech which anti-slavery concedes to all, — even to the Folsoms and Lamsons: —

“ Denied a chance to speak elsewhere, because they are not mad after the fashion, they all flock to the anti-slavery boards as a kind of Asylum. And so the poor old enterprise has to father all the oddity of the times. It is a glory to anti-slavery, that she can allow the poor friends the right of speech. I hope she will always keep herself able to afford it. Let the constables wait on the State House, and Jail, and the *Meeting Houses*. Let the door-keeper at the Anti-Slavery Hall be that tall, celestial-faced Woman, that carries the flag on the National Standard, and says, ‘ without concealment,’ as well as ‘ without compromise.’ Let every body in, who has sanity enough to see the beauty of brotherly kindness, and let them say their fantasies, and magnanimously bear with them, seeing unkind pro-slavery drives them in upon us. We shall have *saner* and *sensibler* meetings then, than all others in the land put together.”

More recently, speaking of the use which some of the clergy have made of Webster's plea in the Girard case, as a seasonable aid to the church, he proceeds:

“ Webster is a great man, and the clergy run under his wing. They had better employ him as counsel against the Comeouters. He would 'nt trust the defence on the Girard will plea though, if they did. He would not risk his fame on it, as a religious argument. He would go

* The Hutchinsons.

and consult William Bassett, of Lynn, on the principles of the 'Come-outers,' to learn their strength; and he would get him a testament, and go into it as he does into the Constitution, and after a year's study of it he would hardly come off in the argument as he did from the conflict with Carolina Hayne. On looking into the case, he would advise the clergy not to go to trial, — to settle, — or, if they could 'nt, to 'leave it out' to a reference of 'orthodox deacons.'"

We will quote from the same sheet his indignant and touching satire on the funeral of those public officers who were killed by the explosion on board the Princeton, together with the President's slave; an accident which reminds us how closely slavery is linked with the government of this nation. The President coming to preside over a nation of *free men*, and the man who stands *next to him a slave!*

"I saw account," says he, "of the burial of those slaughtered politicians. The hearses passed along, of Upshur, Gilmer, Kennon, Maxcy, and Gardner, — but the dead slave, who fell in company with them on the deck of the Princeton, was not there. He was held their equal by the impartial gun-burst, but not allowed by the *bereaved nation* a share in the funeral." ... "Out upon their funeral, and upon the paltry procession that went in its train. Why did 'nt they enquire for the body of the *other man* who fell on that deck! And why has 'nt the nation inquired, and its press? I saw account of the scene in a barbarian print, called the Boston Atlas, and it was dumb on the absence of that body, as if no such man had fallen. Why, I demand in the name of human nature, was that sixth man of the game brought down by that great shot, left unburied and above ground, — for there is no account yet that his body has been allowed the right of sepulture." ... "They did 'nt bury him even as a slave. They did 'nt assign him a jim-crow place in that solemn procession, that he might follow to wait upon his enslavers in the land of spirits. They have gone there without slaves or waiters." ... "The poor black man, — they enslaved and imbruted him all his life, and now he is dead, they have, for aught appears, left him to decay and waste above ground. Let the civilized world take note of the circumstance."

We deem such timely, pure, and unpremeditated expressions of a public sentiment, such publicity of genuine indignation and humanity, as abound every where in this journal, the most generous gifts a man can make, and should be glad to see the scraps from which we have quoted, and the others which we have not seen, collected into a volume. It might, perchance, penetrate into some quarters which the unpopular cause of freedom has not reached.

Long may we hear the voice of this Herald.

H. D. T.

FRAGMENTS OF PINDAR.

[The following fragments of Pindar, found in ancient authors, should have been inserted at the end of the translations contained in our last number.]

THE FREEDOM OF GREECE.

First at Artemisium
The children of the Athenians laid the shining
Foundation of freedom,
And at Salamis and Mycale,
And in Platæa, making it firm
As adamant.

FROM STRABO.

Apollo.

Having risen he went
Over land and sea,
And stood over the vast summits of mountains,
And threaded the recesses, penetrating to the foundations of
the groves.

FROM PLUTARCH.

Heaven being willing, even on an osier thou mayest sail.
Thus rhymed by the old translator of Plutarch ;
“ Were it the will of heaven, an osier bough
Were vessel safe enough the seas to plough.”

FROM SEXTUS EMPIRICUS.

Honors and crowns of the tempest-footed
Horses delight one ;
Others life in golden chambers ;
And some even are pleased traversing securely
The swelling of the sea in a swift ship.

FROM STOBÆUS.

This I will say to thee,—
 The lot of fair and pleasant things
 It behoves to show in public to all the people ;
 But if any adverse calamity sent from heaven befall
 Men, this it becomes to bury in darkness.

FROM CLEMENS OF ALEXANDRIA.

To Heaven it is possible from black
 Night to make arise unspotted light,
 And with cloud-blackening darkness to obscure
 The pure splendor of day.

FROM THE SAME.

First, indeed, the Fates brought the wise-counselling
 Uranian Themis, with golden horses,
 By the fountains of Ocean to the awful ascent
 Of Olympus, along the shining way,
 To be the first spouse of Zeus the Deliverer.
 And she bore the golden-filleted, fair-wristed
 Hours, preservers of good things.

Equally tremble before God
 And a man dear to God.

FROM ÆLIUS ARISTIDES.

Pindar used such exaggeration [in praise of poetry] as to say that even the gods themselves, when at his marriage Zeus asked if they wanted any thing, “asked him to make certain gods for them who should celebrate these great works and all his creation with speech and song.”

FROM STOBÆUS.

Pindar said of the physiologists, that they “plucked the unripe fruit of wisdom.”

FROM THE SAME.

Pindar said that “hopes were the dreams of those awake.”

T.

THE TRAGIC.

HE has seen but half the universe who never has been shown the House of Pain. As the salt sea covers more than two thirds of the surface of the globe, so sorrow encroaches in man on felicity. The conversation of men is a mixture of regrets and apprehensions. I do not know but the prevalent hue of things to the eye of leisure is melancholy. In the dark hours, our existence seems to be a defensive war, a struggle against the encroaching All, which threatens surely to engulf us soon, and is impatient of our short reprieve. How slender the possession that yet remains to us; how faint the animation! how the spirit seems already to contract its domain, retiring within narrower walls by the loss of memory, leaving its planted fields to erasure and annihilation. Already our own thoughts and words have an alien sound. There is a simultaneous diminution of memory and hope. Projects that once we laughed and leaped to execute, find us now sleepy and preparing to lie down in the snow. And in the serene hours we have no courage to spare. We cannot afford to let go any advantages. The riches of body or of mind which we do not need today, are the reserved fund against the calamity that may arrive tomorrow. It is usually agreed that some nations have a more sombre temperament, and one would say that history gave no record of any society in which despondency came so readily to heart as we see it and feel it in ours. Melancholy cleaves to the English mind in both hemispheres as closely as to the strings of an *Æolian* harp. Men and women at thirty years, and even earlier, have lost all spring and vivacity, and if they fail in their first enterprizes, they throw up the game. But whether we, and those who are next to us, are more or less vulnerable, no theory of life can have any right, which leaves out of account the values of vice, pain, disease, poverty, insecurity, disunion, fear, and death.

What are the conspicuous tragic elements in human nature?

The bitterest tragic element in life to be derived from

an intellectual source is the belief in a brute Fate or Destiny; the belief that the order of nature and events is controlled by a law not adapted to man, nor man to that, but which holds on its way to the end, serving him if his wishes chance to lie in the same course, — crushing him if his wishes lie contrary to it, — and heedless whether it serves or crushes him. This is the terrible idea that lies at the foundation of the old Greek tragedy, and makes the *Cedipus* and *Antigone* and *Orestes* objects of such hopeless commiseration. They must perish, and there is no over-god to stop or to mollify this hideous enginery that grinds and thunders, and takes them up into its terrific system. The same idea makes the paralyzing terror with which the East Indian mythology haunts the imagination. The same thought is the predestination of the Turk. And universally in uneducated and unreflecting persons, on whom too the religious sentiment exerts little force, we discover traits of the same superstition; 'if you baulk water, you will be drowned the next time;' 'if you count ten stars, you will fall down dead:' 'if you spill the salt;' 'if your fork sticks upright in the floor;' 'if you say the Lord's prayer backwards;' — and so on, a several penalty, nowise grounded in the nature of the thing, but on an arbitrary will. But this terror of contravening an unascertained and unascertainable will, cannot coexist with reflection: it disappears with civilization, and can no more be reproduced than the fear of ghosts after childhood. It is discriminated from the doctrine of Philosophical Necessity herein: that the last is an Optimism, and therefore the suffering individual finds his good consulted in the good of all, of which he is a part. But in Destiny, it is not the good of the whole or the *best will* that is enacted, but only *one particular will*. Destiny properly is not a will at all, but an immense whim; and this is the only ground of terror and despair in the rational mind, and of tragedy in literature. Hence the antique tragedy, which was founded on this faith, can never be reproduced.

But after the reason and faith have introduced a better public and private tradition, the tragic element is somewhat circumscribed. There must always remain, however, the hindrance of our private satisfaction by the laws of the world. The law which establishes nature and the human

race, continually thwarts the will of ignorant individuals, and this in the particulars of disease, want, insecurity, and disunion.

But the essence of tragedy does not seem to me to lie in any list of particular evils. After we have enumerated famine, fever, inaptitude, mutilation, rack, madness, and loss of friends, we have not yet included the proper tragic element, which is Terror, and which does not respect definite evils but indefinite; an ominous spirit which haunts the afternoon and the night, idleness and solitude. A low haggard sprite sits by our side "casting the fashion of uncertain evils," — a sinister presentiment, a power of the imagination to dislocate things orderly and cheerful, and show them in startling disarray. Hark! what sounds on the night wind, the cry of Murder in that friendly house: see these marks of stamping feet, of hidden riot. The whisper overheard, the detected glance, the glare of malignity, ungrounded fears, suspicions, half-knowledge, and mistakes darken the brow and chill the heart of men. And accordingly it is natures not clear, not of quick and steady perceptions, but imperfect characters from which somewhat is hidden that all others see, who suffer most from these causes. In those persons who move the profoundest pity, tragedy seems to consist in temperament, not in events. There are people who have an appetite for grief, pleasure is not strong enough and they crave pain, mithridatic stomachs which must be fed on poisoned bread, natures so doomed that no prosperity can soothe their ragged and dishevelled desolation. They mis-hear and mis-behold, they suspect and dread. They handle every nettle and ivy in the hedge, and tread on every snake in the meadow.

"Come bad chance,
And we add to it our strength,
And we teach it art and length,
Itself o'er us to advance."

Frankly then it is necessary to say that all sorrow dwells in a low region. It is superficial; for the most part fantastic, or in the appearance and not in things. Tragedy is in the eye of the observer, and not in the heart of the sufferer. It looks like an insupportable load under which

earth moans aloud, but analyze it ; it is not I, it is not you, it is always another person who is tormented. If a man says, lo I suffer, — it is apparent that he suffers not, for grief is dumb. It is so distributed as not to destroy. That which would rend you, falls on tougher textures. That which seems intolerable reproach or bereavement, does not take from the accused or bereaved man or woman appetite or sleep. Some men are above grief, and some below it. Few are capable of love. In phlegmatic natures calamity is unaffecting, in shallow natures it is rhetorical. Tragedy must be somewhat which I can respect. A querulous habit is not tragedy. A panic such as frequently in ancient or savage nations put a troop or an army to flight without an enemy ; a fear of ghosts ; a terror of freezing to death that seizes a man in a winter midnight on the moors ; a fright at uncertain sounds heard by a family at night in the cellar or on the stairs ; are terrors that make the knees knock and the teeth chatter, but are no tragedy, any more than sea-sickness, which may also destroy life. It is full of illusion. As it comes, it has its support. The most exposed classes, soldiers, sailors, paupers, are nowise destitute of animal spirits. The spirit is true to itself, and finds its own support in any condition, learns to live in what is called calamity, as easily as in what is called felicity, as the frailest glass-bell will support a weight of a thousand pounds of water at the bottom of a river or sea, if filled with the same.

A man should not commit his tranquillity to things, but should keep as much as possible the reins in his own hands, rarely giving way to extreme emotion of joy or grief. It is observed that the earliest works of the art of sculpture are countenances of sublime tranquillity. The Egyptian sphinxes, which sit today as they sat when the Greek came and saw them and departed, and when the Roman came and saw them and departed, and as they will still sit when the Turk, the Frenchman, and the Englishman, who visit them now, shall have passed by, “with their stony eyes fixed on the East and on the Nile,” have countenances expressive of complacency and repose, an expression of health, deserving their longevity, and verifying the primeval sentence of history on the permanency of that people ; “Their strength is to sit still.” To this architectural stability of

the human form, the Greek genius added an ideal beauty, without disturbing the seals of serenity; permitting no violence of mirth, or wrath, or suffering. This was true to human nature. For, in life, actions are few, opinions even few, prayers few; loves, hatreds, or any emissions of the soul. All that life demands of us through the greater part of the day, is an equilibrium, a readiness, open eyes and ears, and free hands. Society asks this, and truth, and love, and the genius of our life. There is a fire in some men which demands an outlet in some rude action; they betray their impatience of quiet by an irregular Catalinarian gait; by irregular, faltering, disturbed speech, too emphatic for the occasion. They treat trifles with a tragic air. This is not beautiful. Could they not lay a rod or two of stone wall, and work off this superabundant irritability. When two strangers meet in the highway, what each demands of the other is, that the aspect should show a firm mind, ready for any event of good or ill, prepared alike to give death or to give life, as the emergency of the next moment may require. We must walk as guests in nature, — not impassioned, but cool and disengaged. A man should try time, and his face should wear the expression of a just judge, who has nowise made up his opinion, who fears nothing, and even hopes nothing, but who puts nature and fortune on their merits: he will hear the case out, and then decide. For all melancholy, as all passion, belongs to the exterior life. Whilst a man is not grounded in the divine life by his proper roots, he clings by some tendrils of affection to society, — mayhap to what is best and greatest in it, and in calm times it will not appear that he is adrift and not moored; but let any shock take place in society, any revolution of custom, of law, of opinion, and at once his type of permanence is shaken. The disorder of his neighbors appears to him universal disorder; chaos is come again. But in truth he was already a driving wreck, before the wind arose which only revealed to him his vagabond state. If a man is centred, men and events appear to him a fair image or reflection of that which he knoweth beforehand in himself. If any perversity or profligacy break out in society, he will join with others to avert the mischief, but it will not arouse resentment or fear, because he discerns its impassable limits. He sees already in the ebullition of sin, the simultaneous redress.

Particular reliefs, also, fit themselves to human calamities, for the world will be in equilibrium, and hates all manner of exaggeration. Time, the consoler, time, the rich carrier of all changes, dries the freshest tears by obtruding new figures, new costumes, new roads, on our eye, new voices on our ear. As the west wind lifts up again the heads of the wheat which were bent down and lodged in the storm, and combs out the matted and dishevelled grass as it lay in night-locks on the ground, so we let in time as a drying wind into the seed-field of thoughts which are dank and wet, and low-bent. Time restores to them temper and elasticity. How fast we forget the blow that threatened to cripple us. Nature will not sit still; the faculties will do somewhat; new hopes spring, new affections twine, and the broken is whole again.

Time consoles, but Temperament resists the impression of pain. Nature proportions her defence to the assault. Our human being is wonderfully plastic, if it cannot win this satisfaction here, it makes itself amends by running out there and winning that. It is like a stream of water, which, if dammed up on one bank, over-runs the other, and flows equally at its own convenience over sand, or mud, or marble. Most suffering is only apparent. We fancy it is torture: the patient has his own compensations. A tender American girl doubts of Divine Providence whilst she reads the horrors of "the middle passage:" and they are bad enough at the mildest; but to such as she these crucifixions do not come: they come to the obtuse and barbarous, to whom they are not horrid, but only a little worse than the old sufferings. They exchange a cannibal war for the stench of the hold. They have gratifications which would be none to the civilized girl. The market-man never damned the lady because she had not paid her bill, but the stout Irish woman has to take that once a month. She, however, never feels weakness in her back because of the slave-trade. This self-adapting strength is especially seen in disease. "It is my duty," says Sir Charles Bell, "to visit certain wards of the hospital where there is no patient admitted but with that complaint which most fills the imagination with the idea of insupportable pain and certain death. Yet these wards are not the least remarkable for the composure and cheerfulness of their inmates. The in-

dividual who suffers, has a mysterious counterbalance to that condition, which, to us who look upon her, appears to be attended with no alleviating circumstance." Analogous supplies are made to those individuals whose character leads them to vast exertions of body and mind. Napoleon said to one of his friends at St. Helena, "Nature seems to have calculated that I should have great reverses to endure, for she has given me a temperament like a block of marble. Thunder cannot move it; the shaft merely glides along. The great events of my life have slipped over me without making any impression on my moral or physical nature."

The intellect is a consoler, which delights in detaching, or putting an interval between a man and his fortune, and so converts the sufferer into a spectator, and his pain into poetry. It yields the joys of conversation, of letters, and of science. Hence also the torments of life become tuneful tragedy, solemn and soft with music, and garnished with rich dark pictures. But higher still than the activities of art, the intellect in its purity, and the moral sense in its purity, are not distinguished from each other, and both ravish us into a region whereinto these passionate clouds of sorrow cannot rise.

SATURDAY AND SUNDAY AMONG THE CREOLES.

A LETTER FROM THE WEST INDIES.

I VISITED one of the enclosures where some of the springs are, drawn thither by the vegetation which I could see from the ship it contained. On entering the gate, I passed up a rude walk bordered with guinea-grass, plantains, sugarcane, young cocoa-trees, &c., until I came to the springs, around which the ground was clear of vegetation, except short grass. This space was occupied by negro washerwomen, who pay tenpence a day for the use of the water. They stood ranged down a long bench, on which their tubs were placed, entirely naked above the waist, around which their clothes were tied, but as unconscious as cows, looking up with perfect unconcern as I passed along. I now discovered where the buttons of my shirts and pantaloons were gone, for, after soaping their clothes, I observed that

these women ground them without remorse between two stones, one flat, the other convex. Several little black children, from four to eight years old, (I presume belonging to the women,) were also running about the enclosure, as naked as frogs. I beckoned one of them to me, and first called on him for his letters, which he ran off his tongue very rapidly; next for the Lord's prayer, which he discharged with equal fluency; and lastly, I asked him for a Sunday-school hymn, which he, without the least hesitation, and with perfect gravity, struck up, and though I could not well understand what he sung, I could discover by here and there a word, that it was a genuine hymn. I now gave him a twopence-halfpenny, and some mangoes, and he immediately ran towards his companions, — his little abdominal and other protuberances shaking, as he trotted off, like a calves-foot jelly. This trifling incident amused me greatly. Jaques did not laugh louder when he met the fool in the forest.

Other schools than Sunday schools I had little time to visit. I went, however, to see one of some celebrity, kept by Mr. Symmes and his son, containing between four and five hundred pupils, white and colored. Mr. Symmes confirmed the remark which is often made, that colored children were fully equal to white, in point of intellect. Those under his care gained more than the others, their proportion of prizes at exhibitions, &c. The colored children, on his benches, appeared to be as bright and as clear-spirited as any set of children I ever saw. They were ready and clear in their answers, and I thought contrasted rather favorably with the white children intermingled with them. In the infant school department, he called out a little mulatto fellow, to act as fugler in their exercises, which part he performed with much tact and adroitness. One of these exercises was repeating in concert (the little mulatto asking the questions) the story of the good Samaritan; they all bowing as they pronounced the name of Christ. Few among these colored children had any of that heavy and stupid expression of countenance, so often to be seen in the adult negro. But I believe experience goes to prove that the negro intellect, in most cases, comes to its limits at an early age, and seldom fulfils its early promise. Negro infants seldom have dull, lumpish features; much less often, I think, than those of the whites.

But at the age of, say, from ten to fourteen years, the bright tints, morally and physically speaking, seem to fade out, and symmetry of feature to vanish.

Mr. Symmes was from top to toe a school-master, and his son Robert, a man grown, a right school-master's usher. He was perfectly broken in, seemed to feel a profound reverence for his father, and to live only in the humble hope that he should be enabled to do his will. He was sallow, pale-eyed, and wrinkled, with a face which I think had never known how to smile. "Roby," his father called in an habitually sharp tone of voice, from the opposite end of the room, and Roby, without saying a word, dropped the pencil with which he was assisting a boy in his sum, crossed the room with a noiseless, shambling trot, came close up to his father's desk, and then, in an humble tone, and with a deferential bend, answered, "Sir." "Go bring me such a book, Roby." "Yes, sir," and then, with another bend, he broke again into his shambling trot, hurrying to obey. And this scene occurred two or three times during the hour I was in the room. He was the most slave-like being I saw in the island. He should be emancipated by a special act. The twenty million act has not reached his case. It has not restored to life and action his poor shrivelled soul, nor has it even assured him, as it is beginning to assure some of the negroes, that he has a soul which is his own. There was, however, no tyranny in the case, at least none which was considered such by either party. His father seemed to have much regard for him, showed me, with much pride, his ornamental writing, (Roby was the writing master,) and spoke, when he was out of hearing, with some feeling, of his son's declining health. Roby had been born a school-master's usher. He had early been shaped to his father's purposes, and it had no doubt long since been amicably settled between them, that one was to be all-sufficient, and the other nobody. Affection often proves a hardy plant. These two reminded me of ivy taking root on a dry stone wall.

At the diocesan church, where the most wealthy and influential individuals of both races appeared to attend, there were very few negroes, and but little if any mingling of the whites and colored, through the body of the church. The latter chiefly occupied pews near the main entrance, and appeared to be quite as well dressed and fashionable

as the whites. I attended there on the Sunday morning after my arrival, and not knowing the hour of service, went late. When I discovered this, on approaching the door, I lingered for a moment or so, doubting to enter. But directly the beadle, arrayed in robes of black bombazine, with a stick in his hand, came forward, invited me in, and immediately led me up near the pulpit, and shewed me into what is called the magistrate's pew, in which certain municipal officers may, and some of them do sit, and where are also placed respectable strangers. A fine-looking young man was reading the service,—and he read it beautifully too, especially the commandments,—giving the seventh precisely in accordance with Dr. Johnson's instructions to Garrick. 'Thou shalt *not* bear *false* witness against thy neighbor.' This fine reading led me to hope for a fine sermon. But in this I was disappointed. It was a mere jingle of religious common-places and metaphors, so arranged as to form antitheses, and the young man had an antithetical voice,—the high and low tones both good. Sir William Temple says, (in substance,) in his "Observations on the United Provinces," that national habits and peculiarities, however some may suppose them a mere matter of whim, will generally be found, on examination, to have their origin in some necessity of circumstance or situation. And he refers the Pharisaical cleanliness of the Hollanders, of which he gives many amusing instances in his own experience, to the dampness of their climate. They must scrub or grow mouldy. Perhaps the same remark may apply to persons. Whenever you see any one with a slouch in his gait, or who wears out one shoe faster than the other, you will nearly always find, on a close scrutiny, that one shoulder is a little higher, one leg a little longer, or one side, in some way, a little more developed than the other. Now this young man's antithetical voice had, for aught I know, given him antithetical style. However this may be, his sermon consisted in nothing but a continual pairing off together of opposite common-places. "This moment, man is so and so; the next, he is so and so. Today, &c., &c.," high key; "tomorrow, &c., &c.," low key. In short it was

"all see-saw, between that and this,
Now high, now low, now Master up, now Miss,
And he himself, one vile antithesis."

THE MOORISH PRINCE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

BY C. T. BROOKS.

His lengthening host through the palm-vale wound ;
The purple shawl on his locks he bound ;
He hung on his shoulders the lion-skin,
Martially sounded the cymbal's din.

Like a sea of termites, that black, wild swarm
Swept, billowing onward : he flung his dark arm,
Encircled with gold, round his loved one's neck : —
“ For the feast of victory, maiden, deck !

“ Lo ! glittering pearls I've brought thee there,
To twine with thy dark and glossy hair,
And the corals, all snake-like, in Persia's green sea,
The dripping divers have fished for me.

“ See plumes of the ostrich, thy beauty to grace !
Let them nod, snowy white, o'er thy dusky face ;
Deck the tent, make ready the feast for me,
Fill the garlanded goblet of victory ! ”

And forth from his snowy and shimmering tent
The princely Moor in his armor went.
So looks the dark moon, when, eclipsed, through the gate
Of the silver-edged clouds she rides forth in her state.

A welcoming shout his proud host flings ;
And “ welcome ! ” the stamping steed's hoof rings ;
For him rolls faithful the negro's blood,
And Niger's old, mysterious flood.

“Now lead us to victory, lead us to fight !”
 They battled from morning far into the night ;
 The hollow tooth of the elephant blew
 A blast that pierced each foeman through.

How scatter the lions ! The serpents fly
 From the rattling tambour ; the flags on high,
 All hung with skulls, proclaim the dead,
 And the yellow desert is dyed in red.

So rings in the palm-vale the desperate fight ; —
 But she is preparing the feast for the night ;
 She fills the goblets with rich palm-wines,
 And the shafts of the tent-poles with flowers she twines.

With pearls, that Persia’s green flood bare,
 She winds her dark and curly hair ;
 Feathers are floating her brow to deck,
 And gay shells gleam on her arms and neck.

She sits by the door of her lover’s tent,
 She lists the far war-horn till morning is spent ;
 The noon-day burns, the sun stings hot,
 The garlands wither, — she heeds it not.

The sun goes down in the fading skies,
 The night-dew trickles, the glow-worm flies,
 And the crocodile looks from the tepid pool
 As if he, too, would enjoy the cool.

The lion, he stirs him and roars for prey,
 The elephant-tusks through the jungles make way,
 Home to her lair the giraffe goes,
 And flower-leaves shut, and eyelids close.

Her anxious heart beats fast and high :
 When a bleeding, fugitive Moor, draws nigh : —
 “Farewell to all hope now ! The battle is lost !
 Thy lover is captured, — he’s borne to the coast, —

“ They sell him to white men, — he’s carried — ” O spare !
The maiden falls headlong ; she clutches her hair ;
All quivering she crushes the pearls in her hand,
She hides her hot cheek in the burning-hot sand.

PART II.

’T is fair-day ; how sweeps the tempestuous throng
To circus and tilt ground, with shout and with song !
There ’s a blast of trumpets, the cymbal rings,
The deep drum rumbles, Bajazzo springs.

Come on ! come on ! — how swells the roar !
They fly as on wings, o’er the hard, flat floor ;
The British sorrel, the Turk’s black steed
From plumed beauty seek honor’s meed.

And there, by the tilting-ground’s curtained door,
Stands, silent and thoughtful, a curly-haired Moor.
The Turkish drum he beats full loud ;
On the drum is hanging a lion-skin proud.

He sees not the knights and their graceful swing,
He sees not the steeds and their daring spring ;
The Moor’s dry eye, with its stiff, wild stare,
Sees nought but the shaggy lion-skin there.

He thinks of the far, far-distant Niger,
And how *he* once chased there the lion and tiger ;
And how *he* once brandished his sword in the fight,
And came not back to his couch at night.

And he thinks of *her*, who, in other hours,
Decked her hair with his pearls and plucked him her flowers ;
His eye grew moist, — with a scornful stroke
He smote the drum-head, — it rattled and broke.

THE VISIT.

ASKEST, 'How long thou shalt stay ?'
Devastator of the day !
Know, each substance and relation
In all Nature's operation
Hath its unit, bound, and metre,
And every new compound
Is some product and repeater,
Some frugal product of the early found.
But the unit of the visit,
The encounter of the wise,
Say, what other metre is it
Than the meeting of the eyes ?
Nature poureth into nature
Through the channels of that feature.
Riding on the ray of sight
More fleet than waves or whirlwinds go,
Or for service or delight,
Hearts to hearts their meaning show,
Sum their long experience,
And import intelligence.
Single look has drained the breast,
Single moment years confessed.
The duration of a glance
Is the term of convenance,
And, though thy rede be church or state,
Frugal multiples of that.
Speeding Saturn cannot halt,
Linger, thou shalt rue the fault :
If Love his moment overstay,
Hatred's swift repulsions play.

ETHNICAL SCRIPTURES.

CHALDÆAN ORACLES.

WE owe to that eminent benefactor of scholars and philosophers, the late Thomas Taylor, who, we hope, will not long want a biographer, the collection of the "Oracles of Zoroaster and the Theurgists," from which we extract all the sentences ascribed to Zoroaster, and a part of the remainder. We prefix a portion of Mr. Taylor's preface:—

"These remains of Chaldæan theology are not only venerable for their antiquity, but inestimably valuable for the unequalled sublimity of the doctrines they contain. They will doubtless, too, be held in the highest estimation by every liberal mind, when it is considered that some of them are the sources whence the sublime conceptions of Plato flowed, and that others are perfectly conformable to his most abstruse dogmas.

"I add, for the sake of those readers that are unacquainted with the scientific theology of the ancients, that as the highest principle of things is a nature truly ineffable and unknown, it is impossible that this visible world could have been produced by him without mediums; and this not through any impotency, but, on the contrary, through transcendency of power. For if he had produced all things without the agency of intermediate beings, all things must have been, like himself, ineffable and unknown. It is necessary, therefore, that there should be certain mighty powers between the supreme principle of things and us: for we, in reality, are nothing more than the dregs of the universe. These mighty powers, from their surpassing similitude to the first god, were very properly called by the ancients, gods; and were considered by them as perpetually subsisting in the most admirable and profound union with each other, and the first cause; yet so as amidst this union to preserve their own energy distinct from that of the highest god. For it would be absurd in the extreme, to allow that man has a peculiar energy of his own, and to deny that this is the case with the most exalted beings. Hence, as Proclus beautifully observes, the gods may be

compared to trees rooted in the earth : for as these, by their roots, are united with the earth, and become earthly in an eminent degree, without being earth itself ; so the gods, by their summits, are profoundly united to the first cause, and by this means are transcendently similar to, without being the first cause.

“ Lines, too, emanating from the centre of a circle, afford us a conspicuous image of the manner in which these mighty powers proceed from, and subsist in, the ineffable principle of things. For here, the lines are evidently things different from the centre, to which, at the same time, by their summits, they are exquisitely allied. And these summits, which are indescribably absorbed in the centre, are yet no parts (*i. e.* powers) of it : for the centre has a subsistence prior to them, as being their cause.”

ORACLES OF ZOROASTER.

There is also a portion for the image (*a*) in the place (*b*) every way splendid.

Nor should you leave the dregs of matter (*c*) in the precipice (*d*).

Nor should you expel the soul from the body, lest in departing it retain something (*e*).

(*f*) Direct not your attention to the immense measures of the earth ; for the plant of truth is not in the earth. Nor measure the dimensions of the sun, by means of collected rules ; for it revolves by the eternal will of the Father, and not for our sake. Dismiss the sounding course of the moon ; for it perpetually runs through the exertions of necessity. The advancing procession of the stars was not generated for your sake. The wide-spread aerial wing of birds, and the sections of victims and viscera are never true : but all these are mere puerile sports, the foundations

(*a*) That is, the irrational soul, which is the image of the rational.

(*b*) That is, the region above the moon.

(*c*) *i. e.* The human body.

(*d*) *i. e.* This terrestrial region.

(*e*) *i. e.* Lest it retain something of the more passive life.

(*f*) This oracle is conformable to what Plato says in his Republic, that a philosopher must astronomize above the heavens : that is to say, he must speculate the celestial orbs, as nothing more than images of forms in the intelligible world.

of mercantile deception. Fly from these, if you intend to open the sacred paradise of piety, where virtue, wisdom, and equity, are collected together.

Explore the river (a) of the soul, whence, or in what order, having become a servant to body, you may again rise to that order from which you flowed, uniting operation to sacred reason (b).

Verge not downward, a precipice lies under the earth, which draws through a descent of seven steps (c), and under which lies the throne of dire necessity.

You should never change barbarous names (d).

In a certain respect, the world possesses intellectual, inflexible sustainers (e).

Energize about the Hecatic sphere (f).

If you invoke me (g), all things will appear to you to be a lion. For neither will the convex bulk of heaven then be visible; the stars will not shine; the light of the moon will be concealed; the earth will not stand firm; but all things will be seen in thunder.

On all sides, with an unfigured (h) soul, extend the reins of fire.

O man, thou subtle production (i), that art of a bold nature!

In the left hand inward parts of Hecate (j) is the foun-

(a) *i. e.* The producing cause of the soul.

(b) By sacred reason, is meant the summit, or principal power of the soul, which Zoroaster, in another place, calls the flower of intellect.

(c) *i. e.* The orbs of the seven planets.

(d) For in every nation there are names of divine origin, and which possess an ineffable power in mystic operations.

(e) *i. e.* The fontal fathers, or intellectual gods. By *inflexible*, understand stable power.

(f) This sphere was of gold. In the middle of it there was a sapphire; and the sphere itself was turned round by means of a thong, made of the hide of an ox. It was likewise every where inscribed with characters; and the Chaldeans turning it round, made certain invocations. But it is called Hecatine, because dedicated to Hecate.

(g) By *me* is meant the fountain or cause of the celestial constellation called the lion.

(h) By *unfigured*, understand most simple and pure; and by the reins of fire, the unimpeded energy of the theurgic life of such a soul.

(i) Man is a *subtle* production, considered as the work of the *secret* art of divinity. But he is of a bold nature, as exploring things more excellent than himself.

(j) Hecate, according to the Chaldeans, is the centre of the intellectual gods: and they say, that in her right hand parts she contains the fountain of souls; and in her left, the fountain of the virtues.

tain of virtue, which wholly abides within, and does not emit its virginal nature.

When you behold a sacred fire (a) without form, shining with a leaping splendor through the profundities of the whole world, hear the voice of fire.

You should not invoke the self-conspicuous image of nature (b).

Nature persuades us that there are holy dæmons, and that the blossoms of depraved matter (c) are useful and good.

(d) The soul of mortals compels, in a certain respect, divinity into itself, possessing nothing mortal, and is wholly inebriated from deity; for it glories in the harmony (e) under which the mortal body subsists.

The immortal depth (f) of the soul should be the leader; but vehemently extend all your eyes (g) upwards.

You should not defile the spirit (h), nor give depth to a superficies.

Seek Paradise (i).

(j) The wild beasts of the earth shall inhabit thy vessel.

By extending a fiery intellect (k) to the work of piety, you will also preserve the flowing body.

From the bosom therefore of the earth, terrestrial dogs

(l) leap forth, who never exhibit a true sign to mortal man.

The Father (m) perfected all things, and delivered them

(a) This oracle relates to the vision of divine light.

(b) *i. e.* The image, to be invoked in the mysteries, must be intelligible, and not sensible.

(c) By the blossoms of depraved matter, understand the dæmons called *Evil*; but which are not so essentially, but from their office.

(d) That is, the human soul, through its immortality and purity, becomes replete with a more excellent life, and divine illumination; and is, as it were, raised above itself.

(e) *i. e.* Unapparent and intelligible harmony.

(f) *i. e.* The summit or flower of its nature.

(g) *i. e.* All the gnostic powers of the soul.

(h) Understand by the *spirit*, the aerial vehicle of the soul; and by the *superficies*, the ethereal and lucid vehicle.

(i) The Chaldaic Paradise is the choir of divine powers about the Father of the universe; and the empyrean beauties of the demiurgic fountains.

(j) By the vessel is meant the composite temperature of the soul; and by the wild beasts of the earth, terrestrial dæmons. These, therefore, will reside in the soul which is replete with irrational affections.

(k) *i. e.* An intellect full of divine light.

(l) *i. e.* Material dæmons.

(m) *i. e.* Saturn.

to the second intellect (*a*), which the nations of men call the first.

The furies are the bonds of men (*b*).

The paternal intellect disseminated symbols (*c*) in souls.

(*d*) Those souls that leave the body with violence are the most pure.

The soul being a splendid fire, through the power of the father remains immortal, is the mistress (*e*) of life, and possesses many perfections of the bosoms of the world.

The Father did not hurl forth fear, but infused persuasion (*f*).

The Father (*g*) has hastily withdrawn himself, but has not shut up his proper fire, in his own intellectual power.

There is a certain intelligible (*h*) which it becomes you to understand with the flower of intellect.

The expelling powers (*i*) of the soul which cause her to respire, are of an unrestrained nature.

It becomes you to hasten to the light and the rays of the Father, whence a soul was imparted to you, invested with an abundance of intellect.

All things are the progeny of one fire (*j*).

(*k*) That which intellect says, it undoubtedly says by intellection.

(*a*) *i. e.* Jupiter.

(*b*) That is, the powers that punish guilty souls, bind them to their material passions, and in these, as it were, suffocate them; such punishment being finally the means of purification. Nor do these powers only afflict the vicious, but even such as convert themselves to an immaterial essence; for these, through their connection with matter, require a purification of this kind.

(*c*) That is, symbols of all the divine natures.

(*d*) This oracle praises a violent death, because the soul, in this case, is induced to hate the body, and rejoice in a liberation from it.

(*e*) The soul is the mistress of life, because it extends vital illuminations to the body, which is, of itself, destitute of life.

(*f*) That is, as divinity is not of a tyrannical nature, he draws every thing to himself by persuasion, and not by fear.

(*g*) That is, Saturn, the summit of the intellectual order, is perfectly separated from all connection with matter; but, at the same time, imparts his divinity to inferior natures.

(*h*) Meaning the intelligible, which immediately subsists after the highest God.

(*i*) That is, those powers of the soul which separate it from the body.

(*j*) That is, of one divine nature.

(*k*) That is, the voice of intellect is an intellectual, or, in other words, an immaterial and indivisible energy.

(a) Ha! ha! the earth from beneath bellows at these as far as to their children.

You should not increase your fate (b).

Nothing imperfect proceeds, according to a circular energy, from a paternal principle (c).

But the paternal intellect will not receive the will of the soul, till she has departed from oblivion (d); and has spoken the word, assuming the memory of her paternal sacred impression.

When you behold the terrestrial (e) dæmon approaching, vociferate and sacrifice the stone MNIZURIM.

Learn the intelligible, for it subsists beyond intellect (f).

The intelligible lynes possess intellection themselves from the Father, so far as they energize intellectually, being moved by ineffable counsels.

He who knows himself, knows all things in himself, as Zoroaster first asserted, and afterwards Plato in the first Alcibiades. — *Pici Mirand. Op. tom. 1, p. 211.*

Since the soul perpetually runs, in a certain space of time it passes through all things, which circulation being accomplished, it is compelled to run back again through

(a) The meaning of the oracle is, that even the very children of the impious are destined to subterranean punishments; and this, with the greatest propriety; for those who, in a former life, have perpetrated similar crimes, become, through the wise administration of Providence, the members of one family.

(b) Fate is the full perfection of those divine illuminations which are received by *Nature*; but *Providence* is the immediate energy of deity. Hence, when we energize intellectually, we are under the dominion of Providence; but when corporeally, under that of Fate. The oracle, therefore, admonishes to withdraw ourselves from corporeal energy.

(c) For divinity is self-perfect; and the imperfect cannot proceed from the perfect.

(d) That is, till she has recovered her knowledge of the divine symbols, and sacred reasons, from which she is composed; the former of which she receives from the divine unities, and the latter from sacred ideas.

(e) Terrestrial dæmons are full of deceit, as being remote from divine knowledge, and replete with dark matter; he, therefore, who desires to receive any true information from one of these, must prepare an altar, and sacrifice the stone *Mnizurim*, which has the power of causing another greater dæmon to appear, who, approaching invisible to the material dæmon, will give a true answer to the proposed question; and this to the interrogator himself.

(f) The intelligible is twofold; one kind being coördinate with intellect, but the other being of a super-essential characteristic.

all things, and unfold the same web of generation in the world, according to Zoroaster; who is of opinion, that the same causes, on a time returning, the same effects will, in a similar manner, return.—*Ficin. de Immortal. Anim. p. 123.*

ORACLES BY THE THEURGISTS.

Our voluntary sorrows germinate in us as the growth of the particular life we lead.

On beholding yourself, fear.

Believe yourself to be above body, and you are.

Those robust souls perceive truth through themselves, and are of a more inventive nature; such a soul being saved through its own strength.

We should fly from the multitude of men going along in a herd.

The powers build up the body of a holy man.

Not knowing that every god is good, ye are fruitlessly vigilant.

Fiery hope should nourish you in the angelic region.

Ascending souls sing pæan.

To the persevering mortal the blessed immortals are swift.

All things are governed and subsist in faith, truth, and love.

The oracle says, Divinity is never so much turned away from man, and never so much sends him in novel paths, as when we make an ascent to the most divine of speculations or works, in a confused and disordered manner, and, as it adds, with unhallowed lips or unbathed feet. For, of those who are thus negligent, the progressions are imperfect, the impulses are vain, and the paths are blind.

The orders prior to Heaven possess mystic silence.

Every intellect apprehends deity.

The intelligible is food to that which understands.

You will not apprehend it by an intellectual energy as when understanding some particular thing.

It is not proper to understand that intelligible with vehemence, but with the extended flame of an extended intellect; a flame which measures all things, except that intelligible. But it is requisite to understand this. For if you incline your mind, you will understand it, though not vehe-

mently. It becomes you therefore, bringing with you the pure convertible eye of your soul, to extend the void intellect to the intelligible, that you may learn its nature, because it has a subsistence above intellect.

SAYINGS OF PYTHAGORAS AND OF THE PYTHAGOREANS.

Follow God.

All things are possible to the Gods.

Choose the most excellent life, and custom will make it pleasant.

This is the law of God, that virtue is the only thing that is strong.

Abstain from such things as are an impediment to prophecy, or to the purity and chastity of the soul, or to the habit of temperance or of virtue.

It is necessary to beget children, for it is necessary to leave those that may worship the Gods after us.

Other compacts are engraved in tables and pillars, but those with wives are inserted in children.

It is holy for a woman, after having been connected with her husband, to perform sacred rites on the same day, but this is never holy after she has been connected with any other man.

It is requisite to be silent, or to say something better than silence.

The possessions of friends are common.

The animal which is not naturally noxious to the human race should neither be injured nor slain.

Intoxication is the meditation of insanity.

The beginning is the half of the whole.

An oath should be taken religiously, since that which is behind is long.

Be sober, and remember to be disposed to believe, for these are the nerves of wisdom.

All the parts of human life, in the same manner as those of a statue, ought to be beautiful.

When the wise man opens his mouth, the beauties of his soul present themselves to the view, like the statues in a temple.

MILLENNIAL CHURCH.*

IF we had space we should quote from the "ROLL and Book," the largest part of the sixteenth chapter, to which we especially refer the candid and curious. Each reader will, of course, interpret the sentences after his own light. The biblical student will probably pronounce them rank heresies, the scientific arrant nonsense, the poetic dull theology; but upon the disciples of Association we might urge them as a development of that law of union, under which the "Church," from which the book proceeds, has flourished for so many years, while numerous efforts on other principles have struggled for a season and failed.

It is interesting to observe, that while Fourier in France was speculating on the attainment of many advantages by union, these people have, at home, actually attained them. Fourier has the merit of beautiful words and theories; and their importation from a foreign land is made subject for exultation by a large and excellent portion of our public; but the Shakers have the superior merit of excellent actions and practices; unappreciated, perhaps, because they are not exotic. "Attractive Industry and Moral Harmony," on which Fourier dwells so promisingly, have long characterized the Shakers, whose plans have always in view the passing of each individual into his or her right position, and of providing suitable, pleasant, and profitable employment for every one. A pretty close parallel could be drawn between these two parties, were this the occasion to adduce it.

Friendly reviewers commonly conclude with a strong recommendation to read the book criticised. On this occasion we urge no such course; but rather that a perusal of the work should be delayed until the reader is in a state to appreciate it with fairness and candor. A condition

* A Holy, Sacred, and Divine ROLL and BOOK; from the Lord God of Heaven, to the Inhabitants of the Earth: revealed in the United Society at New Lebanon, county of Columbia, State of New York, United States of America. In two Parts. Part I. Received by the church of this communion, and published in union with the same. Printed in the United Society, Canterbury, N. H. 1843. 8vo. pp. 222.

which, looking at the book and its pretensions from exoteric ground, demands much suavity, even from the friendly mind.

Considerable prejudice is occasionally harbored against the Millennial Church, on the ground of the unnatural doctrine and practice it is said to maintain on the important subject of marriage. In the ordinary course of the natural feelings, the idea of a celibate or virgin life, must present itself as so cold, cheerless, and even ungodlike a state of existence, that the man or woman living under the influence of *natural* instincts is, by the law of nature, bound to condemn any one who whispers a doubt of the propriety of continually abiding subject to that law. Now, upon this point, the doctrine of the Church is made plain in the work before us. If not for the first time avowed, it is at least brought out in bolder relief than in their previous publications. It is simply this; that those who live, and design to remain, in the order of nature, shall comply with the law of nature; while those who are called to the order of grace shall be permitted inoffensively to comply with its law.

“I do require, saith the Lord, (who is descended to the earth in mercy, and in heavy judgment,) that all such as desire to live in nature, propagating their own species, keep the law of nature unviolated, as I have commanded from the beginning.

“And all such as desire to come into the gospel of grace, must keep the law of grace, as I did command in the first appearing of my blessed Son, your Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who stands as the first true Anointed One.”—p. 30.

Here we think the discussion may be very pacifically allowed to remain. As to the impurities perpetrated by many in the natural order of marriage, we are not disposed to stain our page therewith, whether they be confessed or unconfessed by the world. But we can join in the appeal here made to such as determine to live in the natural order, to conform to the natural law in respect to time, state, season and sensual indulgence. The argument might indeed be respectfully carried a little further. A disputant has no right to urge upon another any practice in conformity with his (the disputant's) doctrine: but he has a right to insist that his opponent shall exemplify *his own* theories. When we find a multitude of people year after year, day after

day, repeating the wish with apparent sincerity that God our Father's "kingdom may come, and his will be done, on earth *as it is in heaven*;" while such fervent minds are instructed, by the very same authority which teaches them thus to pray, that "*in heaven* they are neither married nor given in marriage, but are as the angels are," we have a claim upon them to help to realize their own expressed desires. This they ought to do, or cease their prayers. If they comply with the former requisition, they are Shakers: if with the latter, they are not Christians. Each party may, at all events, in charity, let the other proceed in peace. The Millennial Church declares its determination to do so. It neither attempts to proselyte the world, nor to condemn it. But, when invited to intercourse, it has the right to urge upon the world a faithful adherence to its own purest acknowledged principles; as the world has in like manner the right to demand a strict compliance with the higher law it professes to obey.

One point of considerable interest is clearly if not agreeably stated in this volume. The children of nature are anxious to learn whether they cannot continue in the enjoyment of sensual delights, and yet be admitted into the heavenly kingdom. In opposition to Christ's express dictate, the modern Christian endeavors to persuade himself that he can continue to indulge in all the human gratifications in the outer world, while he is wholly and fully subject to divine influence in the inner world. Such persons imagine, or pretend to imagine, that all natural actions, when performed strictly according to God's natural laws, can consist with God's law of grace ruling in the soul. Every one who thus imagines, can easily add the supplemental delusion, that his (or her) natural action is quite pure, and thus is the empire of licentiousness maintained.

But, granting the utmost purity in natural actions, this thought is directly at variance with Christ's instructions and life. It is not possible to "*forsake all*," and yet retain *some* things of the lower world, as the lower nature would fondly persuade itself. The very supposition is evidence that the querist is not yet a re-born being. Accordingly we find this idea met in a note at page 209, in which it is observed that "where the dominion of Christ is estab-

lished in souls, and where the law of grace reigns, the law of nature is thereby superseded."

And here lies the root of the prejudices of which we have spoken. Could the Millennial Church, as other Churches pretend to do, reconcile these irreconcilable opposites, it would be extremely in popular favor. Had the child of nature *no* intuition of a state of grace, of a state of being in which the soul is in all things, and at all times, preferred to the body, he would never feel any hostility to his re-born neighbor. But both these qualifications are in him; the natural in positive existence; the gracious in possibility. And it is the consciousness of this latent germ of grace within him, and the conviction that in some degree its birth depends upon himself, which combine to worry, anger, and vex the soul until it either boils over in fiery prejudice, or turns inwardly to **HEAVENLY LOVE**.

HUMAN NATURE. J. Chapman, London: and J. Munroe & Co., Boston. 1844.

WE have received this modest little volume, which appears to be the expansion of some critical notes on a work by Rev. James Martineau, entitled "Endeavors after the Christian Life." The author combats the popular doctrines of Future Reward and Punishment, from the philosophical ground. His proposition is, "*that the highest good for man consists in a conscious increase and progression in Being, or assimilation to God.*"