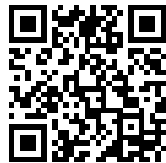

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CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

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FOR

LITERATURE, PHILOSOPHY, AND RELIGION.

VOLUME III.



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THE DIAL.

VOL. III.

JULY, 1842.

No. I.

LECTURES ON THE TIMES.

BY R. W. EMERSON.

Introductory Lecture read at the Masonic Temple in Boston, Thursday Evening, December 2, 1841.

THE TIMES, as we say — or the present aspects of our social state, the Laws, Divinity, Natural Science, Agriculture, Art, Trade, Letters, have their root in an invisible spiritual reality. To appear in these aspects, they must first exist, or have some necessary foundation. Beside all the small reasons we assign, there is a great reason for the existence of every extant fact; a reason which lies grand and immovable, often unsuspected behind it in silence. The Times are the masquerade of the eternities: trivial to the dull, tokens of noble and majestic agents to the wise; the receptacle in which the Past leaves its history; the quarry out of which the genius of to-day is building up the Future. The Times — the nations, manners, institutions, opinions, votes, are to be studied as omens, as sacred leaves, whereon a weighty sense is incised, if we have the wit and the love to search it out. Nature itself seems to propound to us this topic, and to invite us to explore the meaning of the conspicuous facts of the day. Everything that is popular, it has been said, deserves the attention of the philosopher. And this for the obvious reason, that although it may not be of any worth in itself, yet it characterizes the people.

Here is very good matter to be handled, if we are skilful; an abundance of important practical questions which it behoves us to understand. Let us examine the pretensions of the attacking and defending parties. Here is this great fact of Conservatism, entrenched in its immense redoubts, with Himmaleh for its front, and Atlas for its flank, and Andes for its rear, and the Atlantic and Pacific seas for its ditches and trenches, which has planted its crosses, and crescents, and stars and stripes, and various signs and badges of possession, over every rood of the planet, and says, 'I will hold fast; and to whom I will, will I give; and whom I will, will I exclude and starve:' so says Conservatism; and all the children of men attack the colossus in their youth, and all, or all but a few, bow before it when they are old. A necessity not yet commanded, a negative imposed on the will of man by his condition, a deficiency in his force, is the foundation on which it rests. Let this side be fairly stated. Meantime, on the other part, arises Reform, and offers the sentiment of Love as an overmatch to this material might. I wish to consider well this affirmative side, which has a loftier port and reason than heretofore, which encroaches on the other every day, puts it out of countenance, out of reason, and out of temper, and leaves it nothing but silence and possession.

The fact of aristocracy, with its two weapons of wealth and manners, is as commanding a feature of the nineteenth century, and the American republic, as of old Rome, or modern England. The reason and influence of wealth, the aspect of philosophy and religion, and the tendencies which have acquired the name of Transcendentalism in Old and New England; the aspect of poetry, as the exponent and interpretation of these things; the fuller development and the freer play of Character as a social and political agent; — these and other related topics will in turn come to be considered.

But the subject of the Times is not an abstract question. We talk of the world, but we mean a few men and women. If you speak of the age, you mean your own platoon of people, as Milton and Dante painted in colossal their platoons, and called them Heaven and Hell. In our idea of progress, we do not go out of this personal picture. We do not think the sky will be bluer, or grass greener, or our

climate more temperate, but only that our relation to our fellows will be simpler and happier. What is the reason to be given for this extreme attraction which *persons* have for us, but that they are the Age? they are the results of the Past; they are the heralds of the Future. They indicate, — these witty, suffering, blushing, intimidating figures of the only race in which there are individuals or changes, how far on the Fate has gone, and what it drives at. As trees make scenery, and constitute the whole hospitality of the landscape, so persons are the world to persons. A cunning mystery by which the Great Desart of thoughts and of planets takes this engaging form, to bring, as it would seem, its meanings nearer to the mind. Thoughts walk and speak, and look with eyes at me, and transport me into new and magnificent scenes. These are the pungent instructors who thrill the heart of each of us, and make all other teaching formal and cold. How I follow them with aching heart, with pining desire! I count myself nothing before them. I would die for them with joy. They can do what they will with me. How they lash us with those tongues! How they make the tears start, make us blush and turn pale, and lap us in Elysium to soothing dreams, and castles in the air! By tones of triumph; of dear love; by threats; by pride that freezes; these have the skill to make the world look bleak and inhospitable, or seem the nest of tenderness and joy. I do not wonder at the miracles which poetry attributes to the music of Orpheus, when I remember what I have experienced from the varied notes of the human voice. They are an incalculable energy which countervails all other forces in nature, because they are the channel of supernatural powers. There is no place or interest or institution so poor and withered, but if a new strong man could be born into it, he would immediately redeem and replace it. A personal ascendancy, — that is the only fact much worth considering. I remember, some years ago, somebody shocked a circle of friends of order here in Boston, who supposed that our people were identified with their religious denominations, by declaring that an eloquent man, — let him be of what sect soever, — would be ordained at once in one of our metropolitan churches. To be sure he would; and not only in ours, but in any church, mosque,

or temple, on the planet ; but he must be eloquent, able to supplant our method and classification, by the superior beauty of his own. Every fact we have was brought here by some person ; and there is none that will not change and pass away before a person, whose nature is broader than the person which the fact in question represents. And so I find the Age walking about in happy and hopeful natures, in strong eyes and pleasant thoughts, and think I read it nearer and truer so, than in the statute book, or in the investments of capital, which rather celebrate with mournful music the obsequies of the last age. In the brain of a fanatic ; in the wild hope of a mountain boy, called by city boys very ignorant, because they do not know what his hope has certainly apprised him shall be ; in the love-glance of a girl ; in the hair-splitting conscientiousness of some eccentric person, who has found some new scruple to embarrass himself and his neighbors withal ; is to be found that which shall constitute the times to come, more than in the now organized and accredited oracles. For whatever is affirmative and now advancing, contains it. I think that only is real, which men love and rejoice in ; not what they tolerate, but what they choose ; what they embrace and avow, and not the things which chill, numb, and terrify them.

And so why not draw for these times a portrait gallery ? Let us paint the painters. Whilst the Daguerreotype professor, with camera-obscura and silver plate, begins now to traverse the land, let us set up our Camera also, and let the sun paint the people. Let us paint the agitator, and the man of the old school, and the member of Congress, and the college-professor, the formidable editor, the priest, and reformer, the contemplative girl, and the fair aspirant for fashion and opportunities, the woman of the world who has tried and knows ; — let us examine how well she knows. Good office it were with delicate finger in the most decisive, yet in the most parliamentary and unquestionable manner, to indicate the indicators, to indicate those who most accurately represent every good and evil tendency of the general mind, in the just order which they take on this canvass of Time ; so that all witnesses should recognise a spiritual law, as each well known form fitted for a moment across the wall. So should we have, if it were rightly

done, a series of sketches which would report to the next ages the color and quality of ours.

Certainly, I think, if this were done, there would be much to admire as well as to condemn ; souls of as lofty a port, as any in Greek or Roman fame, might appear ; men of might, and of great heart, of strong hand, and of persuasive speech ; subtle thinkers, and men of wide sympathy, and an apprehension which looks over all history, and every where recognises its own. To be sure, there will be fragments and hints of men, more than enough : bloated promises of men, which end in nothing or little. And then truly great men, but with some defect in their composition which neutralizes their whole force. Here is a Damascus blade of a man, such as you may search through nature in vain to parallel, laid up on the shelf in some village to rust and ruin. And how many seem not quite available for that idea which they represent ! Meantime, there comes now and then a bolder spirit, I should rather say, a more surrendered soul, more informed and led by God, which is much in advance of the rest, quite beyond their sympathy, but predicts what shall soon be the general fulness ; as when we stand by the sea shore, whilst the tide is coming in, a wave comes up the beach far higher than any foregoing one, and recedes ; and for a long while none comes up to that mark ; but after some time the whole sea is there and beyond it.

But we are not permitted to stand as spectators at the pageant which the times exhibit : we are parties also, and have a responsibility which is not to be declined. A little while this interval of wonder and comparison is permitted us, but to the end that we shall play a manly part. As the solar system moves forward in the heavens, certain stars open before us, and certain stars close up behind us ; so is man's life. The reputations that were great and inaccessible they change and tarnish. How great were once Lord Bacon's dimensions ! he is become but a middle-sized man ; and many another star has turned out to be a planet or an asteroid : only a few are the fixed stars which have no parallax, or none for us. The change and decline of old reputations are the gracious marks of our own growth. Slowly like light of morning it steals on us, the new fact, that we, who were pupils or aspirants, are

now society : do compose a portion of that head and heart we are wont to think worthy of all reverence and heed. We are the representatives of religion and intellect, and stand in the light of Ideas, whose rays stream through us to those younger and more in the dark. What further relations we sustain, what new lodges we are entering, is now unknown. Let us give heed to what surrounds us. To-day is a king in disguise. To-day always looks trivial to the thoughtless, in the face of an uniform experience, that all good and great and happy actions are made up precisely of these blank to-days. Let us not be so deceived. Let us unmask the king as he passes. Let us not inhabit times of wonderful and various promise without once divining their tendency. Let us not see the foundations of nations, and of a new and better order of things laid, with roving eyes, and an attention preoccupied with trifles. But it is time to check the course of these miscellaneous and introductory remarks, and proceed to some sketches of the aspect which our times exhibit to one who looks in the class of the most intelligent and reponsible minds for the omens of the future.

The two omnipresent parties of History, the party of the Past and the party of the Future, divide society to-day as of old. Here is the innumerable multitude of those who accept the state and the church from the last generation, and stand on no argument but possession. They have reason also, and, as I think, better reason than is commonly stated. No Burke, no Metternich has yet done full justice to the side of conservatism. But this class, however large, relying not on the intellect but on instinct, blends itself with the brute forces of nature, is respectable only as nature is, but the individuals have no attraction for us. It is the dissenter, the theorist, the aspirant, who is quitting this ancient domain to embark on seas of adventure, who engages our interest. Omitting then for the present all notice of the stationary class, we shall find that the movement party divides itself into two classes, the actors, and the students.

The actors constitute that great army of martyrs who, at least in America, by their conscience and philanthropy occupy the ground which Calvinism occupied in the last age, and do constitute the visible church of the existing generation. The present age will be marked by its harvest of

projects, for the reform of domestic, civil, literary, and ecclesiastical institutions. The leaders of the crusades against War, Negro slavery, Intemperance, Government based on force, usages of trade, Court and Custom-house Oaths, and so on to the agitators on the system of Education and the laws of Property, are the right successors of Luther, Knox, Robinson, Fox, Penn, Wesley, and Whitfield. They have the same virtues and vices; the same noble impulse, and the same bigotry. These movements are on all accounts important; they not only check the special abuses to which they address themselves, but they educate the conscience and the intellect of the people. How can such a question as the Slave trade be agitated for forty years by all the Christian nations, without throwing great light on ethics into the general mind? The fury, with which the slave-trader defends every inch of his bloody deck, and his howling auction-platform, is a trumpet to alarm the ear of mankind, to wake the dull, and drive all neutrals to take sides, and listen to the argument and the verdict which justice shall finally pronounce. The Temperance-question, which rides the conversation of ten thousand circles, and is tacitly recalled at every public and at every private table, drawing with it all the curious ethics of the Pledge, of the Wine-question, of the equity of the manufacture and the trade, is a gymnastic training to the casuistry and conscience of the time. Antimasonry had a deep right and wrong, which gradually emerged to sight out of the turbid controversy. The political questions touching the Banks; the Tariff; the limits of the executive power; the right of the constituent to instruct the representative; the treatment of the Indians; the Boundary wars; the Congress of nations; are all pregnant with ethical conclusions; and it is well if government and our social order can extricate themselves from these alembics, and find themselves still government and social order. The student of the history of this age will hereafter compute the singular value of our endless discussion of questions, to the mind of the period.

An important fact in regard to these aspirations of the people, and laborious efforts for the Better, is this, that whilst each is magnified by the natural exaggeration of its advocates, until it excludes the others from sight, and repels discreet persons by the unfairness of the plea, the

movements are in reality all parts of one movement. There is a perfect chain, — see it, or see it not, — of reforms emerging from the surrounding darkness, each cherishing some part of the general idea, and all must be seen, in order to do justice to any one. Seen in this their natural connexion, they are sublime. The conscience of the Age demonstrates itself in this effort to raise the life of man by putting it in harmony with his idea of the Beautiful and the Just. The history of reform is always identical; it is the comparison of the idea with the fact. Our modes of living are not agreeable to our imagination. We suspect they are unworthy. We arraign our daily employments. They appear to us unfit, unworthy of the faculties we spend on them. In conversation with a wise man, we find ourselves apologizing for our employments; we speak of them with shame. Nature appears to us beautiful, — literature, science, childhood, beautiful; but not our own daily work, not the ripe fruit and considered labors of man. This beauty, which the fancy finds in everything else, certainly accuses that manner of life we lead. Why should it be hateful? Why should it contrast thus with all natural beauty? Why should it not be poetic, and invite and raise us? Is there a necessity that the works of man should be sordid? Perhaps not. — Out of this fair Idea in the mind springs forever the effort at the Perfect. It is the testimony of the soul in man to a fairer possibility of life and manners, which agitates society every day with the offer of some new amendment. If we would make more strict inquiry concerning its origin, we find ourselves rapidly approaching the inner boundaries of thought, that term where speech becomes silence, and science conscience. For the origin of all reform is in that mysterious fountain of the moral sentiment in man, which, amidst the natural ever contains the supernatural for men. That is new and creative. That is alive. That alone can make a man other than he is. Here or nowhere resides unbounded energy, unbounded power.

The new voices in the wilderness crying “Repent,” have revived a hope, which had well nigh perished out of the world, that the thoughts of the mind may yet, in some distant age, in some happy hour, be executed by the hands. That is the hope, of which all other hopes are parts. For

some ages, these ideas have been consigned to the poet and musical composer, to the prayers and the sermons of churches; but the thought, that they can ever have any footing in real life, seems long since to have been exploded by all judicious persons. Milton, in his best tract, describes a relation between religion and the daily occupations, which is true until this time.

“A wealthy man, addicted to his pleasure and to his profits, finds religion to be a traffic so entangled, and of so many piddling accounts, that of all mysteries he cannot skill to keep a stock going upon that trade. What should he do? Fain he would have the name to be religious; fain he would bear up with his neighbors in that. What does he, therefore, but resolve to give over toiling, and to find himself out some factor, to whose care and credit he may commit the whole managing of his religious affairs; some divine of note and estimation that must be. To him he adheres, resigns the whole warehouse of his religion, with all the locks and keys, into his custody; and indeed makes the very person of that man his religion; esteems his associating with him a sufficient evidence and commendatory of his own piety. So that a man may say, his religion is now no more within himself, but is become a dividual moveable, and goes and comes near him, according as that good man frequents the house. He entertains him, gives him gifts, feasts him, lodges him; his religion comes home at night, prays, is liberally supped, and sumptuously laid to sleep, rises, is saluted, and after the malnsey, or some well spiced beverage, and better breakfasted than he whose morning appetite would have gladly fed on green figs between Bethany and Jerusalem, his religion walks abroad at eight, and leaves his kind entertainer in the shop, trading all day without his religion.”

This picture would serve for our times. Religion was not invited to eat or drink or sleep with us, or to make or divide an estate, but was a holiday guest. Such omissions judge the church; as the compromise made with the slaveholder, not much noticed at first, every day appears more flagrant mischief to the American constitution. But now the purists are looking into all these matters. The more intelligent are growing uneasy on the subject of Marriage. They wish to see the character represented also in that

covenant. There shall be nothing brutal in it, but it shall honor the man and the woman, as much as the most diffusive and universal action. Grimly the same spirit looks into the law of Property, and accuses men of driving a trade in the great boundless providence which had given the air, the water, and the land to men, to use and not to fence in and monopolize. So it casts its eye on Trade, and Day Labor, and so it goes up and down, paving the earth with eyes, destroying privacy, and making thorough-lights. Is all this for nothing? Do you suppose that the reforms, which are preparing, will be as superficial as those we know?

By the books it reads and translates, judge what books it will presently print. A great deal of the profoundest thinking of antiquity, which had become as good as obsolete for us, is now reappearing in extracts and allusions, and in twenty years will get all printed anew. See how daring is the reading, the speculation, the experimenting of the time. If now some genius shall arise who could unite these scattered rays! And always such a genius does embody the ideas of each time. Here is great variety and richness of mysticism, each part of which now only disgusts, whilst it forms the sole thought of some poor Perfectionist or "Comer out," yet, when it shall be taken up as the garniture of some profound and all-reconciling thinker, will appear the rich and appropriate decoration of his robes.

These Reforms are our contemporaries; they are ourselves; our own light, and sight, and conscience; they only name the relation which subsists between us and the vicious institutions which they go to rectify. They are the simplest statements of man in these matters; the plain right and wrong. I cannot choose but allow and honor them. So much for the Reforms; but we cannot say as much for the Reformers. Beautiful is the impulse and the theory; the practice is less beautiful. The Reformers affirm the inward life, but they do not trust it, but use outward and vulgar means. They do not rely on precisely that strength which wins me to their cause; not on love, not on a principle, but on men, on multitudes, on circumstances, on money, on party; that is, on fear, on wrath, and pride. The love which lifted men to the sight

of these better ends, was the true and best distinction of this time, the disposition to trust a principle more than a material force. I think *that* the soul of reform; the conviction, that not sensualism, not slavery, not war, not imprisonment, not even government, are needed,—but in lieu of them all, reliance on the sentiment of man, which will work best the more it is trusted; not reliance on numbers, but, contrariwise, distrust of numbers, and the feeling that then are we strongest, when most private and alone. The young men, who have been vexing society for these last years with regenerative methods, seem to have made this mistake; they all exaggerated some special means, and all failed to see that the Reform of Reforms must be accomplished without means.

The Reforms have their high origin in an ideal justice, but they do not retain the purity of an idea. They are quickly organized in some low, inadequate form, and present no more poetic image to the mind, than the evil tradition which they reprobated. They mix the fire of the moral sentiment with personal and party heats, with measureless exaggerations, and the blindness that prefers some darling measure to justice and truth. Those, who are urging with most ardor what are called the greatest benefits of mankind, are narrow, self-pleasing, conceited men, and affect us as the insane do. They bite us, and we run mad also. I think the work of the reformer as innocent as other work that is done around him; but when I have seen it near, I do not like it better. It is done in the same way, it is done profanely, not piously; by management, by tactics, and clamor. It is a buzz in the ear. I cannot feel any pleasure in sacrifices which display to me such partiality of character. We do not want actions, but men; not a chemical drop of water, but rain; the spirit that sheds and showers actions, countless, endless actions. You have on some occasion played a bold part. You have set your heart and face against society, when you thought it wrong, and returned it frown for frown. Excellent: now can you afford to forget it, reckoning all your action no more than the passing of your hand through the air, or a little breath of your mouth? The world leaves no track in space, and the greatest action of man no mark in the vast idea. To the youth diffident of his ability, and full

of compunction at his unprofitable existence, the temptation is always great to lend himself to public movements, and as one of a party accomplish what he cannot hope to effect alone. But he must resist the degradation of a man to a measure. I must act with truth, though I should never come to act, as you call it, with effect. I must consent to inaction. A patience which is grand ; a brave and cold neglect of the offices which prudence exacts, so it be done in a deep, upper piety ; a consent to solitude and inaction, which proceeds out of an unwillingness to violate character, is the century which makes the gem. Whilst therefore I desire to express the respect and joy I feel before this sublime connexion of reforms, now in their infancy around us, I urge the more earnestly the paramount duties of self-reliance. I cannot find language of sufficient energy to convey my sense of the sacredness of private integrity. All men, all things, the state, the church, yea the friends of the heart are phantasms and unreal beside the sanctuary of the heart. With so much awe, with so much fear, let it be respected.

The great majority of men, unable to judge of any principle until its light falls on a fact, are not aware of the evil that is around them, until they see it in some gross form, as in a class of intemperate men, or slaveholders, or soldiers, or fraudulent persons. Then they are greatly moved ; and magnifying the importance of that wrong, they fancy that if that fact were rectified, all would go well, and they fill the land with clamor to correct it. Hence the missionary and other religious efforts. If every island and every house had a Bible, if every child was brought into the Sunday School, would the wounds of the world heal, and man be upright.

But the man of ideas, accounting the circumstance nothing, judges of the entire state of facts from the one cardinal fact, namely, the state of his own mind. 'If,' he says, 'I am selfish, then is there slavery, or the effort to establish it, wherever I go. But if I am just, then is there no slavery, let the laws say what they will. For if I treat all men as gods, how to me can there be such a thing as a slave?' But how frivolous is your war against circumstances. This denouncing philanthropist is himself a slaveholder in every word and look. Does he free me? Does

he cheer me? He is the state of Georgia, or Alabama, with their sanguinary slave-laws walking here on our north-eastern shores. We are all thankful he has no more political power, as we are fond of liberty ourselves. I am afraid our virtue is a little geographical. I am not mortified by our vice; that is obduracy; it colors and palters, it curses and swears, and I can see to the end of it; but, I own, our virtue makes me ashamed; so sour and narrow, so thin and blind, virtue so vice-like. Then again, how trivial seem the contests of the abolitionist, whilst he aims merely at the circumstance of the slave. Give the slave the least elevation of religious sentiment, and he is no slave: you are the slave: he not only in his humility feels his superiority, feels that much deplorable condition of his to be a fading trifle, but he makes you feel it too. He is the master. The exaggeration, which our young people make of his wrongs, characterizes themselves. What are no trifles to them, they naturally think are no trifles to Pompey.

This then is our criticism on the reforming movement; that it is in its origin divine; in its management and details timid and profane. These benefactors hope to raise man by improving his circumstances: by combination of that which is dead, they hope to make something alive. In vain. By new infusions alone of the spirit by which he is made and directed, can he be re-made and reinforced. The sad Pestalozzi, who shared with all ardent spirits the hope of Europe on the outbreak of the French Revolution, after witnessing its sequel, recorded his conviction, that "the amelioration of outward circumstances will be the effect, but can never be the means of mental and moral improvement." Quitting now the class of actors, let us turn to see how it stands with the other class of which we spoke, namely, the students.

A new disease has fallen on the life of man. Every Age, like every human body, has its own distemper. Other times have had war, or famine, or a barbarism domestic or bordering, as their antagonism. Our forefathers walked in the world and went to their graves, tormented with the fear of Sin, and the terror of the Day of Judgment. These terrors have lost their force, and our torment is Unbelief, the Uncertainty as to what we ought to do; the distrust of

the value of what we do, and the distrust that the Necessity (which we all at last believe in) is fair and beneficent. Our Religion assumes the negative form of rejection. Out of love of the true, we repudiate the false : and the Religion is an abolishing criticism. A great perplexity hangs like a cloud on the brow of all cultivated persons, a certain imbecility in the best spirits, which distinguishes the period. We do not find the same trait in the Arabian, in the Hebrew, in Greek, Roman, Norman, English periods ; no, but in other men a natural firmness. The men did not see beyond the need of the hour. They planted their foot strong, and doubted nothing. We mistrust every step we take. We find it the worst thing about time, that we know not what to do with it. We are so sharp-sighted that we can neither work nor think, neither read Plato nor not read him.

Then there is what is called a too intellectual tendency. Can there be too much intellect ? We have never met with any such excess. But the criticism, which is levelled at the laws and manners, ends in thought, without causing a new method of life. The genius of the day does not incline to a deed, but to a beholding. It is not that men do not wish to act ; they pine to be employed, but are paralyzed by the uncertainty what they should do. The inadequacy of the work to the faculties, is the painful perception which keeps them still. This happens to the best. Then, talents bring their usual temptations, and the current literature and poetry with perverse ingenuity draw us away from life to solitude and meditation. This could well be borne, if it were great and involuntary ; if the men were ravished by their thought, and hurried into ascetic extravagances. Society could then manage to release their shoulder from its wheel, and grant them for a time this privilege of sabbath. But they are not so. Thinking, which was a rage, is become an art. The thinker gives me results, and never invites me to be present with him at his invocation of truth, and to enjoy with him its proceeding into his mind.

So little action amidst such audacious and yet sincere profession, that we begin to doubt if that great revolution in the art of war, which has made it a game of posts and not a game of battles, has not operated on Reform ;

whether this be not also a war of posts, a paper blockade, in which each party is to display the utmost resources of his spirit and belief, and no conflict occur; but the world shall take that course which the demonstration of the truth shall indicate.

But we must pay for being too intellectual, as they call it. People are not as light-hearted for it. I think men never loved life less. I question if care and doubt ever wrote their names so legibly on the faces of any population. This *Ennui*, for which we Saxons had no name, this word of France has got a terrific significance. It shortens life, and bereaves the day of its light. Old age begins in the nursery, and before the young American has got into jacket and trowsers, he says, 'I want something which I never saw before;' and 'I wish I was not I.' I have seen the same gloom on the brow even of those adventurers from the intellectual class, who had dived deepest and with most success into active life. I have seen the authentic sign of anxiety and perplexity on the greatest forehead of the state. The canker worms have crawled to the topmost bough of the wild elm, and swing down from that. Is there less oxygen in the atmosphere? What has checked in this age the animal spirits which gave to our forefathers their bounding pulse?

But have a little patience with this melancholy humor. Their unbelief arises out of a greater Belief; their inaction out of a scorn of inadequate action. By the side of these men, the hot agitators have a certain cheap and ridiculous air; they even look smaller than the others. Of the two, I own, I like the speculators best. They have some piety which looks with faith to a fair Future, unprofaned by rash and unequal attempts to realize it. And truly we shall find much to console us, when we consider the cause of their uneasiness. It is the love of greatness, it is the need of harmony, the contrast of the dwarfish Actual with the exorbitant Idea. No man can compare the ideas and aspirations of the innovators of the present day, with those of former periods, without feeling how great and high this criticism is. The revolutions that impend over society are not now from ambition and rapacity, from impatience of one or another form of government, but from new modes of thinking, which shall

recompose society after a new order, which shall animate labor by love and science, which shall destroy the value of many kinds of property, and replace all property within the dominion of reason and equity. There was never so great a thought laboring in the breasts of men, as now. It almost seems as if what was aforesaid spoken fabulously and hieroglyphically, was now spoken plainly, the doctrine, namely, of the indwelling of the Creator in man. The spiritualist wishes this only, that the spiritual principle should be suffered to demonstrate itself to the end, in all possible applications to the state of man, without the admission of anything unspiritual, that is, anything positive, dogmatic, or personal. The excellence of this class consists in this one thing, that they have believed; that, affirming the need of new and higher modes of living and action, they have abstained from the recommendation of low methods. The fault is that they have stopped at the intellectual perception; that their will is not yet inspired from the Fountain of Love. But whose fault is this, and what a fault; and to what inquiry does it lead! We have come to that which is the spring of all power, of beauty and virtue, of art and poetry; and who shall tell us according to what law its inspirations and its informations are given or withholden?

I do not wish to be guilty of the narrowness and pedantry of inferring the tendency and genius of the Age from a few and insufficient facts or persons. Every age has a thousand sides and signs and tendencies; and it is only when surveyed from inferior points of view, that great varieties of character appear. Our time too is full of activity and performance. Is there not something comprehensive in the grasp of a society which to great mechanical invention, and the best institutions of property, adds the most daring theories; which explores the subtlest and most universal problems? At the manifest risk of repeating what every other Age has thought of itself, we might say, we think the Genius of this Age more philosophical than any other has been, righter in its aims, truer, with less fear, less fable, less mixture of any sort.

But turn it how we will, as we ponder this meaning of the times, every new thought drives us to the deep fact, that the Time is the child of the Eternity. The main in-

terest which any aspects of the Times can have for us, is the great spirit which gazes through them, the light which they can shed on the wonderful questions, What we are? and Whither we tend? We do not wish to be deceived. Here we drift, like white sail across the wild ocean, now bright on the wave, now darkling in the trough of the sea; —but from what port did we sail? Who knows? Or to what port are we bound? Who knows? There is no one to tell us but such poor weather-tossed mariners as ourselves, whom we speak as we pass, or who have hoisted some signal, or floated to us some letter in a bottle from far. But what know they more than we? They also found themselves on this wondrous sea. No; from the older sailors, nothing. Over all their speaking-trumpets, the gray sea and the loud winds answer, Not in us; not in Time. Where then but in Ourselves, where but in that Thought through which we communicate with absolute nature, and are made aware that, whilst we shed the dust of which we are built, grain by grain, till it is all gone, the law which clothes us with humanity remains new? where, but in the intuitions which are vouchsafed us from within, shall we learn the Truth? Faithless, faithless, we fancy that with the dust we depart and are not; and do not know that the law and the perception of the law are at last one; that only as much as the law enters us, becomes us, we are living men, — immortal with the immortality of this law. Underneath all these appearances, lies that which is, that which lives, that which causes. This ever renewing generation of appearances rests on a reality, and a reality that is alive.

To a true scholar the attraction of the aspects of nature, the departments of life, and the passages of his experience, is simply the information they yield him of this supreme nature which lurks within all. That reality, that causing force is moral. The Moral Sentiment is but its other name. It makes by its presence or absence right and wrong, beauty and ugliness, genius or depravation. As the granite comes to the surface, and towers into the highest mountains, and, if we dig down, we find it below the superficial strata, so in all the details of our domestic or civil life, is hidden the elemental reality, which ever and anon comes to the surface, and forms the grand men, who are the leaders and examples, rather than the

companions of the race. The granite is curiously concealed under a thousand formations and surfaces, under fertile soils, and grasses, and flowers, under well-manured, arable fields, and large towns and cities, but it makes the foundation of these, and is always indicating its presence by slight but sure signs. So is it with the Life of our life; so close does that also hide. I read it in glad and in weeping eyes: I read it in the pride and in the humility of people: it is recognised in every bargain and in every complaisance, in every criticism, and in all praise: it is voted for at elections; it wins the cause with juries; it rides the stormy eloquence of the senate, sole victor; histories are written of it, holidays decreed to it; statues, tombs, churches, built to its honor; yet men seem to fear and to shun it, when it comes barely to view in our immediate neighborhood.

For that reality let us stand: that let us serve, and for that speak. Only as far as *that* shines through them, are these times or any times worth consideration. I wish to speak of the politics, education, business, and religion around us, without ceremony or false deference. You will absolve me from the charge of flippancy, or malignity, or the desire to say smart things at the expense of whomsoever, when you see that reality is all we prize, and that we are bound on our entrance into nature to speak for that. Let it not be recorded in our own memories, that in this moment of the Eternity, when we who were named by our names, flitted across the light, we were afraid of any fact, or disgraced the fair Day by a pusillanimous preference of our bread to our freedom. What is the scholar, what is the man *for*, but for hospitality to every new thought of his time? Have you leisure, power, property, friends? you shall be the asylum and patron of every new thought, every unproven opinion, every untried project, which proceeds out of good will and honest seeking. All the newspapers, all the tongues of to-day will of course at first defame what is noble; but you who hold not of to-day, not of the times, but of the Everlasting, are to stand for it: and the highest compliment, man ever receives from heaven, is the sending to him its disguised and discredited angels.

NATURAL HISTORY OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Reports — on the Fishes, Reptiles, and Birds; the Herbaceous Plants and Quadrupeds; the Insects Injurious to Vegetation; and the Invertebrate Animals — of Massachusetts. Published agreeably to an Order of the Legislature, by the Commissioners on the Zoological and Botanical Survey of the State.

PRELIMINARY NOTE.

WE were thinking how we might best celebrate the good deed which the State of Massachusetts has done, in procuring the Scientific Survey of the Commonwealth, whose result is recorded in these volumes, when we found a near neighbor and friend of ours, dear also to the Muses, a native and an inhabitant of the town of Concord, who readily undertook to give us such comments as he had made on these books, and, better still, notes of his own conversation with nature in the woods and waters of this town. With all thankfulness we begged our friend to lay down the oar and fishing line, which none can handle better, and assume the pen, that Isaak Walton and White of Selborne might not want a successor, nor the fair meadows, to which we also have owed a home and the happiness of many years, their poet.

EDITOR OF THE DIAL.

Concord, Mass.

BOOKS of natural history make the most cheerful winter reading. I read in Audubon with a thrill of delight, when the snow covers the ground, of the magnolia, and the Florida keys, and their warm sea breezes; of the fence-rail, and the cotton-tree, and the migrations of the rice-bird; of the breaking up of winter in Labrador, and the melting of the snow on the forks of the Missouri; and owe an accession of health to these reminiscences of luxuriant nature.

Within the circuit of this plodding life
There enter moments of an azure hue,
Untarnished fair as is the violet
Or anemone, when the spring strews them
By some meandering rivulet, which make
The best philosophy untrue that aims
But to console man for his grievances.
I have remembered when the winter came,
High in my chamber in the frosty nights,
When in the still light of the cheerful moon,

On every twig and rail and jutting spout,
The icy spears were adding to their length
Against the arrows of the coming sun,
How in the shimmering noon of summer past
Some unrecorded beam slanted across
The upland pastures where the Johnswort grew ;
Or heard, amid the verdure of my mind,
The bee's long smothered hum, on the blue flag
Loitering amidst the mead ; or busy rill,
Which now through all its course stands still and dumb
Its own memorial, — purling at its play
Along the slopes, and through the meadows next,
Until its youthful sound was hushed at last
In the staid current of the lowland stream ;
Or seen the furrows shine but late upturned,
And where the fieldfare followed in the rear,
When all the fields around lay bound and hoar
Beneath a thick integument of snow.
So by God's cheap economy made rich
To go upon my winter's task again.

I am singularly refreshed in winter when I hear of service berries, poke-weed, juniper. Is not heaven made up of these cheap summer glories? There is a singular health in those words Labrador and East Main, which no desponding creed recognises. How much more than federal are these states. If there were no other vicissitudes than the seasons, our interest would never tire. Much more is adoining than Congress wots of. What journal do the persimmon and the buckeye keep, and the sharp-shinned hawk? What is transpiring from summer to winter in the Carolinas, and the Great Pine Forest, and the Valley of the Mohawk? The merely political aspect of the land is never very cheering; men are degraded when considered as the members of a political organization. On this side all lands present only the symptoms of decay. I see but Bunker Hill and Sing-Sing, the District of Columbia and Sullivan's Island, with a few avenues connecting them. But paltry are they all beside one blast of the east or the south wind which blows over them.

In society you will not find health, but in nature. Unless our feet at least stood in the midst of nature, all our faces would be pale and livid. Society is always diseased, and the best is the most so. There is no scent in it so wholesome

as that of the pines, nor any fragrance so penetrating and restorative as the life-everlasting in high pastures. I would keep some book of natural history always by me as a sort of elixir, the reading of which should restore the tone of the system. To the sick, indeed, nature is sick, but to the well, a fountain of health. To him who contemplates a trait of natural beauty no harm nor disappointment can come. The doctrines of despair, of spiritual or political tyranny or servitude, were never taught by such as shared the serenity of nature. Surely good courage will not flag here on the Atlantic border, as long as we are flanked by the Fur Countries. There is enough in that sound to cheer one under any circumstances. The spruce, the hemlock, and the pine will not countenance despair. Methinks some creeds in vestries and churches do forget the hunter wrapped in furs by the Great Slave Lake, and that the Esquimaux sledges are drawn by dogs, and in the twilight of the northern night, the hunter does not give over to follow the seal and walrus on the ice. They are of sick and diseased imaginations who would toll the world's knell so soon. Cannot these sedentary sects do better than prepare the shrouds and write the epitaphs of those other busy living men? The practical faith of all men belies the preacher's consolation. What is any man's discourse to me, if I am not sensible of something in it as steady and cheery as the creak of crickets? In it the woods must be relieved against the sky. Men tire me when I am not constantly greeted and refreshed as by the flux of sparkling streams. Surely joy is the condition of life. Think of the young fry that leap in ponds, the myriads of insects ushered into being on a summer evening, the incessant note of the hyla with which the woods ring in the spring, the nonchalance of the butterfly carrying accident and change painted in a thousand hues upon its wings, or the brook minnow stoutly stemming the current, the lustre of whose scales worn bright by the attrition is reflected upon the bank.

We fancy that this din of religion, literature, and philosophy, which is heard in pulpits, lyceums, and parlors, vibrates through the universe, and is as catholic a sound as the creaking of the earth's axle; but if a man sleep soundly, he will forget it all between sunset and dawn. It is the three-inch swing of a pendulum in a cupboard, which the

great pulse of nature vibrates by and through each instant. When we lift our eyelids and open our ears, it disappears with smoke and rattle like the cars on a railroad. When I detect a beauty in any of the recesses of nature, I am reminded, by the serene and retired spirit in which it requires to be contemplated, of the inexpressible privacy of a life, — how silent and unambitious it is. The beauty there is in mosses must be considered from the holiest, quietest nook. What an admirable training is science for the more active warfare of life. Indeed, the unchallenged bravery, which these studies imply, is far more impressive than the trumpeted valor of the warrior. I am pleased to learn that Thales was up and stirring by night not unfrequently, as his astronomical discoveries prove. Linnæus, setting out for Lapland, surveys his “comb” and “spare shirt,” “leathern breeches” and “gauze cap to keep off gnats,” with as much complacency as Bonaparte a park of artillery for the Russian campaign. The quiet bravery of the man is admirable. His eye is to take in fish, flower, and bird, quadruped and biped. Science is always brave, for to know, is to know good; doubt and danger quail before her eye. What the coward overlooks in his hurry, she calmly scrutinizes, breaking ground like a pioneer for the array of arts that follow in her train. But cowardice is unscientific; for there cannot be a science of ignorance. There may be a science of bravery, for that advances; but a retreat is rarely well conducted; if it is, then is it an orderly advance in the face of circumstances.

But to draw a little nearer to our promised topics. Entomology extends the limits of being in a new direction, so that I walk in nature with a sense of greater space and freedom. It suggests besides, that the universe is not rough-hewn, but perfect in its details. Nature will bear the closest inspection; she invites us to lay our eye level with the smallest leaf, and take an insect view of its plain. She has no interstices; every part is full of life. I explore, too, with pleasure, the sources of the myriad sounds which crowd the summer noon, and which seem the very grain and stuff of which eternity is made. Who does not remember the shrill roll-call of the harvest fly? There were ears for these sounds in Greece long ago, as Anacreon's ode will show.

“ We pronounce thee happy, Cicada,
For on the tops of the trees,
Drinking a little dew,
Like any king thou singest.
For thine are they all,
Whatever thou seest in the fields,
And whatever the woods bear.
Thou art the friend of the husbandmen,
In no respect injuring any one ;
And thou art honored among men,
Sweet prophet of summer.
The Muses love thee,
And Phœbus himself loves thee,
And has given thee a shrill song ;
Age does not wrack thee,
Thou skiful, earthborn, song-loving,
Unsuffering, bloodless one ;
Almost thou art like the gods.”

In the autumn days, the creaking of crickets is heard at noon over all the land, and as in summer they are heard chiefly at night-fall, so then by their incessant chirp they usher in the evening of the year. Nor can all the vanities that vex the world alter one whit the measure that night has chosen. Every pulse-beat is in exact time with the cricket's chant and the tickings of the deathwatch in the wall. Alternate with these if you can.

About two hundred and eighty birds either reside permanently in the State, or spend the summer only, or make us a passing visit. Those which spend the winter with us have obtained our warmest sympathy. The nut-hatch and chicadee flitting in company through the dells of the wood, the one harshly scolding at the intruder, the other with a faint lisping note enticing him on, the jay screaming in the orchard, the crow cawing in unison with the storm, the partridge, like a russet link extended over from autumn to spring, preserving unbroken the chain of summers, the hawk with warrior-like firmness abiding the blasts of winter, the robin* and lark lurking by warm

* A white robin and a white quail have occasionally been seen. It is mentioned in Audubon as remarkable that the nest of a robin should be found on the ground ; but this bird seems to be less particular than most in the choice of a building spot. I have seen its nest placed under the thatched roof of a deserted barn, and in one instance, where the adjacent

springs in the woods, the familiar snow-bird culling a few seeds in the garden, or a few crumbs in the yard, and occasionally the shrike, with heedless and unfrozen melody bringing back summer again ; —

His steady sails he never furls
At any time o' year,
And perching now on Winter's curls,
He whistles in his ear.

As the spring advances and the ice is melting in the river, our earliest and straggling visitors make their appearance. Again does the old Teian poet sing as well for New England as for Greece, in the

RETURN OF SPRING.

“ Behold, how spring appearing,
The Graces send forth roses ;
Behold, how the wave of the sea
Is made smooth by the calm ;
Behold, how the duck dives ;
Behold, how the crane travels ;
And Titan shines constantly bright.
The shadows of the clouds are moving ;
The works of man shine ;
The earth puts forth fruits ;
The fruit of the olive puts forth.
The cup of Bacchus is crowned,
Along the leaves, along the branches,
The fruit, bending them down, flourishes.”

The ducks alight at this season in the still water, in company with the gulls, which do not fail to improve an east wind to visit our meadows, and swim about by twos and threes, pluming themselves, and diving to peck at the root of the lily, and the cranberries which the frost has not loosened. The first flock of geese is seen beating to north, in long harrows and waving lines, the gingle of the song-sparrow salutes us from the shrubs and fences, the plaintive note of the lark comes clear and sweet from the meadow, and the bluebird, like an azure ray, glances past us in our walk. The fish-hawk, too, is occasionally seen at this season sail-

country was nearly destitute of trees, together with two of the phœbe, upon the end of a board in the loft of a sawmill, but a few feet from the saw, which vibrated several inches with the motion of the machinery.

ing majestically over the water, and he who has once observed it will not soon forget the majesty of its flight. It sails the air like a ship of the line, worthy to struggle with the elements, falling back from time to time like a ship on its beam ends, and holding its talons up as if ready for the arrows, in the attitude of the national bird. It is a great presence, as of the master of river and forest. Its eye would not quail before the owner of the soil, but make him feel like an intruder on its domains. And then its retreat, sailing so steadily away, is a kind of advance. I have by me one of a pair of ospreys, which have for some years fished in this vicinity, shot by a neighboring pond, measuring more than two feet in length, and six in the stretch of its wings. Nuttall mentions that "The ancients, particularly Aristotle, pretended that the ospreys taught their young to gaze at the sun, and those who were unable to do so were destroyed. Linnæus even believed, on ancient authority, that one of the feet of this bird had all the toes divided, while the other was partly webbed, so that it could swim with one foot, and grasp a fish with the other." But that educated eye is now dim, and those talons are nerveless. Its shrill scream seems yet to linger in its throat, and the roar of the sea in its wings. There is the tyranny of Jove in its claws, and his wrath in the erectile feathers of the head and neck. It reminds me of the Argonautic expedition, and would inspire the dullest to take flight over *Par-nassus*.

The booming of the bittern, described by Goldsmith and Nuttall, is frequently heard in our fens, in the morning and evening, sounding like a pump, or the chopping of wood in a frosty morning in some distant farm-yard. The manner in which this sound is produced I have not seen anywhere described. On one occasion, the bird has been seen by one of my neighbors to thrust its bill into the water, and suck up as much as it could hold, then raising its head, it pumped it out again with four or five heaves of the neck, throwing it two or three feet, and making the sound each time.

At length the summer's eternity is ushered in by the cackle of the flicker among the oaks on the hill-side, and a new dynasty begins with calm security.

In May and June the woodland quire is in full tune, and given the immense spaces of hollow air, and this curious

human ear, one does not see how the void could be better filled.

Each summer sound
Is a summer round.

As the season advances, and those birds which make us but a passing visit depart, the woods become silent again, and but few feathers ruffle the drowsy air. But the solitary rambler may still find a response and expression for every mood in the depths of the wood.

Sometimes I hear the veery's* clarion,
Or brazen trump of the impatient jay,
And in secluded woods the chickadee
Doles out her scanty notes, which sing the praise
Of heroes, and set forth the loveliness
Of virtue evermore.

The phœbe still sings in harmony with the sultry weather by the brink of the pond, nor are the desultory hours of noon in the midst of the village without their minstrel.

Upon the lofty elm tree sprays
The vireo rings the changes sweet,
During the trivial summer days,
Striving to lift our thoughts above the street.

With the autumn begins in some measure a new spring. The plover is heard whistling high in the air over the dry pastures, the finches flit from tree to tree, the bobolinks and flickers fly in flocks, and the goldfinch rides on the earliest blast, like a winged hyla peeping amid the rustle of the leaves. The crows, too, begin now to congregate; you may stand and count them as they fly low and straggling over the landscape, singly or by twos and threes, at intervals of half a mile, until a hundred have passed.

I have seen it suggested somewhere that the crow was brought to this country by the white man; but I shall as soon believe that the white man planted these pines and

* This bird, which is so well described by Nuttall, but is apparently unknown by the author of the Report, is one of the most common in the woods in this vicinity, and in Cambridge I have heard the college yard ring with its trill. The boys call it "*yorrick*," from the sound of its querulous and chiding note, as it flits near the traveller through the underwood. The cowbird's egg is occasionally found in its nest, as mentioned by Audubon.

hemlocks. He is no spaniel to follow our steps ; but rather flits about the clearings like the dusky spirit of the Indian, reminding me oftener of Philip and Powhatan, than of Winthrop and Smith. He is a relic of the dark ages. By just so slight, by just so lasting a tenure does superstition hold the world ever ; there is the rook in England, and the crow in New England.

Thou dusky spirit of the wood,
Bird of an ancient brood,
Flitting thy lonely way,
A meteor in the summer's day,
From wood to wood, from hill to hill,
Low over forest, field, and rill,
What wouldst thou say ?
Why shouldst thou haunt the day ?
What makes thy melancholy float ?
What bravery inspires thy throat,
And bears thee up above the clouds,
Over desponding human crowds,
Which far below
Lay thy haunts low ?

The late walker or sailer, in the October evenings, may hear the murmuring of the snipe, circling over the meadows, the most spirit-like sound in nature ; and still later in the autumn, when the frosts have tinged the leaves, a solitary loon pays a visit to our retired ponds, where he may lurk undisturbed till the season of moulting is passed, making the woods ring with his wild laughter. This bird, the Great Northern Diver, well deserves its name ; for when pursued with a boat, it will dive, and swim like a fish under water, for sixty rods or more, as fast as a boat can be paddled, and its pursuer, if he would discover his game again, must put his ear to the surface to hear where it comes up. When it comes to the surface, it throws the water off with one shake of its wings, and calmly swims about until again disturbed.

These are the sights and sounds which reach our senses oftener during the year. But sometimes one hears a quite new note, which has for back ground other Carolinas and Mexicos than the books describe, and learns that his ornithology has done him no service.

It appears from the Report that there are about forty quadrupeds belonging to the State, and among these one is glad to hear of a few bears, wolves, lynxes, and wildcats.

When our river overflows its banks in the spring, the wind from the meadows is laden with a strong scent of musk, and by its freshness advertises me of an unexplored wildness. Those backwoods are not far off then. I am affected by the sight of the cabins of the musk-rat, made of mud and grass, and raised three or four feet along the river, as when I read of the barrows of Asia. The musk-rat is the beaver of the settled States. Their number has even increased within a few years in this vicinity. Among the rivers which empty into the Merrimack, the Concord is known to the boatmen as a dead stream. The Indians are said to have called it Musketaquid, or Prairie river. Its current being much more sluggish, and its water more muddy than the rest, it abounds more in fish and game of every kind. According to the History of the town, "The fur trade here was once very important. As early as 1641, a company was formed in the colony, of which Major Willard of Concord was superintendent, and had the exclusive right to trade with the Indians in furs and other articles; and for this right they were obliged to pay into the public treasury one twentieth of all the furs they obtained." There are trappers in our midst still, as well as on the streams of the far west, who night and morning go the round of their traps, without fear of the Indian. One of these takes from one hundred and fifty to two hundred musk-rats in a year, and even thirty-six have been shot by one man in a day. Their fur, which is not nearly as valuable as formerly, is in good condition in the winter and spring only; and upon the breaking up of the ice, when they are driven out of their holes by the water, the greatest number is shot from boats, either swimming or resting on their stools, or slight supports of grass and reeds, by the side of the stream. Though they exhibit considerable cunning at other times, they are easily taken in a trap, which has only to be placed in their holes, or wherever they frequent, without any bait being used, though it is sometimes rubbed with their musk. In the winter the hunter cuts holes in the ice, and shoots them when they come to the surface. Their burrows are usually in the

high banks of the river, with the entrance under water, and rising within to above the level of high water. Sometimes their nests, composed of dried meadow grass and flags, may be discovered where the bank is low and spongy, by the yielding of the ground under the feet. They have from three to seven or eight young in the spring.

Frequently, in the morning or evening, a long ripple is seen in the still water, where a musk-rat is crossing the stream, with only its nose above the surface, and sometimes a green bough in its mouth to build its house with. When it finds itself observed, it will dive and swim five or six rods under water, and at length conceal itself in its hole, or the weeds. It will remain under water for ten minutes at a time, and on one occasion has been seen, when undisturbed, to form an air bubble under the ice, which contracted and expanded as it breathed at leisure. When it suspects danger on shore, it will stand erect like a squirrel, and survey its neighborhood for several minutes, without moving.

In the fall, if a meadow intervene between their burrows and the stream, they erect cabins of mud and grass, three or four feet high, near its edge. These are not their breeding places, though young are sometimes found in them in late freshets, but rather their hunting lodges, to which they resort in the winter with their food, and for shelter. Their food consists chiefly of flags and fresh water muscles, the shells of the latter being left in large quantities around their lodges in the spring.

The Penobscot Indian wears the entire skin of a musk-rat, with the legs and tail dangling, and the head caught under his girdle, for a pouch, into which he puts his fishing tackle, and essences to scent his traps with.

The bear, wolf, lynx, wildcat, deer, beaver, and marten, have disappeared; the otter is rarely if ever seen at present; and the mink is less common than formerly.

Perhaps of all our untamed quadrupeds, the fox has obtained the widest and most familiar reputation, from the time of Pilpay and Æsop to the present day. His recent tracks still give variety to a winter's walk. I tread in the steps of the fox that has gone before me by some hours, or which perhaps I have started, with such a tiptoe of expectation, as if I were on the trail of the Spirit itself which

resides in the wood, and expected soon to catch it in its lair. I am curious to know what has determined its graceful curvatures, and how surely they were coincident with the fluctuations of some mind. I know which way a mind wended, what horizon it faced, by the setting of these tracks, and whether it moved slowly or rapidly, by their greater or less intervals and distinctness; for the swiftest step leaves yet a lasting trace. Sometimes you will see the trails of many together, and where they have gambolled and gone through a hundred evolutions, which testify to a singular listlessness and leisure in nature.

When I see a fox run across the pond on the snow, with the carelessness of freedom, or at intervals trace his course in the sunshine along the ridge of a hill, I give up to him sun and earth as to their true proprietor. He does not go in the sun, but it seems to follow him, and there is a visible sympathy between him and it. Sometimes, when the snow lies light, and but five or six inches deep, you may give chase and come up with one on foot. In such a case he will show a remarkable presence of mind, choosing only the safest direction, though he may lose ground by it. Notwithstanding his fright, he will take no step which is not beautiful. His pace is a sort of leopard canter, as if he were in no wise impeded by the snow, but were husbanding his strength all the while. When the ground is uneven, the course is a series of graceful curves, conforming to the shape of the surface. He runs as though there were not a bone in his back, occasionally dropping his muzzle to the ground for a rod or two, and then tossing his head aloft, when satisfied of his course. When he comes to a declivity, he will put his fore feet together, and slide swiftly down it, shoving the snow before him. He treads so softly that you would hardly hear it from any nearness, and yet with such expression, that it would not be quite inaudible at any distance.

Of fishes, seventy-five genera and one hundred and seven species are described in the Report. The fisherman will be startled to learn that there are but about a dozen kinds in the ponds and streams of any inland town; and almost nothing is known of their habits. Only their names and residence make one love fishes. I would know

even the number of their fin rays, and how many scales compose the lateral line. I am the wiser in respect to all knowledges, and the better qualified for all fortunes, for knowing that there is a minnow in the brook. Methinks I have need even of his sympathy and to be his fellow in a degree.

I have experienced such simple delight in the trivial matters of fishing and sporting, formerly, as might have inspired the muse of Homer or Shakspeare; and now when I turn the pages and ponder the plates of the Angler's Souvenir, I am fain to exclaim, —

“ Can these things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud ? ”

Next to nature it seems as if man's actions were the most natural, they so gently accord with her. The small seines of flax stretched across the shallow and transparent parts of our river, are no more intrusion than the cobweb in the sun. I stay my boat in mid current, and look down in the sunny water to see the civil meshes of his nets, and wonder how the blustering people of the town could have done this elvish work. The twine looks like a new river weed, and is to the river as a beautiful memento of man's presence in nature, discovered as silently and delicately as a foot-print in the sand.

When the ice is covered with snow, I do not suspect the wealth under my feet; that there is as good as a mine under me wherever I go. How many pickerel are poised on easy fin fathoms below the loaded wain. The revolution of the seasons must be a curious phenomenon to them. At length the sun and wind brush aside their curtain, and they see the heavens again.

Early in the spring, after the ice has melted, is the time for spearing fish. Suddenly the wind shifts from north-east and east to west and south, and every icicle, which has tinkled on the meadow grass so long, trickles down its stem, and seeks its level unerringly with a million comrades. The steam curls up from every roof and fence.

I see the civil sun drying earth's tears,
Her tears of joy, which only faster flow.

In the brooks is heard the slight grating sound of small

cakes of ice, floating with various speed, full of content and promise, and where the water gurgles under a natural bridge, you may hear these hasty rafts hold conversation in an under tone. Every rill is a channel for the juices of the meadow. In the ponds the ice cracks with a merry and inspiriting din, and down the larger streams is whirled grating hoarsely, and crashing its way along, which was so lately a highway for the woodman's team and the fox, sometimes with the tracks of the skaters still fresh upon it, and the holes cut for pickerel. Town committees anxiously inspect the bridges and causeways, as if by mere eye-force to intercede with the ice, and save the treasury.

The river swelleth more and more,
Like some sweet influence stealing o'er
The passive town; and for a while
Each tussuck makes a tiny isle,
Where, on some friendly Ararat,
Resteth the weary water-rat.

No ripple shows Musketaquid,
Her very current e'en is hid,
As deepest souls do calmest rest,
When thoughts are swelling in the breast,
And she that in the summer's drought
Doth make a rippling and a rout,
Sleeps from Nahshawtuck to the Cliff,
Unruffled by a single skiff.
But by a thousand distant hills
The louder roar a thousand rills,
And many a spring which now is dumb,
And many a stream with smothered hum,
Doth swifter well and faster glide,
Though buried deep beneath the tide.

Our village shows a rural Venice,
Its broad lagoons where yonder fen is;
As lovely as the Bay of Naples
Yon placid cove amid the maples;
And in my neighbor's field of corn
I recognise the Golden Horn.

Here Nature taught from year to year,
When only red men came to hear,

Methinks 't was in this school of art
Venice and Naples learned their part,
But still their mistress, to my mind,
Her young disciples leaves behind.

The fisherman now repairs and launches his boat. The best time for spearing is at this season, before the weeds have begun to grow, and while the fishes lie in the shallow water, for in summer they prefer the cool depths, and in the autumn they are still more or less concealed by the grass. The first requisite is fuel for your crate; and for this purpose the roots of the pitch pine are commonly used, found under decayed stumps, where the trees have been felled eight or ten years.

With a crate, or jack, made of iron hoops, to contain your fire, and attached to the bow of your boat about three feet from the water, a fish-spear with seven tines, and fourteen feet long, a large basket, or barrow, to carry your fuel and bring back your fish, and a thick outer garment, you are equipped for a cruise. It should be a warm and still evening; and then with a fire crackling merrily at the prow, you may launch forth like a cucullo into the night. The dullest soul cannot go upon such an expedition without some of the spirit of adventure; as if he had stolen the boat of Charon and gone down the Styx on a midnight expedition into the realms of Pluto. And much speculation does this wandering star afford to the musing night-walker, leading him on and on, jack-o'-lantern-like, over the meadows; or if he is wiser, he amuses himself with imagining what of human life, far in the silent night, is flitting moth-like round its candle. The silent navigator shoves his craft gently over the water, with a smothered pride and sense of benefaction, as if he were the phosphor, or light-bringer, to these dusky realms, or some sister moon, blessing the spaces with her light. The waters, for a rod or two on either hand and several feet in depth, are lit up with more than noon-day distinctness, and he enjoys the opportunity which so many have desired, for the roofs of a city are indeed raised, and he surveys the midnight economy of the fishes. There they lie in every variety of posture, some on their backs, with their white bellies uppermost, some suspended in mid water, some sculling gently along

with a dreamy motion of the fins, and others quite active and wide awake, — a scene not unlike what the human city would present. Occasionally he will encounter a turtle selecting the choicest morsels, or a musk-rat resting on a tussuck. He may exercise his dexterity, if he sees fit, on the more distant and active fish, or fork the nearer into his boat, as potatoes out of a pot, or even take the sound sleepers with his hands. But these last accomplishments he will soon learn to dispense with, distinguishing the real object of his pursuit, and find compensation in the beauty and never ending novelty of his position. The pines growing down to the water's edge will show newly as in the glare of a conflagration, and as he floats under the willows with his light, the song-sparrow will often wake on her perch, and sing that strain at midnight, which she had meditated for the morning. And when he has done, he may have to steer his way home through the dark by the north star, and he will feel himself some degrees nearer to it for having lost his way on the earth.

The fishes commonly taken in this way are pickerel, suckers, perch, eels, pouts, breams, and shiners, — from thirty to sixty weight in a night. Some are hard to be recognised in the unnatural light, especially the perch, which, his dark bands being exaggerated, acquires a ferocious aspect. The number of these transverse bands, which the Report states to be seven, is, however, very variable, for in some of our ponds they have nine and ten even.

It appears that we have eight kinds of tortoises, twelve snakes, — but one of which is venomous, — nine frogs and toads, nine salamanders, and one lizzard, for our neighbors.

I am particularly attracted by the motions of the serpent tribe. They make our hands and feet, the wings of the bird, and the fins of the fish seem very superfluous, as if nature had only indulged her fancy in making them. The black snake will dart into a bush when pursued, and circle round and round with an easy and graceful motion, amid the thin and bare twigs, five or six feet from the ground, as a bird flits from bough to bough, or hang in festoons between the forks. Elasticity and flexibleness in the simpler forms of animal life are equivalent to a complex system of limbs in the higher ; and we have only to be as wise

and wily as the serpent, to perform as difficult feats without the vulgar assistance of hands and feet.

In April, the snapping turtle, *Emysaurus serpentina*, is frequently taken on the meadows and in the river. The fisherman, taking sight over the calm surface, discovers its snout projecting above the water, at the distance of many rods, and easily secures his prey through its unwillingness to disturb the water by swimming hastily away, for, gradually drawing its head under, it remains resting on some limb or clump of grass. Its eggs, which are buried at a distance from the water, in some soft place, as a pigeon bed, are frequently devoured by the skunk. It will catch fish by daylight, as a toad catches flies, and is said to emit a transparent fluid from its mouth to attract them.

Nature has taken more care than the fondest parent for the education and refinement of her children. Consider the silent influence which flowers exert, no less upon the ditcher in the meadow than the lady in the bower. When I walk in the woods, I am reminded that a wise purveyor has been there before me; my most delicate experience is typified there. I am struck with the pleasing friendships and unanimities of nature, as when the moss on the trees takes the form of their leaves. In the most stupendous scenes you will see delicate and fragile features, as slight wreathes of vapor, dew-lines, feathery sprays, which suggest a high refinement, a noble blood and breeding, as it were. It is not hard to account for elves and fairies; they represent this light grace, this ethereal gentility. Bring a spray from the wood, or a crystal from the brook, and place it on your mantel, and your household ornaments will seem plebeian beside its nobler fashion and bearing. It will wave superior there, as if used to a more refined and polished circle. It has a salute and a response to all your enthusiasm and heroism.

In the winter, I stop short in the path to admire how the trees grow up without forethought, regardless of the time and circumstances. They do not wait as man does, but now is the golden age of the sapling. Earth, air, sun, and rain, are occasion enough; they were no better in primeval centuries. The "winter of *their* discontent" never comes. Witness the buds of the native poplar standing gaily out to the frost on the sides of its bare switches. They express a

naked confidence. With cheerful heart one could be a sojourner in the wilderness, if he were sure to find there the catkins of the willow or the alder. When I read of them in the accounts of northern adventurers, by Baffin's Bay or Mackenzie's river, I see how even there too I could dwell. They are our little vegetable redeemers. Methinks our virtue will hold out till they come again. They are worthy to have had a greater than Minerva or Ceres for their inventor. Who was the benignant goddess that bestowed them on mankind?

Nature is mythical and mystical always, and works with the license and extravagance of genius. She has her luxurious and florid style as well as art. Having a pilgrim's cup to make, she gives to the whole, stem, bowl, handle, and nose, some fantastic shape, as if it were to be the car of some fabulous marine deity, a Nereus or Triton.

In the winter, the botanist needs not confine himself to his books and herbarium, and give over his out-door pursuits, but study a new department of vegetable physiology, what may be called crystalline botany, then. The winter of 1837 was unusually favorable for this. In December of that year the Genius of vegetation seemed to hover by night over its summer haunts with unusual persistency. Such a hoar-frost, as is very uncommon here or anywhere, and whose full effects can never be witnessed after sunrise, occurred several times. As I went forth early on a still frosty morning, the trees looked like airy creatures of darkness caught napping, on this side huddled together with their grey hairs streaming in a secluded valley, which the sun had not penetrated, on that hurrying off in Indian file along some water-course, while the shrubs and grasses, like elves and fairies of the night, sought to hide their diminished heads in the snow. The river, viewed from the high bank, appeared of a yellowish green color, though all the landscape was white. Every tree, shrub, and spire of grass, that could raise its head above the snow, was covered with a dense ice-foliage, answering, as it were, leaf for leaf to its summer dress. Even the fences had put forth leaves in the night. The centre, diverging, and more minute fibres were perfectly distinct, and the edges regularly indented. These leaves were on the side of the twig or stubble opposite to the sun, meeting it for the most part at right angles,

and there were others standing out at all possible angles upon these and upon one another, with no twig or stubble supporting them. When the first rays of the sun slanted over the scene, the grasses seemed hung with innumerable jewels, which jingled merrily as they were brushed by the foot of the traveller, and reflected all the hues of the rainbow as he moved from side to side. It struck me that these ghost leaves and the green ones whose forms they assume, were the creatures of but one law ; that in obedience to the same law the vegetable juices swell gradually into the perfect leaf, on the one hand, and the crystalline particles troop to their standard in the same order, on the other. As if the material were indifferent, but the law one and invariable, and every plant in the spring but pushed up into and filled a permanent and eternal mould, which, summer and winter, forever is waiting to be filled.

This foliate structure is common to the coral and the plumage of birds, and to how large a part of animate and inanimate nature. The same independence of law on matter is observable in many other instances, as in the natural rhymes, when some animal form, color, or odor, has its counterpart in some vegetable. As, indeed, all rhymes imply an eternal melody, independent of any particular sense.

As confirmation of the fact, that vegetation is but a kind of crystallization, every one may observe how, upon the edge of the melting frost on the window, the needle-shaped particles are bundled together so as to resemble fields waving with grain, or shocks rising here and there from the stubble ; on one side the vegetation of the torrid zone, high towering palms and wide-spread bannians, such as are seen in pictures of oriental scenery ; on the other, arctic pines stiff frozen, with downcast branches.

Vegetation has been made the type of all growth ; but as in crystals the law is more obvious, their material being more simple, and for the most part more transient and fleeting, would it not be as philosophical as convenient, to consider all growth, all filling up within the limits of nature, but a crystallization more or less rapid ?

On this occasion, in the side of the high bank of the river, wherever the water or other cause had formed a cavity, its throat and outer edge, like the entrance to a citadel, bristled with a glistening ice-armor. In one place you

might see minute ostrich feathers, which seemed the waving plumes of the warriors filing into the fortress; in another, the glancing, fan-shaped banners of the Lilliputian host; and in another, the needle-shaped particles collected into bundles, resembling the plumes of the pine, might pass for a phalanx of spears. From the under side of the ice in the brooks, where there was a thicker ice below, depended a mass of crystallization, four or five inches deep, in the form of prisms, with their lower ends open, which, when the ice was laid on its smooth side, resembled the roofs and steeples of a Gothic city, or the vessels of a crowded haven under a press of canvass. The very mud in the road, where the ice had melted, was crystallized with deep rectilinear fissures, and the crystalline masses in the sides of the ruts resembled exactly asbestos in the disposition of their needles. Around the roots of the stubble and flower-stalks, the frost was gathered into the form of irregular conical shells, or fairy rings. In some places the ice-crystals were lying upon granite rocks, directly over crystals of quartz, the frost-work of a longer night, crystals of a longer period, but to some eye unprejudiced by the short term of human life, melting as fast as the former.

In the Report on the Invertebrate Animals, this singular fact is recorded, which teaches us to put a new value on time and space. "The distribution of the marine shells is well worthy of notice as a geological fact. Cape Cod, the right arm of the Commonwealth, reaches out into the ocean, some fifty or sixty miles. It is nowhere many miles wide; but this narrow point of land has hitherto proved a barrier to the migrations of many species of Mollusca. Several genera and numerous species, which are separated by the intervention of only a few miles of land, are effectually prevented from mingling by the Cape, and do not pass from one side to the other. * * * * Of the one hundred and ninety-seven marine species, eighty-three do not pass to the south shore, and fifty are not found on the north shore of the Cape."

That common muscle, the *Unio complanatus*, or more properly *fluviatilis*, left in the spring by the musk-rat upon rocks and stumps, appears to have been an important article of food with the Indians. In one place, where they are said to have feasted, they are found in large quantities, at

an elevation of thirty feet above the river, filling the soil to the depth of a foot, and mingled with ashes and Indian remains.

The works we have placed at the head of our chapter, with as much license as the preacher selects his text, are such as imply more labor than enthusiasm. The State wanted complete catalogues of its natural riches, with such additional facts merely as would be directly useful.

The Reports on Fishes, Reptiles, Insects, and Invertebrate Animals, however, indicate labor and research, and have a value independent of the object of the legislature.

Those on Herbaceous Plants and Birds cannot be of much value, as long as Bigelow and Nuttall are accessible. They serve but to indicate, with more or less exactness, what species are found in the State. We detect several errors ourselves, and a more practised eye would no doubt expand the list.

The Quadrupeds deserved a more final and instructive report than they have obtained.

These volumes deal much in measurements and minute descriptions, not interesting to the general reader, with only here and there a colored sentence to allure him, like those plants growing in dark forests, which bear only leaves without blossoms. But the ground was comparatively unbroken, and we will not complain of the pioneer, if he raises no flowers with his first crop. Let us not underrate the value of a fact; it will one day flower in a truth. It is astonishing how few facts of importance are added in a century to the natural history of any animal. The natural history of man himself is still being gradually written. Men are knowing enough after their fashion. Every countryman and dairymaid knows that the coats of the fourth stomach of the calf will curdle milk, and what particular mushroom is a safe and nutritious diet. You cannot go into any field or wood, but it will seem as if every stone had been turned, and the bark on every tree ripped up. But after all, it is much easier to discover than to see when the cover is off. It has been well said that "the attitude of inspection is prone." Wisdom does not inspect, but behold. We must look a long time before we can see. Slow are the beginnings of philosophy. He has

something demoniacal in him, who can discern a law, or couple two facts. We can imagine a time when, — “Water runs down hill,” — may have been taught in the schools. The true man of science will know nature better by his finer organization ; he will smell, taste, see, hear, feel, better than other men. His will be a deeper and finer experience. We do not learn by inference and deduction, and the application of mathematics to philosophy, but by direct intercourse and sympathy. It is with science as with ethics, we cannot know truth by contrivance and method ; the Baconian is as false as any other, and with all the helps of machinery and the arts, the most scientific will still be the healthiest and friendliest man, and possess a more perfect Indian wisdom.

GIFTS.

A DROPPING shower of spray
 Filled with a beam of light,
 The breath of some soft day,
 The groves by wan moonlight ;
 Some river's flow,
 Some falling snow,
 Some bird's swift flight ;

A summer field o'erstrown
 With gay and laughing flowers,
 And shepherd's-clocks half-blown,
 That tell the merry hours ;
 The waving grain,
 And spring-soft rain ; —
 Are these things ours ?

THE LOVER'S SONG.

BEE in the deep flower-bells,
 Brook in the cavern dim,
 Fawn in the woodland dells
 Hideth him.

I hide in thy deep flower-eyes,
 In the well of thy dark cold eye,
 In thy heart my feelings rise,
 There they lie.

Sing, love, — sing, for thy song
 Filleth the life of my mind,
 Thou bendest my woes along
 Like a wind.

Green of the spring, and flower,
 Fruit of the summer day,
 Midnight and moonlit hour,
 What say they?

Centre of them thou art,
 Building that points on high,
 Sun — for it is in thy heart,
 Will not die.

SEA SONG.

Our boat, to the waves go free;
 By the bending tide where the curled wave breaks,
 Like the track of the wind on the white snow-flakes,
 Away, away, — 't is a path o'er the sea.

Blasts may rave — spread the sail,
 For our spirits can wrest the power from the wind,
 And the gray clouds yield to the sunny mind, —
 Fear not we the whirl of the gale.

THE EARTH-SPIRIT.

I HAVE woven shrouds of air
 In a loom of hurrying light
 For the trees which blossoms bear,
 And gilded them with sheets of bright.
 I fall upon the grass like love's first kiss,
 I make the golden flies and their fine bliss,
 I paint the hedge-rows in the lane,
 And clover white and red the footways bear;
 I laugh aloud in sudden gusts of rain,
 To see the ocean lash himself in air;
 I throw smooth shells and weeds along the beach,
 And pour the curling waves far o'er the glassy reach;
 Swing bird-nests in the elms, and shake cool moss
 Along the aged beams, and hide their loss.
 The very broad rough stones I gladden too,
 Some willing seeds I drop along their sides,
 Nourish the generous plant with freshening dew,
 Till there, where all was waste, true joy abides.
 The peaks of aged mountains, with my care,
 Smile in the red of glowing morn elate;
 I braid the caverns of the sea with hair
 Glossy, and long, and rich as king's estate.
 I polish the green ice, and gleam the wall
 With the white frost, and leave the brown trees tall.

PRAYER.

MOTHER dear! wilt pardon one
 Who loved not the generous Sun,
 Nor thy seasons loved to hear
 Singing to the busy year:—
 Thee neglected, shut his heart,
 In thy being, had no part.

Mother dear ! I list thy song
 In the autumn eve along :
 Now thy chill airs round the day,
 And leave me my time to pray.
 Mother dear ! the day must come
 When thy child shall make his home,
 His long last home, amid the grass,
 Over which thy warm hands pass.
 I know my prayers will reach thine ear,
 Thou art with me while I ask,
 Nor a child refuse to hear,
 Who would learn his little task.
 Let me take my part with thee,
 In the gray clouds or thy light,
 Laugh with thee upon the sea,
 And idle on the land by night ;
 In the trees I live with thee,
 In the flowers, like any bee.

AFTER-LIFE.

THEY tell me the grave is cold,
 The bed underneath all the living day ;
 They speak of the worms that crawl in the mould,
 And the rats that in the coffin play ;
 Up above the daisies spring,
 Eyeing the wrens that over them sing :
 I shall hear them not in my house of clay.

It is not *so* ; I shall live in the veins
 Of the life which painted the daisies' dim eye,
 I shall kiss their lips when I fall in rains,
 With the wrens and bees shall over them fly,—
 In the trill of the sweet birds float
 The music of every note,
 A-lifting times veil,—is that called to die ?

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Woe, woe for the withering leaves !
Flimsy and lank and falling fast,
Hither and thither, twirling and whirling
In the freshening wind, in the bright blue sky ;
Glistening and clear and keen is the sky,
But it has no mercy, none,
For the pitiful pelted driven leaves.
I saw ye, leaves ! in your cradle lying
On that day far back, O where is it now ?
In your varied velvety hues of green,
That softer and softer grew to the eye,
As the loving sunlight went glancing by.
Out of the dark hard tree,
Wonderful things, ye came ;
A summer hour has passed,
Sultry, and red, and still,
As life were pressed down by a mighty force ;
A summer rain has fallen,
A liquid light and sound,
And dripped the drops from your shivering edge,
But they 'll drip no more. Your hour has come ;
Remaineth the tree, but passeth the leaf
Into the damp ground silently sinking,
Sinking and matted in mud and in snow.
Leaves never more : ye colored and veined,
Ye pointed and notched and streaked round about,
Ye circled and curved and lateral-lined,
Protean shapes of the Spirit of form !
With the Sun for a nurse, feeding with light
Out of his bosom, and moon with the dew
Filched from the air under secret of night.
Tenderly nurtured and royally served,
A company regal, innumerable,
Crowning the hill-top, and shading the vale,
Clustering archly the country-home,

And filling the eye of the passer by,
The wanderer's eye with tremulous tears,
At the thought of its hidden blessedness,
Its fount of life-gladness welling within,
Shaded and covered from scorching outside,
By greenness and coolness and deep repose.
Leaves, the delicate setting of flowers,
Tempering the ruby : round the queen-blossom
Modestly crowding, never self-seeking,
Giving the beauty they seem but to follow ;
Living meekly as leaves, only as leaves ;
Yet were they reft from wayside and bower,
From weed and from tree, — the gaudy flowers,
Shameless and bold and tarnished all o'er,
Would weary the eye like a shadowless wall,—
A glaring day that casteth no night,
An eye without lashes, a mind with no thought
Deep hid in its cell, a heart with no love,
Never uttered, a home with no curtained room.
But ye are perishing, perishing fast,
So lovely, so soft, so graceful, so good,
So many, so varied, why were ye here ?
Out of night ye sprung, tender and juicy,
Unto night ye return, withered and scorned.
Birds sung at your birth, and youth leaped to see ;
But none to the burial gather ; not one.
Woe, woe to the spent and withering leaves !
I too am a leaf, — one of a forest
Seek I to be, and not part of the whole ?
The wide Forest laughs, and crushes me carelessly
As it sways to the wind of Eternity.
Circlets and curves and veinlets and stems
Must bow to the sweep of the merciless hour.
The Eternal remains, and out of its depths
Shall issue the sap, exhaustless and free,
In forests as mighty and multitudinous.

ENTERTAINMENTS OF THE PAST WINTER.

WHAT would the Puritan fathers say, if they could see our bill of fare here in Boston for the winter? The concerts, the opera dancing, which have taken place of their hundred-headed sermons, how would they endure? How the endless disquisitions wherever a few can be gathered together, on every branch of human learning, every folly of human speculation? Yet, perhaps, they have elsewhere already learnt what these changes are calculated to teach; that their action, noble as it was, exhibited but one side of nature, and was but a reaction. That the desire for amusement, no less than instruction, is irrepressible in the human breast; that the love of the beautiful, for its own sake simply, is no more to be stifled than the propensity of the earth to put forth flowers in spring; and that the Power, which, in its life and love, lavishes such loveliness around us, meant that all beings able to receive and feel should, with recreative energy, keep up the pulse of life and sing the joy it is to be, — to grow.

Their fulness of faith and uncompromising spirit show but faint sparks among us now, yet the prejudices with which these were connected from the circumstances of the time, still cast their shadows over us. The poetical side of existence, (and here I do not speak of poetry in its import or ethical significance, but in its essential being, as a recreative spirit that sings to sing, and models for the sake of drawing from the clay the elements of beauty,) the poetical side of existence is tolerated rather than revered, and the lovers of beauty are regarded rather as frivolous voluptuaries than the consecrated servants of the divine Urania. Such is the tendency of the general mind. There is indeed, an under current more and more powerful every day; but the æsthetic side has not yet found an advocate of sufficiently commanding eloquence to give it due place in the councils of the people. But, as this feeling ripens, it will form to itself an appropriate language.

We have been tempted to regret that the better part of the community should have been induced to look so coldly on theatrical exhibitions. No doubt these have been made the instrument of pollution and injury, as has been repre-

sented. Still, means of amusement like these, accessible, pliant, various, will never be dispensed with in a city where natural causes must create the class who wish such entertainments for their leisure hours. Till men shall carry Shakspeare and Moliere within their own minds, they will wish to see their works represented. To those in whom life is still faint, and who yet have leisure to feel their need of being enlivened, the stimulus of genius is necessary, and, if they do not find this, they will take refuge in mere variety, such as the buffoon and juggler can offer, and thus their tastes be corrupted each day by the means that ought to exalt and refine them. The Shakspearean drama cannot now be sustained in Boston; but amusements of a lower order can, to which the youth who were to be protected by frowning down the theatre go and find entertainment which produces none of the good effects that would be received from a noble performance, with all the injury that has been so much deprecated.

The genius of the time might not favor the enterprise, for in other countries, where the stage is maintained at that point from which it can bestow a genial and elevating benefit, this is done by the private patronage of the most cultivated classes, and oftentimes by the favor of a single person, who has the advantage of being at once a man of taste and a prince, yet we cannot but feel that an enlarged view of human nature would rather have dictated to men of wisdom and philanthropy, to form themselves into committees of direction for the theatre, than to use their influence to put it down without providing something to take its place more fully than the lecture room. There is, however, not so much reason to regret this, as the drama seems dead, and the histrionic art is dying with it. The last centuries carried this to a glorious height, but Garrick, Kemble, Talma, Kean are gone.

“The great depart;

And none rise up to take their vacant seats.”

At least none who are the peers of the departed. Now, an inclination for the art seems to be the impression left by a great past, and even Miss Kemble, Miss Tree, and Macready are too ill-seconded, and address audiences too unprepared, fully to possess or enjoy the exercise of their

great powers. Now and then appears a wonder, as Mademoiselle Rachel in France lately, worthy to deck again the ancient drama with its diadem and train, but it is said by those who have seen her, that the scene sinks the moment she leaves the stage, and the fustian and farce are seen of an entertainment no longer congenial with the character of those who witness it.

The drama blossomed out in Germany, like other productions of the last century there, a genuine growth. The need of lofty sentiment and a free, widely ranging existence spoke there unproved. On the stage was seen faithfully represented the attainment, still more, the longing of the popular mind. Upon the stage a Carlos could meet a Posa, and the iron hand of Goetz receive the clasp of the modern Arminius. But the black eagles have shrieked into silence these great voices, for the drama cannot live where man cannot walk in the freedom of a hero. That sense of individual greatness which, in Greece, poured its wine through the life blood of whole races, which consecrated the involuntary crimes of *Cædipus*, and made possible the simple grandeur of *Antigone*, filling the stage with God-like forms which no spectator felt to be necessarily mere ideals, which made the shadow of Shakspeare's *Talbot* more commanding than the substance of the hero of one of Knowles's dramas, and gave the buskins of *Corneille* a legalized dignity, — where is it now? Man believes in the race, but not in his fellow, and religious thinkers separate thought from action. No man is important enough to fill the scene and sustain the feeling; let us read novels in our sleepy hours, but never hope, in the society of our contemporaries, to see before us a *Prometheus*, or a *Cid* realizing the hope, nay, the *belief* of all present.

No; the drama is not for us, and vainly do young geniuses pilfer and filter all history and romance for heroes; vainly break up their soliloquies into speeches to be recited by various persons, or cramp into a five act lameness, the random expressions of modern life. It cannot be. Let them ask themselves, Do the men walk and talk before them so in their solitary hours? Did these forms advance from the green solitudes of the wood, or the dark corners of the chamber, and give themselves to the bard as delegates from the Muse of the age? Did you, as you walked the

streets meet the demand for these beings from every restless, eager eye? Not so. Then let be the dead form of a traditional drama. Life is living, though this be dead. Wait the form that grows from the spirit of the time.

Life is living, and art, European art, lives in the opera and ballet. For us we have nothing of our own, for the same reason that in literature, a few pale buds is all that we yet can boast of native growth, because we have no national character of sufficient fulness and simplicity to demand it. There is nothing particular to be said, as yet, but everything to be done and observed. Why should we be babbling? let us see, let us help the plant to grow; when it is once grown, then paint it, then describe it. We earn our brown bread, but we beg our cake; yet we want some, for we are children still.

If New England thinks, it is about money, social reform, and theology. If she has a way of speaking peculiarly her own, it is the lecture. But the lecture, though of such banyan growth among us, seems not to bespeak any deep or permanent tendency. Intellectual curiosity and sharpness are the natural traits of a colony overrun with things to be done, to be seen, to be known from a parent country possessing a rich and accumulating treasure from centuries of civilized life. Lectures upon every possible topic are the short business way taken by a business people to find out what there is to be known, but to *know* in such ways cannot be hoped, unless the suggestions thus received are followed up by private study, thought, conversation. This, no doubt, is done in some degree, but chiefly by the young, not yet immersed in the stream of things. Let any one listen in an omnibus, or at a boarding house, to the conversation suggested by last night's lecture, see the composure with which the greatest blunders and most unfounded assertions are heard and assented to, and he will be well convinced how little the subject has occupied the minds of the smart and curious audience, and feel less admiration at the air of devout attention which pervades an Odeon assembly. Not that it is unmeaning, something they learn; but it is to be feared just enough to satisfy, not stimulate the mind. It is an entertainment which leaves the hearer too passive. One that appealed to the emotions would enter far more deeply and pervasively into the life, than these

addressed to the understanding, a faculty already developed out of all proportion among this people.

There is always a great pleasure in any entertainment truly national. In Catlin's book on the Indians, in Borrow's book on the Gipsies, we read with this pleasure of the various dances and amusements, because, barbarous though they be, they grow out of, correspond with the character of the people, as much as the gladiatorial games, and shows of wild beasts, the tournament of the middle ages, the Spanish bull-fights, the boxing and racing matches of England express peculiar traits in the character and habits of the nations who enjoy or have enjoyed them. We must not then quarrel with the lecture, the only entertainment we have truly expressive of New England *as it is* in its transition state, cavilling, questioning, *beginning to seek*, all-knowing, if with little heart-knowledge, meaning to be just, and turning at last, though often with a sour face, to see all sides, for men of sense will see at last it is not of any use to nail the weathercock the pleasantest way; better leave it free, and see the way the wind does blow, if it *will* be so foolish as to blow in an injudicious direction. The lectures answer well to what we see in the streets. Yet it would be scarce worth while to begin to speak of them, as the Dial affords no room for the encyclopedia of Entertaining Knowledge. Only a few words of two foreign lecturers, who, in very different ways, have been objects of much interest here.

Mr. Giles has been everywhere a truly *popular* lecturer. His dramatic feeling of his subjects, comic power in narration, great fluency and bright genial talent have endeared him to all classes of hearers. Indeed his narrative passages, such as the story of the fight on Vinegar Hill, and the peasant's recollections of Cromwell, are nearest dramatic representation, in the kind and degree of pleasure communicated, of anything we have had. He is no orator; his style of speaking wants repose, wants light and shade. His voice, a little strained from the very beginning, gets into a broken, hysterical tone in the more animated parts, that jars the nerves. He hurries his declamations far too much. But in these very faults his excitable temperament and youthful heart display themselves and conciliate the affections where they dissatisfy the taste of the hearer.

Mr. Lyell. A very large audience waited on the teachings of this celebrated geologist, and their uniform attention and warm interest in his lectures were scarcely less honorable to them than to him. We understand he had been very little in the habit of lecturing, and never to mixed audiences like this, but only to classes of students, or persons prepared, in some measure, for what he had to say, and able to follow him, gleaning his facts as they could, without expecting or demanding the neat and popular arrangement to which our lecturers are trained, and which often inclines to praise on leaving the lecture-room, in the technics of the shop. "A neat article, sir, a good article." His gesticulation and manner were unprepossessing, for though his whole air was that of the gentleman and intellectual man, yet he had not that full-eyed, unembarrassed air in addressing an audience, which draws it at once to the speaker, and prepares to listen without ennui or reserve. Neither had he the power of arrangement, gradually to wind a stronger thread, to elucidate, to round out, to perfect the design. But for a time the hearer strained after his purpose, then he had forgotten something, flew back to get it, put it out of place, then in again, and it was only at the end of the lecture that one could be sure of having ascertained its scope, thus robbing us of that pleasurable mixture of animation and repose, as in a chariot driven by a skilful Jehu through a beautiful country, which attend on the following a mind which combines with richness in fact and illustration a self-possessed grace and the power of design. Yet it was well observed, by a discriminating hearer, that the presence of great facts amply made up for these deficiencies, the sense of Mr. Lyell's extensive knowledge, patience, and philosophical habits of investigation, with his simple and earnest manner of approaching his subject made his lectures not only interesting but charming to his audience, and it is to be questioned if the difficulty which they sometimes felt in following him did not even make his lectures of more value, the mind being stimulated to an effort which gave it a glow of real interest, and induced it to follow out the path thus entered. Wherever we went, there was Lyell's Geology on the table, and many of the suggestions made by these lectures lingered in conversation through the winter. Goethe's con-

clusion at the end of his scores of years was, "It makes this world interesting and pleasant to know something about it," and we must add as corollary, "It makes a man interesting and pleasant to know something about this world," whatever the Byron school may think, or the so supersensual as to be antisensuous school may think. A fact is a germ of life, from that may spring light, which the gloom of passion or the grey twilight of contemplation never saw, the rosy light of a perpetual day-spring, of a myriad birth.

But to come to some of the more beautiful, if less simply intellectual entertainments we had in view from the beginning. Of the pleasures, the entertainments of Boston, we can give but an imperfect account. We have not visited the Museum, have not seen "Love in all shapes," nor the Indians, real or supposed, nor the lady who advertises "a hundred illusions in one evening," not an offer to be slighted of a December afternoon. Also these and many more as alluring from a distance *should* be seen duly to appreciate what the real state of feeling is on such subjects. But our time was limited, being not "an intelligent traveller," but a busy citizen, and we shall venture only to speak of what we have seen in music and dancing.

We are beggars in these respects, as I said. Our only national melody, Yankee Doodle, is shrewdly suspected to be a scion from British art. All symptoms of invention are confined to the African race, who, like the German literati, are relieved by their position from the cares of government. "Jump Jim Crow," is a dance native to this country, and one which we plead guilty to seeing with pleasure, not on the stage, where we have not seen it, but as danced by children of an ebon hue in the street. Such of the African melodies as we have heard are beautiful. But the Caucasian race have yet their rail-roads to make, and all we shall learn from a survey of exhibitions in the arts which exhilarate our social life, is how far, studying and copying Europe as we do, we are able to receive and enjoy her gifts in this kind. Though music is not a plant native to this soil, it is one that there has always been a desire to cultivate. Churches which possess no other means of aiding the intellect through the senses, crave the more the organ and the choir. The piano and flute have long

been domesticated, and of late the harp and guitar, though it is rarely that we find a tolerable performer on either. Ballad-singing, in a limited range, is really loved. Italian songs are tolerated. Psalmody in country villages is a favorite and pleasing amusement of family and social circles, and has certainly a tendency to cultivate the more pure and graceful feelings, though as to music, the exclusive care for time and tune thus cultivated is hostile to any free acceptance of the art in its more grand and creative movements.

Music is the great living, growing art, and great lives are not yet exhausted in the heaping up this column of glory. We look out through this art into infinity; its triumphs are but begun, and no comparison need be thought of with Greece or any other past life. Here will the inward spiritual movement of our time find its asylum, find its voice, and in this temple worship be paid to that religion whose form is beauty, and whose soul is love. All that has spoken such divine words in the other arts, rushes here in great tides of soul; and heart, and mind, and life are melted equally to feed one incense-breathing flame.

With a congenial power, the rhythm of the poet, the harmonious design of the painter, and the light that floods the marble, enrapture us, raise us on their strong wings to seek our native home. But music not only raises but fills us, and hope and thought have ceased to be, for all is now.

The oratorio and opera have taken place of the drama. Of the opera we know little; yet the intoxication of feeling with which the *Somnambula* was received, shows what it would be to us. The *Somnambula* is a very imperfect work, but the pathetic melody which flows through it is of purest sweetness, and the accords which resume the theme at every pause, vibrate on our heart-strings. It is, like *Romeo and Juliet*, though of a very different order of greatness, all one thought of love, and spring, and grief.

In the oratorio we have had this winter an opportunity to hear two of the masterpieces of genius, the *Creation* and the *Messiah*, not indeed entire, or with full effect; but with *Braham's* solos and excellent performance of the choruses, from these mighty works what thoughts of cheer were drawn, what clues did they afford into the mysteries of being! Yet the *Creation* does not seem so much a revelation of the primal efforts of a fash-

ioning mind as an intellectual survey of historical facts. It is great, commanding, but elsewhere we have felt far more what is told in the history of Genesis. The first lighting up of this present earth after days of dull rain has told it more. The dawn of a thought in the face of man has brought us nearer, when light has been made, fresh from the very fount of inspiration, and half-moulded clay has been transfused into a harmonious world of infinite expression. The impression made by Haydn's Creation is uniform, but not single and profound. We receive it in detail as a great, a commanding, a manly mood. The imitative strains in it are so child-like, so truly thoughts, not attempts, that they do not displease, but they engage the thoughts too sensibly. In the exquisite passages

“With verdure clad,” &c.

“In splendor bright,”

we appreciate the peculiar genius of the composer. In the passage

“Here shoots the healing plant,”

a strain of prolific sweetness seemed to open long avenues into the best hopes of human kind. This healing plant, as brought to light in the music, was the true Nepenthe, the anti-Circean, all healing, the white root, which man demands, easily bewildered as he is in the forest of his own inventions. No poison flower of passion could open unscathed near this “healing plant.” The young voice that sung this, insipid from its want of expression in parts that demand a range of powers and experience of feeling, was admirable here from its virgin, silvery tone.

“In splendor bright.”

This Braham gave in a grand, sustained style. The sun is nobly expressed, the moon not beautiful enough, but the strain which announces the stars is of sufficient perspective and nobleness to raise the thoughts, as they do, seen on a sudden.

“In native worth and honor clad.”

Having heard of this and been filled with expectation ever since childhood, we thought we should hear it from Braham, but, if we did, Haydn fell short of Milton, who falls short of what we know how to expect. An Adam and Eve we hardly hope to see, for even Michel Angelo's

while they transcend our demand, only stimulate, not satisfy our thoughts. But could not all-promising music tell us more of the proper grandeur of our race? The words promise well.

“In native worth and honor clad, with beauty, courage, strength adorned, to heaven erect and tall he stands a man, the lord and king of nature all. The large and arched front sublime, of wisdom deep declares the seat, and in his eyes with brightness shines the soul, the breath and image of his God. With fondness leans upon his breast the partner for him formed, a woman fair, and graceful spouse. Her softly smiling virgin looks, of flowery spring the mirror, bespeak him love, and joy, and bliss.”

Here is theme enough. All that can be known or thought or felt might be concentrated here. Little was told. It seemed characteristic of the genius of the artist that the passage that impressed most was,

“The large and arched front sublime.”

Those were grand moments in which we heard this work. They did not swell the heart, nor break it with a painful sense of beauty, but all was calm, confident, and commanding, obstructions gently gliding from the onward view.

But the Messiah seems like another region, sublimer, deeper, sweeter, stronger. This is one of the revelations, for here ages of thought crystallize at last into one diamond. There is nothing fit to be said about it. It is its own word. Sectarians, religionists, rise into men before such a grand interpretation of the universal truth, which, though like a city set on a hill, was unseen, for they had eyes but they saw not. But Handel was a disciple. Handel is a primitive Christian, and in the sublime strain,

“Behold I tell you a mystery,”

his genius seems to announce itself.

The mind capable to see the Madonna as Raphael did, shrinks away from the bedizened lady of Loretto, and though it pardons the worshippers who in their humility have lost sight of the beauty of this great type of woman, yet it cannot kneel with them. The heart that would yield itself wholly before the pure might of Jesus, stands aside from the door of churches which purport to be his,

yet which are built on dogmas that he would have shaken as dust from his sandals. But as the lordly crest of Handel stoops like the lion to the lamb, the world falls prostrate with him, and it seems as if there was not a corner of the earth that would not resound to the chorus of "Wonderful! Counsellor! the mighty God! the Prince of Peace!"

The movement of the whole oratorio, with its profound flow of feeling, its soaring onward impulse, its sweetness of inspiration, its ripeness of experience, fills the ear, the heart, the hope. The moral element, which is the one first and easiest deduced from the thought of Jesus, is not the one most favorable to the free development of genius in its grander forms. The Madonna, the Pieta, the saints and martyrs, the infant Jesus, have inspired devotion not unworthy, and the fruits have been full and fair. But the bards have failed before the theme of Jesus, the Redeemer, the Messiah. The artists have rarely gone beyond the grace and tenderness of his outward apparition, or his sufferings. One artist has shown him transfigured, the same unequalled soul that has given form to the "Weep not for me," — and the other no less significant command, "Feed my lambs." With that attainment by which he conveys to us a realizing sense of the presence of a Son of God, Handel may vie in the degree to which he has made manifest a Redeemer, the Messiah of the world.

To the sublime chorus, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in. He is the King of Glory." Handel has a right. These are not *words* from him, or rather they are true words, not traditional, but from the fulness of the soul. Yet he seems to have had no impatience of the multitude who speak with such imperfect feeling as he expresses in the chorus, "The Lord gave the word, great was the company of the preachers."

We owe to Handel's Messiah a life-long debt, and that is all that is worth being said, since the whole could not unless by a life.*

Here first we truly heard Braham. We had no idea of him before, but after once hearing the grandeur of his re-

* See for a good account of the plan of the Messiah, translated from the German of Rochlitz, Hach's Musical Magazine.

citative in some parts of the Messiah, we know how to appreciate his genius and allow for his inequalities. In "Behold and see, if there be any sorrow like his sorrow," the profoundly human simplicity of tenderness was almost inconceivable in one whom we had heard addressing himself to such vulgar and shallow states of mind. In "Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel," were justified the wonders we had heard of his voice. Such power, such perfectly rounded production of tone is not to be believed till it is heard. Each note flew to its mark with the precision of a dart, and filled the air like thunder.

We had afterwards opportunity to admire the range of Mr. Braham's powers at a concert where he did equal justice to the delicate, dreamy graces of "My mother bids me bind my hair," to the playful melody of Ally Croker, and to such songs as "Scots wha hae," and "No, no, he shall not perish." But his excellencies have already been characterized with feeling and discrimination by a writer in Number Four of the Dial. Nowhere can he be heard to so much advantage as in this great oratorio music, where the choruses may represent the history of the world, while the solos are free to declare the inmost religious secret of a single soul, as in "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Spohr's Last Judgment we heard only once, and without receiving any decided impression from it. Madame Spohr Zahn gave us the pleasure of a fine style of singing, and those who heard her more frequently spoke highly of her powers of expression. She did not give us the idea of high power, but often it requires time to catch the secret of a new voice, a new instrument, or a new mind.

In instrumental music we have been so rich that it has seemed one continuous musical life, passing from one sweet disclosure to another in the enchanted realms of sound. As for the pianists, we must confess to little pleasure in them, and do not wonder the great genius sneered at them as "harpsichord knights." Miss Sloman excited great interest here from her youth, naive manner, and a performance wonderful at her age, or indeed at any, but it seemed to us unjust to compare her with Rakemann, who was the first to introduce to our knowledge the wonderful feats now so common in Europe. His performance has an airy ele-

gance, an easy command and thorough finish, which Miss Sloman rarely approached and never equalled.

That little world, the piano, is certainly invaluable as the means of study and private pleasure. But, for rich and varied compositions, it has not adequate fulness and exquisiteness of tone. Compositions which would take us to heaven, if heard from the full orchestra, leave us cold in this miniature representation. It is like an ink outline of one of Titian's pictures, in the effect on the mind, enough for the thoughts, but not enough for the feelings. Sensuously it fails of effect because the sound is but a thread in the rooms where we are assembled to hear it. If we are to hear so much attempted without the aid of the orchestra, let it be in smaller rooms. But we do not like the music that is offered us upon it. With the exception of two or three pieces, (Lizzt's Chromatic Galope is one,) it leaves not a trace behind, in the memory, in the soul. It is very well that dexterity should be carried so far, and very pretty, just at the time, to hear the sparks struck out, and fairy footsteps, and rivulets of notes gushing all over the instrument, but this should never take place of the real thing, or a handmaid talent appear to our thoughts as the great winged music itself.

It was pleasant to hear the piano with the full orchestra. There as the solo triumphs were achieved and the instruments swelled in at each close with bursts of triumphant sound, it was like some delicate young girl, advancing from a crowd of more beautiful but older companions to show her grace and agility in the dance unsustained, while ever and anon, as she achieves a more difficult step, they advance, surround, and crown her with garlands, making their child their queen, and more stately for their graceful deference.

Of the violin we have heard much, of its marvellous richness and pathos, and have heard it played well enough to recognise the power of this most difficult instrument. From our own violinists we had learned how truly this master of ceremonies on the gayest occasions, is called also the *tearful* violin. The able performers whom we have heard this winter have added to our knowledge. Herrwig was the favorite of the audience from his frank and simple manners and his freedom from trick and stage-effect. But

Nagel's hand seemed in itself a mind, so educated and adroit was its every motion, which his violin obeyed as gently as a reed whispers with the wind. The instrument is worthy of the hand of genius, would be worthy to be its companion in its hours of most impassioned utterance. It must tempt to a voluptuous sadness. De Beriot's compositions have been compared to garlands, and Paganini seems to have made his instrument wail, and proclaim, and fascinate, like a volcanic country in its various moods and fury, of desolation, of perfidious slumberous beauty.

Still a higher pleasure have we derived from the violoncello. This instrument we had never heard so played as to give us an adequate idea of its powers. The wonderful union of deep and grave passion with soft aerial vanishing notes, in the two parts, the slides of such easy transition made the instrument impressive as a spiritual presence in itself, apart from the music played upon it. Often it seemed that the deep searching emotions of life were answered and elevated by an angel's voice. When hearing these aerial notes echoing one another, then vanishing till the last in its remoteness, though still precise and perfect, seemed but the shadow of a sound, one present, not prone to glowing emotion, said, "I hear the farewell of a disembodied spirit." Another, when the deep tones were again heard, calm as with a treasure of repressed feeling, said, "Then it is both male and female." Some wept, and were unwilling to have so much told of those depths of life which words can never speak.

And surely it was a true artist that had so tamed the spirit and confined it in this heavy machine. The quiet security, dignity, and grace of his performance was such that, for a great while, we never thought of it. We went to hear Mr. Knoop almost every time he played during his prolonged stay in Boston, and it was only in the last times that we observed himself. So truly was he the musician and the artist that the soul he loved spoke for him and took his place. When we did think particularly of himself, there seemed something impressive in the perfect repose of his manner, in harmony with the great effects he produced. He had none of that air of seeking popular favor which seems to please audiences here. If the music did not speak to them, why should *he*? He respected himself and

his art too much to dream of it. In his eye and gesture there was calm self-assurance; the eloquence came from his instrument. Sometimes we fancied that larger audiences or a more intelligent sympathy would have kindled him to do still more for us, for his performance was of a level and sufficient beauty throughout. He never surpassed though he never disappointed the expectation formed from first hearing him. We hope he knew how much he conferred on his limited but faithful audience. To his first concerts large numbers went from mere curiosity, but, afterward, only the few attended who rejoiced to give themselves to hear this noble and tender instrument, as to learn a new mode of life, and those were confirmed and charmed every night in a way that they cannot forget, for this music is "not remembered but a part of memory," so true and homefelt was the joy it gave.

But, of all these musical festivals, none conferred so solid a benefit as the concerts given by the Academy of Music throughout the winter where an excellent orchestra, under the guidance of an able leader, gradually acquainted themselves, and made a constant audience familiar with the beauty of several of the really great compositions. Concerts given for immediate gain must, with a public not yet raised to the high standard which exists among a people by nature gifted with a sense for an art, and continually educated by new geniuses following out and fulfilling one another, be made up of uncongenial ingredients, really beautiful music alternating with pieces intended only to catch the ear and prevent those of the hearers, who have not an earnest interest, from being tired. Thus, just as you have risen to a poetic feeling and are engaged in a pleasing flow of thought, you are jarred and let down by flat and unmeaning trifles, or by some even vulgar performance. In this way the taste of the many will never be improved, for the performer goes down to them, instead of drawing them up to him. We think they should never do so, and that the need of money is not an excuse. Compromise, always so degrading, is especially so with those beautiful arts which we expect to lift us above everything low and mercenary, and give us light by which to see the harmony destined to subsist between nature and the soul of man, when mutually purified, perfected, and sustained.

These concerts of the Academy were really adapted to form an audience that will require what is good instead of merely tolerating it, and have in their department begun the same work as the Atheneum Galleries in cherishing and refining a love for the other arts.

Several fine overtures were performed during the winter, and often enough for us to become quite familiar with them. But the great pleasure, and one never to be forgotten by those who had the happiness to share it, was the performance of two Symphonies of Beethoven, the Pastoral and Fifth Symphony.

The Pastoral is one of the most famous compositions of this master, indeed it might be styled a popular composition. It does not require a depth in the life of the hearer, but only simplicity to feel its beauties. The bounding and extatic emotions with which the child traverses the enamelled fields on a day of bluest blue sky, of perfect verdure, bloom, and fragrance, the excitement of the peasant's dance, with its joyous whirl, hastily pattering feet, and light flashes across of movements of breezy lightness, the joy and plaints of the birds, the approach and burst of the thunder shower, its refreshing haste and vehement bounty, and the renovated lustre of life that succeeds, all these perfections are not unknown to any eye that has ever opened on life, — all these glorious gifts nature makes to every man, each "green and bowery summertime." Beethoven's was one of those souls that prevent nature from being too weary, as she sometimes must incline to become of her prodigal love, for he was great enough to receive her into his heart, great enough to paint a picture of their meeting. But it is only one hour of his true life.

But in the Fifth Symphony we seem to have a something offered us, not only more, but different, and not only different from another work of his, but different from anything we know in the clearness with which we are drawn to the creative soul, not of art or artist, but of universal life. Here with force, and ardent, yet deliberate approach, manifold spirits demand the crisis of their existence. Nor is the questioning heard in vain, but, in wide blaze of light and high heroic movement, more power flows forth than was hoped, than was asked. With bolder joy, with a sorrow more majestic, life again demands and meets a yet

more god-like reply. New swells of triumph precede powers still profounder, worthy to precede the birth of worlds. These are followed by still sublimer wave and crash of sound smiting upon the centre, then pouring its full tides along. Wide wings wave, and nothing is forgot, all lies revealed, expanded, but *below*. Human loves flow like silver threads amid the solemn mountains and fair vales, and a divine intelligence showers down the sun and shadow from an equal height.

What the Sibyls and Prophets of Michel Angelo demand, is in this majestic work made present to us. The sudden uprising of more and more sublimed spirits through Dante's Heaven is before us, and there are no other names amid the prophetic geniuses that called for this congenial and perfected manifestation of themselves, as wide, as deep, as simply grand, and of a more rapturous flood of soul and more full-grown pinions. The effect of the symphony on memory is an intimation of that love with its kindred energy, beyond faith as much as beyond sight, for all is present now, and the secret of creation is read. This, not Haydn's, is "*the Creation*."

He said "the limits were not yet erected" that man could not surpass, nor never will be, — shall we forget it? when in hours like these, we have flown upborne on these strong wings into the future, not of lives but of eternities. How can that race be sufficiently revered which gave birth to such a man? How be disdained or lost the meanest form that bears lineaments that show a similar design?

But enough. To be worthy to speak of men like these we also must live into manly stature, and incarnate the word. What they give is beyond analogies, or memory; it has become a part of life. Let it animate all the rest. Grateful Pœans from expanded natures should answer the trumpet call of such a genius. It is said that he was animated in this composition by Schiller's divine truth,

Be embraced, millions;
This kiss to the whole world,

and with like incredulity of injustice, each note declares

And if there be one who cannot call
A soul his own, on the Earth-round,
Let him steal weeping from this bond.

And of this soul, as of the two others I have named, this all-triumphant soul, we know he had nothing but his art; — no frail prop of outward happiness, and human affections. That wand was all he had to reveal the treasures of the earth, and point his way to heaven.

But enough, since nothing worthy could be said if we wrote forever, and all the gain is in the relief of a tribute of gratitude.

We hope those symphonies will never again be divided in the performance. One part modulates naturally into the other, prepares the mind to expect it, and it is most painful to have an interval of talk and bustle, disturbing, almost destroying the effect of a work as a whole. We are sure that any persons, who can enjoy this music at all, would rather have the whole evening's entertainment shortened by the loss of some other piece, than have a break in the middle of a beautiful work which, to be seen truly, must be seen as a whole.

The Academy concerts were almost wholly good. The assistance which they occasionally received from other performers was of value in itself, and arranged in harmony with their own design, only in one instance the introduction of an ordinary vocalist, who attempted, too, music beyond his powers, marred, in some degree, the evening. We received much pleasure from the Oboe of Ribas. 'This sweet pastoral instrument whose "reedy" sound recalls gentle streams and green meadows, came in sweetly between pieces of full harmony, and was played with a delicacy and unpretending grace, in unison with its character.

"Time presses," but we cannot close without some account of the talent which fascinated so many in Fanny Ellsler, and which was witnessed by the majority, though prejudice or opinion declared against it. It would be well if the point could be thoroughly discussed and *settled* by each one in his own way, on what grounds he attends an exhibition of art. Is it to form a friendship with the artist as a man, as a woman, or to witness the results of a distinguished and highly cultivated talent? In what degree is private character to influence us in buying a book, in ordering a portrait, in listening to a song?

Some carry these notions farther. We have not heard of any who would not employ a great lawyer, because they

did not approve his moral character, or even exclude him, on that account, from their private acquaintance. But we have known persons so consistent in demanding that the whole man should be worthy their approval, as to canvass the propriety of continuing to employ their shoemaker because they heard he was an infidel. "Infidels then cannot make good shoes?" — Looks of high moral indignation were the only reply.

Yet each one should settle it distinctly for himself whether he who goes to see the actress or dancer on the stage, or he only who calls upon her to make her personal acquaintance, expresses his approbation of her as a private individual. For now, when there is so clear understanding on these points, people sin a great deal, some in going from curiosity, where they do not think it right to go, and as many, or more, in blaming their neighbors for doing so, without ascertaining their mode of reasoning on the subject.

Then, is opera dancing to be tolerated at all? This, too, should be settled, and after full consideration of the subject, not merely answered in the negative because the exhibition is offensive to those not accustomed to it. The pros and cons should be well written out somewhere, and glimpses of the theory of æsthetics might thus be gained by those who now stand on lower ground. We shall merely observe that, no doubt, opera dancing must have a demoralizing effect where it is looked upon in any way but as an art, and those who criticize the dancer as they would their neighbor should not witness the ballet. But it has risen to the dignity of an art in Europe, will send its most admired professors wherever, on these shores, wealth and luxury have formed that circle which bestows a golden harvest. It is for thinking persons to consider whether they will form the breakwater against this inevitable fact, or whether they may not by raising the standard of thought on the subject, and altering the point of view, disarm it of its power to injure. Let them recollect that the same objections have been urged against exhibitions of statuary, and yielded, that everything tends in the civilized world to a reinstatement of the body in the rights of which it has been defrauded, as an object of care and the vehicle of expression, and that the rope-dancer, the op-

era-dancer, the gymnast, Mr. Sheridan's boxing-school, and Du Crow, are only the comments on the books on physiology which they keep on their parlor tables and lend to their pale-faced, low-statured friends. So much has, for a long time, the intellect had the upper hand, that we wonder all this shrunken and suffering generation do not snatch the ball and hoop from their children's hands and give their days to restoring to the body its native vigor and pliancy; nor should we wonder at the pleasure in opera-dancing, if it were merely a display of feats of agility and muscular power.

But great as is the pleasure received from the sight of a perfect discipline of limb and motion, till they are so pliant to the will that the body seems but thickened soul, and the subtlest emotion is seen at the fingers' ends, and this undoubtedly is the true state of man, and his body, if not thus transparent, is no better than a soul case, or rude hut in which he lives, this is the lesser half. The range of pantomime is as great as the world, and the rapidity and fulness in the motions of the ballet give it an advantage, on its side, perhaps commensurate with those derived by the drama from the beauty of poetic rhythm, and the elaborate and detailed expression of thoughts by means of words.

In seeing those ballets which were mostly of a light and graceful character, it was easy to perceive that their range might include the loftier emotions, and that it only required a suitable genius in the performer to make Medea a suitable subject for performance.

The charms of M^{lle}. Elssler are of a naive sportive character, it is as the young girl, sparkling with life and joy, new to all the varied impulses of the heart, half coquettish, more than half conscious of her captivations, that she delights us. She was bewitching in the arch Cracovienne, and in the impassioned feeling of life in her beautiful Spanish dances. The castanets seem invented by that ardent people to count the pulses of a life of ecstasy, to keep time with the movements of an existence incapable of a dull or heavy moment. Blossoming orange groves, perfumed breezes, and melting moonlight fill the thoughts, and the scene seems to have no darker background.

The Gipsy is of the same fascinating and luxurious character. It is beautiful, but, lately, in reading Borrow's book upon the Spanish Gipsies, and recalling this ballet, we could not but feel of how much more romantic a character the composition was susceptible. It is but a French Gitana, however graceful and fascinating, that appears in this ballet.

La Sylphide seems to require a different order of genius from that of M^{lle}. Elssler. She is sweetly childlike in her happy play, and evasions of her lover's curiosity. The light hovering motions of the piece, however, suggest an order of grace more refined and poetic than hers, such as is ascribed to Taglioni.

In Natalie we saw her to most advantage, and here she appeared to us perfect. The coquettish play of the little peasant queen among her mates, her infantine enchantment as she examines the furniture in the splendid apartment to which she has been conveyed in her sleep, her look when she first surveys herself in a full length mirror, the beautiful awkwardness that steals over her as she prinks and stiffens herself before it, and then the dizzy rapture of the little dance into which she flutters, her timid motions towards the supposed statue, the perfect grace of her weariness as she sits down tired with dancing before it, and the whole tissue of the emotions she exhibits after it comes down and reveals itself, all this is lovely à *ravir*, for only with French vivacity could one feel or speak about it.

That perfect innocence of gesture which a young child exhibits when it has to ask for some little favor which it hopes to obtain from your overweening fondness, or the attitude in which one "tired of play" suddenly sinks down leaning on some favorite companion with an entire abandonment, — these rare graces were displayed by the hack-nied artiste with a perfection that must be seen to be believed, so truer than life were they!

We do not know that the effect she produces can be attested better than by saying that one beautiful afternoon when the trees were all in blossom and the fields in golden green, looking from a wooded cliff across the fields, across the river, was heard from a house opposite at a great distance, played upon a violin, the first movement

with which the *pas de deux* commences in Natalie, and it was easy, it was appropriate to see her form advancing upon the velvet meads, with the same air as on the stage, full of life, full of joy, the impersonation of spring. That must be beautiful and true which will bear being thus called to mind and mingled with the free loveliness of Nature.

In this *pas de deux* was sufficiently obvious the need of genius to make a dancer, and the impossibility that good taste and education, here or elsewhere, should alone suffice to fill the scene. Her partner, Sylvain, was a light and graceful dancer and understood his part, yet whenever, after her part was done, she retired with timid gentle step and an air that seemed to say, "see how beautiful he will look now. He will show himself worthy of my hand," the light all vanished from the scene, the poetry stopped on the wing, and we saw Sylvain and his steps and thought of the meaning of the dance, distinctly. We wanted to see the prince with the princess, but she was escorted by a gentlemanly chamberlain.

And this is only one kind of beauty, of genius of which the ballet is susceptible. Taglioni's is of an entirely distinct character. We will insert here an account of a ballet composed for her which gives an idea of her style and powers. It is from the *Revue de Paris*, extracted from a letter dated St. Petersburg, 1839.

L'Ombre, ballet in three acts, given 1839 at the Imperial Theatre of St. Petersburg.

The expense of giving this ballet must have been enormous, but we must confess it was not without its due results. The costumes were of a surpassing magnificence; as to the decorations, both for quantity and quality, they seemed possible only to fairy-land. The four changes of scene in the very first act might astonish eyes habituated to every variety of luxurious display. The second act exhibits only one scene, but it would be pity indeed that it should be changed, so beautiful and novel is it. It is a park and garden of the most enchanting beauty; how unlike those pitiful landscapes usually exhibited by a few twisted trees at the side scenes. This is a true piece of nature, still fresh with the dew of morning, spacious parterres of flowers and verdure stretching out to the very front of the scene, with shrubberies that seem to catch the breeze, and a clear and limpid stream in the background.

The next time the curtain rises, we see a saloon decorated with the utmost taste and splendor. The tapestries and curtains are masterpieces, of themselves; the arabesques copied from Raphael with a religious precision. By sixty steps they descend into this sumptuous apartment, where three hundred and fifty persons could dance with ease. Look! Would you not think these colossal proportions betokened the remains of some Babylonian palace? The palace totters in fact, and all these riches fall into a heap of ruins. But reassure yourself. With the next stroke of the wand, you will witness a yet more glorious transformation. This place where your ear already presaged the lugubrious notes of the owl, is become the site of an eternal dwelling, and you, still living, find yourself in Elysium.

What then is the picture which requires so sumptuous a frame? you cry. — Patience, and you shall hear.

After all the different creations filled out by M^{lle}. Taglioni, you may conceive that the choregraphists have been somewhat at a loss to invent for her any new occasion. What new style could they discover for her who had been an Oriental in “*La Revolte au Serail*,” a Greek divinity in “*Le Pas de Diane*,” a water nymph in “*La Fille du Danube*,” an aerial being, almost an angel in “*La Sylphide*,” an ardent Spaniard, almost a courtesan in “*La Gitana*.” Has not Taglioni taken possession of all the realms, the air, the water, and the earth? — Her empire reaches from the sea to the stars; in every region we encounter the perfumed and luminous track left by that white wing. And Taglioni belongs to the family of indefatigable artists, urged without cessation towards the ideal by a secret and noble ardor, those laborious geniuses for whom every conquered obstacle is an incentive to seek new obstacles to conquer, and who cannot traverse the same path twice. If you feel this and recall the title of the new ballet, you will not need to have me tell you that the *scene* is placed in the *invisible*, and that the heroine of the ballet is but a lovely phantom, the gracious and serene shade of a poor young girl, who died of love.

Without wishing to deprive Mons. Taglioni of the merit of inventing this beautiful work, I think he is not the originator of the idea. The writer, who in all France, perhaps, possesses in the highest degree, the artistical instinct and sentiment, he whose pen, among all the critics of the drama, has been most delicately inspired by M^{lle}. Taglioni, M. Jules Janin, addressed to her the ravishing and melodious “*Adieu, ombre dansante!*” when the Sylphide, in 1837, took her flight towards St. Petersburg. *Une ombre dansante* is in fact the theme of our new ballet. A pure young girl appears at first, fair and pale,

her heart full of love and singing hopes ; she has in her hand a bouquet of flowers.

This fair child begins to dance ; she knows not that death is so near her. Why does she so often press those flowers to her lips ? She thinks she breathes from them the love of him whom she loves, but a jealous hand has concealed poison there. Alas ! already it circulates in her veins ; her light foot totters, a veil spreads over her eyes ; she falls ; she is dead ; let us weep. — Not yet, for see she returns into our world, poor ghost who cannot forget a living lover. She glides through the air like a floating cloud, through the tremulous foliage of the willow, over the green grass, or the glittering surface of lakes and rivers, seeking everywhere him whose image she has carried away in a corner of her white shroud. She finds him again at last, after many melancholy hoverings and floatings, between heaven and earth, but what avails it ? Can the living arms embrace a shade ? But Heaven pities them, and the union of these lovers is soon to be realized in a better world.

The dance with which M'lle. Taglioni began in the first act is called *Le pas du bouquet*. You may divine its character from the situation I have delineated to you. It is not yet the dancing shade, not yet the mysterious vision, which will by and by leave its luminous furrow in space like the passage of a sunbeam. No ! it is the modest and blushing betrothed, whose brow expands, whose eye sparkles with a timid ecstasy, whose innocent bosom heaves above a palpitating heart. Do you not read in the noble attitudes of this young girl, how much she loves ; in her gay bounding motions, that she is happy as the bird who sings upon the flowering shrub ? But also does not something in her air inform you that her last hour is nigh ? See from time to time she shows signs of pain and faintness, bending like a half unfolded rose of May, whose lovely stem is touched by the frost. Ah, can it be that death will not relent at sight of so many charms ? Will fate be inexorable in cutting short a life so pure and so innocent ? Will no angel descend from heaven to save this virgin so full of graces ? Useless prayers, vain hope ! M'lle. Taglioni was especially applauded in this *Pas du bouquet*, for the qualities which have shone in her so many times, yet seem always new each time they are displayed, her noble demeanor, the elegance of her motions, the ease of her gestures at the most difficult moments, the enchanting delicacy of her pantomime, the exquisite precision of her performance always and everywhere.

But the incomparable part, that in which she surpassed herself, and reached the height of a creation, which might with justice be styled supernatural, is the dance of the second act. You remember the beautiful garden, whose delights I was de-

scribing ; — in this garden Taglioni, freed from her terrestrial form, gives full play to her sweet inspirations. I do not know of what material the flowers are composed, but you see the divine dancer pass over camelias, lilies, jonquils, without their so much as trembling at her touch. You remember M'lle. Taglioni in the *Fille du Danube*, and the *Sylphide*; you thought then, like everybody else, that it was not possible for the human body to attain a greater lightness, yet this miracle is now accomplished. It is no more a nymph, a sylph who dances, but a shade, a soul, and the white feather that the wind wafts away, as it falls from the neck of the swan, would scarcely do it justice by the comparison. Nothing that approaches the least in the world to reality, can give an idea of this wonder. Imagine, if you can, a shadowy form, who, withdrawing slowly from the scene where she has hovered long without touching the earth, vanishes at last on the horizon like a celestial being, passing over the water as she goes. This spectacle affects one like a dream. Have you sometimes remarked in a clear and calm night, those long threads of gold that go and come on the tops of the trees, which play capriciously, rapid, and impalpable on the dark front of some silent church, these may give you some idea of the *unmaterial* dance invented on this occasion, by M'lle. Taglioni. I say nothing of the *Pas de Trois*, where she dances in the last act, and during which she cannot be seized by her lover, to whose eyes only she is perceptible. This dance is of the same kind as those preceding, and executed with the same perfection.

The next day the emperor, in token of his satisfaction, sent M. Taglioni a fine ring, and a magnificent set of diamonds and turquoises to M'lle. Taglioni. The dilettanti of St. Petersburg know now where they shall pass the greater number of their evenings this winter.

Dec. 1839.

And now, to wind up with a word to the scorner in the style of a moral to one of Pilpay's fables. Does any one look on beauty with the bodily eye alone? that degrades; it is the lust of the eye, brings sin and death. But to him who looks with the eye of the soul also, every form in which beauty appears is religious, and casts some flower upon the altar of intelligence.

We wish to refer here to the last of a course of lectures on the Natural History of Man, by that free and generous thinker, Alexander Kinmont, who, if he had lived, would have cast broad lights on the course of things in this age

and country, for excellent views on the subject of amusement. We make a brief extract which refers to the present time.

“I speak of the new state of society, to which we are tending, as characterized and to be marked more with the features of stern and uncompromising truth, light, and positive assurance, than any that have preceded it; but, although I believe and see that such a condition of things will not admit of those *peculiar kinds* of romantic pleasures, derived from poetry and the fine arts, which have before existed, yet I by no means think that there are not other sources of rational and pure delight, of an analogous kind, still in reserve for mankind. Mankind cannot exist, the sweet *charities* of society cannot be maintained, without some such enjoyments; but what I maintain is that *new* fountains of poetry and art must be *unsealed*, which are to correspond with this new state of our social condition. I say *they must be unsealed*, for that they have not been opened yet in this nation, is certain. But I doubt not these fountains of feeling are to be found. O when will the magician go out with his divining rod, and find them, that they may gush forth, and refresh the parched land; for I believe that the souls of the people want song and poetry, or what is analogous thereto, they need a healthy excitement, — a nation cannot live without excitement. Good music, good songs, good paintings, which were all new, and truly native, would do more to cure the fanaticism, and intemperance of the land, than all those artificial societies instituted for such purposes. There is a blank in the public mind, which requires to be filled up. Would society burst forth so frequently into those superstitious ebullitions called Revivals, if the chords of genuine feeling were struck in the human heart, — if the pure tones of devotion were regularly, and calmly, and sweetly elicited by the divine touch of art, whether the poetical, the musical, or the graphical? They should be as original, and native, and as consistent with the genius of the new era, as were the political acts of the worthies of the Revolution, — the ends, the thoughts and expressions of a Hamilton, a Jefferson, and a Madison.”

Injustice is done by giving a single extract, for Kinmont is not one of those who shine in detached thoughts or finished passages, but a large and living tract of thought, which needs to be seen as a whole, for any part to be seen as it ought. But his enthusiasm on this subject, or any other, was no sudden gleam from a vaporous atmosphere, but the glow of a fire built on a broad hearth, and fed

with the growths of ancient forests. His mind was still immature when he left us, for it was one of those plenteous urns that filter its waters slowly, but it was a mind capable of severe training, and great leadings.

TACT.

WHAT boots it, thy virtue ?
 What profit thy parts ?
 The one thing thou lackest
 Is the art of all arts.

The only credentials,
 Passport to success,
 Opens castle and parlour, —
 Address, man, Address.

The maiden in danger
 Was saved by the swain :
 His stout arm restored her
 To her palace again ;

The maid would reward him, —
 Gay company come, —
 They laugh, she laughs with them,
 He is moonstruck and dumb.

This clenches the bargain ;
 Sails out of the bay ;
 Gets the vote in the senate,
 Spite of Webster and Clay ;

Has for genius no mercy,
 For speeches no heed ;
 It lurks in the eyebeam,
 It leaps to its deed ;

It governs the planet,
 Church and State it will sway ;
 It has no to-morrow,
 It ends with to-day.

HOLIDAYS.

FROM fall to spring the russet acorn,
 Fruit beloved of maid and boy,
 Lent itself beneath the forest
 To be the children's toy.

Pluck it now ; in vain : thou canst not ;
 It has shot its rootlet down'rd :
 Toy no longer, it has duties,
 It is anchored in the ground.

Year by year the rose-lipped maiden,
 Playfellow of young and old,
 Was frolic sunshine, dear to all men,
 More dear to one than mines of gold ;

Where is now the lovely hoyden ?
 Disappeared in blessed wife,
 Servant to a wooden cradle,
 Living in a baby's life.

Still thou playest ; — short vacation
 Fate grants each to stand aside ;
 Now must thou be man and artist ;
 'T is the turning of the tide.

THE AMULET.

YOUR picture smiles as first it smiled,
 The ring you gave is still the same,
 Your letter tells, O changing child,
 No tidings *since* it came.

Give me an amulet
 That keeps intelligence with you,
 Red when you love, and rosier red,
 And when you love not, pale and blue.

Alas, that neither bonds nor vows
 Can certify possession ;
 Torments me still the fear that love
 Died in its last expression.

FROM UHLAND.

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

“SAW’ST thou a castle fair ?
 Yon castle by the sea ?
 Golden and rosy, there,
 The clouds float gorgeously.

And fain it would descend
 Into the wave below :
 And fain it would soar and blend
 With the evening’s crimson glow.”

Yon castle I have viewed,
 Yon castle by the sea :
 The moon above it stood,
 And the mists hung heavily.

“The wind and the heaving sea,
 Sounded they fresh and strong ?
 From the hall came notes of glee
 Harping and festive song ?”

The winds and the waters all
 Rested in slumber deep,
 And I heard from the moaning hall
 Music that made me weep.

“ Saw’st thou the King and his spouse ?
 Walked they there side by side ?
 The diadem on their brows,
 And their mantles waving wide.

Led they their cherished one,
 With joy, — a maiden fair ?
 Resplendent as the Sun,
 In the light of her golden hair.”

Well saw I the royal pair ;
 But without the crown, I wot :
 Dark mourning weeds they ware :
 The maiden saw I not.

H.

 ETERNITY.

UTTER no whisper of thy human speech,
 But in celestial silence let us tell
 Of the great waves of God that through us swell,
 Revealing what no tongue could ever teach ;
 Break not the omnipotent calm, even by a prayer,
 Filled with Infinite, seek no lesser boon :
 But with these pines, and with the all-loving moon,
 Asking naught, yield thee to the Only Fair ;
 So shall these moments so divine and rare,
 These passing moments of the soul’s high noon,
 Be of thy day the first pale blush of morn ;
 Clad in white raiment of God’s newly born,
 Thyself shalt see when the great world is made
 That flows forever forth from Love unstayed.

D.

VESPERS.

I.

SERENEST evening! whether fall
 In arrowy gold thy sunset beams,
 Or dimmer radiance maketh all
 Like landscapes seen in dreams,
 I joy apart with thee to walk,
 I joy with thee alone to talk.
 With speech is thy clear blue endowed,
 Thy archipelagoes of cloud: —
 Of sweetest music and most rare,
 I hear the utterances there,
 And nightly does my being rise
 To fonder converse with thy skies.
 My home I from thy mists create,
 Or, with thy fires incorporate,
 Am lightly to the zenith swinging,
 Or pouring glory on the woods,
 Or through some lowly window flinging
 The sunset's blessed floods.
 Mine is the beauty of the hour,
 Mine most, when most I feel its power.

II.

Behold the vast array of tents
 For me to sentinel to night;
 An instant, — this magnificence
 Has faded out of sight.
 The tents are struck: the warriors' march
 Subsides along the stately arch.
 I saw the sword their leader drew
 Beneath the banner's crimson edge;
 'T was lightning to the common view,
 To me, a solemn pledge,

Unbroken as the smile of Him
 Who rules those cloudy cherubim.
 The sun, His mirrored smile, not yet
 Upon the loving earth, has set ;
 Happy in his caressing fold,
 The cottage roofs are domes of gold.
 To sip the misty surf he stoops,
 Ontarios of light he scoops
 In sombrest turf, and still for me
 Alone his shining seems to be.
 Mine are his thousand rays that burn,
 I love, and I appropriate ;
 Who loves enough, creates return,
 Nor can be desolate.

SA.

PRAYERS.

Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
 Nor gems whose rates are either rich or poor,
 As fancy values them : but with true prayers,
 That shall be up at heaven, and enter there
 Ere sunrise ; prayers from preserved souls,
 From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
 To nothing temporal.

SHAKSPEARE.

PYTHAGORAS said that the time when men are honestest, is when they present themselves before the gods. If we can overhear the prayer, we shall know the man. But prayers are not made to be overheard, or to be printed, so that we seldom have the prayer otherwise than it can be inferred from the man and his fortunes, which are the answer to the prayer, and always accord with it. Yet there are scattered about in the earth a few records of these devout hours, which it would edify us to read, could they be collected in a more catholic spirit than the wretched and repulsive volumes which usurp that name. Let us not

have the prayers of one sect, nor of the Christian Church, but of men in all ages and religions, who have prayed well. The prayer of Jesus is, as it deserves, become a form for the human race. Many men have contributed a single expression, a single word to the language of devotion, which is immediately caught and stereotyped in the prayers of their church and nation. Among the remains of Euripides, we have this prayer; "Thou God of all! infuse light into the souls of men, whereby they may be enabled to know what is the root from whence all their evils spring, and by what means they may avoid them." In the Phædrus of Plato, we find this petition in the mouth of Socrates; "O gracious Pan! and ye other gods who preside over this place! grant that I may be beautiful within; and that those external things, which I have, may be such as may best agree with a right internal disposition of mind; and that I may account him to be rich, who is wise and just." Wacic the Caliph, who died A. D. 845, ended his life, the Arabian historians tell us, with these words; "O thou whose kingdom never passes away, pity one whose dignity is so transient." But what led us to these remembrances was the happy accident which in this undevout age lately brought us acquainted with two or three diaries, which attest, if there be need of attestation, the eternity of the sentiment and its equality to itself through all the variety of expression. The first is the prayer of a deaf and dumb boy.

"When my long-attached friend comes to me, I have pleasure to converse with him, and I rejoice to pass my eyes over his countenance; but soon I am weary of spending my time causelessly and unimproved, and I desire to leave him, (*but not in rudeness,*) because I wish to be engaged in my business. But thou, O my Father, knowest I always delight to commune with thee in my lone and silent heart; I am never full of thee; I am never weary of thee; I am always desiring thee. I hunger with strong hope and affection for thee, and I thirst for thy grace and spirit.

"When I go to visit my friends, I must put on my best garments, and I must think of my manner to please them. I am tired to stay long, because my mind is not free, and they sometimes talk gossip with me. But, Oh my Father, thou visitest me in my work, and I can lift up my desires to thee, and my heart is cheered and at rest with thy presence, and I am always

alone with thee, *and thou dost not steal my time by foolishness.* I always ask in my heart, where can I find thee?"

The next is a voice out of a solitude as strict and sacred as that in which nature had isolated this eloquent mute.

"My Father, when I cannot be cheerful or happy, I can be true and obedient, and I will not forget that joy has been, and may still be. If there is no hour of solitude granted me, still I will commune with thee. If I may not search out and pierce my thought, so much the more may my living praise thee. At whatever price, I must be alone with thee; this must be the demand I make. These *duties* are not the life, but the means which enable us to show forth the life. So must I take up this cross, and bear it willingly. Why should I feel reproved when a busy one enters the room? I am not idle, though I sit with folded hands; but instantly I must seek some cover. For that shame I reprove myself. Are they only the valuable members of society who labor to dress and feed it? Shall we never ask the aim of all this hurry and foam, of this aimless activity? Let the purpose for which I live be always before me; let every thought and word go to confirm and illuminate that end; namely, that I must become near and dear to thee; that now I am beyond the reach of all but thee.

"How can we not be reconciled to thy will? I will know the joy of giving to my friend the dearest treasure I have. I know that sorrow comes not at once only. We cannot meet it, and say, now it is overcome, but again, and yet again its flood pours over us, and as full as at first.

"If but this tedious battle could be fought,
Like Sparta's heroes at one rocky pass,
'One day be spent in dying,' men had sought
The spot and been cut down like mower's grass."

The next is in a metrical form. It is the aspiration of a different mind, in quite other regions of power and duty, yet they all accord at last.

"Great God, I ask thee for no meaner pelf
Than that I may not disappoint myself,
That in my action I may soar as high,
As I can now discern with this clear eye.

Shoreau.

And next in value, which thy kindness lends,
That I may greatly disappoint my friends,
Howe'er they think or hope that it may be,
They may not dream how thou 'st distinguished me.

That my weak hand may equal my firm faith,
 And my life practise more than my tongue saith ;
 That my low conduct may not show,
 Nor my relenting lines,
 That I thy purpose did not know,
 Or overrated thy designs."

The last of the four orisons is written in a singularly calm and healthful spirit, and contains this petition.

"My Father! I now come to thee with a desire to thank thee for the continuance of our love, the one for the other. I feel that without thy love in me, I should be alone here in the flesh. I cannot express my gratitude for what thou hast been and continuest to be to me. But thou knowest what my feelings are. When nought on earth seemeth pleasant to me, thou dost make thyself known to me, and teach me that which is needful for me, and dost cheer my travels on. I know that thou hast not created me and placed me here on earth, amidst its toils and troubles, and the follies of those around me, and told me to be like thyself, when I see so little of thee here to profit by ; thou hast not done this, and then left me to myself, a poor, weak man, scarcely able to earn my bread. No ; thou art my Father, and I will love thee, for thou didst first love me, and lovest me still. We will ever be parent and child. Wilt thou give me strength to persevere in this great work of redemption. Wilt thou show me the true means of accomplishing it. . . . I thank thee for the knowledge that I have attained of thee by thy sons who have been before me, and especially for him who brought me so perfect a type of thy goodness and love to men. . . . I know that thou wilt deal with me as I deserve. I place myself therefore in thy hand, knowing that thou wilt keep me from all harm so long as I consent to live under thy protecting care."

Let these few scattered leaves, which a chance, (as men say, but which to us shall be holy,) brought under our eye nearly at the same moment, stand as an example of innumerable similar expressions which no mortal witness has reported, and be a sign of the times. Might they be suggestion to many a heart of yet higher secret experiences which are ineffable ! But we must not tie up the rosary on which we have strung these few white beads, without adding a pearl of great price from that book of prayer, the "Confessions of Saint Augustine."

“ And being admonished to reflect upon myself, I entered into the very inward parts of my soul, by thy conduct; and I was able to do it, because now thou wert become my helper. I entered and discerned with the eye of my soul, (such as it was,) even beyond my soul and mind itself the Light unchangeable. Not this vulgar light which all flesh may look upon, nor as it were a greater of the same kind, as though the brightness of this should be manifold greater and with its greatness take up all space. Not such was this light, but other, yea, far other from all these. Neither was it so above my understanding, as oil swims above water, or as the heaven is above the earth. But it is above me, because it made me; and I am under it, because I was made by it. He that knows truth or verity, knows what that Light is, and he that knows it, knows eternity, and it is known by charity. O eternal Verity! and true Charity! and dear Eternity! thou art my God, to thee do I sigh day and night. Thee when I first knew, thou liftedst me up that I might see there was what I might see, and that I was not yet such as to see. And thou didst beat back my weak sight upon myself, shooting out beams upon me after a vehement manner, and I even trembled between love and horror, and I found myself to be far off, and even in the very region of dissimilitude from thee.”

TO SHAKSPEARE.

As the strong wind that round the wide Earth blows,
 Seizing all scents that shimmer o'er the flowers,
 The sparkling spray from every wave that flows
 Through the proud glory of the summer hours,
 Sweet questioning smiles, and gentle courteous glances,
 The stately ship that stems the ocean tide,
 The butterfly that with the wild air dances,
 And radiant clouds on which the Genii ride,
 Bearing all these on its triumphant way,
 Sounding through forests, soaring o'er the sea,
 Greeting all things which love the joyous day,
 In life exulting, freest of the free;
 Thus do thy Sonnets, Shakspeare, onward sweep,
 Cleaving the winged clouds, stirring the mighty deep.

VEESHNOO SARMA.

We commence in the present number the printing of a series of selections from the oldest ethical and religious writings of men, exclusive of the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures. Each nation has its bible more or less pure; none has yet been willing or able in a wise and devout spirit to collate its own with those of other nations, and sinking the civil-historical and the ritual portions to bring together the grand expressions of the moral sentiment in different ages and races, the rules for the guidance of life, the bursts of piety and of abandonment to the Invisible and Eternal; — a work inevitable sooner or later, and which we hope is to be done by religion and not by literature.

The following sentences are taken from Charles Wilkins's translation of the Heetopades or Amicable Instructions of Veeshnoo Sarma, according to Sir William Jones, the most beautiful, if not the most ancient collection of apologues in the world, and the original source of the book, which passes in the modern languages of Europe and America, under the false name of Pilpay.

: EXTRACTS FROM THE HEETOPADES OF VEESHNOO
SARMA.

WHATSOEVER cometh to pass, either good or evil, is the consequence of a man's own actions, and descendeth from the power of the Supreme Ruler.

Our lives are for the purposes of religion, labor, love, and salvation. If these are destroyed, what is not lost? If these are preserved, what is not preserved?

A wise man should relinquish both his wealth and his life for another. All is to be surrendered for a just man when he is reduced to the brink of destruction.

Why dost thou hesitate over this perishable body composed of flesh, bones, and excrements? O my friend, [*my body,*] support my reputation!

If constancy is to be obtained by inconstancy, purity by impurity, reputation by the body, then what is there which may not be obtained?

The difference between the body and the qualities is

infinite ; the body is a thing to be destroyed in a moment, whilst the qualities endure to the end of the creation.

Is this one of us, or is he a stranger? is the enumeration of the ungenerous ; but to those by whom liberality is practised, the whole world is but as one family.

Fortune attendeth that lion amongst men who exerteth himself. They are weak men who declare Fate the sole cause.

It is said, Fate is nothing but the deeds committed in a former state of existence ; wherefore it behoveth a man vigilantly to exert the powers he is possessed of.

The stranger, who turneth away from a house with disappointed hopes, leaveth there his own offences and departeth, taking with him all the good actions of the owner.

Hospitality is to be exercised even towards an enemy when he cometh to thine house. The tree does not withdraw its shade even from the wood-cutter.

Of all men thy guest is the superior.

The mind of a good man does not alter when he is in distress ; the waters of the ocean are not to be heated by a torch of straw.

Nor bathing with cool water, nor a necklace of pearls, nor anointing with sanders, yieldeth such comfort to the body oppressed with heat, as the language of a good man cheerfully uttered doth to the mind.

Good men extend their pity even unto the most despicable animals. The moon doth not withhold the light, even from the cottage of a Chandala.

Those who have forsaken the killing of all ; those who are helpmates to all ; those who are a sanctuary to all ; those men are in the way to heaven.

Behold the difference between the one who eateth flesh, and him to whom it belonged. The first hath a momentary enjoyment, whilst the latter is deprived of existence.

Who would commit so great a crime against a poor animal, who is fed only by the herbs which grow wild in the woods, and whose belly is burnt up with hunger ?

Every book of knowledge, which is known to Oosana or to Vreehaspatee, is by nature planted in the understanding of women.

The beauty of the Kokeela is his voice ; the beauty of a wife is constancy to her husband ; the beauty of the ill-favored is science ; the beauty of the penitent is patience.

What is too great a load for those who have strength ? What is distance to the indefatigable ? What is a foreign country to those who have science ? Who is a stranger to those who have the habit of speaking kindly ?

Time drinketh up the essence of every great and noble action, which ought to be performed and is delayed in the execution.

When Nature is forsaken by her lord, be she ever so great, she doth not survive.

Suppose thyself a river, and a holy pilgrimage in the land of Bharata, of which truth is the water, good actions the banks, and compassion the current ; and then, O son of Pandoo, wash thyself therein, for the inward soul is not to be purified by common water.

As frogs to the pool, as birds to a lake full of water, so doth every species of wealth flow to the hands of him who exerteth himself.

If we are rich with the riches which we neither give nor enjoy, we are rich with the riches which are buried in the caverns of the earth.

He whose mind is at ease is possessed of all riches. Is it not the same to one whose foot is enclosed in a shoe, as if the whole surface of the earth were covered with leather ?

Where have they, who are running here and there in search of riches, such happiness as those placid spirits enjoy who are gratified at the immortal fountain of happiness ?

All hath been read, all hath been heard, and all hath been followed by him who, having put hope behind him, dependeth not upon expectation.

What is religion? Compassion for all things which have life. What is happiness? To animals in this world, health. What is kindness? A principle in the good. What is philosophy? An entire separation from the world.

To a hero of sound mind, what is his own, and what a foreign country? Wherever he halteth, that place is acquired by the splendor of his arms.

When pleasure is arrived, it is worthy of attention; when trouble presenteth itself, the same; pains and pleasures have their revolutions like a wheel.

One, although not possessed of a mine of gold, may find the offspring of his own nature, that noble ardor which hath for its object the accomplishment of the whole assemblage of virtues.

Man should not be over-anxious for a subsistence, for it is provided by the Creator. The infant no sooner drop-peth from the womb, than the breasts of the mother begin to stream.

He, by whom geese were made white, parrots are stained green, and peacocks painted of various hues, — even he will provide for their support.

He, whose inclination turneth away from an object, may be said to have obtained it.

I ASKED the angels to come to me, the angels I saw in the clouds :

They came in a shower of rain, they wrapt themselves in shrouds ;

Saddened and chilled I turned away, seeking the mortals on earth ;

They gave me sweet welcoming smiles, and a seat by the glowing hearth.

FOURIERISM AND THE SOCIALISTS.

THE increasing zeal and numbers of the disciples of Fourier, in America and in Europe, entitle them to an attention which their theory and practical projects will justify and reward. In London, a good weekly newspaper (lately changed into a monthly journal) called "The Phalanx," devoted to the social doctrines of Charles Fourier, and bearing for its motto, "Association and Colonization," is edited by Hugh Doherty. Mr. Etzler's inventions, as described in the Phalanx, promise to cultivate twenty thousand acres with the aid of four men only and cheap machinery. Thus the laborers are threatened with starvation, if they do not organize themselves into corporations, so that machinery may labor *for* instead of working *against* them. It appears that Mr. Young, an Englishman of large property, has purchased the Benedictine Abbey of Citeaux, in the Mont d'Or, in France, with its ample domains, for the purpose of establishing a colony there. We also learn that some members of the sect have bought an estate at Santa Catharina, fifty miles from Rio Janeiro, in a good situation for an agricultural experiment, and one hundred laborers have sailed from Havre to that port, and nineteen hundred more are to follow. On the anniversary of the birthday of Fourier, which occurred in April, public festivals were kept by the Socialists in London, in Paris, and in New York. In the city of New York, the disciples of Fourier have bought a column in the Daily Tribune, Horace Greeley's excellent newspaper, whose daily and weekly circulation exceeds twenty thousand copies, and through that organ are now diffusing their opinions.

We had lately an opportunity of learning something of these Socialists and their theory from the indefatigable apostle of the sect in New York, Albert Brisbane. Mr. Brisbane pushes his doctrine with all the force of memory, talent, honest faith, and importunacy. As we listened to his exposition, it appeared to us the sublime of mechanical philosophy; for the system was the perfection of arrangement and contrivance. The force of arrangement could no farther go. The merit of the plan was that it was a system; that it had not the partiality and hint-and-fragment

character of most popular schemes, but was coherent and comprehensive of facts to a wonderful degree. It was not daunted by distance, or magnitude, or remoteness of any sort, but strode about nature with a giant's step, and skipped no fact, but wove its large Ptolemaic web of cycle and epicycle, of phalanx and phalanstery, with laudable assiduity. Mechanics were pushed so far as fairly to meet spiritualism. One could not but be struck with strange coincidences betwixt Fourier and Swedenborg. Genius hitherto has been shamefully misapplied, a mere trifler. It must now set itself to raise the social condition of man, and to redress the disorders of the planet he inhabits. The Desert of Sahara, the Campagna di Roma, the frozen polar circles, which by their pestilential or hot or cold airs poison the temperate regions, accuse man. Society, concert, co-operation, is the secret of the coming Paradise. By reason of the isolation of men at the present day, all work is drudgery. By concert, and the allowing each laborer to choose his own work, it becomes pleasure. "Attractive Industry" would speedily subdue, by adventurous, scientific, and persistent tillage, the pestilential tracts; would equalize temperature; give health to the globe, and cause the earth to yield 'healthy imponderable fluids' to the solar system, as now it yields noxious fluids. The hyæna, the jackal, the gnat, the bug, the flea, were all beneficent parts of the system; the good Fourier knew what those creatures should have been, had not the mould slipped, through the bad state of the atmosphere, caused, no doubt, by these same vicious imponderable fluids. All these shall be redressed by human culture, and the useful goat, and dog, and innocent poetical moth, or the wood-tick to consume decomposing wood, shall take their place. It takes 1680 men to make one Man, complete in all the faculties; that is, to be sure that you have got a good joiner, a good cook, a barber, a poet, a judge, an umbrella-maker, a mayor and aldermen, and so on. Your community should consist of 2000 persons, to prevent accidents of omission; and each community should take up 6000 acres of land. Now fancy the earth planted with fifties and hundreds of these phalanxes side by side, — what tillage, what architecture, what refectories, what dormitories, what reading rooms, what concerts, what lectures, what gardens, what baths!

What is not in one, will be in another, and many will be within easy distance. Then know you and all, that Constantinople is the natural capital of the globe. There, in the Golden Horn, will be the Arch-Phalanx established, there will the Omniarch reside. Aladdin and his magician, or the beautiful Scheherzarade, can alone in these prosaic times, before the sight, describe the material splendors collected there. Poverty shall be abolished; deformity, stupidity, and crime shall be no more. Genius, grace, art, shall abound, and it is not to be doubted but that, in the reign of "Attractive Industry," all men will speak in blank verse.

Certainly we listened with great pleasure to such gay and magnificent pictures. The ability and earnestness of the advocate and his friends, the comprehensiveness of their theory, its apparent directness of proceeding to the end they would secure, the indignation they felt and uttered at all other speculation in the presence of so much social misery, commanded our attention and respect. It contained so much truth, and promised in the attempts that shall be made to realize it so much valuable instruction, that we are engaged to observe every step of its progress. Yet in spite of the assurances of its friends, that it was new and widely discriminated from all other plans for the regeneration of society, we could not exempt it from the criticism which we apply to so many projects for reform with which the brain of the age teems. Our feeling was, that Fourier had skipped no fact but one, namely, ✓ Life. He treats man as a plastic thing, something that may be put up or down, ripened or retarded, moulded, polished, made into solid, or fluid, or gas, at the will of the leader; or, perhaps, as a vegetable, from which, though now a poor crab, a very good peach can by manure and exposure be in time produced, but skips the faculty of life, which spawns and scorns system and system-makers, which eludes all conditions, which makes or supplants a thousand phalanxes and New-Harmonies with each pulsation. There is an order in which in a sound mind the faculties always appear, and which, according to the strength of the individual, they seek to realize in the surrounding world. The value of Fourier's system is that it is a statement of such an order externized, or carried outward into its correspondence

in facts. The mistake is, that this particular order and series is to be imposed by force of preaching and votes on all men, and carried into rigid execution. But what is true and good must not only be begun by life, but must be conducted to its issues by life. Could not the conceiver of this design have also believed that a similar model lay in every mind, and that the method of each associate might be trusted, as well as that of his particular Committee and General Office, No. 200 Broadway? nay, that it would be better to say, let us be lovers and servants of that which is just; and straightway every man becomes a centre of a holy and beneficent republic, which he sees to include all men in its law, like that of Plato, and of Christ. Before such a man the whole world becomes Fourierized or Christized or humanized, and in the obedience to his most private being, he finds himself, according to his presentiment, though against all sensuous probability, acting in strict concert with all others who followed their private light.

Yet in a day of small, sour, and fierce schemes, one is admonished and cheered by a project of such friendly aims, and of such bold and generous proportion; there is an intellectual courage and strength in it, which is superior and commanding: it certifies the presence of so much truth in the theory, and in so far is destined to be fact.

But now, whilst we write these sentences, comes to us a paper from Mr. Brisbane himself. We are glad of the opportunity of letting him speak for himself. He has much more to say than we have hinted, and here has treated a general topic. We have not room for quite all the matter which he has sent us, but persuade ourselves that we have retained every material statement, in spite of the omissions which we find it necessary to make, to contract his paper to so much room as we offered him.

Mr Brisbane, in a prefatory note to his article, announces himself as an advocate of the Social Laws discovered by CHARLES FOURIER, and intimates that he wishes to connect whatever value attaches to any statement of his, with the work in which he is exclusively engaged, that of Social Reform. He adds the following broad and generous declaration.

“It seems to me that, with the spectacle of the present misery and degradation of the human race before us, all scientific

researches and speculations, to be of any real value, should have a bearing upon the means of their social elevation and happiness. The mass of scientific speculations, which are every day offered to the world by men, who are not animated by a deep interest in the elevation of their race, and who exercise their talents merely to build up systems, or to satisfy a spirit of controversy, or personal ambition, are perfectly valueless. What is more futile than barren philosophical speculation, that leads to no great practical results?"

MEANS OF EFFECTING A FINAL RECONCILIATION BETWEEN RELIGION AND SCIENCE.

BY ALBERT BRISBANE.

The Intellectual History of Humanity has been one series of combats, one ceaseless war. Religion has warred with Religion, Sect with Sect, Philosophy with Philosophy, and System with System. Doubt, uncertainty, and contradiction have bewildered the human mind, and the Human Race have been wandering blindly amidst fragments of doctrines and systems, which have choked up and hidden the road of truth, and led them innumerable times astray upon false routes.

The most unfortunate contest, however, which has taken place, is that between Religion and Science, or Faith and Reason. These two means or powers, by which man obtains knowledge, have been completely divided, and arrayed in hostile opposition to each other. They have undermined reciprocally each other's labors; they have combatted with, and tyrannized by turns over each other. I call this combat of Faith and Reason the most unfortunate, because had they been united, — had they combined their powers, — had they aided each other, they would have discovered, centuries since, enough of universal Truth to have put an end to the war of Religions, Sects, and Philosophies, which has bewildered human judgment, dispelled the deep spiritual gloom in which Humanity is sunk, and put it on the true road of progress to universal knowledge.

* * * * *

A part only of Universal Truth has descended upon this earth, and that part is broken into a thousand fragments,

and scattered confusedly among as many sects and systems. So long as the intellectual Powers of Man, that is, Faith and Reason, are in conflict with each other, the human mind will not have strength enough to collect these broken fragments together, and unite them in a harmonious whole. Neither Faith nor Reason alone can do it. All the intellectual Powers in man must combine, and united in their strength, they must drag from out the rubbish of sects and doctrines the fragments of truths which they contain, and unite them together. As universal Truth has not yet descended upon the earth, they then must, to complete her divine statue, proceed to an integral study of God and the material Universe, which is the external emblem and manifestation of his internal activities.

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To have two concise designations of the two sources of knowledge, I will call the first source Reason, and the second Faith. Faith is first active in the human mind; we find that in the savage state, long before the Reason begins to search for first principles, Faith reveals to man the existence of a God, his Immortality, and other great truths. Reason follows later, and only exercises its power, when it is developed and cultivated. Its function is to elucidate, define, and explain clearly the nature of the spontaneous conceptions of the soul, and to discover the exact sciences.

* * * * *

The ideas of God and Immortality, which have their source in the spontaneous conceptions of the Soul, become with time so blended with the images and symbols under which they are represented, that the original ideas can no longer be conceived separate from them. Hence to destroy the image or symbol, appears to the believer to be the destruction of the idea itself, and hence his tenacious adherence to external forms and symbols, and the accusation of impiety and irreligion, which he casts upon Reason, when it criticizes and attacks them.

Reason, on the other hand, generally carries its criticisms to an extreme; it does not separate the forms or dress, in which the ideas of the Divinity and Immortality are clothed, from those grand Ideas themselves; it does not separate the Symbols from the truths which they cover, but, confounding the two, wanders so far astray as to deny

often the existence of a God and the Immortality of the Soul. It then falls into irreligion and atheism, and a complete breach takes place between Faith and Reason. The two means of knowledge in man then clash with, instead of lending to each other their aid. Faith denounces Reason as impious, and Reason accuses Faith of a puerile credulity.

Which is in the wrong, Faith or Reason, Religion or Science? Both; the Priesthood should elevate their forms and symbols, as human reason develops itself, and becomes capable of explaining the truths or dogmas of Religion in a purer and more scientific manner; and Science, instead of criticizing the mere Forms and Symbols in which the truths of Religion are clothed, or attacking, as it so often does, those truths themselves, should have studied them with respect, and endeavored to explain scientifically their nature.

To produce a reconciliation and union between Faith and Reason, the latter must discover *the nature* of the soul, and *its origin*, and learn that its spontaneous Conceptions are *absolutely true*, however false the images and symbols may be in which they are clothed. It must then study and discover the nature of the truths which the soul conceives, and explain them scientifically to Faith, so that the strong aspiration which exists in man to believe may be fully gratified. Thus will Faith which clings to its instinctive conceptions, and Reason which clings to its scientific deductions, be satisfied, and the contest, which has been so long going on between them, be terminated, and a union effected.

Science must progress so far as to understand fully the nature of the soul, and the elements composing it.* When it discovers that the intellectual, active Principle in Man is good, when it discovers its divine Origin, then it will believe in the truths which the Soul spontaneously

*Up to the time of CHARLES FOURIER, this had not been done. Science had always condemned human nature as imperfect or degraded, and it could not, under the influence of such a belief, respect and confide in the instinctive conceptions which go forth from the soul. FOURIER has proved human nature to be good, true, and holy, although he recognizes that it is now prevented and degraded by our false systems of society. — A. B.

conceives, take them as the basis of its researches, and study them with profound respect. When enlightened Faith sees this, it will be satisfied ; it will recognise Reason with joy as a sister-partner in the search of Truth, and will accept the full and scientific explanations, furnished by Reason, of the great problems, which it had previously conceived but only in a general or abstract manner. It will then see that the function of Reason is to explain and demonstrate clearly, what it conceives vaguely and in general terms ; and it will then lean upon it and seek cordially its aid.

Bigotry, we must expect, will hold tenaciously to ancient forms and symbols, and reject ignorantly the progressive enlightenment of Reason, as superficial Reason will always criticize, doubt, and deny, without examining deeply or affirming. But Bigotry is to true Faith, what shallow, criticizing Reason, and empty denial are to that profound Reason, which investigates integrally and scientifically.

Thus Faith conceives spontaneously, while Reason analyzes and proves scientifically :— these are the two Sources of knowledge in Man. There should be Union and Concert of action between them, — between the two means which the Soul possesses of obtaining knowledge. The intellectual nature of Man is ONE, and all its powers should be directed to the same ends. First come the spontaneous conceptions of the Soul ; they precede the investigations of Reason, and on the light which should guide it on in the great work of discovering universal Truth. Reason follows, and with study and investigation explains the true and full nature of the problems, which before were only indistinctly conceived.

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In the early history of the Human Race, when the only truths of a universal nature known were those conceived spontaneously by the Soul, all knowledge was confined to the precincts of the Temple, and treasured up by the Priesthood. Later, as human Intelligence developed itself, a new order of truths, separate from those of Religion, began to be brought to light, and sciences, discovered by the observations of the senses and the reflections of reason, were promulgated.

Mankind have thus had two teachers of Truth,—

Faith and Reason, or Religion and Science, and the two institutions which have been established to propagate their instructions, are the Church and the University.

Whenever the Priesthood have been powerful, and their sway firmly established, Science has had to bow to and obey Religion, and Reason to be silent ; but whenever the power of the Priesthood has been weakened, and its control over Science broken, then Reason has sought retribution for the tyranny to which it had been subjected, and has criticised and attacked the rites, forms, and dogmas of Religion. An epoch of Doubt and Irreligion follows such a movement, as an epoch of simple Faith, and often blind Superstition, preceded it.

I have pointed out the *principle* which should be proceeded upon to effect a final Accord of Faith and Reason, or of Religion and Science. I will now explain briefly the *practical* means, which must be employed to realize this great object,—an object second in importance to no other.

1. The social condition of the mass of Mankind must be vastly improved ; their minds must be cultivated and developed, and their feelings ennobled and elevated. When poverty and harassing cares deaden the Sympathies and noble Impulses of the Soul, and Ignorance and grovelling pursuits degrade or pervert the Intelligence, how can the one feel with purity, and the other understand scientifically the great truths of the Universe ? So absorbed or degraded are the feelings and faculties of the vast Majority, by the miseries, conflicts, discords, wrongs, and prosaic occupations of our false Societies, that the desire and aspirations for universal Truth are smothered, and the power of comprehending it destroyed.

So long as the great body of the Human Race are sunk in ignorance and degradation, Religion must present its great Truths to them in the simplest manner, and clothe them in material images and symbols. So long as this is the case, Science will disregard and criticise the simple explanations and symbols of Religion, and the contest between them will be continued. They cannot be reconciled until the dogmas of Religion are taught with scientific purity, and there is an intelligent Humanity capable of comprehending them.

The minds of the Mass cannot be developed, their social condition cannot be greatly elevated in our present false societies. The present repugnant system of Industry, the Poverty, Discords, Conflicts of Interest, and the miserable methods of Education which exist, are insurmountable obstacles in the way. The first practical condition, consequently, of an Accord of Religion and Science is the establishment of a true Social Order, which will lead to the moral and intellectual elevation of mankind.

2. A great Genius must arise, who, piercing the veil that covers the mysteries of the Universe, will discover, or prepare the way to the discovery of the nature and essence of God, — the true Theory of the Immortality of the Soul, — the laws of Order and Harmony which govern Creation, and solve the great problems on which Religion and Science are based. This will be declared impossible by the world, for Men have abandoned all hope of comprehending God and the System of Nature ; but the human Mind *can arrive at this knowledge*, and a Genius equal to the task has arisen, and in our age, and has accomplished it. That Genius is CHARLES FOURIER.

An Age never believes in the discoveries of its great minds, and the achievements of FOURIER, — the discovery of the theory of *Universal Unity* in its five cardinal Branches, — will not be understood by the great body even of the educated of the present day. But the few, who have studied thoroughly his discoveries, know that the principles of a true Universal Science are now in the possession of mankind. He has opened the Book of Beauties, in which Humanity henceforth can read, he has explained the nature of Man, and pointed out how, from this and other knowledge, he can attain to a comprehension of the nature and essence of God ; he has proved scientifically the Immortality of the Soul, shown the Destiny of the Human Race upon the Earth, and explained in detail the Organization of a true system of Society, which will secure the moral, intellectual, and physical elevation of Mankind, and give to all a higher degree of mental Culture and Development, than the most favored have yet attained.

I will repeat briefly, in concluding, the conditions which must be fulfilled to effect a reconciliation and union of Religion and Science, as it is important to have them clearly

before the mind. The first condition contains properly two within itself, and I will separate them for the sake of greater clearness.

1. A true Social Order must be discovered and established, which will give Education, or intellectual development, and abundance of pecuniary independence to Man, and which will direct and develop properly his passions.

2. The condition of Mankind must be morally and intellectually elevated, so that they can feel purely and comprehend scientifically universal Truth, the Exaltation and Explanation of which are the aims of Religion and Science.

3. Genius must discover the system of the Universe, and give a full and scientific Elucidation of its laws. Such an Elucidation will open to Man views of God, a future state, and the scheme of Creation, infinitely more sublime than his Faith, or the spontaneous conceptions of the Soul, have yet conceived. It will in consequence exalt his Faith, while it satisfies his Reason, and will unite and harmonize them fully.

* * * * *

The age is ready for a great movement; the human Mind has, during the last three centuries, broken the chains of intellectual despotism, and run through an epoch of doubting, criticising, and inconclusive philosophy, and is now prepared for a work of reconstruction,—both in a scientific and religious sense.

The world has nearly thrown off also another despotism, that of the warrior interest, and it is planting the peaceful standard of Production and Industry in its place. Human Intelligence has matured beyond all precedent, during the last hundred years, and must now be capable of comprehending the grand idea of a Social Reform, and the elevation of the Human Race. The Disciples of Fourier hope and trust that it is so, and that the dawn of Universal Truth and Human Happiness is now breaking upon this earth, so long sunk in ignorance, and so long the abode of Tyranny and Misery.

POEMS FOR THE DIAL.

BY JONES VERY.

THE EVENING CHOIR.

THE organ smites the ear with solemn notes
 In the dark pines withdrawn, whose shadows fall
 Motionless on the moonlit path which leads
 To the house of God, within whose porch I stand.
 Behold the stars and larger constellations
 Of the north hemisphere ; glitter more bright
 Their ranks, and more harmonious they seem,
 As from within swells out the holy song.
 The pillars tremble with the waves of sound !
 There is in these deep tones a power to abide
 Within us ; when the hand is mouldered
 Of him who sweeps its keys, and silent too
 Her voice, who with the organ chants so sweet,
 We shall hear echoes of a former strain,
 Soft soul-like airs coming we know not whence.
 I would that to the noisy throng below,
 Which paces restless through the glimmering street,
 Might reach this anthem with its cadence soft,
 And its loud rising blasts. Men's ears are closed,
 And shut their eyes, when from on high the angels
 Listen well pleased, and nearer draw to the earth.
 Yet here the blind man comes, the only constant
 Listener. In the dim-lighted Church, within
 Some pew's recess, retired he sits, with face
 Upturned as if he saw, as well as heard,
 And music was to him another sense :
 Some thoughtless at the gate a moment stand,
 Whom a chance-wandering melody detains,
 And then, forgetful, mingle with the tide
 That bears them on ; perchance to wonder whence
 It came, or dream from a diviner sphere
 'T was heard.

To-morrow is the Sabbath-time ;
 Refreshed by sleep this tired multitude,
 Which now by all ways rushes through the city,
 Each hurrying to and fro with thoughts of gain,
 And harried with the business of the world,
 Men with children mixed clamorous and rude,
 Shall, all at once, quit their accustomed streets,
 And to the temples turn with sober pace,
 And decent dress composed for prayer and praise.
 Yon gate, that now is shut upon the crowd,
 Shall open to the worshippers ; by paths
 Where not a foot's now heard, up these high steps
 Come arm in arm the mother, father, child,
 Brother, and sister, servants and the stranger
 Tarrying with them, and the stated priest
 Who ministers in holy things. Peace be
 On this House, on its courts ! May the high hymn
 Of praise, that now is sung preparative,
 Quiet the rough waves that loud are breaking
 At its base, and threatening its high walls.
 I would not, when my heart is bitter grown,
 And my thoughts turned against the multitude,
 War with their earthly temple ; mar its stones ;
 Or, with both pillars in my grasp, shake down
 The mighty ruin on their heads. With this
 I war not, nor wrestle with the earthly man.
 I war with the spiritual temple raised
 By pride, whose top is in the heavens, though built
 On the earth ; whose site and hydra-headed power
 Is everywhere ; — with Principalities,
 And them who rule the darkness of this world,
 The Spirits of wickedness that highest stand.
 'Gainst this and these I fight ; nor I alone,
 But those bright stars I see that gather round
 Nightly this sacred spot. Nor will they lay
 Their glittering armor by, till from heaven's height
 Is cast Satan with all his host headlong !
 Falling from sphere to sphere, from earth to earth
 Forever ; — and God's will is done.

THE WORLD.

'T is all a great show,
 The world that we're in,
 None can tell when 't was finished,
 None saw it begin ;
 Men wander and gaze through
 Its courts and its halls,
 Like children whose love is
 The picture-hung walls.

There are flowers in the meadow,
 There are clouds in the sky,
 Songs pour from the wood-land,
 The waters glide by ;
 Too many, too many
 For eye or for ear,
 The sights that we see,
 And the sounds that we hear.

A weight as of slumber
 Comes down on the mind,
 So swift is Life's train
 To its objects we're blind ;
 I myself am but one
 In the fleet-gliding show,
 Like others I walk,
 But know not where I go.

One saint to another
 I heard say ' How long ?'
 I listened, but nought more
 I heard of his song ;
 The shadows are walking
 Through city and plain, —
 How long shall the night
 And its shadow remain ?

How long ere shall shine
 In this glimmer of things
 The Light of which prophet
 In prophecy sings ;
 And the gates of that city
 Be open, whose sun
 No more to the west
 Its circuit shall run !

CHARDON STREET AND BIBLE CONVENTIONS.

IN the month of November, 1840, a Convention of Friends of Universal Reform assembled in the Chardon Street Chapel, in Boston, in obedience to a call in the newspapers signed by a few individuals, inviting all persons to a public discussion of the institutions of the Sabbath, the Church, and the Ministry. The Convention organized itself by the choice of Edmund Quincy, as Moderator, spent three days in the consideration of the Sabbath, and adjourned to a day in March, of the following year, for the discussion of the second topic. In March, accordingly, a three-days' session was holden, in the same place, on the subject of the Church, and a third meeting fixed for the following November, which was accordingly holden, and the Convention, debated, for three days again, the remaining subject of the Priesthood. This Convention never printed any report of its deliberations, nor pretended to arrive at any *Result*, by the expression of its sense in formal resolutions, — the professed object of those persons who felt the greatest interest in its meetings being simply the elucidation of truth through free discussion. The daily newspapers reported, at the time, brief sketches of the course of proceedings, and the remarks of the principal speakers. These meetings attracted a good deal of public attention, and were spoken of in different circles in every note of hope, of sympathy, of joy, of alarm, of abhorrence, and of merriment. The composition of the assem-

bly was rich and various. The singularity and latitude of the summons drew together, from all parts of New England, and also from the Middle States, men of every shade of opinion, from the strictest orthodoxy to the wildest heresy, and many persons whose church was a church of one member only. A great variety of dialect and of costume was noticed; a great deal of confusion, eccentricity, and freak appeared, as well as of zeal and enthusiasm. If the assembly was disorderly, it was picturesque. Madmen, madwomen, men with beards, Dunkers, Muggletonians, Come-outers, Groaners, Agrarians, Seventh-day-Baptists, Quakers, Abolitionists, Calvinists, Unitarians, and Philosophers, — all came successively to the top, and seized their moment, if not their *hour*, wherein to chide, or pray, or preach, or protest. The faces were a study. The most daring innovators, and the champions-until-death of the old cause, sat side by side. The still living merit of the oldest New England families, glowing yet, after several generations, encountered the founders of families, fresh merit, emerging, and expanding the brows to a new breadth, and lighting a clownish face with sacred fire. The assembly was characterized by the predominance of a certain plain, sylvan strength and earnestness, whilst many of the most intellectual and cultivated persons attended its councils. Dr. Channing, Edward Taylor, Bronson Alcott, Mr. Garrison, Mr. May, Theodore Parker, H. C. Wright, Dr. Osgood, William Adams, Edward Palmer, Jones Very, Maria W. Chapman, and many other persons of a mystical, or sectarian, or philanthropic renown, were present, and some of them participant. And there was no want of female speakers; Mrs. Little and Mrs. Lucy Sessions took a pleasing and memorable part in the debate, and that flea of Conventions, Mrs. Abigail Folsom, was but too ready with her interminable scroll. If there was not parliamentary order, there was life, and the assurance of that constitutional love for religion and religious liberty, which, in all periods, characterizes the inhabitants of this part of America.

There was a great deal of wearisome speaking in each of those three-days' sessions, but relieved by signal passages of pure eloquence, by much vigor of thought, and especially by the exhibition of character, and by the victories

of character. These men and women were in search of something better and more satisfying than a vote or a definition, and they found what they sought, or the pledge of it, in the attitude taken by individuals of their number, of resistance to the insane routine of parliamentary usage, in the lofty reliance on principles, and the prophetic dignity and transfiguration which accompanies, even amidst opposition and ridicule, a man whose mind is made up to obey the great inward Commander, and who does not anticipate his own action, but awaits confidently the new emergency for the new counsel. By no means the least value of this Convention, in our eye, was the scope it gave to the genius of Mr. Alcott, and not its least instructive lesson was the gradual but sure ascendancy of his spirit, in spite of the incredulity and derision with which he is at first received, and in spite, we might add, of his own failures. Moreover, although no decision was had, and no action taken on all the great points mooted in the discussion, yet the Convention brought together many remarkable persons, face to face, and gave occasion to memorable interviews and conversations, in the hall, in the lobbies, or around the doors.

Before this body broke up in November last, a short adjournment was carried, for the purpose of appointing a Committee to summon a new Convention, to be styled 'the Bible Convention,' for the discussion of the credibility and authority of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments. A Committee was agreed upon, and, by their invitation, the new Association met in the Masonic Temple, in Boston, on the 29th of March, of the present year. This meeting was less numerously attended, and did not exhibit at its birth the same vigor as its predecessors. Many persons who had been conspicuous in the former meetings were either out of the country, or hindered from early attendance. Several who wished to be present at its deliberations deferred their journey until the second day, believing that, like the former Convention, it would sit three days. Possibly from the greater unpopularity of its object, out of doors, some faintness or coldness surprised the members. At all events, it was hurried to a conclusion on the first day, to the great disappointment of many. Mr. Brownson, Mr. Alcott, Mr. West, and among others a Mor-

mon preacher took part in the conversation. But according to the general testimony of those present, as far as we can collect it, the best speech made on that occasion was that of Nathaniel H. Whiting, of South Marshfield. Mr. Whiting had already distinguished himself in the Chardon Street meetings. Himself a plain unlettered man, leaving for the day a mechanical employment to address his fellows, he possesses eminent gifts for success in assemblies so constituted. He has fluency, self-command, an easy, natural method, and very considerable power of statement. No one had more entirely the ear of this audience, for it is not to be forgotten that, though, as we have said, there were scholars and highly intellectual persons in this company, the bulk of the assemblage was made up of quite other materials, namely, of those whom religion and solitary thought have educated, and not books or society, — young farmers and mechanics from the country, whose best training has been in the Anti-slavery, and Temperance, and Non-resistance Clubs. Mr. Whiting has been at the pains to draw up, at our request, a report of his speech on that occasion, on the subject of miracles and the authority of the Bible, which we gladly present to our readers, as a fair specimen of the spirit of the debates which we have described, and the best record we can preserve of an assembly in all respects noteworthy.

SUBSTANCE OF MR. WHITING'S REMARKS.

The advocates for what may be called *technical* Christianity rest their claim for the special and plenary inspiration of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, mainly upon certain *external* circumstances attending their promulgation among men; — the principal of which are the material miracles which are recorded in them, but which, however, have no necessary or legitimate connexion with the facts they accompany.

Now it seems to me there is a radical defect in this sort of evidence, inasmuch as truths which pertain to the soul cannot be proved by any external testimony whatever; and can only be wrought out and demonstrated by the experience of the soul itself. I might, perhaps, write my own faith; but that scripture could not be taken as conclusive evidence of the truth of that faith, even though it might be accompanied by all the "signs and wonders" of which history bears record. So that, even if these miracles could be proved beyond the possibility of

doubt, this could never settle the question of the divine nature and the absolute truth of the sentiments with which they are associated, as this can only be done by the nature of the doctrines taught, and not by any extraneous or adventitious circumstances attending their utterance. But the pertinacity with which the supporters of Christianity cling to these miracles, and the prominence given to them in nearly all arguments to establish its exclusive claim, as a religion of divine origin and authority, upon the confidence and belief of mankind, and its singular and sole power to elevate and redeem the race, would seem to indicate that they are regarded as an essential part of the system; the literal truth of which can never be questioned, without sapping the very foundation of the whole Sacred Canon. I do not think, however, that this is the case; on the contrary, I apprehend that these supposed miracles do little else than mystify and obscure the real beauty of the great truths which the Bible does actually contain; and thus neutralize in a great degree the healing and saving influences which they would otherwise exert upon the destinies of men. And this because they so bewilder the imagination, and bias the judgment, that they can never receive that full and free investigation into their nature and tendency, and that deep and searching analysis which their influence upon human welfare demands.

If miracles are indeed fundamental to, and a necessary part of, Christianity, as is contended by its advocates, then it is essential that these should not only be wrought in one age, but in all ages; not only by one of its advocates, but by all of them. Absolute truth, as the axiom, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," is eternal,—needs no external support, and can receive none. It is intuitive to the soul, and meets a cordial response in every human breast. But a miracle, being a supposed suspension of the laws of the universe, for a specific and individual purpose, rests entirely upon external evidence; and must, therefore, require to be renewed, from day to day, and in the presence of all who are to be converted to the creed it is intended to confirm and enforce. If it is necessary for one man to see miracles performed in order to believe *other* truth, it is so for all surely. Of what avail is it to me that miracles were wrought eighteen hundred years ago, before men who have been long since dead? Or of what avail is it that they should be performed before others even now? It is necessary that I should see them as well as others. I require the same evidence of truth that they do. But what have we now to prove the truth of Christianity, supposing it to rest upon the external basis claimed by its advocates, but a meagre and very questionable *record* of miracles, said to have been wrought hundreds and thousands of years ago! Surely our credulity is greater

than that of those who lived in those days. They required ocular demonstration ; but we are to be satisfied with such evidence as we can pick up among the ruins of the ages, that such things *were*. I insist that it is as necessary for preachers of Christianity to work miracles now, as at any former period. The Catholic and the Mormon have seen the importance of this. Hence, I believe, they claim to be in possession of that power, and at times to perform miracles each in evidence of the divinity of his own faith.

If a miracle settles anything in regard to the truth of Christianity, how much and what does it prove? Does it prove that those who have wrought miracles could never err, because they were infallible? This will not be pretended in the face of the record itself. If they were mistaken in one thing, why might they not be in another? Even the immediate disciples of Jesus were notoriously ignorant in regard to the nature of the truths taught, and were for a time utterly at fault with reference to the mission he was sent to accomplish ; while the very *arch traitor* of them all, Judas Iscariot, for aught that appears to the contrary, wrought miracles as well as the rest.

If the power to work miracles does not prove infallibility on the part of those who have it, it is certainly desirable to know precisely what it does prove, and what subjects are placed beyond the reach of question by its exhibition ; so that on those subjects the understanding and the conscience may go to sleep, for to me there can be in so far no sort of use for their exercise. But the truth is, a miracle proves nothing whatever beyond itself. It testifies of itself, and the power requisite to its performance, and nothing else.

One argument, however, in favor of the miracles recorded in the Bible, and one which may be worthy of a passing notice, is, that the people were so ignorant and sensual when its writers lived, that they required some such supernatural exhibitions to induce them to *reflect* upon the truths which were uttered. If miracles were ever needed for this purpose, they are now. For men were never more confined to sense than at the present day. Universal skepticism prevails. It would seem, then, that we need as signal an exhibition of divine power to-day as ever. But what effect can such exhibitions as are recorded in the Scriptures have on men, but to foreclose the judgment, and shut out the reason? Truth cannot be viewed with that searching glance which is essential to its perfect understanding, when its enunciation is accompanied by "signs and wonders" which no one can comprehend. I love truth for itself, and not because he who utters it is able to perform acts which elude the grasp of reason, and therefore produce nothing in the witness but stupid wonder. Besides, all these things transpired so long

ago, and in such a dark age of the world, that there must ever hang a doubt upon them; and the proof of their reality can never be given to the satisfaction of unbiassed, reflecting minds. Thus the real value of the Gospel is in a great measure lost, by coupling it with acts and events to which the understanding can never give credence, and which, if true, could not add one particle of value to the great truths upon which it is based.

These old traditions, which have come down to us amid the ruins of the past, were probably founded on some fact; but it is difficult, if not impossible, at the present time, to ascertain what the primitive fact was. Neither is it of the slightest consequence to the progress of the race that we should ever know. The great conservative and renovating principle of the universe, *Love*, yet abides. This shall suffice for all the purposes of redemption and salvation.

It seems to be supposed by those who tax our credulity to the enormous extent, requisite for belief in the literal miracles of Hebrew and Christian Scripture, that there were as great facilities for the detection of error, and for the apprehension and preservation of truth, as at the present day; and that, all the evidence taken into the account, there is no hazard in giving implicit faith to these ancient records. But, in the first place, these things were performed in the darkest ages of the world, among a people addicted to the grossest superstition, and ignorant of the most common rules of science. In the second place, passing by this fact, we find it hard to get at the exact truth in relation to any important subject in our day, with all our multiplied means of detecting error; much more surely must this be the case in dealing with events which have been mingled with, and modified by, the changes and revolutions of whole thousands of years.

We should always receive with great allowance, if not with absolute unbelief, records which contradict the present experience of the entire race; and which therefore rest wholly upon external testimony for their support. It is doubted whether the miracles recorded in the Bible are any better authenticated than the Salem witchcraft; or, at least, than the miracles said to have been wrought by Ann Lee, the female Jesus of the Shakers. Few have now any sort of faith in the witchcraft in the one case, or in the miraculous power of the Shaker Jesus in the other.

If, therefore, Christianity does indeed rest on such a foundation as these historical miracles, if it have not absolute, living truth, which will commend itself to the understanding and conscience of every man, independent of, and totally aside from, the supposed miracles of its authors; then indeed it must pass away, and be superseded by clearer and brighter light, as it has supplanted the grosser and darker superstitions of the past.

Taking this view of the nature of miracles and their influence, the only valid and indestructible argument for Christianity must be some such one as that of Soame Jenyns, in his work, called, "A View of the Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion." He very wisely sets aside the whole question of miracles, including the miraculous birth of Jesus, and rests his cause upon the intrinsic nature of the doctrines which Christianity inculcates. This is right. Many of the sayings and acts of "Jesus of Nazareth" are all over radiant with the Divine Spirit from which they emanated; and will continue to pour an ever-increasing flood of light upon the great problem of man's nature and destiny, when the thousand dogmas, that have been professedly elaborated from them, shall have crumbled beneath the touch of "time's effacing fingers," and be remembered, if at all, but as way-marks to indicate the weary and painful steps of human progress. Well would it be, if they were suffered to complete their work of regeneration, unobstructed by the creeds, and forms, and claims to exclusive divinity, with which they have been environed and fettered, and which have been the parent of so much superstition, cruelty, and death.

The great error of such advocates of Christianity, as Jenyns, consists in the assumption that, "from the Bible may be abstracted a system of religion entirely new, both with regard to the object and the doctrines, not only infinitely superior to, but unlike, everything which had ever before entered into the mind of man." The truths which Jesus shadowed forth have their foundation deep within the human soul. They have flashed across the world, more or less distinctly and emphatically, all down the history of the race. They have ever been mirrored, feebly and dimly perhaps, but yet surely and divinely, by all of human faith and human hope. All religions are, in some respects identical, — have a common foundation; to wit, the nature of man. The forms which they assume may vary, — the result of accidental circumstances as they are; but they all have some truth. They could not live without. No man can subsist on chaff alone. There must be some grain mixed with it. So of religion, of whatsoever name. It cannot be wholly false. If it were, it could not be. When, therefore, these men take the ground that the Christian religion is unlike everything which had previously entered into the mind of man, they occupy a false position, which would not only destroy their own religion, but also the religious nature of man.

It is admitted that the old philosophers had some idea of a future state, which was incorporated into their systems of government; but only, we are told, for the purpose of making men live better here, while the object of Christianity is said to be

to prepare men for the kingdom of heaven in another world. If there be, as is contended, a wide difference between these two systems, it is in favor of the ancient religion, so far as that is based upon the absolute good of virtue, in opposition to the doctrine, that its exercise gives rise to suffering in this world, which can only be compensated by a state of felicity in the next. There is in reality, however, little difference, except in the form of words, between the motives held out in the ancient religion, and those presented by the advocates of Christianity. They both stand upon the position, that virtue is a sacrifice, instead of a positive and permanent good; requiring the external motives of future rewards and punishments to balance the superior attractiveness of vice in this life. In this respect, they are alike false. Man should do right, because that alone is the appropriate food for his mind to feed upon — is alone adapted to the wants of his nature, and can alone produce health, and strength, and happiness. For precisely the same reason that we should take good and wholesome food into the physical stomach, should we live in the exercise of virtue alone. No man can do wrong with impunity, any more than he can take poison into his physical system, without suffering the penalty which is attached to such a violation of the law of his being. He cannot escape. The penalty follows the violation as surely in the one case as the other. He may boast that he does not feel it, that he is conscious of no evil result to himself here from his vicious practice. But, as has been justly remarked, by one of the most beautiful of modern writers, "The brag is on his lips, the conditions are in his soul." It is written in the very constitution of his being, that Good alone is life, and that Evil is death. If it be otherwise — if it be true that vice gives life, that virtue produces death, then, indeed, is this world inevitably a "vale of tears." Then the woe of a blighted universe may well ascend to heaven in one loud wail of despair. The sun of hope must be blotted from the human soul, and set forever in the blackness of a starless and endless night.

It must be admitted that the great truth, upon which Christianity is professedly based, is more clearly developed by it than by any other system. But then the grand idea of Jesus, *Love*, was proclaimed, almost in his identical words, by Confucius, Terence, and others. Jesus, doubtless, more clearly apprehended its nature, and its far-reaching application, than they did; and perhaps this is more clearly seen at the present day than ever he or his disciples saw it. Jesus was unquestionably a great Soul, — probably the sublimest Incarnation of the Great Spirit, which has ever appeared in our world, to unlock the dark prison-house, and break the fetters in which humanity has so long been bound. But he was a *man* — subject to like passions

and infirmities with other men. He lived a glorious life, only for the same reason that other men should ;— because the law of his being demanded it of him. He was not the Saviour of the world, any more than any one is who, like him, lives a true and genuine life. The truths which he inculcated are a part, perhaps the substance, of the universal law of man. As such, and alone as such, are they interesting and valuable to us, who live so many centuries after his advent.

The book from which Christians professedly “extract” their faith, may not inaptly be compared to the Common Law of England and America. This Law consists of precedents and decisions of courts, running through many centuries, and as various and diverse in character, as the individuals by whom, and the circumstances under which, they were given. When a question comes before the courts, it is settled not by justice alone, but by an appeal to the authority of precedent. So the Counsel upon the different sides search the old records to find what the courts have done before, which may be made favorable to the cause they have in charge. Thus they respectively quote from my Lord Mansfield, or my Lord Coke, or Sir William Blackstone; and he, who can produce the greatest number of these so called precedents, is considered entitled to judgment in his behalf. It is of very little consequence what the naked right of the matter is; what do the *books* say? how have questions of this character been decided heretofore?— these are the points of inquiry. Occasionally these tribunals are found giving righteous judgment; but they dare not do it on the simple equity of the case. They search the books and bring up the case of “Hobson *versus* Snobson,” to show that their decision is in accordance with the law, as expounded before, in other courts.

I never knew but one question that was settled in our so called courts of justice, by an appeal solely to the law of God, as written upon the heart of man; and that was in the instance of the Vermont Judge, who refused to give up a fugitive slave, until the pretended owner could bring a bill of sale from the Almighty. He did not search the records to ascertain what my Lord Mansfield or Judge Story said on the subject. He went to the source of all law; and demanded of him who claimed to hold his brother as an article of merchandise, that he should present his title deed, signed and sealed by Him who alone has the right to dispose of the work of His own hands. I do not know, however, but that this is a solitary instance in the history of human jurisprudence. At all events they are not common occurrences.

The Bible, like the Common Law, is a collection of biographies and sayings, running through many ages, and of the most

opposite and irreconcilable nature. When an existing relation, or any practice, or craft, which affects society, is arraigned for judgment, the question by the people is not, what is its intrinsic nature, but what does the "*Book*" say about it? Then the opposite side commence piling up their texts of scripture; and he, who is most successful in the accumulation of this sort of authority, secures the victory, — in his own estimation at least.

Behold the various sects throughout Christendom, each of them vehemently quoting text after text to prove that it is right, that all others are wrong; and that one which can furnish the greatest array claims judgment in its favor, on just such principles as we have seen applied in the case of Common Law.

Few there are who dare appeal to the God within their bosoms, and decide all questions according to their own understanding and conscience. Even in the case of Slavery, that most flagrant of all wrongs, seldom do we see one who ventures to rest the cause of human freedom on the axiom that "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" are the common birth-right of the human race; most men pore over the "*Book*," to see if that will not sustain a truth which is as self-evident as their own existence. Here the oppressor meets them on their own ground; and with no small degree of success, he, too, quotes from Moses, and Jesus, and Paul, to show that this most monstrous outrage upon God and man is in strict accordance with the precepts of this Common Law of morality.

Thus men involve themselves in inextricable mazes of confusion; and stumble, even at noonday, over the sayings of dead men, and in questions which concern the welfare of the soul they bind themselves to the letter of books written by men, who, to say the least, were as fallible and as ignorant as themselves.

The Common Law contains much truth, and probably had its foundation in strict justice, viz. the unwritten law of human nature. But it has become so cumbrous and unwieldy, and withal so mystified and corrupted, by the fraud or ignorance of its expounders, that it is now little better than an engine of tyranny; and answers scarcely any other purpose than to aid in the support of a class of men, who live by means of the practical belief kept up in the minds of the people, that their services are absolutely necessary to save them from being defrauded of possessions and rights.

The above remarks will apply, in a greater or less degree, to the various parts of the Bible. The books, which have been written from age to age to explain and enforce its precepts, were they all piled up together, would not only "o'ertop old Pelion," but would almost literally verify the declaration of John, with reference to the unwritten words of Jesus, "that the world would

not be able to contain them." These all aid somewhat in the maintenance of the spiritual lawyer or doctor, who is retained to explain truths, which are said to be so plain that the way-faring man though a fool need not err in relation to them.

The Bible contains many great and sublime truths; perhaps more than any other book extant. These truths are valuable, not because they are there, but for their influence upon the welfare of man. Nevertheless, the idolatry which is inculcated and practised with reference to the letter of that book is highly mischievous, and of incalculable injury to the world. It degrades the present, denies the eternity of God, and the integrity of the soul. It makes men slaves to the past, and the walking shadows of buried ages. It impugns the judgment, throttles reason, and hoodwinks the mind. In fine, it denies the presence of God in the soul — the ability of man to know anything *now*. It declares that all the truth which he can have, — all he can know of God, or his own immortality, is to be found within the lids of this book, and was proclaimed by some Moses, or Isaiah, or Jesus, or Paul, centuries ago. Nothing can be more fatal to human advancement than this idea, which is the prevailing one of Christendom.

The Bible also contains much which in its letter is false, — evil and only evil. There are no crimes committed among men, that are not attempted to be, ay, and that may not be justified by an appeal to some parts of the Bible. Slavery, War, Intemperance, licentiousness, and fraud of all kinds are sustained by an appeal to its pages. Now, so long as men declare this book to be beyond the reach of criticism, not to be touched by the understanding, or the conscience, such things will be, and great evils must flow therefrom.

But, when we adopt the principle that the Bible, like every other book, is to be judged by the light of the present hour, and be received or rejected in accordance with the intuition and experience of the soul, there is hope of the final triumph of truth over all error. The Bible, then, is to be valued, like other books, for what it contains, to enlighten, quicken, and renovate the soul, and redeem the race. It is not to be received for what it has been, or what it has done, but for what it is *now*. What is it doing for man to-day? that is the question. Is it doing more good than evil? Its claims should be canvassed fearlessly and impartially. Whatever of good it does, or inculcates, embrace — of evil, cast away.

But above all things maintain the right of the living soul — of every individual man, to judge, unhesitatingly and unqualifiedly, everything in the past and all of the present; remembering always that the Soul is its own authority, is bound by its own laws, does not live in the past, but is now. It is greater

than all books — is antecedent to them all. It is the maker of them; and cannot be made subject to them, until the Creator can be placed in bondage to his own workmanship. When this great truth shall fill the human heart, and be shadowed forth in human life, then the morning of the Universal Resurrection will dawn, then man shall arise from his grovelling position, among the coffins, the bones, and ashes of a buried Past, and live, and grow, and expand, in the bright sunlight of that Eternity in which he dwells.

THE TWO DOLONS.

FROM THE MS. SYMPHONY OF DOLON.

THE FIRST DOLON.

DOLON, wont to be much in the air, in the fields and woods, beneath the sky, the clouds, the branches and leaves, and in the mists, those clouds of earth, almost lived in nature, like a sea-fairy in the ocean, everywhere in which it is at home, and has a place where it may be as if it sought it by roaming; — the gurgle-reserved silent meadows of high green waving grass, the atmosphere and air-like water, the rocks over which the waves oscillated reflected sunniness, like shadows on the country landscape of clouds passing overhead, the rocks ivied over with seaweed and vines and grass, like ruins of the sea-ages, the woods and caves of tree-coral, as if petrified forests of an ancient race of human fishes, and the coral edifice-like places with interwoven open intricate roofs, like the pine-woods, and near the surface, which was like the high heaven of the sea-earth, where seemed to be sky and clouds, which were outwardly only reflected to the sight of men, though to men it seems as if the light in the ocean must be air-like, or grave moon-light, for even the sunlit noon surface is like a bright day moonlight. Dolon had always been in Nature, unspecially and really as if in his proper place. Nature is not primarily a sentiment to children; sentiment may be a feeling in it, but it is place and not

sentiment which leads them to it. A child will act from the fulness of its affections and feelings as if from consciousness, but these are the spirit which thus affect him, and he acts from them as facts which buoy him up and float him; not as sentiment which is need of the fact, and makes him a seeker, as men, who away from their home, or outwardly related to their sphere, feel that which develops in them sentiment and aspiration, but does not put them in the natural position of the sentiment, and the sentiment thus acts, out of its place, from depths which the surface in its hurried action, is as if dissevered from. Children do all in the fact, as a mermaid may joy and frolic in the water which it is alway in, and as one who is out in the night may see shooting stars; the direct act is as if extra, while the regular course goes on, an exuberance of the real from the real. A child's whole person, as well as nature, (of which Dolon was an ideal-like though most natural exemplification, for the most natural is the most ideal and common,) shows that its proper sphere is Nature; out of Nature it is more of an individuality, like a king in un-state relations, than of an individual thing in life which individualizes by giving all things a place in it, and leaving them to their life in their own places like passengers in a vessel; a flower in the house is a flower in form, but in nature the form is the flower, the flower in life, and the flower is by its life rather than by that which is a form called self which Life has taken, as a boat is not a boat till it is launched. Life is the unpersonalizer of persons, the unifier of individuals, as playing is of a stage-company; the relation of things to things, and a rotatory circle like the earth, which, by moving on its axis, faces all parts of the infinite space around it. Dolon, restrained in the house, would seek nature like a caged bird the air. Those deep, heaven-like eyes required the broad and high beautiful realities of nature, if only for freedom, and space, and color, — which is somewhat of a good substitute for nature in houses, especially if of forms, as in carpets. The individual things of nature are related to man, as well as man is to man; and man must be with stars, and trees, and grasses, as he must with man, to be at ease. Life lives in her forms, and is evolved from them, like rays of light from the sun, and we truly live only in her atmosphere;

individualities are thus universalized, as if in the whole they neutralized each, and kept each other in active relation to her, like spans of horses ; for, left to itself, the vital becomes a centred isolation in the individual, like water in anything whose pores are closed ; as if individuality was only a form which Life, like Genius, had taken, and which has no life in itself, but by being in life ; and out of it, it ceases to be, like rays of light separated from the sun. All things in nature are centred to face each other, and the relation, represented to men by influence, is sure, however they may be as persons ; the sea and the sky face, and the mutual relation goes on, though the sea tosses about, and the sky is covered with clouds ; men receive influence from Nature, though they never look at her or think of her, and are busy in some mechanical labor, if only they be in her. There is as it were a quiet inward depth and gentle positiveness-like reserve, in men who live in the air ; they have not the prominence and selfness of those who live in the house, and Nature is around them mighty and absolute as a Monarch, and gentle, quiet, and familiar-like, like a great family dog lying by the doorsteps in the yard, where the children are playing and the men are working. Children are troublesome or noisy, and often restless, within the house and in their present mode of life ; for they are shut out from their life-place ; the life which would be developed as unobviously and quietly as fruit grows, gives them an excitement or uneasiness of which activity is the effect. Nature is their play-ground and place, and their activity is modified from its original spirit of gentleness and unity, by its being without the Nature which acts on them, as the moon on the tides, and in which they are Beings in Life, and not, as in the house, beings who, the only Being, (like Noblemen from the city-Court alone in the country places,) are not only free, but at needs to be Persons, for they are living things, and life is not around them to meet life, and they create a life for themselves out of their own life, like sailors at sea forming their cabin into a homelike room out of such materials as they have, — or like parrots who encaged and taken from their native clime and woods, talk with the men instead of singing with their mates. Children in the house are as if obtrusive, and men interfere with men ; that which in the air and great natural house would be harmony, is a noise

in the small artificial house, as even music makes a noise if confined ; in Nature all sounds harmonize and blend ; and children are more sociable with man by not being given to themselves in Nature, in which fact they recognise the greatness of man, as if next representative to Nature and theirselves. A child is not so inquisitive and talkative in Nature ; life answers there for itself, and all else, all outwardly seen, is Mystery, and inspires no questions, but a quiet, subdued wonder, like an under-current of comprehension in the mind's state of worship ; and a child's looking is unoutward, as if the child saw by its personal power of motion, as if it could fly around like a bird up among stars, but the Being abode fast, and as the child-person remained there, took its own time, and the child instinctively acknowledges its reality by making no subject-personal of aught, and only gratifying his impulses. He talks and prates as he goes along in the horseman's arms, as if he were the horseman ; but even the horseman will have no cause to find fault with him, for any want of a deep down practical quiet realizing of his dependence and happiness-expressed gratitude. The infinite senses of man which are adapted to this infinite-like finite, great Nature, are disused and closed by his present life, and his nature becomes estranged from it, and he is as if a stranger in it, and when in it, its beauty comes to him rather through sight and feeling than unity. Deep and great is the soul's long denied appetite ; it is as if faint to loss of consciousness, and slow is the reformation of the soul's form. Man in Nature is in an infinity ; though there seems a limit, the difference is real between the effect as a reality and appearance ; the horizon-enclosed lake will not answer for the ocean, though to the sight it is as large ; there is a depth below the earth as well as above it, and the ground is as a solid-floored tree-top, like those which the birds alight on, though merely as tops the shrubs would answer as well. Men have made substitutes for the great Natural Building which is God's theatre and concert room, and though we can see and hear them wherever they are, neither they nor the music are as if they were on his stage, where living is the acting, and where voices rise in infinite fading cadences, like ripples disappearing as they go over the surface of the water like a sail. Men hear their own

voices now like finished echoes, and they can seldom get beyond themselves ; for they carry their own limit about with them, from which they rebound, like waves in an enclosed place upon themselves ; and all life radiates, and returns nor lingers. The purest holy incense rising from the altar will form a cloud in the roof of the greatest Cathedral, and smoke the pictures of Raphael and Guido on the walls.

When a little boy, Dolon loved to hear fairy stories, though he heard them as one hears music which is an atmosphere to the ear as air is to the lungs, and does not require listening, the sounds creating feelings which are in their kind and place what the blood is in its kind and place ; and he sat much on the ground in the woods, as if a fairy land, and fairies were all around him, and he felt and seemed as if he saw them. He was a beautiful boy, with long auburn-brown hair, a fair and delicate complexion, light blue eyes, and eyelids which at the side-view lay gently-heavily folded over his eyes, as if the eyes were homes, like heaven air, for two little heavenly fairies, like a spring-fountain in the fresh meadows for little fishes, and the lids were curtains which opened them to the world and covered them from mortal sight, like a cave opening into a forest, and the eyes seemed inlets into the boy's being, and one could find him there as Dolon found fairies, and men find God, in the air, which was so like his eyes, only they were like a soul which had taken the eye for a form. We do not see the expression in eyes, when we look at them for it a second time ; for when we first look, the spiritual in the eye suggests a form to us, and then we look as on a form for the type of the form that it created within us, and spirit is not to be bodily seen.

At length, his father said he must go to a regular school, and that it would not do for Dolon to be growing up so visionary and romantic. He did not see that the so-called visionary was as real to the inner sense, as the so-called real is to the outward sense ; that Poetry is a fertility of humanity, and the real life of the deep and substantial part of man, in which also great experience goes on, even like that which a life in the world would give, only it is deeper and more individual within the man ; and that the outward is not for the individual as an outward person, but as an

inward related soul, whose human feelings and life are expressed by poetry. Men's relations to Nature are closed by their coming between the realities of soul and Nature ; their life is erected into a sense, and is not diffused around, like the ocean with its great proportionate surface. Human nature, if left to itself, will be full of life, like the great western forests and standing water, and Poetry is the physical inworld of the spiritual nature, with its life developed in forms ; forms are not mere *forms continent of* life, but forms which are *formed life*. Dolon's living relation to things answered at school for activity and readiness in the usual course of systematic learning ; for life is ready and willing to meet all that comes before it, and his teacher saw he learned in this spirit of life, by the natural way of the correspondence of means to ends, and that if lessons were given him he so earnestly, singly, and simply, and unconsciously made his own use of them, that he allowed him to learn after his own natural manner, and felt towards him as what he was and not as what, canon-judged, he outwardly did ; and his mother liked to have him free, and sent him to school only half of the day, so that he had all the rest for the air and fields and woods. His father wanted him to learn more decidedly, but always saw that Dolon had better be left to himself, at least for the present, and he had a quiet unconscious pride in his son, and felt he did not know how to manage such a being, who was so positive by being himself, though so gentle, and whose only resistance to formal elementary study was an indifference, an unrealizing, as of objects by a blind man, as one placed in a relation by a master of ceremonies, but for what depended upon something to be developed or completed, like children who are being collected in a room and position by the elder sisters of their child-host, who smile in their silent designs which are not to be told till all is ready to begin, as if in the humor of mystery. Life is life's teacher, and children deal only with life ; all that they make is an imitation of life, and knowledge, as imparted by the present old method, is the only positive thing to them in all nature ; all things are to them by being towards them ; they do not know and use means, but go along enjoying all, like one on a beautiful road on his way to a place which he does not keep in mind ; na-

ture carries them and leaves them free to look and feel as they please, like an infant unconsciously borne in the nurse's arms to a family friend.

At school, Dolon loved to hear about the classic Mythology, (of which the teacher talked and read to him,) as before he had about the fairies. The sky and earth were full of undefined God-Beings, at the same time that there was a history in the theogony, and much which gave local significances and associations, and humanized natural objects, the stars, the pine trees, the reeds, the laurel, and so forth; and the Gods being more human and heroic, and more spiritually expressive, answered his advance in life. There is less intellectualness in the relations of youth than of men to the imaginary, for it is more as to the real, and they experience as if from the real; the beautiful is not music and sympathy to them, but has its natural, physical-like effect; the thing which is beautiful acts as a thing upon the child, and Being answers Being rather than looks at each other, and each feels the other as what they internally are. Genius is matured youth living with life within it, which before was out of it or with it. It is as if nature was continent within it, and lived through its own life, as before it lived in the general life. All forms are facts to youth, and recognised by them as beings, not as persons; the sunshine reflects itself in their eyes, and all things are true to them by the realizing of their natures; the cause is known and believed through its effect.

Dolon loved to go and sit on a large rock within a wood which bordered on an old potatoe moss-hilled field, separated from the house by a large hay-field. The woods sloped down from the rock toward the western and southern sky, and Dolon came and sat here, almost regularly, every pleasant late afternoon and early evening. Underneath a part of the rock which was separated from the part on which he sat by an imperfect ravine, was a small cave within a cleft.

Dolon had often heard sounds like footsteps on the dry leaves among the bushes around the rock, as of a person moving stationarily about, but he never saw any one, and thought the sound was of some animal. One afternoon, sitting in the sunset upon the rock, he rose and raised his eyes up to a pine tree which overhung one end of the

rock ; seated on branches near the top, in an opening of branches which had been broken off, or interlashed aside, was a man earnestly and inwardly, as if in contemplation, looking down on Dolon. It was as if Dolon had been moved to rise by something, which was himself' without any thought or consciousness of his ; their souls faced by their faces ; each involuntarily started at first, but the man continued to look as unconsciously as if he thought he was invisible, and Dolon's combined surprise and wonder was lost in the innocence and simplicity of the reality. The man was dressed in a crimson tunic over a white dress, with a fillet on his head, and the golden light of the setting sun shone on a strong profile, and heightened the effect of his dress in the dark tree, and the pale shade of the other half of his face gave a mysterious effect to his whole form. Just at this time, Dolon's attention was diverted by the voices of his father and mother approaching the rock with some company, and on immediately looking up to the man again, he saw he was hastily descending and in an instant disappeared behind the edge of the rock ; Dolon hastened to the edge to see him, but it was sloping and slippery with dead pine-leaves, and when he got there, the man was with self-possessed eagerness hastening into the bushes. The people had reached the rock, and Dolon asked if they had seen the man, and when they inquired about him, told them what he had seen. The women affrightedly exclaimed, "oh that must be the man" ; and proposed to instantly return home. Dolon, gently amazed, asked if they knew who he was, and his mother said, there was a crazy man about, who believed in all the Greek and Roman Gods and Goddesses, and that it was thought he carried out the whole worship and made sacrifices, for sheep and calves had been found killed, bedecked with flowers before stone-piled altars ; and said, that she was afraid to have Dolon go about so alone in the woods. 'Oh how beautiful,' said Dolon, 'I wish I could see him and talk with him.' One of the company said, that he had been a great scholar, and living so in the old Greek literature had turned his head, and that he was of a most respectable family, and had been a remarkably pure and earnest character, and did not seem crazy, except in this belief of his, yet was decidedly so, and all his family

thought so, he was so sincere and earnest in his belief, but they never thought he would so carry it out, or they would have confined him before he left home.

Dolon was in a retired state, as if thinking or lost, but a youth's reflection is the person in a passive relation to his nature, as if the personality had aerially vanished, unseen, like the raising of an eyelid, and the Being had incarnated itself in human form, like the soul of man in Jesus, and had become the person. Men in absence of mind are somewhat youthlike, though their Being-Nature is less free and full and formed than in youth, and they are as if their personality were folded aside, and they were quietly getting at their Being, while a youth is freshly individual, and his Being comes out as if his nature, and personality disappears, as a soul from the body at death. The youth instinctively, unconsciously, waits before his Being for his nature to act through it, and the Being not merely assists him, but comes beside him and spiritually over him, like one who answers the call or want of a child by going to it and doing all for it.

Dolon went home with the others, and was serious all the evening. Youth's seriousness is a state of himself, and not as a man's, himself in a state; his nature is affected as is the temperature of water by the condition of the sky, but its form remains a form, and its relations continue in all its parts, though all are modified yet in equal proportion, and it recedes together and in order, like a highly disciplined army. The youth neither introverts or extraverts, but is as he is affected.

Dolon continued in this state, and was all the three next days in Nature, and toward the sunset, sat as usual upon the rock, and they were the nights of the new moon. Something had met him which required the conformation of his nature to meet, and which in men would have given need of a high consciousness, as the sleeper in the dark, awaked by something which has touched him, or is near him, cannot sleep again till he ascertains it, and he looks about in the dark with eyes which, though open, cannot see till they are used to the darkness. The crazy man as a fact, combined with Dolon's condition from the general experience of his humanity, of which this event was crisis-like, had made this impression on him as if his nature was relat-

ed to them as to things which, as inner principles, acted upon it; and this was the first intellectual development of a youth who had lived in Nature, and been a Being of Nature, but whose relations also comprehended men as they are, as, his parents, the school, and this crazy man, and whose nature partook of this modified humanity, though it so naturalized it by being a form of it, such as it was, as if a primitive condition, like air and water, which remain elements, though their essences are in different proportions from those of the optimum, and a lake enclosing hills, rocks, and cataracts; whereas men are forms of the original humanity which has become incomplete and disharmonized by the disproportionate development of parts, like a full-formed tree whose sap ceases to equally circulate. It was a relation of his nature, not of his intellect, which looks out of one's nature as from an observatory; its consciousness was in the relation of his Being to the Nature which thus was around him, as a blind man's sense is in his feelings. As a person, Dolon had a kind of instinctive quiet consciousness, as if God had put into his soul a celestial flower-plant on which were heavenly little fairies, and the consciousness was a feeling of an experience, like natural effects, going on within him; the life lives within him, and he neither sees, orders, or interferes with it. He did not think, though it was as if thoughts were taking forms within him, and taking their place as forms in the fresh spiritual inworld of his humanity. He was quiet and passive, and himself, as though there was an opening in the state of his humanity, and the forms there were shone upon by the sky, but the opening was of his own nature, like the cleft in a rock, and though the forms rose near the surface, did not rise beyond a level with himself, like stars brightly appearing in heaven. He was in Nature, and at unity with it, though he was as if there was something instinctively engaging him, like a child keeping by its mother's side, with its hand in hers, while it has a certain care of doing or seeing something, it has not defined to itself what.

The experience going on within him was as if Poetry which he heard, and was quietly and really related to, as to a tale which a child realizes, (so far as it does realize, the effect upon him taking care of itself;) and what in men would

be thought and consciousness, was in Dolon the Poet, whose effect, however, was deeper by being within him, and being him. Thought and consciousness may be conditions of the Being in a certain state, to which the Person is passive, having a life towards the life which thus outwardly comes to him. His being was, unconsciously, before the Great Mystery of Nature, the Universe, Truth, Man, God. It was acting below an instinctive sense of his childhood's relation to nature in his fairy faith, and his life, — (and for the first time he felt his fairy relation had gone;) of the Mythologies which had been faiths to men somewhat like his fairy faith, and of their bearing on Nature; of this Nature with its self-derived-like life, and its invisible, unformed, in effect unreal God or Gods; of the crazy man's belief in that which had been ages before a belief, and of the difference between his outward and inward relation to it, in which Dolon acknowledged the sanity and insanity of the man, at the same time; of the difference between this man's and his own relation to the Mythology; of belief and its subjects, and of faith.

While all this experience was taking place, Dolon had the self-possession and patience and repose, the being of Life. Even a child's plaintiveness is sometimes tragically serene and possessed.

As Dolon sat on the rock in the bright soft moonlight, on the evening of the third day, his face as it were transfigured, he thought he heard a sound, like the voice of a man engaged in low prayer and invocation; but as he listened, it stopped, and the trees were murmuring in the gentle night-breeze, and he did not know that the crazy man, who had been fasting all day as before a great sacrifice, was performing an ante-sacrificial service in the cave below. Presently he heard a rustling on the dry-leaved ground, and there was a bowing of the trees as of an audience gathered to welcome. There was a sound behind him of something ascending the rock, and looking, he saw just rising from the rock, in the face of the moon, the man, whom he instantly recognised as if he knew, dressed in a surplice-like robe, gathered in at the waist by a white tasseled girdle, and a wreath of laurel and wild lilies of the valley on his left arm. A repose was on his spiritual expressive face, but there was a character in it which showed it was not primitive, soul's

repose. Their faces faced, but he did not look at Dolon as before, though the same expression was in reserve in his face, but as one who was earnestly, reverently, and composedly, to do something. He took the wreath from his arm, and approaching, laid his hand on Dolon's head, on which he put the wreath, looking earnestly up to heaven, and taking a sacrificial knife from his girdle, plunged it in Dolon's breast. For a moment, as if looking from an absent sense, he bent over the body, which had fallen backwards on the rock and lay facing heaven, and then with his hands clasped on his breast, slowly and solemnly descended, and threw himself prostrate before the rock as before an altar.

N.

AGRICULTURE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

IN an afternoon in April, after a long walk, I traversed an orchard where two boys were grafting apple trees, and found the Farmer in his corn field. He was holding the plough, and his son driving the oxen. This man always impresses me with respect, he is so manly, so sweet-tempered, so faithful, so disdainful of all appearances, excellent and reverable in his old weather-worn cap and blue frock bedaubed with the soil of the field, so honest withal, that he always needs to be watched lest he should cheat himself. I still remember with some shame, that in some dealing we had together a long time ago, I found that he had been looking to my interest in the affair, and I had been looking to my interest, and nobody had looked to his part. As I drew near this brave laborer in the midst of his own acres, I could not help feeling for him the highest respect. Here is the Cæsar, the Alexander of the soil, conquering and to conquer, after how many and many a hard-fought summer's day and winter's day, not like Napoleon hero of sixty battles only, but of six thousand, and out of every one he has come victor; and here he stands, with Atlantic strength and cheer, invincible still. These slight and useless city-limbs of ours will come to shame before this strong soldier,

for his have done their own work and ours too. What good this man has, or has had, he has earned. No rich father or father-in-law left him any inheritance of land or money. He borrowed the money with which he bought his farm, and has bred up a large family, given them a good education, and improved his land in every way year by year, and this without prejudice to himself the landlord, for here he is, a man every inch of him, and reminds us of the hero of the Robinhood ballad, -

“ Much, the miller’s son,
There was no inch of his body
But it was worth a groom.”

Innocence and justice have written their names on his brow. Toil has not broken his spirit. His laugh rings with the sweetness and hilarity of a child; yet he is a man of a strongly intellectual taste, of much reading, and of an erect good sense and independent spirit, which can neither brook usurpation nor falsehood in any shape. I walked up and down, the field, as he ploughed his furrow, and we talked as we walked. Our conversation naturally turned on the season and its new labors. He had been reading the Report of the Agricultural Survey of the Commonwealth, and had found good things in it; but it was easy to see that he felt towards the author much as soldiers do towards the historiographer who follows the camp, more good nature than reverence for the gowmsman.

The First Report, he said, is better than the last, as I observe the first sermon of a minister is often his best, for every man has one thing which he specially wishes to say, and that comes out at first. But who is this book written for? Not for farmers; no pains are taken to send it to them; it was by accident that this copy came into my hands for a few days. And it is not for them. They could not afford to follow such advice as is given here; they have sterner teachers; their own business teaches them better. No; this was written for the literary men. But in that case, the State should not be taxed to pay for it. Let us see. The account of the maple sugar, — that is very good and entertaining, and, I suppose, true. The story of the farmer’s daughter, whom education had spoiled for everything useful on a farm, — that is good too,

and we have much that is like it in Thomas's Almanack. But why this recommendation of stone houses? They are not so cheap, not so dry, and not so fit for us. Our roads are always changing their direction, and after a man has built at great cost a stone house, a new road is opened, and he finds himself a mile or two from the highway. Then our people are not stationary, like those of old countries, but always alert to better themselves, and will remove from town to town as a new market opens, or a better farm is to be had, and do not wish to spend too much on their buildings.

The Commissioner advises the farmers to sell their cattle and their hay in the fall, and buy again in the spring. But we farmers always know what our interest dictates, and do accordingly. We have no choice in this matter; our way is but too plain. Down below, where manure is cheap, and hay dear, they will sell their oxen in November; but for me to sell my cattle and my produce in the fall, would be to sell my farm, for I should have no manure to renew a crop in the spring. And thus Necessity farms it, necessity finds out when to go to Brighton, and when to feed in the stall, better than Mr. Colman can tell us.

But especially observe what is said throughout these Reports of the model farms and model farmers. One would think that Mr. D. and Major S. were the pillars of the Commonwealth. The good Commissioner takes off his hat when he approaches them, distrusts the value of "his feeble praise," and repeats his compliments as often as their names are introduced. And yet, in my opinion, Mr. D. with all his knowledge and present skill, would starve in two years on any one of fifty poor farms in this neighborhood, on each of which now a farmer manages to get a good living. Mr. D. inherited a farm, and spends on it every year from other resources; otherwise his farm had ruined him long since; — and as for the Major, he never got rich by his skill in making land produce, but by his skill in making men produce. The truth is, a farm will not make an honest man rich in money. I do not know of a single instance, in which a man has honestly got rich by farming alone. It cannot be done. The way, in which men who have farms grow rich, is either by other resources; or by trade; or by getting their labor for nothing; or by

other methods of which I could tell you many sad anecdotes. What does the Agricultural Surveyor know of all this? What can he know? He is the victim of the "Reports," that are sent him of particular farms. He cannot go behind the estimates to know how the contracts were made, and how the sales were effected. The true men of skill, the poor farmers who by the sweat of their face, without an inheritance, and without offence to their conscience, have reared a family of valuable citizens and matrons to the state, reduced a stubborn soil to a good farm, although their buildings are many of them shabby, are the only right subjects of this Report; yet these make no figure in it. These should be holden up to imitation, and their methods detailed; yet their houses are very uninviting and inconspicuous to State Commissioners. So with these premiums to Farms, and premiums at Cattle Shows. The class that I describe, must pay the premium which is awarded to the rich. Yet the premium obviously ought to be given for the good management of a poor farm.

In this strain the Farmer proceeded, adding many special criticisms. He had a good opinion of the Surveyor, and acquitted him of any blame in the matter, but was incorrigible in his skepticism concerning the benefits conferred by legislatures on the agriculture of Massachusetts. I believe that my friend is a little stiff and inconvertible in his own opinions, and that there is another side to be heard; but so much wisdom seemed to lie under all his statement, that it deserved a record.

OUTWARD BOUND.

I WOULD take thee home to my heart, but thou wilt not come
to me;
Oh, lonely art thou sailing far out upon the stormy sea;
And lonely am I sitting with the cold dark rocks around,
Weary the sight of heaving waves, weary their thundering
sound.

RECORD OF THE MONTHS.

The Zincoli: or an Account of the Gypsies of Spain; with an Original Collection of their Songs and Poetry. By GEORGE BORROW. Two Volumes in one. New York: Wiley & Putnam.

OUR list of tribes in America indigenous and imported wants the Gypsies, as the Flora of the western hemisphere wants the race of heaths. But as it is all one to the urchin of six years, whether the fine toys are to be found in his father's house or across the road at his grandfather's, so we have always domesticated the Gypsy in school-boy literature from the English tales and traditions. This reprinted London book is equally sure of being read here as in England, and is a most acceptable gift to the lovers of the wild and wonderful. There are twenty or thirty pages in it of fascinating romantic attraction, and the whole book, though somewhat rudely and miscellaneously put together, is animated, and tells us what we wish to know. Mr. Borrow visited the Gypsies in Spain and elsewhere, as an agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and seems to have been commended to this employment by the rare accomplishment of a good acquaintance with the language of this singular people. How he acquired his knowledge of their speech, which seems to have opened their hearts to him, he does not inform us; and he appears to have prospered very indifferently in the religious objects of his mission; but to have really had that in his nature or education which gave him access to the gypsy gang, so that he has seen them, talked confidentially with them, and brought away something distinct enough from them.

He has given us sketches of their past and present manner of life and employments, in the different European states, collected a strange little magazine of their poetry, and added a vocabulary of their language. He has interspersed some anecdotes of life and manners, which are told with great spirit.

This book is very entertaining, and yet, out of mere love and respect to human nature, we must add that this account of the Gypsy race must be imperfect and very partial, and that the author never sees his object quite near enough. For, on the whole, the impression made by the book is dismal; the poverty, the employments, conversations, mutual behavior of the Gypsies, are dismal; the poetry is dismal. Men do not love to be dismal, and always have their own reliefs. If we take Mr. Borrow's story as final, here is a great people subsisting for cen-

turies unmixed with the surrounding population, like a bare and blasted heath in the midst of smiling plenty, yet cherishing their wretchedness, by rigorous usage and tradition, as if they loved it. It is an aristocracy of rags, and suffering, and vice, yet as exclusive as the patricians of wealth and power. We infer that the picture is false; that resources and compensations exist, which are not shown us. If Gypsies are pricked, we believe they will bleed; if wretched, they will jump at the first opportunity of bettering their condition. What unmakes man is essentially incredible. The air may be loaded with fogs or with fetid gases, and continue respirable; but if it be decomposed, it can no longer sustain life. The condition of the Gypsy may be bad enough, tried by the scale of English comfort, and yet appear tolerable and pleasant to the Gypsy, who finds attractions in his out-door way of living, his freedom, and sociability, which the Agent of the Bible Society does not reckon. And we think that a traveller of another way of thinking would not find the Gypsy so void of conscience as Mr. Borrow paints him, as the differences in that particular are universally exaggerated in daily conversation. And lastly, we suspect the walls of separation between the Gypsy and the surrounding population are less firm than we are here given to understand.

Ancient Spanish Ballads, Historical and Romantic. Translated, with Notes. By J. G. LOCKHART. New York: Wiley & Putnam.

THE enterprising publishers, Messrs. Wiley & Putnam, who have reprinted, in a plain but very neat form, Mr. Lockhart's gorgeously illustrated work, have judiciously prefixed to it, by way of introduction, a critique on the book from the Edinburgh Review, and have added at the end of the volume an analytical account, with specimens of the Romance of the Cid, from the Penny Magazine. This is done with the greatest propriety, for the Cid seems to be the proper centre of Spanish legendary poetry. The Iliad, the Nibelungen, the Cid, the Robin Hood Ballads, Frithiof's Saga, (for the last also depends for its merit on its fidelity to the legend,) are five admirable collections of early popular poetry of so many nations; and with whatever difference of form, they possess strong mutual resemblances, chiefly apparent in the spirit which they communicate to the reader, of health, vigor, cheerfulness, and good hope. In this day of reprinting and of restoration, we hope that Southey's Chronicle of the Cid, which is a kind of "Harmony of the Gospels" of the Spanish Romance, may be republished in a volume of convenient size. That is a strong book, and makes lovers and admirers of "My Cid, the Perfect one, who

was born in a fortunate hour." Its traits of heroism and bursts of simple emotion, once read, can never be forgotten; "I am not a man to be besieged;" and "God! What a glad man was the Cid on that day," and many the like words still ring in our ears. The Cortes at Toledo, where judgment was given between the Cid and his sons-in-law, is one of the strongest dramatic scenes in literature. Several of the best ballads in Mr. Lockhart's collection recite incidents of the Cid's history. The best ballad in the book is the "Count Alarcos and the Infanta Solisa," which is a meet companion for Chaucer's *Griselda*. The "Count Garci Perez de Vargas" is one of our favorites; and there is one called the "Bridal of Andalla," which we have long lost all power to read as a poem, since we have heard it sung by a voice so rich, and sweet, and penetrating, as to make the ballad the inalienable property of the singer.

Tecumseh; a Poem. By GEORGE H. COLTON. New York: Wiley & Putnam.

THIS pleasing summer-day story is the work of a well read, cultivated writer, with a skilful ear, and an evident admirer of Scott and Campbell. There is a metrical sweetness and calm perception of beauty spread over the poem, which declare that the poet enjoyed his own work; and the smoothness and literary finish of the cantos seem to indicate more years than it appears our author has numbered. Yet the perusal suggested that the author had written this poem in the feeling, that the delight he has experienced from Scott's effective lists of names might be reproduced in America by the enumeration of the sweet and sonorous Indian names of our waters. The success is exactly correspondent. The verses are tuneful, but are secondary; and remind the ear so much of the model, as to show that the noble aboriginal names were not suffered to make their own measures in the poet's ear, but must modulate their wild beauty to a foreign metre. They deserved better at the author's hands. We felt, also, the objection that is apt to lie against poems on new subjects by persons versed in old books, that the costume is exaggerated at the expense of the man. The most Indian thing about the Indian is surely not his moccasins, or his calumet, his wampum, or his stone hatchet, but traits of character and sagacity, skill or passion; which would be intelligible at Paris or at Pekin, and which Scipio or Sidney, Lord Clive or Colonel Crockett would be as likely to exhibit as Osceola and Black Hawk.

Twice-Told Tales. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Boston : James Munroe & Company. 1842.

EVER since the "Gentle Boy" first announced among us the presence of his friend and observer, the author of the "Twice-told Tales" has been growing more and more dear to his readers, who now have the pleasure of seeing all the leaves they had been gathering up here and there collected in these two volumes.

It is not merely the soft grace, the playfulness, and genial human sense for the traits of individual character, that have pleased, but the perception of what is rarest in this superficial, bustling community, a great reserve of thought and strength never yet at all brought forward. Landor says, "He is not over-rich in knowledge who cannot afford to let the greater part lie fallow, and to bring forward his produce according to the season and the demand." We can seldom recur to such a passage as this with pleasure, as we turn over the leaves of a new book. But here we may. Like gleams of light on a noble tree which stands untouched and self-sufficing in its fullness of foliage on a distant hill-slope, — like slight ripples wrinkling the smooth surface, but never stirring the quiet depths of a wood-embosomed lake, these tales distantly indicate the bent of the author's mind, and the very frankness with which they impart to us slight outward details and habits shows how little yet is told. He is a favorite writer for children, with whom he feels at home, as true manliness always does; and the "Twice-told Tales" scarce call him out more than the little books for his acquaintance of fairy stature.

In the light of familiar letters, written with ready hand, by a friend, from the inns where he stops, in a journey through the varied world-scenes, the tales are most pleasing; but they seem to promise more, should their author ever hear a voice that truly calls upon his solitude to open his study door.

In his second volume, "The Village Uncle," "Lily's Guest," "Chippings with a Chisel," were new to us, and pleasing for the same reasons as former favorites from the same hand. We again admired the sweet grace of the little piece, "Footprints on the Sea-shore."

"Chippings with a Chisel," from its mild, common-sense-philosophy, and genial love of the familiar plays of life, would have waked a brotherly smile on the lips of the friend of Dr. Dry-as-dust.

It is in the studies of familiar life that there is most success. In the mere imaginative pieces, the invention is not clearly woven, far from being all compact, and seems a phantom or shadow, rather than a real growth. The men and women, too,

flicker large and unsubstantial, like "shadows from the evening firelight," seen "upon the parlor wall." But this would be otherwise, probably, were the genius fully roused to its work, and initiated into its own life, so as to paint with blood-warm colors. This frigidity and thinness of design usually bespeaks a want of the deeper experiences, for which no talent at observation, no sympathies, however ready and delicate, can compensate. We wait new missives from the same hand.

Biographical Stories for Children. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Tappan & Dennet, Boston.

THANKS once more to the manly and gentle spirit which has taken these fine anecdotes, which have wet the eyes or expanded the breasts of the fathers, and given them now in so pleasing a form to the children, that the fathers must needs glisten and sigh over them again. They are stories selected from the traditions concerning Benjamin West, Isaac Newton, Samuel Johnson, Oliver Cromwell, Benjamin Franklin, Queen Christina.

The Cambridge Miscellany of Mathematics, Physics, and Astronomy. April, 1842.

WE rejoice in the appearance of the first number of this Quarterly Journal, edited by Professor Peirce. Into its Mathematics we have not ventured; but the chapters on Astronomy and Physics we read with great advantage and refreshment. Especially we thank Mr. Lovering for the beautiful Essay on the internal equilibrium and motion of bodies, which is the most agreeable contribution to scientific literature which has fallen under our eye, since Sir Charles Bell's Book on the Hand, and brings to mind the clear, transparent writings of Davy and Playfair. Surely this was not written to be read in a corner, and we anticipate the best success for this new Journal.

On our table still lie not unread, although we have no room yet for general notices; —

The True Messiah, or the Old and New Testament examined according to the principles of the language of nature, by G. OEGGER. A very remarkable tract. It is the Introduction of the whole work, which will be printed in like manner in two more pamphlets, if it appear to be wanted. We shall come back to this book again.

Günderode. E. P. Peabody. A translation from the German, of which so fair a specimen has already been given in the Dial, that we have not called the attention of our readers to this new publication.

A Letter to Rev. W. E. Channing, D. D. By O. A. BROWNSON; an earnest, singular tract, of which we have the promise of a critical notice from a correspondent for the next number.

Henry of Ofterdingen. Translated from the German of Novalis. Cambridge, John Owen. We hail the appearance of this book. The translation appears to be faithful, and the poetry is rendered with great spirit.

Chapters on Church Yards. By CAROLINE SOUTHEY. Wiley & Putnam, New York. Another reprint from the inexhaustible English stock, and a book pleasing to those who delight in sketches of the Wilson and Howitt school.

The London Phalanx for June. We regret that we have no room for some extracts from this paper.

INTELLIGENCE.

Exploring Expedition. The United States Corvette Vincennes, Captain Charles Wilkes, the flag ship of the Exploring Expedition, arrived at New York on Friday, June 10th, from a cruise of nearly four years. The Brigs Porpoise and Oregon may shortly be expected. The Expedition has executed every part of the duties confided to it by the Government. A long list of ports, harbors, islands, reefs, and shoals, named in the list, have been visited and examined or surveyed. The positions assigned on the charts to several vigias, reefs, shoals, and islands, have been carefully looked for, run over, and found to have no existence in or near the places assigned them. Several of the principal groups and islands in the Pacific Ocean have been visited, examined, and surveyed; and friendly intercourse, and protective commercial regulations, established with the chiefs and natives. The discoveries in the Antarctic Ocean (Antarctic continent, — observations for fixing the Southern Magnetic pole, &c.) preceded those of the French and English expeditions. The Expedition, during its absence, has also examined and surveyed a large portion of the Oregon Territory, a part of Upper California, including the Columbia and Sacramento Rivers, with their various tributaries. Several exploring parties from the Squadron have explored, examined, and fixed those portions of the Oregon Territory least known. A map of the Territory, embracing its Rivers, Sounds, Harbors, Coasts, Forts, &c., has been prepared, which will furnish the

information relative to our possessions on the Northwest Coast, and the whole of Oregon. Experiments have been made with the pendulum, magnetic apparatus, and various other instruments, on all occasions, — the temperature of the ocean, at various depths, ascertained in the different seas traversed, and full meteorological and other observations kept up during the cruise. Charts of all the surveys have been made, with views and sketches of headlands, towns or villages, &c., with descriptions of all that appertains to the localities, productions, language, customs, and manners. At some of the islands, this duty has been attended with much labor, exposure, and risk of life, — the treacherous character of the natives rendering it absolutely necessary that the officers and men should be armed, while on duty, and at all times prepared against their murderous attacks. On several occasions, boats have been absent from the different vessels of the Squadron on surveying duty, (the greater part of which has been performed in boats,) among islands, reefs, &c., for a period of ten, twenty, and thirty days at one time. On one of these occasions, two of the officers were killed at the Fiji group, while defending their boat's crew from an attack by the Natives.

Association of State Geologists. After holding annual meetings in New York and Philadelphia, the Geologists assembled in April of this year in Boston, to the number of forty, from the most distant points of the Union. Members were present from Natchez and Iowa. Mr. Lyell from London was present. From we know not what inadvertence, the notice of so unusual a scientific union failed to reach the ancient ears of the University, at three miles' distance. Neither its head nor its members, neither the professor of Geology nor the professor of Physics arrived to welcome these pilgrims of science, from the far East and the far West, to the capital and University of New England. The public Address was made by Mr. Silliman, and reports and debates of the most animated and various interest, by the Messrs. Rogers of Pennsylvania and of Virginia, Dr. Morton of Philadelphia, and others, a full report of which is in the course of publication. The next annual meeting is to be holden in Albany, N. Y.

Harvard University. The Chair of Natural History, vacant since the resignation of Mr. Nuttall, is filled by the appointment of Asa Gray, M. D., known to the botanists as the associate of Mr. Torrey of New York. In the Divinity College, the Chair of Pulpit Eloquence and Pastoral Care, vacant by the resignation of Henry Ware, Jr., is to be filled by Dr. Convers Francis. A generous subscription by several friends of the

College has resulted in a fund of more than 20,000 dollars for the purchase of books for the College Library. The College has also received a bequest which promises at a future day to be a valuable foundation. Benjamin Bussey, Esq. has provided in his will for the application of the income of his property to the benefit of certain heirs therein named. At the decease of the survivor of them, and subject to the payment of any annuities then existing, he gives all his property to Harvard University for the following purposes. His Estate in Roxbury is to be held forever as a Seminary for "instruction in practical agriculture, in useful and ornamental gardening, in botany, and in such other branches of natural science, as may tend to promote a knowledge of practical agriculture, and the various arts subservient thereto, and connected therewith." The government of the University is also "to cause such courses of lectures to be delivered there, at such seasons of the year and under such regulations as they may think best adapted to promote the ends designed; and also to furnish gratuitous aid, if they shall think it expedient, to such meritorious persons as may resort there for instruction." One half of the net income of his property is to be appropriated to maintain that institution; and the residue of the income is to be divided equally between the Divinity School and the Law School of the University. Mr. Bussey's property is estimated at not less than three hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

On the subject of the University we cannot help wishing that a change will one day be adopted which will put an end to the foolish bickering between the government and the students, which almost every year breaks out into those uncomfortable fracas which are called 'Rebellions.' Cambridge is so well endowed, and offers such large means of education, that it can easily assume the position of an University, and leave to the numerous younger Colleges the charge of pupils too young to be trusted from home. This is instantly effected by the Faculty's confining itself to the office of Instruction, and omitting to assume the office of Parietal Government. Let the College provide the best teachers in each department, and for a stipulated price receive the pupil to its lecture-rooms and libraries; but in the matter of morals and manners, leave the student to his own conscience, and if he is a bad subject to the ordinary police. This course would have the effect of keeping back pupils from College, a year or two, or, in some cases, of bringing the parents or guardians of the pupil to reside in Cambridge; but it would instantly destroy the root of endless grievances between the student and teacher, put both parties on the best footing, — indispensable, one would say, to good teaching, — and relieve the professors of an odious guardianship, always degenerating into espionage, which must naturally indispose men of genius and honorable mind from accepting the professor's chair.

From London we have Mr. Wordsworth's new volume of poems, which is not a bookseller's book, but a poet's book. We have read them all with great content, and very willingly forgive the poet for writing against the abolition of capital punishment, for the sake of the self-respect and truth to his own character, which the topic and the treatment evinced. We should say the same thing of his sonnet levelled at Mr. Thomas Carlyle. But the name of Wordsworth reminds us of another matter far less pleasant than poetry, namely, the profligate course recently adopted by some of the States of the Union in relation to their public debt. The following is an extract from a letter of Mr. Wordsworth to Bishop Doane of New Jersey. "The proceedings of some of the States in your country, in money concerns, and the shock which is given to the credit of the State of Pennsylvania, have caused much trouble under our roof, by the injury done to some of my most valuable connexions and friends. I am not personally and directly a sufferer; but my brother, if the State of Pennsylvania should fail to fulfil its engagements, would lose almost all the little savings of his long and generous life. My daughter, through the perfidy of the State of Mississippi, has forfeited a sum, though but small in itself, large for her means; a great portion of my most valued friends have to lament their misplaced confidence. Topics of this kind are not pleasant to dwell upon, but the more extensively the injury is made known, the more likely is it, that where any remains of integrity, honor, or even common humanity exist, efforts will be made to set and keep things right." We have learned also with mortification that John Sterling, whose poems have been lately reprinted in this country, had invested £2000 in the worthless stock of the Morris Canal Company, and later, that Mr. Carlyle had invested \$1000 in stock of the State of Illinois, which presently proved worthless. In this way the heavens have taken care that the character of our rotten public stocks and the doctrine of 'Repudiation' shall be damned to fame.

Alfred Tennyson, moved by being informed of his American popularity, has given himself to the labor of revising and reprinting a selection of his old poems, and adding as many new ones, which he has sent to Mr. Wheeler of Harvard University, who is republishing them here.

Henry Taylor, too, the author of *Van Artevelde*, announces a new dramatic poem in press in London. John Sterling is still engaged on a tragedy, "Strafford," which should have been finished before this time, but for the ill health of the poet, which has driven him to the south of Italy. Thomas Carlyle is understood to be engaged on the *Life of Oliver Cromwell*.

Berlin. From Berlin, "The City of Criticism," we learned, in the past months, that the king of Prussia was gathering around him a constellation of men of science. The city was already the residence of Humboldt, of Bettine von Arnim, of Raumer, of Ranke, of Ritter, and of Ehrenberg. G. F. Waagen is director of the Royal Gallery; and now Cornelius, the great fresco painter; Ruckert, the poet; Tholuck, the theologian; and, greatest of all, Schelling, from Munich, are there. The king is discontented with the Hegel influence, which has predominated at Berlin, and, we regret to say, set himself to suppress the "Hallische Jahrbucher"; which, though published at Halle, depended for its support mainly on Berlin. With this view, also, he summons the great Schelling, now nearly seventy years old, to lecture on the Philosophy of Revelation. We have private accounts of these lectures, which began in the last November. The lecture room was crowded to suffocation; the pale professor, whose face resembles that of Socrates, was greeted with thunders of acclamation, but he remained pale and unmoved as if in his own study, and apparently quite unconscious that he was making a new epoch in German history. His first lecture has been published at Berlin. Such are the social and æsthetic attractions of this city, that it is said to acquire a new population of six thousand souls every year, by the residence of travellers, who are arrested by its music, its theatre, and the arts.

New Jerusalem Church. We learn from a communication from Dr. Tafel of Tubingen, in Germany, published in the Philadelphia New Churchman, that a dissenting party has arisen among the disciples of Swedenborg in that country, and that a periodical has appeared, called the "*Christenbote*," (Christian Messenger,) claiming to issue from the New Church, but deviating from the faith of the majority, among other things in the following points. 1. It recommends new revelations, such as those of Tennhardt, which not only contradict those given by Swedenborg, but even dare to put themselves on a par with those of the prophets and apostles. 2. It establishes the idea, that the New Church has only two fundamental principles; whereas, says Dr. Tafel, the New Church has acknowledged the writings of Swedenborg as her symbolical books. "True it is, if we had only two fundamentals, namely, the acknowledgment of the Lord, and the life of his Commandments, such contradictory revelations might be received alongside of each other, — though merely externally; for internally we cannot hold fast anything contradictory. 3. It inculcates the belief in a general conversion of the Jews, relying, in this case likewise, upon Tennhardt, and 'peculiar revelations.'"

THE DIAL.

VOL. III.

OCTOBER, 1842.

No. II.

ROMAIC AND RHINE BALLADS.

"I never could trust that man nor woman either, nor ever will, that can be insensible to the simple ballads and songs of rude times; there is always something wrong in them at the core."

SINCE such is the opinion of a contemporary, we hope that his friends, at least, will rejoice in having their attention directed to collections as fine, in different ways, as those of the old English or Border ballads, which have fallen into our hands just when they were most needed, refreshing episodes in such a life as is led here.

First in order, though not first in favor, comes *Rheinsagen aus dem Munde des volks und Deutscher Dichter*, Traditions of the Rhine from the mouths of the people and German poets. By Karl Simrock.

A happy man is this Simrock, a "Dr." too, Doctor of Romance, for at the end of this volume are printed advertisements of the Nibelungen lied, translated by K. S. —, twenty lays of the Nibelungen restored according to the intimations of Lachmann, by K. S. —, Wieland, the Smith, German heroic Saga, together with ballads and romances by K. S.

A happy man, a pleasant life! to dwell in this fair country, to bathe and grow from childish years in the atmosphere of its traditions, its architecture, and the aspect of nature by which these were fostered; then, as a grown man, to love, to understand them, and find himself in them, so that he became their fit interpreter. Such are the only

interpreters, children of the era of which they speak, yet far enough remote to see it in memory. This tender fidelity, this veneration for the ancient institutions of the fatherland is not only remote from, but inconsistent with anything tame, servile, or bigotted in character ; for to fulfil the offices of this natural priesthood supposes great life in the priest, intellectual life to comprehend the past, life of the affections to reanimate it, life of faith to feel that this beauty is not dead but sleepeth, while its spirit is re-born into new and dissimilar forms. This gentleness, this clearness of perception, combined with ardent sympathy, this wide view are shown in the manner of preparing this garland with which

“ the Rhine
May crown his rocky cup of wine.”

It is good for us in this bustling, ambitious, superficial country, where every body is trying to do something new, where all the thought is for the future, and it is supposed the divine spirit has but just waked up, and that the blunders, committed on the earth during this long slumber, are now at once to be corrected by the combined efforts of men still crude and shallow-hearted, or the scheme of some puny intellect ; it is good for us to look abroad and learn to know the weakness which waits upon our strength by seeing the benefits of that state, where men believe that God rules the past as well as the future, that love and loyalty have bloomed and will bloom like the rose, the common ornament of each of his years, and that hate and falsehood have been, as they will be, permitted conditions of man's willing choice of virtue. It is good to hear, sometimes the silver trumpet, sometimes the rude fish-horn blown by breath that stifles in the utterance, calling to Repent, for the acceptable year of the Lord is come ; but it is also pleasant to see men watering flowers upon a grave, gazing up with reverence to the ivied ruin and placing their gifts on the ancient shrine, pleasant to see them singing the songs and copying the pictures of genius now past from us, and translated elsewhere ; for He the Lord hath spoken, then as now, hath spoken the word that cannot grow old, and whose life to-day alike interprets and recreates its life of that other day.

Every genius is a reformer, but if he is a radical reformer, it may be to loosen the earth and let in sun and rain to the root, rather than to pull it up. This piety of the Germans has its two excesses, making them sometimes Phantasts, sometimes Pedants, but the soaring temper is always subject to the one danger, the severe and devout to the other. They are good people, and like the knights, and priests, and cathedral-loving monarchs of whom these Sagas sing, except in a less martial glance or grasp of the hand, for now the vocation is changed, and their eyes are bleared over the chronicles of men who lived in warmer blood a hastier life, and the hand has lost all cunning save that of the pen, but could the old time come again, it would find the same stuff of which to make the same men. It would find its religion in the form of skepticism, and its love hid under a stranger mask, but still doing as of old the appointed work, and with that vigilance and loyalty which mark the clime.

Rivers, like men, have their destiny, and that of the Rhine, one would think, must have been worked out. Not a step does the stream advance, unmarked by some event of obvious beauty and meaning. The castle and cathedral, with their stories and their vows, have grown along its banks as freely as the vine, and borne as rich a harvest. All things have conspired to make the course of the river a continuous poem, and it flows through this book almost as sweet and grand, as beneath its proper sky.

The book commences with the ballad called *Staveren*. It is written in the old woman's negligent, chronicle measure, and forms an admirable prologue to the book. It is the famous story of a city swollen by prosperity to that pitch of pride and wickedness that make its destruction inevitable. The devotees to money need not go to the desolate plains of Syria for their admonition, they may find it in a common voyage, if they will pause upon the waters of the *Zuyder Sea*.

It is a fine thing for a ballad to suggest so naturally and completely its pictures, as this does. Its burden is, "look down into the waters, and see the towers and spires of *Staveren*," and then look landward and you have before you the sudden rush of the sea which, in a manner so simple, wrought this doom.

Sodom must perish, but the intercession of Abram, whose pious mind is expressed in his strivings for the wicked city, casts a gleam of light into the pit of sin. A gentle warning given by a good man sheds a similar soft hue upon this story of Staveren. A maiden, the richest heiress of the city, summons her sailing master, and says, "take twelve moons' time for your voyage, and bring me back as cargo the noblest that earth can produce." He replies, "At once I obey and weigh the anchor, but tell me more nearly what you want; there are so many noble productions of the earth. Is it corn or wine? Is it amber or silk, gold or spices? Is it pearls or emeralds? It costs thee but a word, and it shall be my cargo, were it the world's most precious treasure."

But she bids him guess, and will give him no help. He sails away in doubt, but after much thought makes up his mind, as becomes a substantial wise German,

What can be more precious than the golden grain?
Without this common gift of earth, all others would be vain,
With this I'll lade the skiff and shun her anger's pain.

So he loads his vessel with wheat from Dantzic, and is back at the end of the half year. He finds in the banquet hall his lady, who receives him with looks of scornful surprise.

Art thou here, my captain, in such haste?
Were thy ship a bird, that bird had flown too fast!
I fancied thee just now on Guinea's golden shore,
What hast thou brought me, quickly say, if not the precious
ore?

The poor captain well sees he has failed of his errand,
and answers reluctantly, —

The best wheat I bring, potent lady, to thee!
No better can be found far as the land meets the sea.

At the news she expresses the greatest scorn and anger. Did I not bid thee, she cries, bring me the noblest, the best that the earth holds, and didst thou dare to bring me "miserable wheat of which these loaves are made?"

Then answered the old man, Despise not that by which we're
fed,
God bids us daily pray him for our daily bread.

How highly I esteem it, she cries, thou soon shalt see,
On which side did you take in this trash you bring for me ?

On the right, he replies. Very well, she says, then throw it all into the sea from the left. Prepare to do this immediately, and I will come myself to see that you obey.

He went, but not to do the bidding at which his soul revolts. He calls together the hungry poor, and assembles them on the landing, thinking her hard heart will be touched at the sight, and she will not dare to offend God by this wanton waste of his gifts.

But the crowd of famished wretches implored in vain a little of the wheat to give them just one day, free from suffering. She persisted in her whim of pride, and all was thrown into the sea. The poor people looked on, wringing their hands, but the ship-master can no longer contain himself. He curses her, and predicts that she will yet be compelled to pick up the wheat, grain by grain, from the mud of the streets. She jeers at him. However, within the year the curse falls on her, losses are announced from every quarter, all is gone, and she begs from door to door the bread everywhere denied her, and at last sobs away her miserable life alone on a bed of straw.

This example does not warn her countrymen. They persist in their course of luxury, selfishness, and arrogance, when lo! a miracle comes to punish them, by stopping up the source of their ill-used wealth. Where the wheat had been thrown into the sea rose up a sand-bar, known by the name of *Frauen sand*. On this grows a plant unlike any known before, it is like corn, only there is no grain in the ear. This mysterious obstacle barred up their haven, spoiled their trade, their city sunk into poverty ;— one morning they drew up fish when they went to the wells, and, in a few hours, the sea made good its triumph over Staveren.

Though written into prose, the thread of this story must show its texture. The legend is put into its present form by Simrock, and as well as most of those by his helpers, is graceful, vigorous, and of an expression whose simplicity and depth does not suffer by comparison with the volks lieder, even when they are on the same subject. The manner is different, but the same spirit dictates both, each in the manner of its own time.

In a perhaps not less pious, though less meek spirit, comes a tale a little farther on. Prince Radbot is about to be baptized, he has his foot in the water's brink when he bethinks himself to ask the priest, "where now are all my ancestors who died without baptism?"

"In hell," replied the pious bishop,
 "Thy fathers who died as heathens,
 King Radbot, are now in hell."

That enraged the valiant Degen (blade).
 "Base priest," cried he, "my fathers,
 My fathers were valiant men;
 Rather will I, yes, by Wodan I swear it,
 Be with those heroes in their hell,
 Than with you in your priests' heaven."
 He spake it and walked away in defiance.

The anecdote resembles one well hacknied, but the sentiment is so based on truth, that it might be expressed anywhere.

The Swan plays a distinguished part in Rhine poesy. This bird which the always most discerning Greeks consecrated to the service of genius, rather than birds of frequent song, this most beautiful bird seems always floating before us on the Rhine. In some of these poems the peculiar feeling of delight mixed with expectation you have in looking up stream is made to take shape as the approaching swan. There are two, one a volks lied, the other modern, founded on the same tale and called Schwanen Ritter, Knight of the Swan. It is a tale of a lady left by her father's death under the power of a bad servant, who will only set her free from prison on condition of marrying him. She has no hope but in prayer, and as she beats her breast in anguish, a little silver bell attached to her rosary is made to ring. Its sound is very soft in her chamber, but vibrates loud as thunder in distant lands to call the destined knight to her rescue. This bell was to me a new piece of ballad furniture, and one of beautiful meaning. Looking down from her lonely window, she sees the knight approach in a boat to which a swan is attached by a golden chain, both as pilot and rower. He greets her with a proud calmness, lands, fights the good fight, wins back her inheritance, and becomes her husband.

But he asks for one boon, that she will promise never to inquire his name and birthplace. The usual catastrophe follows; she asks him "at each favorable time" zu jeden frist. He resists her importunities with dignity and pathetic warnings as to what must ensue if she does not rise above this weakness. But she, at last, is so unworthy as to entreat him, if he loves their children, to tell her. He no longer refuses, declares his princely descent, divides among his three sons the fairy accoutrements of sword, horn, and ring, each of which is the pledge of a ducal inheritance. The swan-drawn boat appears, and the frail beauty is left to bear the heavy years of a widowed and degraded life.

The volks lied is the answer of the mother to the questions of the children, orphaned by her fault, and her account of the vision of purity and bliss which once shone before her is answered naturally enough,

O Mutter, das ist seltne Mär.
O this is a strange tale, mother.

So must young children answer, if told by their parents of visions of purity and bliss that had shone on their young eyes, and might have remained the companions of a whole life, had they been capable of self-denial and constancy. But when they hear that eye now so cold and dull has ever seen the silver swan approach on the blue stream, they may well reply

O this is a strange tale, mother.

In the German tales men are as often incable of abstinence and faith to their word, as women. The legends of Nixenquell and Melusine may be balanced against this of Schwanen ritter. The fairness of feeling towards women, so conspicuous when Germany was first known to the Romans, is equally so in all these romances. Men and women are both frail, both liable to incur stain, but also both capable of the deepest religion, truth, and love. The ideal relation between them is constantly described with a delicacy of feeling, of which only the highest minds in other countries are susceptible.

"Swan-rings" are another subject, expressing the thoughts of which the bird is an emblem. Charlemagne has lost the beautiful Svanhild. He cannot be drawn away from the

body. He will not touch food, nor attend to the most urgent business. All expostulations only draw from him a few agonized words, "You are all mistaken: she is not dead, she only sleeps, see how beautiful she is, I cannot leave her till she awakes." On the evening of the third day he sinks, exhausted, into sleep beside the corpse. The good bishop Turpin wishes to have him removed, but finds it impossible; his hold of the cold hand cannot be loosed. Suspicion being aroused, the bishop exercises till he finds in the mouth of Svanhild, one of those rings, on which was engraved the swan. He takes it away, and puts it on his own finger. The king awakes, and at once orders the now disenchant-ed body to be buried, but turns all the folly of affection to Turpin, on whom he hangs like a child, enumerating all his charms and virtues. The bishop, terrified at being invested with this power of witchcraft, rushes down to the river, and throws the ring in. The monarch, who has followed with hasty steps, gazes wistfully into the blue depths, seeking the magnet, but not able to recover it, fixes near the spot his royal dwelling, and thence Aix arose.

Very grand are the lineaments of Charlemagne as described in these national memories. The ballads which describe him crossing the Rhine, where the moon has made him a bridge of light, to bless the vines on either shore, rousing the ferry-man to go with his shadowy host to fight the battles of his sometime realm against one as great in mind, but not in soul as himself, and those of his confession, and Eginhard and Emma, paint the noblest picture, and in the fulness of flesh and blood reality. He is a king, indeed, a king of men, in this, that he is most a man, of largest heart, deepest mind, and most powerful nature. See in Eginhard and Emma his meeting with his peers, and way of stating the offence, the fearful yet noble surrender of the self-accused Eginhard, the calm magnanimity with which the inevitable sentence is pronounced, and then his grief for the loss of his child.

Equally natural and sweet is the conduct of the lovers, wandering forth on different sides of the road, the princess now in pilgrim's weeds, not daring to speak to one another for days. Then the kindness of the good woodmen, and the sleep which total weariness found at last in the open forest. There is no violent transition in their lives from a

palace to a hut woven of boughs and twigs. The highest rank there grew up naturally from the lowest, was not severed from it. All ate at the same table, and he whose place was on the Dais knew the savor of the poor man's salt. The life of a noble was splendid, but no way enervating or factitious. It was as easy for the princess Emma to use her husband's helmet for a milk pail, as for Ulysses, or the pious Æneas, to cut down trees and build their ships with their own hands, when thrown upon a foreign coast. It was not distressing, but refreshing, to see people in those times cast down into the lowest adversity. We knew they would not yield, nor lie crushed in the ditch. There was strength in all their members to rise and stride boldly on afoot, since their chariots were taken from them.

In the other ballad the aged monarch has upon his soul a sin so great, that he wants force to name it even to his confessor. The monk reproves his weakness, urges upon him that it ought to be no added pain to speak to man that which he has dared keep in his thoughts to be seen of God. The king admits the truth of this, and tries again, but tears and sobs choke his utterance. The confessor bids him write it then. Alas! he replies, the years when he might have learned to use the pen were wasted in vain pleasures, or spent in knightly toils. It is not too late, cries the zealous monk, I will teach you; and, accordingly, this task-work goes on day after day, till Charlemagne can write "joining-hand." Then they come to confession again, and the monk once more urges him to command himself and speak, and he tries, but the effort causes a still more suffocating anguish than before. Then he begins to write, with slow, stiff hand; the monk, from afar, sees the large letters forming on the page, but when he draws near to read the finished scroll, he finds it a blank. He turns to the monarch for an explanation, but the amazement of both is equal, till turning to the page again they find written by a heavenly pen, "Thy sins are forgiven." Thus the sin, so deeply felt, that it would have broke the heart if spoken, was absolved above the region of words to the patient penitent.

In the same tone are stories of the Cathedrals, especially of the bells. The high feelings about this voice of the church, expressed in Schiller's Song of the Bell, have given birth to these stories. One Master, unsuccessful with his

bell under the influences of prayer, and his best mood, swears and curses, and is immediately successful; but when the ceremony of consecration came, the bell gave out tones so fearful that it could be used only at times of fire and other calamity. Another Master, summoned from afar on account of his great skill, substituted tin for a part of the silver with which he was entrusted. At the consecration, the emperor pulls the bell-rope but cannot make it stir; he cannot guess what the difficulty is and calls the Master. The Master advances, pale with guilt and fear, pulls the rope, and, at his touch, the clapper falls and kills him.

The ballads about the bishops are worthy those about the churches. From several, all good in different ways, take the following.

The lords of Thum it did not please
That Willegis their bishop was,
For he was a waggoner's son;
And they drew to do him scorn
Wheels of chalk upon the wall;
He found them in chamber, found them in hall,
But the pious Willegis
Could not be moved to bitterness.

Seeing the wheels upon the wall,
He bid the servants a painter call
And said, "My friend, paint for me
On every door that I may see
A wheel of white on a field of red,
Underneath, in letters plain to be read,
Willegis, bishop now by name,
Forget not from whence you came."

The lords of Thum were full of shame,
They wiped away their works of blame,
They saw that scorn and jeer
Cannot wound the wise man's ear,
And all the bishops who after him came,
Quartered the wheel with their arms of fame;
Thus came to Willegis
Glory out of bitterness.

This gentle humility is like that of Manzoni's *Borromeo*, that expressed in the following like his *Cristoforo*.

Gunhild lived a still, pious life in her little convent cell,
Till her confessor made her stray by a wild passion's spell,

She fled with him into the world, awhile they lived in strife
and sin,
He gamed and cheated, poorer grew, must robbery begin.

Gunhild, poor lost girl, Gunhild what wilt thou do?
Alone in a strange land, a robber he who wrought thee wo.

She wept her eyes all red, she said, "Alas, that ever I this
course begun,
I will return to my old home, whatever penance must be done."

She begged her way through many lands; she begged from door
to door,
Till she saw the Rhine, the woods, the cloister stood before.

She knocks upon the cloister gate, quickly it open flies,
She stands before the Abbess, she says with weeping eyes,

"O Mother take back the lost child, from her safe fold who ran,
And let the hardest penance release the church's ban."

"Gunhild, my child, what ails thee? safe in thy little cell
Do I not find thee every hour employed thy rosary to tell,

Singing hymns so wondrous sweet both day and night
That all our hearts are lifted with ravishing delight.

If thou, holy child, must seek penance for thy sin,
Where must I, poor wretch, to make atonement for my life be
gin?"

They led her to the cell, what to think she could not guess,
Till away flew the angel who had filled her place.

Those, who look into their bosoms by the light of
a tale like this, will not need to *see* the angel that has taken
their place, while thought strayed to forbidden haunts, be-
fore they prepare a thank-offering to the "Preventing
God."

The same nation, the same state of religious feeling,
which gives Gunhild this guardian angel to protect her
against her passion-stirred fancy, or curiosity, and long-
suffering, is generous of chances for repentance, when a
poor monk walks forth *doubting* and reasoning as to the
interpretation of a passage of Scripture, lets him lose him-
self in the wood, where, as a penance, he doubts, reasons,
and wanders for a hundred years far from his home. his

church, and yet never attaining an inward certainty. In our time the scale of sin would reverse the place of the two faults.

There are also fine mystical legends, one on the loss of the consecrated wafer into a field of corn, many about the Virgin, and two about the children, St. Hermann Joseph, and St. Rupert. Those on the holy Otilia are among the noblest. One resembles that of "my Cid" when he meets St. Jago as a leper.

There are others of deep and painful import, where unnecessary martyrdom waits on the spirit's choice. The Maid of Bodman is one of these. Its holy sweetness cannot reconcile us to the desolation over which it hovers, like some pale, half-frozen seraph, lost in a temperature for which his organs were not made. This deep religious feeling occasions sometimes a dalliance with it, for men are not afraid to play with what they feel and know to be true, but only with what they wish may be true, but fear to be false. There are several playful legends of this character, of which two founded on the presumption of St. Peter are good.

The following is in the true German style of humor, a bit of playful wisdom. It is called

THE DEATH OF BASLE.

When I was a young man, I took a stone-old wife,
 Before three days were over I rued it well,
 I went into the church-yard, and prayed to dear Death,
 Ah, dear, kind Death of Basle, take away the old wife.
 And next time I went to the church-yard, the grave was dug.
 "You bearers, walk softly that she may not awake,
 Heap on the earth, the gravel; the old, the cross wife,
 How she has already worn out my young life."
 When I came home again every corner was too wide,
 Three days had not passed before I took a young wife;
 The young wife that I took, she beats me every day,
 Ah, dear Death of Basle, might I but have the old one back.

Some of the best are those which give the impression of a particular scene, as the Lorelei ballads, which represent, by the legend of the unhappy fay, the wild and melancholy beauty of a certain part of the Rhine. The poor Lorelei! her beauty bewitched all who saw it from a distance, and lured them to the dangerous heights, but her love floated

disdainful in a ship upon the stream, she must throw herself down to reach him.

Drachensfels is a place that inspires whatever springs from it with its own character. In this book is a legend of a Christian Maiden, exposed here by heathens, but before the cross on her pure breast the dragons flee and throw themselves from the precipices. But that is long since, and they seem again to shed their expression over their seat of royalty, not to be dispelled, except by some pure ray of living light, such as is expressed in this ballad.

The Fraulein von Windeck, a modern ballad by Chamisso, is singularly happy in giving this aspect of a peculiar scene. The young knight has been lured by the apparition of a stag to the ruins of Windeck. There the stag vanishing through the ruined gate, he knows not how, he stands gazing on the mighty walls. The sun burns down, all is so lovely and still, he wipes the drops from his brow and cries, O that some one would bring me a single drinking horn of the wine that must be stored in these cellars. Hardly had the words passed from his lips before the attentive cup-bearer issued from the wall. It was a slender, most beautiful maiden, in a white robe, with the keys at her girdle, the drinking-cup high in her hand. He sipped the wine with thirsty lips, and at the same time drew consuming flames into his bosom. He supplicates this lovely being for her love. She smiles on him with a tender compassion, and vanishes without a word.

From that hour he wandered round the ruins of Windeck, unable to free himself from the spell; he knew no rest, nor peace, nor hope.

He wandered like a dreamer, ghost-like, pale, and thin,
He faded, but he could not die, much less new life begin.
They say that after many years she came to him again,
And pressed upon his lips a kiss which freed him from his
pain.

The profound loneliness of a sunny noon, and the effect of the light upon the ruins amid the leaves, making the stag vanish and the lady appear, is admirably exhibited in this poem. The following which grows also out of the character of the scenery pleases me no less.

HEIDENLOCH. BY A. LAMBY.

GALLUS.

Father! how long in this dark solitude
 Must I abide;
 Where only deer and bears visit the wood
 That waves so wide?
 How bright and cheerful spreads the distant plain,
 Far from the world of men why must I here remain?

MARTIUS.

O peace, my son. The Gods who here command
 Thou shalt obey;
 I fled with thee from a far distant land
 Before the new God's sway.
 But once *our* Gods the wide earth-ball controlled,
 Great were the nations in those times of old.

GALLUS.

And what for thee alone to tend their shrine
 Can now avail?
 If they had ruled the earth by right divine
 Would they thus fail?
 These pallid statues on the stone altar,
 Is't these, my father, who so mighty were?

MARTIUS.

Yes! Rome and Athens through their mighty name
 Rose to such fame!
 And with that fame fell courage, honor true,
 Then came the new;
 Will a blind world no more due homage give,
 The more are favored those who still believe.

GALLUS.

O father, yesterday I ventured forth
 Upon the chase;
 I saw a maiden on the sunny turf
 Giving her lamb fresh grass.
 She greeted me with smiles, the lovely child,
 And knelt before a figure shrined, and just so angel mild.

MARTIUS.

Enough! the rest thou hast no need to tell,
 My son, farewell!

In vain with thee far from the Cross I run ; —
 A moment has my toil undone.
 With thy dead mother we will find our home,
 I and my Lares, in her lonely tomb.

This struggle between the old and the new has not ceased yet, in Germany, nor, indeed, anywhere in the world, where the influence of ancient literature is still felt.

Opposed a whole heaven's breadth between, to the spirit of the Charlemagne ballads, are a few scattered up and down about the great modern, who, after the lapse of centuries, seemed to open to the sun's path the same sign of the zodiac. Charlemagne does not excite more love and reverence in that region, than Napoleon hatred, and a contempt even to loathing. These feelings are expressed in the following ballad perhaps better than in any.

The original is one of the best street ballads I ever saw. It has the real jingle, doggrel ease, and fire beneath the ashes that please in such. As it is placed among the historical ballads, it ought to record a fact, although I had always supposed the title of "Little Corporal" was only a pet name given by his army to the little great genius.

CORPORAL SPOHN.

They name in Coblentz and the vale
 Still Spohn, as the great Corporal.

What did this Spohn to win the name,
 Does he deserve a lasting fame ?

Spohn was a true, a faithful man,
 Find a truer none may nor can.

His Emperor truly served Spohn,
 His Emperor, named Napoleon,

Who had in the Drei-Kaiser fight
 Ventured too forward from his might.

Sudden he turns his horse to fly,
 Both left and right the foe are nigh.

Kossacks are they on their swift steeds,
 The Emperor spurs as well he needs.

A thicket stops him in his flight,
 And he to life must bid good night.

This saw Spohn, he did not lag,
 Sir King, he cries, give me the nag ;
 Me the well known, three-cornered hat ;
 Fly ; — all your part I play with that.
 To the ground sprang Napoleon,
 On the gray horse quick sat Spohn.
 The famous hat upon his head,
 The foe no deception dread.
 But spring that way, and cry " He' s taken,"
 And see too late how they 've mistaken.
 When they saw who the prisoner was,
 They hewed him down with fifty blows.
 The Emperor flew far that day,
 A Corporal' s hat on, all the way.
 Since that time, so goes the tale,
 He' s called the little Corporal ;
 The great Corporal was Spohn,
 Was greater than Napoleon.

Very unlike all the others are the Nibelungen ballads. One of these Tennyson has taken as the groundwork of his " Day Dream ;" but except in the gorgeous description of the " Sleeping Beauty," it loses infinitely by any change from its first simplicity. Brunhild' s quarrel with Odin, the style of her housekeeping, the woven wall of fire which daunts all the faint-hearted, but proves to the true knight only a wall of sunbeams as he dashes through ; all are in the best style of the romantic ballad, grand, fresh, and with dashes of fun between.

Siegfried is the native hero of the country, on the true heroic Valhalla basis, unchristianized, unchristian, arrogant, noble, impetuous, sincere, overbearing, generous, no reflective wisdom, no side thoughts, no humility, no weakness. He exults as a strong man to run a race, and he does run it, and come in at the goal as he promised. He takes pleasure in outshining others, because he *is* the noblest. Came a nobler he would yield with joy ! How he would have stared at such night thoughts as

" Forgive his faults, forgive his virtues too."

Or,

“Have I a lover — who is noble and free,
I would he were nobler — than to love me.”

Siegfried shows that he was educated at the forge and bathed in the dragon's blood. His triumphant energy fills with light the black forests, where the wild boar holds at bay the bravest huntsman. Of a stately native growth were the timbers from which this ship of Germany is built, all oak, proud, German oak.

I have lightly touched upon the characteristics of the Rhine ballads, lightly, for the hand becomes fearful and maladroit, when obliged to choose among materials so rich as to make rejection a pain at every step. They express a nation in the early years of a pious, a valorous, an earnest and affectionate manhood, innocent, but not childishly so, playing antics sometimes in the gayety of health and strength, but never light or vain. What culture it possesses is expressed in character. They were full of faith and they always acted upon it. They had clear eyes, but the life blood beat too quick to let them spend their days in looking about them. Their superstition was no incubus, it was their ardor of trust and love, burning away the crusts of fact. Their romance grew from the heart, not the head; for each man felt himself capable of loyalty and tenderness. The assembled princes boast the value of their different provinces. Everhard, Duke of Wirtemberg, when it comes to his turn says; My land is not of the richest. But when I meet a Wirtemberger in the black pine wood, I lie down and sleep in his lap as I should in my mother's. He paused, and his eye shone clear and friendly, as if he had just waked from sleep in a Wirtemberger's arms. Such a heart beat in the German people!

“The knights are dust
And their good swords are rust,
Their souls are with the saints, we trust.”

We know.

Of an entirely different character is the other book, I have before me, “Modern Greek popular Songs, collected and published by C. Fauriel, translated and furnished both with the French editor's explanations and his own, by Wil-

helm Müller. *Neu Griechische Volkslieder, gesammelt und herausgegeben von C. Fauriel. Uebersetzt und mit des Französischen herausgebens und eigenen erläuterungen versehen von Wilhelm Müller.*

The former book gave the mind of a people at a period of national dignity, of high culture and development, as respected character. On that soil was seen to rise the sublime architecture of an established religious faith, interspersed with homes sacred with honor and the affections. As the river pierced the land it talked all along with a rich and multiform life. The grape was its proper emblem, and the juice of that vine has been carried to every part of the civilized world; and though we gladly return to quaff it in the vineyard from which it was born, the pleasure is not new, only keener than before. But in this other book it is wholly new. A breath fresh with the snows late fallen from heaven blows from Olympus and Pindus, where the Greek Klepht, stately if not serene as the gods who there in olden days feasted at the golden tables, waged a war which, for the traits of individual heroism that signalized it, and the indomitable love of freedom that made it glorious, might have made Greece more proud in her day of highest pride.

This mountain life has always given one aspect to the men driven into the natural fastnesses, to keep off those who would not allow that they should breathe heaven's air and be cheered by its light at their pleasure. The flashing eye, the body hardened to pain and famine, the light hold on life, the eagle gaze at death, the sudden love, the steadfast hate, the readiness of resource, and the carelessness of plan, these mark the wild chamois gesture of man, who seeks not to be rich, be great, or wise, or holy, but simply to be free. A small portion this of his proper life; yet to see him vindicate it gives the same pleasure as the instinctive motion of the infant, or the career of the wind.

The whortleberry, not the grape, is the fruit that expresses what these ballads are. I abridge an account of their origin from Müller's introduction.

“ We have here a poetry of the people in the truest sense of the name; a voice from the people in which nothing vibrates, but what can be felt and understood by every Greek; a poesy

which neither has its birth nor death on paper; but springing up as living song, hovers on the same wings from mouth to mouth, and dies away entirely, when the period is past whose spirit and thought were expressed by it.

“The modern Greek lays of this class may be divided into domestic, historical, and romantic or ideal; that is to say, those of which the material is not taken from the actual life, either of the past or the present.

“Among the domestic we count all those made to be sung at household festivals. The feast days, which are especially commemorated in such, are the day of the holy Basilius, and the first of March.”

Of the latter the account is very interesting. The swallow's song, sung on this day by little boys, who carry a wooden effigy of the bird from door to door, is peculiarly charming. But of these and the songs of betrothal, of marriage, and mourning the account must be omitted. I have room only for this passage which exhibits one of the most interesting features of national character.

“The desire for knowledge, persecutions, or the need of gaining and assuring a maintenance, for which his own country affords little opportunity, these and similar motives and circumstances compel many Greeks to leave their home for a long time, and nothing is so tragical to them as this freewill banishment. The Greek clings with a love so tender to the land of his birth, that he, despite all dangers and ill treatment to which he is there exposed from his barbarous rulers, can find nowhere else a heaven on the earth, and regards each foreign land as a place of exile and sorrow. But what makes still sadder to the Greek a separation from his home and those he loves, is his uncertainty as to their destiny during his absence. Shall he ever see them again? Will the Turk leave his house and kin unassailed during his absence? The same apprehensions are in the hearts of those he is leaving behind; for they feel that their lives, honor, and fortunes are in the hands of rude tyrants.

“Hence may be explained the solemn observance shown to the day when the Greek takes leave of his familiar circle. His friends and relations assemble in his house, partake with him the last meal, and then accompany him some miles on his way. Songs are usual on this occasion, some sung at the table, others as they go with him on his way. Many of these are handed down from ancient time, and common through all Greece; others applicable to the present occasion and locality

alone. Often, songs are improvised by members of the family. These farewell songs are of a most pathetic cadence, and exercise a power over the Greeks, almost beyond belief elsewhere, as the following history bears witness.

“In the district of Zagori, near the old Pindus, lived a family to which three brothers belonged, the youngest of whom, by a singular variation from the usual order of nature, was an object of aversion to his mother. After he had long, in silent submission, endured her unjust severity, he, at last, resolved to seek happiness at a distance. He announced his intention to go to Adrianople. The usual solemnity of the banquet passed, his friends accompanied the youth five miles, and then halted to take leave in a wild valley of Pindus. After several relations and friends had sung their songs, the poor youth ascended a high rock and sang one composed by himself, in which he had painted in the most tender manner his sorrow at leaving the fatherland, and all whom he loved, but worst of all, leaving in his home a mother who did not love him. This poem, sung with deep emotion, enhanced by the sad loneliness of the place, and the accompaniments of the scene, conquered at last the heart of the mother. While they all wept, she rushed to the arms of her son, and promised in future to be a better mother to him. And she kept her word.”

The festivals of marriage and mourning have given occasion for fine songs ; but I pass on to the historical, which are the most interesting of all.

“Among these the most numerous and expressive are the Klepht or Robber songs, celebrating the exploits of those in combat with the soldiers of the Pachas and Beys. To understand these it is necessary to know the political and social relations on which the origin and power of these robber-bands rest.

“Klepht originally meant Robber ; but since it has been applied to the heroes of the Greek mountains, the word has gained a new and noble meaning.

“In part they were from the native Greek militia, Armatoli, who, on occasions of extraordinary aggression or treachery from the Turk, would fly to the mountains, and there make a stand against his power. These Armatoli, are bred to the use of arms ; their weapons are handed down from father to son. They are, therefore, not unprepared for this mode of life.”

“A different occasion called out the Armatoli of Thessaly. When the conquering Turk broke in here, the dwellers of the fruitful plain bent to the yoke without resistance. But the shepherds of Olympus, of Pelion, of the Thessalian ridges connected with Pindus, and the heights which now bear the name

of Agrapha, refused to yield. With arms in hand, they often rushed down from their natural fortresses on the cultivated plains and rich cities, and plundered the conquerors, and also, sometimes, those to whose cowardice they thought the national shame and sorrow were due. Thus they received the name of Klepht, given at first by their foes as a term of abuse, but which they willingly adopted and used with pride, to distinguish themselves from the peaceful Rajas of the plain, the slaves of the Turk. Thus in these ballads it is obvious that they use this name as a title of honor.

“The Turks were soon weary of living in perpetual war with these Klephts, a war in which they alone could be the losers, as complete victory would have added nothing of value to their possessions. They offered them peace on such conditions as most of the Klephts were willing to accept, leaving them the right to govern themselves by their own laws, to live independent in their mountain districts, to bear arms for their own defence, only paying for these privileges a small tribute to the Turkish government. Some of the inhabitants of the wildest and least accessible heights refused even this, and have maintained absolute freedom down to this time.”

Those who accepted the treaty banded themselves again under the name of Armatoliks. The remaining Klephts lived in hamlets in the recesses of the mountains. But soon the Turks found that too much had been granted, and a course began of treachery and indirect tyranny, which was continually rousing the resistance of those who had submitted; so that, often, an Armatolik would fly again to the mountains, and a band of well disposed Pallikaris* be turned into Klephts in a day.

Thus began a course of romantic and ceaseless warfare. The Klepht, on his guard all the time against his treacherous and powerful foe, with no friends, but his sword, his mountains, and his courage, was trained to the utmost hardihood, agility, presence of mind, and brilliant invention. In self-reliance and power of endurance he was like our Indians. The spirit in which he looks on life and nature is the same; but his poetical enjoyment of his wild life is keen, as befits the mercurial Greek.

A thousand interesting details might be gathered from

* Name given to each member of the band. The lieutenant was chief or first Pallikari.

the introduction and notes of Müller ; but I must hasten to let the ballads tell their own story.

These songs are sometimes composed by the Klephts themselves, but more generally by blind beggars, who seem to have copied the part of the ancient Rhapsodists with a fidelity somewhat astonishing.

There are few beggars in Greece, for almost all can find a sustenance. The blind are an exception ; yet these even cannot with correctness be said to live on charity. For the songs with which they entertain the people are as needful and as valuable to lives like theirs, as anything that can be bought with gold. These blind, both on the continent and in the islands, learn as many popular songs as they can, and wander with them from city to city, from hamlet to hamlet, rather preferring the latter. They prefer stopping near the gates, or in the suburbs, where they readily find a circle of hearers. Everywhere they seek the common people. The Turks never listen to them, partly from a disdainful insensibility, partly because they do not understand Greek.

They sing to the accompaniment of an instrument which retains the form and the name of the ancient lyre. It is played with a bow ; and when complete has five strings, but more frequently only two or three are seen. For the most part they wander about singly, but sometimes they unite to form choruses for their songs.

These Rhapsodists may be divided into two classes. The one, and naturally the most numerous, is satisfied with learning and reciting the songs of others ; the second and higher class has also the gift of composition ; these sing both the lays of others and their own. Always on the watch for some new story, they never lack materials in the state of things we have described.

They use all subjects likely to be popular ; but among these the stratagems and exploits of the Klephts are the favorites, and in regard to them they deserve the name of Annalists. Many of them compose their own music as well as verse.

Among the blind Rhapsodists is found here and there one able to improvise his songs. Towards the end of the last century there was such an Improvisatore in Ampelakia of Thessaly not far from Mount Ossa, who was of high celebrity. He was named Gavojannis, the blind Johannes, and

lived to a great age. He improvised with facility on any theme that was given him. He knew a vast number of histories of the Klephts. Being distinguished above others of his craft, both for his richness in subjects, and his manner of treating them, he fixed his abode in this place, and became a *sitting* Rhapsodist. People were very willing to come to him ; and Albanians in the pay of the Pacha paid him often a high price to celebrate them in a few verses.

In the memories of these old men then, and of women, have been preserved the lays which describe the life of the mountaineers, their watch by day, and their enjoyments by night ; for in the dark they are secure from those who do not know the paths like themselves ; their beautiful costume, and fine observances, both of domestic feeling and superstition, their brilliant valor in sallies upon the enemy, their stern pride when taken captive, and the wild breeze of the mountains sweeps through all the simple verse, there is no trace of any life but their own.

The ballads are often fragments, both because parts have sometimes been lost, and because the heroes were so well known to the audience that there was no need of any introduction to the bare fact. Sometimes the narrator is a bird, or three birds talk together, as in one of the oldest called,

CHRISTOS MILIONIS.

Three birds lighted down there in the camp upon the hill,
 The one looked towards Armyros, the other towards Valtos,
 The third, that which the fairest is, laments and cries,
 My lord, what has become of Christos Milionis ?
 He is not to be seen in Valtos nor in Kryavrisiss.
 They tell us he has gone out towards Arta,
 And there has taken captive the Cadi, the two Agas ;
 And when the Moslem heard that, he was high in wrath.
 He called to Mauromartis and Muktar Klissara :
 You, if you would have bread, if you would have high honors,
 Go and slay Christos for me, the Captain Milionis !
 This command the Sultan gave and sent out his Firman.
 Friday's sun rose up, O had it never shone !
 And Soliman was sent, to go forth and seek him.
 He met him by Armyros, as friends they both paid greeting ;
 They drank together all night through, till day began to dawn,
 Then called Soliman to the Captain Milionis :

Christos, the Sultan sends for thee, and the Agas they must
have thee!

So long as Christos lives, he bows not to the Turk.
Then they ran upon one another with their guns,
Fire upon fire they gave and fell upon the spot.

BUKOVALLAS.

What noise is that which rises there? What is that great alarum?

Are they killing oxen? Are they fighting with wild beasts?

No: they are not killing oxen, not fighting with wild beasts.
Bukovallas stands in fight against a thousand and five hundred,
Between Kerassovon and the town of Kenuria.

A fair maiden looks out from a window of the house;

Johannes, stop the fight, stop awhile the shooting,

Let the dust sink to the ground, let the smoke fleet away,

That we may count the troop and see how many fail.

The Turks counted theirs three times and five hundred failed,

The sons of Robbers counted theirs, and but three braves were
absent;

One was gone to fetch us water, one for bread,

The third and the bravest lies there on his gun.

They use, like our Indians, the word brave, braves, as
the highest title for a man. The Grave of Dimos also
corresponds with the thought of the "Blackbird's Grave,"
as related by Catlin.

THE GRAVE OF DIMOS.

The sun is sinking now, and Dimos gives command,
Bring water, children, and partake the evening meal,
And thou, Lampraki, nephew mine, sit down here by my side,
Here take my arms and be their leader now.

But you, my children, take my orphaned sword,

Go, hew green boughs, and with them make my bed,

And bring a father confessor, that I may tell all sins

That I have ever done, and be by him absolved.

Was Armatole for thirty years, for twenty was I Klepht,

And now the death hour comes, and this hour I will die,

O make my grave and make it a broad and high one,

In which I could stand up to fight, and load my gun in the
middle,

And on the right side leave for me a little window open,

At which the swallows may fly in to tell me when the spring
comes,

And where in fair May moons the nightingales may sing.

They resemble the Indians, too, in their treatment of prisoners; and that they showed the same respect to women is proved by the haughty conduct of the female captive in the following ballad.

SKYLLODIMOS.

Skyllodimos sat at supper beneath the lofty fir-trees;
 At his side he had Irene, that she might fill his wine.
 Pour out, O fair Irene, be my cupbearer till daybreak,
 Until the morning star shall rise, the Pleiades shall set,
 When I may send thee home with ten of these my braves.
 Dimos, I am not thy slave, to fill the cup for thee.
 I am the bride of a Proestos, the daughter of an Archon,
 And see at break of day two wanderers approach;
 Their beards are long, their faces black, and they greet Skyllodimos,
 O Skyllodimos, a good day. O Wanderers, you are welcome,
 But, wandering strangers, how knew ye that I am Skyllodimos?
 We bring thee words of love from thy own absent brother,
 We saw him in Janina, we saw him in his prison;
 On his hands were chains, and on his feet were fetters.
 Then Dimos wept aloud, rose quickly to depart;
 Where art thou going, Dimos, whither, O valiant Captain?
 It is thy brother's self, come here, that he may kiss thee.
 And then the Captain knew him and took him in his arms,
 They kissed each other tenderly both on the eyes and lips;
 And now asked Dimos him, thus spake he to his brother,
 Come here, my brother sweet, sit here and tell thy story;
 How hast thou so escaped the hands of the Albanians?
 By night I loosed my hands, I drew off both the fetters,
 I broke the iron bar in two and leaped into the trench,
 I found a little bark and rowed upon the lake,
 Last night I left Janina and reached the mountains.

“ Skillodimos was the name of an ancient Armatoli family in Akarnania. In later times there were four brothers of the name, two of whom are introduced in this song. The one who appears here as the robber captain was not of much celebrity. The youngest, Spyros Skillodimos, is properly the hero of the lay. In 1865 he fell into the hands of Ali Pacha, who shut him up in a subterranean dungeon of the castle of Janina. Many months this unfortunate dragged his chains from side to side in the mud of his narrow dungeon. At last by the help of

a file, of his long girdle and wonderful agility, he reached and sprang from a window of the tower in which his prison was. But a wide and deep piece of water surrounds the castle of Janina, and Skillodimos was forced to pass three winter days and nights in the swamps overgrown with reeds which border it, before he could find a bark to take him across. Afterwards, through the most difficult paths he found his way to the mountains of Akarnania."

The few lines on Kontoghiannis point to a noble life.

INSCRIPTION ON THE SWORD OF KONTOGHIANNIS.

Who trembles not at tyrants' word,
Frankly and freely walks the earth,
Esteems his fame than life more worth,
To him alone belongs this sword.

KONTOGHIANNIS. A FRAGMENT.

What has befallen Gura's hills, that they so mournful stand?
Has the hail laid them waste? Presses them the hard winter?
No hail has laid them waste, presses them no hard winter;
Kontoghiannis wages war in winter as in summer.

This refers to one known from her connexion with the hero, and is worthy of reading for its own beauty.

THE SORROWFUL EMBASSY.

She sleeps, wife of the noble captain, son of Kontoghiannis,
Under a golden coverlet, and gold-embroidered sheets.
I am afraid to wake her, I dare not tell her,
So I will take nutmegs and throw at her;
Perhaps she will feel the perfume and awake.
And see by the perfume of the many nuts
The noble captain's wife is waked, and asks with sweet tongue,
What bringest thou for news from our captains?
I bring bitter news from our captains;
Nicholas is a captive, Constantine is wounded:—
Where is my mother? Come to me, come, and hold my temples,
And bind them, bind them hard while I sing the mourning song.
For which of both shall I weep first, for which sing the mourning song?
I weep for them, for Constantine, for Nicholas, for both
Were flags upon the heights and banners in the field.

The mountains find a brave clear voice.

OLYMPOS.

Olympos and Kissavos* the two high peaks were striving ;
 Olympos turns itself to Kissavos, and says,
 Strive not with me, Kissavos, thou trodden in the dust,
 I am the old Olympos, through the wide world so famous,
 With two and forty peaks, with two and sixty sources,
 Beside each source a banner waves, by each tree stands a Klepht,
 And on my highest summit there is an eagle sitting,
 And in his talons holds he fast the head of a dead hero.
 "O Head, what hast thou done? tell me how didst thou sin?
 Eat, Eagle, feed thee on my youth, feed on my strength and
 valor,

Till thy wings be ell-thick, and span-thick be thy talons,
 In Luros and Xeromeros I was an Armatole,
 In Chasia and on this mount, twelve years long a Klepht,
 Sixty Agas have I slain and burnt, too, all their hamlets,
 And what I left upon the place, both Turks and Albanese
 So many were they, bird of mine, that they cannot be numbered ;
 Yet at the last to me the lot came too, at last I fell in battle."

The following presents a new Penelope.

KALIAKUDAS.

Were I a bird that I might fly, might hover in the air,
 Then I might seek another land, seek Ithaca the lonely,
 That I might hear Lukina, might hear the wedded wife of Lukas,
 How there she weeps and mourns, dark tears in streams out-
 pouring ;

She like a partridge hangs the head, unfeathered like a duck,
 She wears a robe that is as black as is the raven's wing,
 At her window sits she, out-gazing o'er the sea,
 The skiffs as they sail by she questions every one,
 Ye barks, who sail so swift, ye golden Brigantines,
 Have ye not seen my husband, seen Lukas Kaliakudas?
 Last night we left him, left him beyond Gaurolimi,
 His band were roasting lambs, roasting wethers at the fire,
 And they had with them Agas five to turn around the spits.

This might serve as a battle song.

STERGIOS.

Although the passes Turkish be beset by the Albanians,
 So long as Stergios lives, he cares not for the Pachas ;

* Kissavos is the Ossa of the ancients.

So long as snow falls on the hills we yield not to the Turk,
 Up, let us make our camp where wolves have found their home ;
 In cities on the plains among the rocks dwell slaves,
 The valiant have their city in clefts of desert rocks ;
 O rather with the wild beasts dwell than with the Turk.

The Suliote war furnishes ballads enough to make a Homeric canto by itself. Here the women play their part, as heroines. Throughout the ballads their position is commanding, living constantly in the open air, their beauty is healthy and majestic. The uncertainties and dangers which beset their lives, while taking from them their natural office of making home quiet and lovely for the rest of man, develop the higher qualities of generous love, fortitude, and a ready helpfulness. The maiden is sometimes introduced feeding the horse of her lover, sometimes with the gun in her hand. The following describe women with accessories that fit them as well as the harp, or the work-table.

TSAVELLINA.

There came a little bird and sat upon the bridge,
 It mourns in a loud voice and speaks, it speaks to Ali Pacha ;
 This is not thy Janina, not here the waters of Janina,
 This is not Prevesa, where thou canst build thy fortress ;
 No ! this is the famous Suli, Suli the high-famed,
 Where little children stand in fight, and women, and maidens,
 Where Tsavellina stands in fight, the steel in her right hand,
 The nursling in one arm, in the other the gun,
 Her apron full of cartridges, walks she in the sight of all.

THE DEATH OF DESPO.

A great sound is heard, many gunshots fall ;
 Are they shooting at a marriage, shooting at a feast of joy ?
 They are shooting at no marriage here, at no feast of joy ;
 It is Despo who fights, with her daughters in law and daughters,
 She was besieged in the tower of Dimulas by the Albanians.
 Give up thy arms, thou wife of Georgos, thou art not in Suli,
 Thou art the slave of the Pacha, the slave of the Albanians.
 Has Suli laid down arms, and is Kiapha Turkish ?
 Never yet had Despo, never will have Turks for masters !
 She seizes a firebrand, calls to daughters in law and daughters,
 Let us not go into slavery, up, children, up and follow me !
 And she throws fire into the powder, and all perish in the flames.

A SULIOTE-FIGHT.

There in Tseritsana on the high borders of Suli,
 There by the old hill chapel stand the Bulumbashaws,
 And look down on the fight to see how Suliotes fight,
 How little children stand in fight, and women with the men,
 And the captain Kutsonikas called down from his post,
 O my children, stand your ground! O stand like valiant men,
 For Muktar Pacha comes, and with him come twelve thousand.
 Then he turned about and called to the Turks,
 Where goest thou, Muktar Pacha, whither thou rascal Turk?
 Here is not Chormovon, here not Saint Basilis,
 Where you make children slaves, where you take women cap-
 tives,
 This is the bad Suli, famous through the world,
 Where Tsavellina stands in fight, like a worthy hero,
 She carries in her apron cartridges, and in her hand the sabre,
 And with her loaded gun she goes before them all.

ANOTHER.

The priest's wife called down, down from Avarikos,
 Where are you, children of Bozzaris? Where, children of
 Lampros?
 Many black clouds draw hither with horses and with men;
 It is not one, it is not two, it is not three and five,
 But there are eighteen thousand, truly nineteen thousand,
 Let come the Turkish pack. What hurt can they do us?
 Let them come and see a fight, and see the Suliote guns,
 Learn to know the gun of Georgos, know the sword of Lampros,
 And the arms of Suliote women, of the farfamed Chaido!
 When the fight had begun, and the guns were flashing,
 Then called Lampro Tsavellas to Bozzaris and Zervas,
 Now let come the time of sabres, let alone the guns,
 But Bozzaris answered down from his post,
 The time of sabres, shouted he, is not yet come,
 Stay yet in the thicket and hold fast to the rocks,
 For there are many Turks, and few Suliotes.
 Now cries the clear voice of Tsavellas to his braves,
 Shall we await them longer, the Albanian dogs?
 Then they all broke the sheaths of their sabres,
 And chased the Turks before them like goats.
 Veli Pacha called to them not to turn their backs,
 And they answered him with tears in their eyes,
 This is not Delvino, we are not in Vidini,
 No, this is the famed Suli, famed throughout the world,
 This is the sword of Lampros, bathed in Turkish blood,

He is the cause that all Albania wears black mourning garments,
That mothers for their children weep, and wives for their husbands.

These give a specimen of the Suliote ballads which are all radiant with the same spirit. The war lasted twelve years.

“The mountain range of Suli is in that part of ancient Epirus, formerly called Thesprotia, and now Chamuri, and extends eastward out of the great mountain range of Mezzovo from the banks of the Acheron, or Mauropotamos. Vehement torrents rush down from the rock chasms to the valley, through which this stream flows, and among them the Suli, probably the Selleis of the ancients is the most considerable. A hundred and fifty years ago shepherds fled with their flocks from the country of Gardiki in Albania into this wild mountainous district, to escape the ill treatment of the Turks. They were joined by others persecuted or discontented, and in the course of a few years these fugitives had formed a community of the Patriarchal kind, whose point of union was a hamlet which took the name of the mountain chain and district. In the year 1792, this little independent state offered triumphant defiance to the powers of the dreaded tyrant of Epirus, waged constant war with him, and were subjugated and destroyed at last by treachery, not valor. The few Suliotes, who survived the conquest of their mountain fastnesses, retired to the Ionian isles and enlisted beneath the French or Prussian banners against the barbarous oppressor of their country. To these belonged the Leonidas of Karpenissi, Marco Bozzaris.

“Suli seems intended by nature herself for a mountain citadel of freedom. Long, deep ravines, narrow, winding passes, high, steep rock-walls are nowhere interspersed by a fertile spot, likely to allure the step of a conqueror. The hamlets of the Suliotes, eighteen in number, lay partly on the mountain peaks, partly in the strips of vale between. The oldest were Suli, or Kako Suli, Avarikos, Samoniva, Kiapha, and Kaki-Kiapha, together named Tetrachorion, which, from their situation on the ridge of a steep rock to which only one pass led, winding with many and long turns, were the chief fortresses of the Suliotes, being provided with walls and towers by the giant hand of nature. The Heptachorion was composed of seven hamlets, colonies of the before-named, and included the plain at the foot of the mountain. The eleven hamlets included the proper race of Suliotes; but with these were connected fifty or sixty little villages in the vicinity, inhabited by a mixture of Greeks and Albanians, who under the name of Parasuliotes stood in a servicable relation to the mountaineers.

“The population of the eleven hamlets never were above five thousand, and half of these lived in the chief village, Suli. Their government was wholly Patriarchal. A union of several families formed a Phara. Sali counted eight hundred families, and these were divided into forty-seven Pharas. Each family had its head, and the oldest and wisest of these was chief of the Phara. There were in Suli neither written laws, nor courts of justice; the customs of their fathers stood to them in place of the former, and all strifes were composed by the heads of families and of the Phara.

“This arrangement held good in war as in peace. The heads of the family commanded their own in battle, the heads of the Phara these. When a foe approached their borders, the dwellers of the plain fled to the hills. No plan was made for the war, but each Suliote was trained from his childhood to use the gun and sabre he inherited, and knew every cleft and den of his native mountains, as a fox his hole. So each one stood for and by himself, as in the old hero-wars; and only this unity was among them, that they all fought for one cause, for their freedom and fatherland, for their women and children, and the graves of their ancestors. There were never more than fifteen hundred fighting men engaged against the Pacha. They fought on foot, for their country afforded no pasture for horses.

“The women followed the men to the fight; they carried the provisions and ammunition, and when there was need, often took an active part, as we see Moscho, the wife of Lampros Tsavellas, in these songs.

“The war of Ali Pacha with the Suliotes lasted, without much intermission, from 1792 till 1804, and ended in the surrender of their fastnesses to Veli Pacha, the son of Ali, who availed himself of the treaty to fall on the remnant of their fighting men, on their way to the seacoast, exhausted by long famine, and almost wholly to destroy them. Then it was that in the district of Zalongos the mothers of the Suliotes threw their children down the precipices, and, hand in hand, sprang after them, for no choice remained except between death and slavery.

“After the massacre, the Turks hastened to Reniassa, where there were left only women and children. In this hamlet is a tower, called the tower of Dimulas. The Suliote, Georgos Botsis, to whom this tower belonged, was absent, and only his wife Despo was there with seven daughters and sons' wives, and three children. When these eight Suliote women saw the foe approaching, they armed themselves and received them with gun-shot. But they soon found defence would only avail them a short time longer. Then Despo called them all together, and asked, holding a firebrand in her hand, ‘Will you rather die, or

be slaves to the Turks? Die, they called out with one accord, and Despo threw the brand into a chest full of cartridges. The tower flew into the air with its garrison of women, the children, and the nearest Turks. The Suliote ballads conclude with that on the heroine Despo."

What success might be expected to follow from the policy which bore such fruit, this story shows.

"Ali Pacha, who had had the best opportunity for knowing Klephts, did not undervalue his foe. After a long course of treacherous intrigues, not succeeding in exterminating, he resolved to win them to be his instruments. In 1805, he invited the Klephtish chiefs from all parts of Greece to Karpenissi in Ætolia, with the purpose of making permanent peace with them. They did not refuse to come, and they met, the generals of the Pacha with their troops, the Klepht-captains with their Pallikaris. Jussuf, the Arab, Ali's foster brother, the most dreaded official of the tyrant, and the worst foe of the Klephts, was astonished at their number, knowing better than any what their losses had been, and turning to the captain Athanasius, with whom he had formerly been acquainted, he said; 'How is it that, when we have waged incessant war upon you these five years, your bands are as numerous as ever?' 'Seest thou,' replied the captain, 'these five young men in the front rank of my right wing? Two of these are brothers, two cousins, and one the friend of one of my braves whom you put to death. All five flew to me, that they might take vengeance, under my banner, for the death of their friend and kinsman. Yet some years of persecution and war, and all Greece will be with us.'"

These truly Homeric Greeks know little about their forebears in the olden time that Homer sung, neither have they heard of the heroes of the Persian wars, and they know nothing of the gods and goddesses, who once were supposed to dwell on the very mountains that are their homes. Olympus, Pindus are names that to them speak only of fresh breezes, starlight nights, of free joy, and a homefelt delight that even the wild crag is their own. A few traces of the old mythology linger still, mixed up with their own superstitions. Charon is known to them; and in his old capacity, though now exercised on the firm land, and in new circumstances.

THE SHEPHERD AND CHARON.

A bold gay lad was coming down from the high mountain,
 His cap was put on sideways, and his hair was braided,
 Charon who was waiting for him on the high peak,
 Went down into the valley and met him there,
 O young man, say, whence comest thou? O young man
 whither goest?—

I come from my herd, I am going to my house,
 I shall take there a loaf and then go back.—
 But God has sent me down here to take away thy soul.—
 O Charon let me free, I pray thee, let me live,
 I have at home a young wife, she is not fit for a widow,
 If she walked lightly, they would say she sought another hus-
 band,
 If she walked slowly, they would say, that she was proud.
 I have also little children, and they would be orphans.—
 But Charon would not hear, and tried to take him.—
 O Charon, if thou wilt not hear, and art resolved to take me,
 Come, let us wrestle here upon this marble rock,
 And if thou art the victor, Charon, take my soul,
 If I should get the better, go thou where thou wilt.—
 Then they came and wrestled from morning to midday,
 And not till the vesper hour, could Charon throw him down.

THE MAIDEN AND CHARON.

A young maiden boasted that she was not afraid of Charon,
 Because she had nine brothers and Kostas for her betrothed,
 Who had many great houses, also four palaces,
 And Charon was a little bird, like a black swallow,
 He flew past and shot his dart into the heart of the young maiden.
 And then her mother wept, thus bewailed her mother,
 O Charon, how thou mak'st me mourn for my one daughter,
 For my one only one, for my fair daughter.
 And see, then came Kostas from a valley of the mountain,
 With him five hundred men and sixty-two musicians.
 Stop the marriage jubilee. Stop awhile the music,
 I see a cross at the door of my father-in-law,
 One of my new brothers may be wounded,
 Or my father-in-law is dead, or else perhaps his father.
 He spurs his black steed, he gallops to the church,
 He finds the sacristan digging a grave,
 O Sacristan, be greeted, for whom is that grave?
 For the fair maiden, her with the dark eyes,
 She who had nine brothers, and Kostas for her bridegroom,
 He who has many great houses, also four palaces.

O Sacristan, I pray thee dig the grave
 A little wider, large enough for two to lie there.
 He drew out his golden sword, and thrust it into his heart,
 And they both were buried in one grave together.

Here love works with exactly the opposite result, to that marked by Wordsworth on a similar occasion.

“O mercy, to myself I cried,
 If Lucy should be dead.”

Both are equally true to nature. The treasure of the heart seems so precious that it cannot remain with us, we tremble every moment lest some conspiracy of Fate and Time should break out to deprive us of it. — Again, it seems so truly all that we need, the complement of our being, the only means of life to us, and the only reality, that it seems more possible for any and all objects to totter and fall into dust than this *one* only one.

I have seen notices of the following; perhaps it is known to many.

CHARON AND THE SOULS.

Why are the hills so black in their mourning robes?
 Is it because the stormwind blows, and the rain beats upon them?
 No! the stormwind does not blow, nor the rain beat upon them,
 Charon is passing over with a band of the dead,
 He drives the young, foremost, and behind, the old,
 And he holds upon his saddle the tender children.
 The old pray to him, the young supplicate him,
 O dear Charon, stop in the village, stop at the cool fountain.
 I will not stop at the village, nor at the cool fountain,
 Mothers who go there for water would know their children,
 And man and wife would know one another, and could not be
 separated.

THE VOICE OF THE GRAVE.

All Saturday we were carousing, all the dear Sunday,
 And, when Monday morning came, all our wine was gone,
 Then the captain bade me go and bring more wine.
 A stranger am I, I know not the paths,
 And went into wrong ways, and untrodden paths,
 One of these took me up a high hill,
 All covered with graves, the graves of the valiant;
 A single one stood alone, away from the others,

I saw it not, I stepped on it and stood at the head,
 Then heard I from the lower world a cry and a thundering.
 Why dost thou moan so, grave? Why dost thou sigh so deeply?
 Do the clods press hard, or the black stone-plate?
 The clods press not hard, nor the black plate,
 But I have grief and shame and a great cumber,
 That thou despisest me, thus to step on my head;
 Was I not also a young man? Was I not a brave?
 Have not I too wandered abroad in the moonlight?

Here is a Romaic Lochinvar.

As lately I was sitting and drinking at my marble table,
 My horse neighed loud, my sabre clashed;
 And my heart understood it well, my love is given in marriage,
 They are giving her in marriage to another,
 They bless her, they crown her with another man.
 I went out to my horses, to my five and seventy,
 Which is there of my horses, of my five and seventy,
 Which like a flash flies to the east, and again is in the west?
 And none of them would answer, none would promise,
 But an old horse, covered with forty wounds,
 Said, I am old and unseemly, not fit for a journey,
 But I will go the long way for my fair mistress,
 Who has fed me kindly from her round apron,
 Who has carefully given me drink from her joined hands.

He saddles quick his horse, he quickly rides away,
 O! wind, my master, round the head a cloth seven ells long,
 And be not like a dainty youth, but use the spurs,
 Else soon I shall feel my youth like a foal,
 And scatter your brains over nine ells of land.
 He gives the switch to his horse and it runs forty miles,
 He gives it a second time, then runs it five and forty,
 And on the way as he rode, he prayed to God,
 Let me find my father pruning vines in his vineyard;
 He spoke it like a Christian, he was heard as a saint,
 He found his father pruning vines in the vineyard.
 Hail to thee, old man, all good be with thee, to whom belongs
 this vineyard?

To woe, alas, to dark grief, to Jannes, my son,
 To day they give his love to another wooer,
 They bless her, they crown her with another man.
 O say to me, old man, shall I find her at table?
 If thou hast a swift horse thou may'st find her at table,
 If thou hast a slow horse, thou wilt find her at the marriage.
 He gives the switch to his horse and it runs forty miles,

He gives it a second time, then runs it five and forty,
 And on the way as he rode he prayed to God,
 Let me find my mother, watering her garden,
 He spoke like a Christian, he was heard as a saint,
 And he found his mother, watering her garden ;
 Hail, mother, good be with thee. To whom belongs this garden ?

To woe, alas, to dark grief, to Jannes, my son,
 To-day they give his love to another wooer,
 They bless her, they crown her with another man.
 O say to me, mother, shall I find her at table ?
 If thou hast a swift horse, thou wilt find her at table,
 If a slow horse, thou wilt find her at the marriage.
 He gives the switch to his horse, and it runs forty miles,
 Gives it a second time, the horse runs five and forty.

The horse began to neigh, and the maiden knew him,
 O my bride, who speaks with thee ? Who holds talk with thee ?
 My first brother is it, he brings the bridal presents.
 If it is thy first brother, go and fill the cup for him,
 If it is thy first bridegroom, I will come and kill him.
 Truly, it is my first brother, he brings the bridal presents.
 Then took she a gold goblet and went out to fill for him,
 Stand on my right, fair bride, fill the cup with the left.
 And the horse knelt, and up sprang the maiden,
 He flies away swift as the wind, the Turks take their guns,
 But the horse they saw no more, not even the dust,
 Who had a swift horse, he saw the dust,
 Who had a slow horse saw not even the dust.

How children love these repetitions which keep up the cadence of the thought, and make the ballad or fairy story musical as ripple after ripple on some little lake !

There are many pretty poems of a playful sort. The Greek grace is seen in these, just as when in the age of Pericles they prefaced the keenest irony with, O best one.

I go into a garden, find an apple tree
 Richly laden with apples, in the top sits a maiden ;
 I say to her, come down and let us be friends,
 But she plucks the apples and stones me with them.

The Wish is only to be paralleled in its range with

“ Ye gods annihilate both time and space,
 And make two lovers happy.”

Here below, in the neighborhood, below in the street,
 There dwells an old woman with an old man ;
 She has a cross dog, and a fair daughter,
 Heavens ! might the old woman only die with the old man,
 And were the dog poisoned too, I might have the maid.

THE CURSE.

My loved, golden, clear moon, now sinking to thy rest,
 Take a greeting to my dearest, the conqueror of my heart.
 He kissed me and said, I will never leave thee,
 And now he has left me, like stubble on the empty field,
 Like a church under ban, like a ruined city.
 I meant to curse him, but I feel tenderness again,
 Yet better is it that I curse. Heaven do as it will,
 With my sighs, my pains, with flames and curses,
 If he climb a cypress tree to pluck its flower ;
 May he fall from the top, fall to the ground,
 May he break in two, like glass, may he melt, like wax !
 Feel the Turk's sabre and the dagger of the Frank !
 Have five doctors to hold him, ten to heal him !

ANOTHER.

I passed by thy door and saw thee in anger,
 Thy head lay down-sunken on thy right cheek,
 Then my heart beat so high that I must ask thee,
 What grief thou hast at heart, that I may bring thee comfort.
 Why dost thou ask, false one ? Well thou knowest what,
 Since thou hast forsaken me and gone after another.
 My dove, who has said that ? Who, my cool fountain ?
 My love, he who has said that may he die this very week !
 If the Sun said it, let him be quenched, if a star let it fall down !
 And if a maiden said it, may she find no wooer !

DISCOVERY OF LOVE.

O maiden when we met, 't was night, who could have seen us ?
 Night saw us, and dawn, the moon, and the stars,
 And from the sky fell a star that told it to the sea,
 The sea told it to the oar, the oar to the sailor,
 And the sailor told it at the door of his love.

“ The sailor told it to his fair,
 And she — she told it everywhere,”

is a modern addition.

The tenderness is just as graceful.

THE FAREWELL.

O thou my red pink, my blue hyacinth,
Bow thyself down to me, let me give thee a sweet kiss,
I must go from this land, my father bids me go.

O thou, my red pink, my blue hyacinth,
Bow thyself down to me, let me give thee a sweet kiss,
I must go from this land, my mother bids me go.

Come is the day and hour when we must part,
We shall not meet again, and, ah, my heart bleeds,
That we must part here and meet never again,
My eyes swim in tears, and turn about like wheels,
That we must part here and meet never again.

The dying chief cries,

Bird,
On thy wings let me write three black letters,
One to my mother, another to my sister,
The third and last to my ardently beloved;
The mother reads hers, and my sister weeps,
The sister reads hers, and my beloved weeps,
My beloved reads hers, and all the world must weep.

THE SAILOR.

He who has a daughter to be wooed and taken in marriage,
Let him give her to an old man rather than to a young sailor.
The sailor, the unhappy, has many griefs to suffer,
Who eats at noon, eats not at night, who makes his bed, but
sleeps not;

Unhappy the youth who lies sick upon the deck,
No mother looks upon him, no wife will bewail him,
He has no brother, has no sisters, has no human soul,
The captain only speaks to him, and the master of the vessel,
Heida, stand up thou sailor, thou well taught sailor,
Reckon now the right time to run into the haven.—
You say to me, stand up, stand up, I say to you, I cannot,
Come take hold of me and lift me up and let me sit down,
And bind two handkerchiefs hard about my head,
With my love's gold handkerchief bind my cheeks;
Now bring me the chart, the sorrowful chart,
See this mountain, this one here, and there above the other,
They have clouds about their heads and mists at their feet,
Go, and cast anchor there, — there is a deep haven,

The little anchor on the right, the cable on the left,
And cast the great anchor into the sea towards the south.
I pray my captain, and also the master of the ship,
That they will not bury me in church, nor in cloister,
No but on the sea beach, deep down in the sand.
Then will come the sailors, I shall hear their voices,
And the Yoho, at hauling in the anchor, Yoho casting it out.
Then his eyes closed and saw never more.

So we see the Greek did not fail to cast his eye on the blue sea, too.

Two of the best, *The Unexpected Marriage*, and the *Night Journey*, I saw long since translated by — Sheridan, with great spirit, but with that corruption of their native simple beauty to which a rhymed translation almost always leads.

The song of the Swallow, the Cradle songs, and one "serenade," even, contained in this volume, are of great beauty, but enough have been given to show the character of the whole. The account of the *Myriologia* corresponds with one of the same ceremonies in a province of France I think, that I saw not long since in a book of Balzac's, "*The Country Physician*." I suppose the account was meant to be received as stating facts. If it is authentic, the correspondence is striking.

"The poems on funeral occasions are, from their nature, improvisations, painting a new and fresh grief. There are indeed handed down for this purpose, certain forms and common-places in the introductions, transitions, and closes, but the varying circumstances oblige always to improvise under cover of these. They have a slow, dragging measure, ending in a high tone, as if to express the cry of grief. It is wonderful to see timid and ignorant women at once transformed into poets by these occasions. Grief which, among us, robs the weaker sex even of the power of speech, becomes with them the source of inspiration, of which they had felt no presage in themselves, and they find courage to express their deepest feelings before the crowd who have their eyes upon them, waiting to be agitated and roused to tender emotions.

"It is hardly necessary to say that not all the women of Greece exhibit this wonderful gift in like degree. Some are especially famed for it, and are invited to sing at the funerals of those with whom they are not connected. The women love to practise this art, while at work in the fields, singing their ex-

tempore laments in imaginary cases, sometimes for the loss of a friend or neighbor, sometimes of a flower, a bird, or a lamb.

"Few of these poems are preserved; they are the gift of the moment and pass away with it; the poetesses, themselves, can rarely remember what they have sung. Single thoughts or images remain in the memory of the hearers, but seldom the whole song. In the absence of the poems, the account given by a friend of one of these ceremonies, at which he was present, may be acceptable.

"A woman of Mezzovon on Pindos, about five and twenty years of age, had lost her husband, who had left her with two little children. She was a poor peasant of simple character, and had never been in the least remarked for her intellect. Leading her children by the hand, she appeared before the corpse, and began her song of sorrow by the story of a dream, which she addressed to the departed. 'A little while ago, she said, 'I saw, before the door of our house, a youth of majestic form, with a threatening aspect, and at his shoulders, white, outspread wings. He stood upon the threshold, with a drawn sword in his hand. 'Woman,' he asked, 'is thy husband in the house?' 'He is within,' I answered; 'he is combing our little Nicholas, and coaxing him that he may not cry. But go not in, terrible young man, go not in. Thou wouldst frighten our child.' But the youth, with the white wings, persisted that he would go in. I tried to push him back, but was not strong enough. He rushed into the house, he rushed on thee, my beloved, he struck thee with his sword, thee unhappy. And our son, the little Nicholas, too, he wished to kill.'

"After this beginning, whose tone, as she delivered it, made the hearers tremble, some of whom were looking to the door for the youth with the white wings, she threw herself sobbing on the body, and they with difficulty drew her away from it. Then while her little child clung sobbing to her knees, she renewed her song with still more inspiration. She asked her husband, how she should now live with their children; she reminded him of their wedding day, of all they had done together for their children, of her love for him, and did not cease till she sank exhausted to the ground, pale as the clay of him she bewailed."

The Irish wake, probably, degenerates in this country; but even here, the poor bricklayers and ditch-makers combine with its coarse sociality something of this poetical enjoyment. Only a few months since I heard from one of the most ignorant Irish, an account of a wake almost as poetic as that given above. It was that of a young hus-

band who left his widow with an infant child. She, too, threw herself on the body, and bewailed her fate with expressions and images of striking and simple beauty. All present were moved to tears. "He was a poor red-headed man, too," added my narrator. The Irish have a rich vein of feeling, and it runs in the same direction with that of these Greeks, though not, 'tis true, with so pure a wave. Indeed, wherever nature is not overlaid with decencies and phrases, a death is always of this poetic value, stimulating to deeper life, and a sincerer thought; it is one legible sentence in the volume of nature.

A few more details.

"The Klephts bivouacked and were upon their guard all day long, but at night they felt themselves secure and could lie down peacefully to sleep. Their beds were of leaves, and their goatskin dresses protected them against the rain. When they made a sally, they took the night for it, preferring a right dark and stormy one. Their march was so rapid that they seldom failed to fall unexpectedly on the enemy.

"The Klepht used the same arms as the *Armatole*, but was distinguished by a cord or sash around his waist, with which he bound those whom he took prisoners. They fought without any order, wherever they found a good post, whether a crag, a tree, or a heap of slaughtered foes. They fired standing or kneeling, and loaded again, lying on the back or side. When hemmed in and pressed hard, they seized their sabres and rushed upon the foe in a body.

"Their favorite amusement, when at leisure, was shooting at a mark, and in this they attained the greatest dexterity. They also practised throwing the *discus*, leaping, and running. Wonderful stories are told of their agility. It was said of the captain *Niko-Tzaras* that he could leap over seven horses, or even three wagons laden high with corn. Many could run as fast as a horse could gallop, and it was popularly said of the captain *Zacharias* that, when he ran, his heels touched his ears. To this great swiftness they were indebted for many an advantage over the Turks. They were equally remarkable for their power of enduring hunger, thirst, and tortures; although those to which they were put by the *Pachas*, were so cruel that they would, if possible, kill themselves rather than be dragged to a prison. Thus it was for them a natural greeting of kindness in festive hours to wish one another 'a good bullet,' meaning one which would hit the right spot and put an end to all uncertainties in a moment.

"Next to being taken captive nothing was dreaded more than

having the head cut off by the enemy, and carried away to be insulted and abused before all eyes. So it was, always, the most urgent and sacredly respected prayer to a brother in arms, to cut off the head of his slain friend, and carry it away from the Turks. This trait is often brought forward in the lays, — of one, only this passage is preserved. ‘Friend, take my head that the approaching enemy may not cut it off, and make a show for every passer by. My foes would see it, and their hearts would laugh for joy; my mother would see it and die of grief.’

“Naturally, they thought it a disgrace to die in a bed, deformed by slow sickness into an unhandsome corpse.

“It might be supposed that under such circumstances they would become savage and cruel, but it was not the case. If they reserved their prisoners for ransom, they treated them generously, women always with respect, even when their own families had been maltreated by the foe. If cruel to the men, it was always in retaliation for cruelty. Generally, though they gave not easily his life to the Turk, they put him to death on the spot, without inventing tortures, like those of Ali Pacha.

“They were most scrupulous in religious observances, in keeping the festivals of the church, and even often made long pilgrimages.

“The captain Blachavas went, as a pilgrim, to Jerusalem in his seventy-sixth year, with his gun at his back, and attended by his Protopallikari. He died, as he hoped he might, in the Holy Land. No inducement of honor or safety could make them apostates from their religion. Andrutzos, when offered his choice between the honors of Islamism and the pest-house, chose the latter.

“Their devotion in friendship was not to be surpassed; life was not felt by the Pallikari to be a great sacrifice for his chief, and the story of Diplas and Kartzantonis may vie with the beautiful fable of Orestes and Pylades.

“Those who consider comfort and peace necessary to the enjoyment of life may fancy the Klephts unhappy in their precarious and dangerous life amid the woods and mountains. On the contrary this life, full of adventure and variety, and passed in the open air, had such a charm for them, that few of those who submitted to the Pacha could endure the idle repose to which they had condemned themselves. They walked about, sad and downcast, often turning their longing eyes to the mountains, for which even the charming climate, safety, and freedom of the Ionian isles could not console them.

“Their mountains, though not so high as the Alps, or even the Pyrenees, are uninhabitable a part of the year. In the season of snow they must leave them. They wrapped in linen

their arms and accoutrements, hid them in the clefts or caverns, and went forth, some to the houses of friends and relations, others to the Ionian isles. Here the Klepht was known at once amid the crowd by his proud bearing, his wild glance, and picturesque dress. The Greeks, or all of them who retained a spark of national feeling, looked with pride on men before whom the Turks had often trembled; the story of their exploits passed from tongue to tongue, and the children of the villages fought, for their play, in Klepht and Turkish bands, of which the former were pretty sure to remain the victors, for the strongest and most spirited boys were always on that side."

These extracts are abridged from the German, not without injury, and a risk of confusion, for there are no superfluous words or details in the book. It should be read; considering that it has been published so many years, very few, in proportion to its merit, can have had the benefit of it, or allusion to its subjects would be more frequent.

He who was the "sitting Rhapsodist," of the early Greek time would hail the heroism, the self-sufficing power and resource, the free poetic spirit of the Klephts. They have not the rich frame in which his figures are set, but they are well worthy of a shield of Achilles. Their machinery is very simple. A bird stops a moment on the mountain peak to tell the story of a noble life, of a man, a prince in his heart, and a poet in his eye, whose life, if rude, was single, and well filled with passages, that tried his higher powers. All that relates to them is important in their eyes, as may be seen by the high-flown descriptions of the few accessories they had or needed. Their horses are shod with silver, their bits are of gold. The sword is in all countries a theme for poetical hyperbole, for it is the symbol of a warrior's life. This pleasure in details marks the reality of their existence; whatever they had or did was significant. In this, as in so many other respects, they represent our Indians, softened by the atmosphere which a high civilization, though mostly forgotten, does not fail to leave behind, and a gentler clime. Whatever we can obtain from our aborigines has the same beauty with these ballads. Had we but as complete a collection as this! Some German should visit this country, and aid with his power of selection, and critical discernment, the sympathy, enthusiasm, and energy of Catlin.

The German translator observes, "What characterizes the mountain lays is a vigorous tone, a wild intrepidity in thoughts and images, and a mood which takes up the most marvellous subject, and treats it as freely and familiarly as the most common. The bards sing, as the Klephts strike. They are all marked by a like patriotic enthusiasm, hatred for the Turk, love for freedom and independence. Not only the air of the mountains blows upon us, but the steep and wild forms of the rocks, from whose clefts they echo, are to be found in these ballads."

They present a striking contrast to the Rhine ballads in this; they are entirely destitute of that symbolical character which gives such interest to the minutæ of the latter. The Romaic are a plain transcript of realities, which happen to be of the class called Romantic. They please by their scenery and exhibition of character. The Rhine ballads are the growth of a national thought, and a religious faith.

THE BLACK KNIGHT.

BE sure your fate
 Doth keep apart its state,
 Not linked with any band,
 Even the nobles of the land;
 In tented fields with cloth of gold
 No place doth hold,
 But is more chivalrous than they are,
 And sigheth for a nobler war;
 A finer strain its trumpet sings,
 A brighter gleam its armor flings.
 The life that I aspire to live
 No man proposeth me,
 Only the promise of my heart
 Wears its emblazonry.

H. D. T.

LECTURES ON THE TIMES.

BY R. W. EMERSON.

LECTURE II. THE CONSERVATIVE.

Read at the Masonic Temple in Boston, 9 Dec. 1841.

THE two parties which divide the state, the party of Conservatism and that of Innovation, are very old, and have disputed the possession of the world ever since it was made. This quarrel is the subject of civil history. The conservative party established the reverend hierarchies and monarchies of the most ancient world. The battle of patrician and plebeian, of parent state and colony, of old usage and accommodation to new facts, of the rich and the poor reappears in all countries and times. The war rages not only in battle-fields, in national councils, and ecclesiastical synods, but agitates every man's bosom with opposing advantages every hour. On rolls the old world meantime, and now one, now the other gets the day, and still the fight renews itself as if for the first time, under new names and hot personalities.

Such an irreconcilable antagonism, of course, must have a correspondent depth of seat in the human constitution. It is the opposition of Past and Future, of Memory and Hope, of the Understanding and the Reason. It is the primal antagonism, the appearance in trifles of the two poles of nature.

There is a fragment of old fable which seems somehow to have been dropped from the current mythologies, which may deserve attention, as it appears to relate to this subject.

Saturn grew weary of sitting alone, or with none but the great Uranus or Heaven beholding him, and he created an oyster. Then he would act again, but he made nothing more, but went on creating the race of oysters. Then Uranus cried, 'a new work; O Saturn! the old is not good again.'

Saturn replied. 'I fear. There is not only the alter-

native of making and not making, but also of unmaking. Seest thou the great sea, how it ebbs and flows? so is it with me; my power ebbs; and if I put forth my hands, I shall not do, but undo. Therefore I do what I have done; I hold what I have got; and so I resist Night and Chaos.'

'O Saturn,' replied Uranus, 'Thou canst not hold thine own, but by making more. Thy oysters are barnacles and cockles, and with the next flowing of the tide, they will be pebbles and sea foam.'

'I see,' rejoins Saturn, 'thou art in league with Night, thou art become an evil eye; thou spakest from love; now thy words smite me with hatred. I appeal to Fate, must there not be rest?' — 'I appeal to Fate also,' said Uranus, 'must there not be motion?' — But Saturn was silent and went on making oysters for a thousand years.

After that, the word of Uranus came into his mind like a ray of the sun, and he made Jupiter; and then he feared again; and nature froze, the things that were made went backward, and to save the world, Jupiter slew his father Saturn.

This may stand for the earliest account of a conversation on politics between a Conservative and a Radical, which has come down to us. It is ever thus. It is the counteraction of the centripetal and the centrifugal forces. Innovation is the salient energy; Conservatism the pause on the last movement. 'That which is was made by God,' saith Conservatism. 'He is leaving that, he is entering this other;' rejoins Innovation.

There is always a certain meanness in the argument of conservatism, joined with a certain superiority in its fact. It affirms because it holds. Its fingers clutch the fact, and it will not open its eyes to see a better fact. The castle, which conservatism is set to defend, is the actual state of things, good and bad. The project of innovation is the best possible state of things. Of course, conservatism always has the worst of the argument, is always apologizing, pleading a necessity, pleading that to change would be to deteriorate; it must saddle itself with the mountainous load of all the violence and vice of society, must deny the possibility of good, deny ideas, and suspect and stone the prophet; whilst innovation is always in the right, triumphant, attacking, and sure of final success. Conservatism

stands on man's incontestable limitations; reform on his indisputable infinitude; conservatism on circumstance; liberalism on power; one goes to make an adroit member of the social frame; the other to postpone all things to the man himself; conservatism is debonnair and social; reform is individual and imperious. We are reformers in spring and summer, in autumn and winter we stand by the old; reformers in the morning, conservers at night. Reform is affirmative, conservatism negative; conservatism goes for comfort, reform for truth. Conservatism is more candid to behold another's worth; reform more disposed to maintain and increase its own. Conservatism makes no poetry, breathes no prayer, has no invention; it is all memory. Reform has no gratitude, no prudence, no husbandry. It makes a great difference to your figure and to your thought, whether your foot is advancing or receding. Conservatism never puts the foot forward; in the hour when it does that, it is not establishment, but reform. Conservatism tends to universal seeming and treachery, believes in a negative fate; believes that men's temper governs them; that for me, it avails not to trust in principles; they will fail me; I must bend a little; it distrusts nature; it thinks there is a general law without a particular application, — law for all that does not include any one. Reform in its antagonism inclines to asinine resistance, to kick with hoofs; it runs to egotism and bloated self-conceit; it runs to a bodiless pretension, to unnatural refining and elevation, which ends in hypocrisy and sensual reaction.

And so whilst we do not go beyond general statements, it may be safely affirmed of these two metaphysical antagonists, that each is a good half, but an impossible whole. Each exposes the abuses of the other, but in a true society, in a true man, both must combine. Nature does not give the crown of its approbation, namely, Beauty, to any action or emblem or actor but to one which combines both these elements; not to the rock which resists the waves from age to age, nor to the wave which lashes incessantly the rock, but the superior beauty is with the oak which stands with its hundred arms against the storms of a century and grows every year like a sapling; or the river which ever flowing, yet is found in the same bed from age to age; or, greatest of all, the man who has subsisted for

years amid the changes of nature, yet has distanced himself, so that when you remember what he was, and see what he is, you say, What strides! what a disparity is here!

Throughout nature the past combines in every creature with the present. Each of the convolutions of the sea-shell, each of its nodes and spines marks one year of the fish's life, what was the mouth of the shell for one season, with the addition of new matter by the growth of the animal, becoming an ornamental node. The leaves and a shell of soft wood are all that the vegetation of this summer has made, but the solid columnar stem, which lifts that bank of foliage into the air to draw the eye and to cool us with its shade, is the gift and legacy of dead and buried years.

In nature, each of these elements being always present, each theory has a natural support. As we take our stand on Necessity, or on Ethics, shall we go for the conservative, or for the reformer. If we read the world historically, we shall say, Of all the ages, the present hour and circumstance is the cumulative result; this is the best throw of the dice of nature that has yet been, or that is yet possible. If we see it from the side of Will, or the Moral Sentiment, we shall accuse the Past and the Present, and require the impossible of the Future.

But although this bifold fact lies thus united in real nature, and so united that no man can continue to exist in whom both these elements do not work, yet men are not philosophers, but are rather very foolish children, who by reason of their partiality see everything in the most absurd manner, and who are the victims at all times of the nearest object. There is even no philosopher who is a philosopher at all times. Our experience, our perception is conditioned by the need to acquire in parts and in succession, that is, with every truth a certain falsehood. As this is the invariable method of our training, we must give it allowance, and suffer men to learn as they have done for six millenniums, a word at a time, to pair off into insane parties, and learn the amount of truth each knows, by the denial of an equal amount of truth. For the present then, to come at what sum is attainable to us, we must even hear the parties plead as parties.

That which is best about conservatism, that which though it cannot be expressed in detail inspires reverence in all, is the Inevitable. There is the question not only, what the conservative says for himself? but, far deeper, why he must say it? What insurmountable fact binds him to that side? Here is the fact which men call Fate, and fate in dread degrees, fate behind fate, not to be disposed of by the consideration that the Conscience commands this or that, but necessitating the question, whether the faculties of man will play him true in resisting the facts of universal experience? For although the commands of the Conscience are *essentially* absolute, they are *historically* liminary. Wisdom does not seek a literal rectitude, but an useful, that is, a conditioned one, such a one as the faculties of man and the constitution of things will warrant. The reformer, the partisan loses himself in driving to the utmost some specialty of right conduct, until his own nature and all nature resist him; but Wisdom attempts nothing enormous and disproportioned to its powers, nothing which it cannot perform or nearly perform. We have all a certain intellection or presentiment of reform existing in the mind, which does not yet descend into the character, and those who throw themselves blindly on this lose themselves. Whatever they attempt in that direction, fails, and reacts suicidally on the actor himself. This is the penalty of having transcended nature. For the existing world is not a dream, and cannot with impunity be treated as a dream; neither is it a disease; but it is the ground on which you stand, it is the mother of whom you were born. Reform converses with possibilities, perchance with impossibilities; but here is sacred fact. This also was true, or it could not be: it had life in it, or it could not have existed; it has life in it, or it could not continue. Your schemes may be feasible, or may not be, but this has the endorsement of nature and a long friendship and cohabitation with the powers of nature. This will stand until a better cast of the dice is made. The contest between the Future and the Past is one between Divinity entering, and Divinity departing. You are welcome to try your experiments, and, if you can, to displace the actual order by that ideal republic you announce, for nothing but God will expel God. But plainly the burden of proof must lie with

the projector. We hold to this, until you can demonstrate something better.

The system of property and law goes back for its origin to barbarous and sacred times; it is the fruit of the same mysterious cause as the mineral or animal world. There is a natural sentiment and prepossession in favor of age, of ancestors, of barbarous and aboriginal usages, which is a homage to this element of necessity and divinity which is in them. The respect for the old names of places, of mountains, and streams, is universal. The Indian and barbarous name can never be supplanted without loss. The ancients tell us that the gods loved the Ethiopians for their stable customs; and the Egyptians and Chaldeans, whose origin could not be explored, passed among the junior tribes of Greece and Italy for sacred nations.

Moreover, so deep is the foundation of the existing social system, that it leaves no one out of it. We may be partial, but Fate is not. All men have their root in it. You who quarrel with the arrangements of society, and are willing to embroil all, and risk the indisputable good that exists, for the chance of better, live, move, and have your being in this, and your deeds contradict your words every day. For as you cannot jump from the ground without using the resistance of the ground, nor put out the boat to sea, without shoving from the shore, nor attain liberty without rejecting obligation, so you are under the necessity of using the Actual order of things, in order to disuse it; to live by it, whilst you wish to take away its life. The past has baked your loaf, and in the strength of its bread you would break up the oven. But you are betrayed by your own nature. You also are conservatives. However men please to style themselves, I see no other than a conservative party. You are not only identical with us in your needs, but also in your methods and aims. You quarrel with my conservatism, but it is to build up one of your own; it will have a new beginning, but the same course and end, the same trials, the same passions; among the lovers of the new I observe that there is a jealousy of the newest, and that the seceder from the seceder is as damnable as the pope himself.

On these and the like grounds of general statement, conservatism plants itself without danger of being displac-

ed. Especially before this *personal* appeal, the innovator must confess his weakness, must confess that no man is to be found good enough to be entitled to stand champion for the principle. But when this great tendency comes to practical encounters, and is challenged by young men, to whom it is no abstraction, but a fact of hunger, distress, and exclusion from opportunities, it must needs seem injurious. The youth, of course, is an innovator by the fact of his birth. There he stands, newly born on the planet, a universal beggar, with all the reason of things, one would say, on his side. In his first consideration how to feed, clothe, and warm himself, he is met by warnings on every hand, that this thing and that thing have owners, and he must go elsewhere. Then he says; If I am born into the earth, where is my part? have the goodness, gentlemen of this world, to show me my wood-lot, where I may fell my wood, my field where to plant my corn, my pleasant ground where to build my cabin.

‘Touch any wood, or field, or house-lot, on your peril,’ cry all the gentlemen of this world; ‘but you may come and work in ours, for us, and we will give you a piece of bread.’

And what is that peril?

Knives and muskets, if we meet you in the act; imprisonment if we find you afterward.

And by what authority, kind gentlemen?

By our law.

And your law, — is it just?

As just for you as it was for us. We wrought for others under this law, and got our lands so.

I repeat the question, is your law just?

Not quite just, but necessary. Moreover it is juster now than it was when we were born; we have made it milder and more equal.

I will none of your law, returns the youth. It encumbers me. I cannot understand, or so much as spare time to read that needless library of your laws. Nature has sufficiently provided me with rewards and sharp penalties, to bind me not to transgress. Like the Persian noble of old, I ask “that I may neither command nor obey.” I do not wish to enter into your complex social system. I shall serve those whom I can, and they who can will serve me.

I shall seek those whom I love, and shun those whom I love not, and what more can all your laws render me?

With equal earnestness and good faith, replies to this plaintiff an upholder of the establishment, a man of many virtues.

Your opposition is feather-brained and overfine. Young man, I have no skill to talk with you, but look at me; I have risen early and sat late, and toiled honestly, and painfully for very many years. I never dreamed about methods; I laid my bones to, and drudged for the good I possess; it was not got by fraud, nor by luck, but by work, and you must show me a warrant like these stubborn facts in your own fidelity and labor, before I suffer you, on the faith of a few fine words, to ride into my estate, and claim to scatter it as your own.

Now you touch the heart of the matter, replies the reformer. To that fidelity and labor, I pay homage. I am unworthy to arraign your manner of living, until I too have been tried. But I should be more unworthy, if I did not tell you why I cannot walk in your steps. I find this vast network, which you call property, extended over the whole planet. I cannot occupy the bleakest crag of the White Hills or the Alleghany Range, but some man or corporation steps up to me to show me that it is his. Now, though I am very peaceable, and on my private account could well enough die, since it appears there was some mistake in my creation, and that I have been *missent* to this earth, where all the seats were already taken, — yet I feel called upon in behalf of rational nature, which I represent, to declare to you my opinion, that, if the Earth is yours, so also is it mine. All your aggregate existences are less to me a fact than is my own; as I am born to the earth, so the Earth is given to me, what I want of it to till and to plant; nor could I without pusillanimity, omit to claim so much. I must not only have a name to live, I must live. My genius leads me to build a different manner of life from any of yours. I cannot then spare you the whole world. I love you better. I must tell you the truth practically; and take that which you call yours. It is God's world and mine; yours as much as you want, mine as much as I want. Besides, I know your ways; I know the symptoms of the disease. To the end of your power, you will serve this lie which

cheats you. Your want is a gulf which the possession of the broad earth would not fill. Yonder sun in heaven you would pluck down from shining on the universe, and make him a property or privacy, if you could; and the moon and the north star you would quickly have occasion for in your closet and bed-chamber. What you do not want for use, you crave for ornament, and what your convenience could spare, your pride cannot.

On the other hand, precisely the defence which was set up for the British Constitution, namely, that with all its admitted defects, rotten boroughs and monopolies, it worked well, and substantial justice was somehow done; the wisdom and the worth did get into parliament, and every interest did by right, or might, or sleight, get represented; — the same defence is set up for the existing institutions. They are not the best; they are not just; and in respect to you, personally, O brave young man! they cannot be justified. They have, it is most true, left you no acre for your own, and no law but our law, to the ordaining of which, you were no party. But they do answer the end, they are really friendly to the good; unfriendly to the bad; they second the industrious, and the kind; they foster genius. They really have so much flexibility as to afford your talent and character, on the whole, the same chance of demonstration and success which they might have, if there was no law and no property.

It is trivial and merely superstitious to say that nothing is given you, no outfit, no exhibition; for in this institution of *credit*, which is as universal as honesty and promise in the human countenance, always some neighbor stands ready to be bread and land and tools and stock to the young adventurer. And if in any one respect they have come short, see what ample retribution of good they have made. They have lost no time and spared no expense to collect libraries and museums and galleries, colleges, palaces, hospitals, observatories, cities. The ages have not been idle, nor kings slack, nor the rich niggardly. Have we not atoned for this small offence (which we could not help) of leaving you no right in the soil, by this splendid indemnity of ancestral and national wealth? Would you have been born like a gipsy in a hedge, and preferred your freedom on a heath, and the range of a

planet which had no shed or boscaje to cover you from sun and wind, — to this towered and citted world? to this world of Rome, and Memphis, and Constantinople, and Vienna, and Paris, and London, and New York? For thee Naples, Florence, and Venice, for thee the fair Mediterranean, the sunny Adriatic; for thee both Indies smile; for thee the hospitable North opens its heated palaces under the polar circle; for thee roads have been cut in every direction across the land, and fleets of floating palaces with every security for strength, and provision for luxury, swim by sail and by steam through all the waters of this world. Every island for thee has a town; every town a hotel. Though thou wast born landless, yet to thy industry and thrift and small condescension to the established usage, — scores of servants are swarming in every strange place with cap and knee to thy command, scores, nay hundreds and thousands, for thy wardrobe, thy table, thy chamber, thy library, thy leisure; and every whim is anticipated and served by the best ability of the whole population of each country. The king on the throne governs for thee, and the judge judges; the barrister pleads, the farmer tills, the joiner hammers, the postman rides. Is it not exaggerating a trifle to insist on a formal acknowledgment of your claims, when these substantial advantages have been secured to you? Now can your children be educated, your labor turned to their advantage, and its fruits secured to them after your death. It is frivolous to say you have no acre because you have not a mathematically measured piece of land. Providence takes care that you shall have a place, that you are waited for and come accredited; and as soon as you put your gift to use, you shall have acre or acre's worth according to your exhibition of desert, — acre, if you need land; — acre's worth, if you prefer to draw, or carve, or make shoes, or wheels, to the tilling of the soil.

Besides, it might temper your indignation at the supposed wrong which society has done you, to keep the question before you, how society got into this predicament? Who put things on this false basis? No single man, but all men. No man voluntarily and knowingly, but it is the result of that degree of culture there is in the planet. The order of things is as good as the character of the

population permits. Consider it as the work of a great and beneficent and progressive necessity, which from the first pulsation of the first animal life, up to the present high culture of the best nations, has advanced thus far. Thank the rude foster-mother though she has taught you a better wisdom than her own, and has set hopes in your heart which shall be history in the next ages. You are yourself the result of this manner of living, this foul compromise, this vituperated Sodom. It nourished you with care and love on its breast, as it had nourished many a lover of the right, and many a poet, and prophet, and teacher of men. Is it so irremediably bad? Then again, if the mitigations are considered, do not all the mischiefs virtually vanish? The form is bad, but see you not how every personal character reacts on the form, and makes it new. A strong person makes the law and custom null before his own will. Then the principle of love and truth reappears in the strictest courts of fashion and property. Under the richest robes, in the darlings of the selectest circles of European or American aristocracy, the strong heart will beat with love of mankind, with impatience of accidental distinctions, with the desire to achieve its own fate, and make every ornament it wears authentic and real.

Moreover, as we have already shown that there is no pure reformer, so it is to be considered that there is no pure conservative, no man who from the beginning to the end of his life maintains the defective institutions; but he who sets his face like a flint against every novelty, when approached in the confidence of conversation, in the presence of friendly and generous persons, has also his gracious and relenting motions, and espouses for the time the cause of man; and even if this be a short-lived emotion, yet the remembrance of it in private hours mitigates his selfishness and compliance with custom.

The Friar Bernard lamented in his cell on Mount Cenis the crimes of mankind, and rising one morning before day from his bed of moss and dry leaves, he gnawed his roots and berries, drank of the spring, and set forth to go to Rome to reform the corruption of mankind. On his way he encountered many travellers who greeted him courteously; and the cabins of the peasants and the castles of the lords supplied his few wants. When he came at last

to Rome, his piety and good will easily introduced him to many families of the rich, and on the first day he saw and talked with gentle mothers with their babes at their breasts, who told him how much love they bore their children, and how they were perplexed in their daily walk lest they should fail in their duty to them. 'What!' he said, 'and this on rich embroidered carpets, on marble floors, with cunning sculpture, and carved wood, and rich pictures, and piles of books about you?' — 'Look at our pictures and books, they said, and we will tell you, good Father, how we spent the last evening. These are stories of godly children and holy families and romantic sacrifices made in old or in recent times by great and not mean persons; and last evening, our family was collected, and our husbands and brothers discoursed sadly on what we could save and give in the hard times.' Then came in the men, and they said, 'What cheer, brother? Does thy convent want gifts?' Then the friar Bernard went home swiftly with other thoughts than he brought, saying, 'This way of life is wrong, yet these Romans, whom I prayed God to destroy, are lovers, they are lovers; what can I do?'

The reformer concedes that these mitigations exist, and, that, if he proposed comfort, he should take sides with the establishment. Your words are excellent, but they do not tell the whole. Conservatism is affluent and openhanded, but there is a cunning juggle in riches. I observe that they take somewhat for everything they give. I look bigger, but am less; I have more clothes, but am not so warm; more armor, but less courage; more books, but less wit. What you say of your planted and builded and decorated world, is true enough, and I gladly avail myself of its convenience; yet I have remarked that what holds in particular, holds in general, that the plant Man does not require for his most glorious flowering this pomp of preparation and convenience, but the thoughts of some beggarly Homer who strolled, God knows when, in the infancy and barbarism of the old world; the gravity and sense of some slave Moses who leads away his fellow slaves from their masters; the contemplation of some Scythian Anacharsis; the erect, formidable valor of some Dorian townsmen in the town of Sparta; the vigor of Clovis the Frank, and Alfred the Saxon, and Alaric the Goth, and Mahomet,

Ali, and Omar the Arabians, Saladin the Curd, and Othman the Turk, sufficed to build what you call society, on the spot and in the instant when the sound mind in a sound body appeared. Rich and fine is your dress, O conservatism! your horses are of the best blood; your roads are well cut and well paved; your pantry is full of meats and your cellar of wines, and a very good state and condition are you for gentlemen and ladies to live under; but every one of these goods steals away a drop of my blood. I want the necessity of supplying my own wants. All this costly culture of yours is not necessary. Greatness does not need it. Yonder poor man, who sits neglected there in a corner, carries a whole revolution of man and nature in his head, which shall be a sacred history to some future ages. For man is the end of nature; nothing so easily organizes itself in every part of the universe as he; no moss, no lichen is so easily born; and he takes along with him and puts out from himself the whole apparatus of society and condition *extempore*, as an army encamps in a desert, and where all was just now blowing sand, creates a white city in an hour, a government, a market, a place for feasting, for conversation, and for love.

These considerations, urged by those whose characters and whose fortunes are yet to be formed, must needs command the sympathy of all reasonable persons. But beside that charity which should make all adult persons interested for the youth, and engage them to see that he has a free field and fair play on his entrance into life, we are bound to see that the society, of which we compose a part, does not permit the formation or continuance of views and practices injurious to the honor and welfare of mankind. The objection to conservatism, when embodied in a party, is this, that in its love of acts, it hates principles; it lives in the senses, not in truth; that it sacrifices to despair; it goes for availableness in its candidate, not for worth; and for expediency in its measures, and not for the right. Under pretence of allowing for friction, it makes so many additions and supplements to the machine of society, that it will play smoothly and softly, but will no longer grind any grist.

The conservative party in the universe concedes that the radical would talk sufficiently to the purpose, if we were still in the garden of Eden; he legislates for man as he

ought to be ; his theory is right, but he makes no allowance for friction ; and this omission makes his whole doctrine false. The idealist retorts, that the conservative falls into a far more noxious error in the other extreme. The conservative assumes sickness as a necessary fact, and his social frame is a hospital, his total legislation is for the present distress, a universe in slippers and flannels, with bib and papspoon, swallowing pills and herb-tea. Sickness gets organized as well as health, the vice as well as the virtue. Now that a vicious system of trade has existed so long, it has stereotyped itself in the human generation, and misers are born. And now that sickness has got such a foothold, leprosy has grown cunning, has got into the ballot box ; the lepers outvote the clean ; society has resolved itself into a Hospital Committee, and all its laws are quarantine. If any man resist and set up a foolish hope he has entertained as good against the general despair, society frowns on him, shuts him out of all her opportunities, her granaries, her refectories, her water and bread, and will serve him a sexton's turn ;

“ Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
Here's the hole, and in thou must.”

It takes as low a view of every part of human action and passion. Its religion is just as bad ; a lozenge for the sick ; a dolorous tune to beguile the distemper ; mitigations of pain by pillows and anodynes ; always mitigations, never remedies ; pardons for sin, funeral honors, — never self-help, renovation, and virtue. Its social and political action has no better aim ; to keep out wind and weather, to bring the day and year about, and make the world last our day ; not to sit on the world and steer it ; not to sink the memory of the past in the glory of a new and more excellent creation ; a timid cobbler and patcher, it degrades whatever it touches. The cause of education is urged in this country with the utmost earnestness, — on what ground ? why on this, that the people have the power, and if they are not instructed to sympathize with the intelligent, reading, trading, and governing class, inspired with a taste for the same competitions and prizes, they will upset the fair pageant of Judicature, and perhaps lay a hand on the sacred muniments of wealth itself, and new distribute the

land. Religion is taught in the same spirit. The contractors who were building a road out of Baltimore, some years ago, found the Irish laborers quarrelsome and refractory to a degree that embarrassed the agents, and seriously interrupted the progress of the work. The corporation were advised to call off the police, and build a Catholic chapel; which they did; the priest presently restored order, and the work went on prosperously. Such hints, be sure, are too valuable to be lost. If you do not value the Sabbath, or other religious institutions, give yourself no concern about maintaining them. They have already acquired a market value as conservators of property; and if priest and church member should fail, the chambers of commerce and the presidents of the Banks, the very innholders and landlords of the county would muster with fury to their support.

Of course religion in such hands loses all its essence. Instead of that profound reliance, which the soul forever suggests in the eternity of truth and duty, men are misled into a reliance on rotten institutions, on institutions, which, the moment they cease to be the instantaneous creations of the devout sentiment, are worthless. Religion among the low becomes low. As it loses its truth, it loses credit with the sagacious. They detect the falsehood of the preaching, but when they say so, all good citizens cry, Hush; do not weaken the state, do not take off the strait jacket from dangerous persons. Every honest man must keep up the hoax the best he can; must patronize providence and piety, and wherever he sees anything that will keep men amused, schools or churches or poetry or picture-galleries or music, or what not, he must cry "Hist-a-boy," and urge the game on. What a compliment we pay to the good SPIRIT with our superserviceable zeal!

But not to balance reasons for and against the establishment any longer, and if it still be asked in this necessity of partial organization, which party on the whole has the highest claims on our sympathy, I bring it home to the private heart where all such questions must have their final arbitrement. How will every strong and generous mind choose its ground, — with the defenders of the old? or with the seekers of the new? Which is that state which promises to edify a great, brave, and beneficent man;

to throw him on his resources, and tax the whole strength of his character? On which part will each of us find himself in the hour of strength and of aspiration?

I understand well the respect of mankind for war, because that breaks up the Chinese stagnation of society, and demonstrates the personal merits of all men. A state of war or anarchy, in which law has little force, is so far valuable, that it puts every man on trial. The man of principle is known as such, and even in the fury of faction is respected. In the civil wars of France, Montaigne alone, among all the French gentry, kept his castle gates unbarred, and made his personal integrity as good at least as a regiment. The man of courage and resources is shown, and the effeminate and base person. Those who rise above war, and those who fall below it, it easily discriminates, as well as those, who, accepting its rude conditions, keep their own head by their own sword.

But in peace and a commercial state we depend, not as we ought, on our knowledge and all men's knowledge that we are honest men, but we cowardly lean on the virtue of others. For it is always at last the virtue of some men in the society, which keeps the law in any reverence and power. Is there not something shameful that I should owe my peaceful occupancy of my house and field, not to the knowledge of my countrymen that I am useful, but to their respect for sundry other reputable persons, I know not whom, whose joint virtues still keep the law in good odor?

It will never make any difference to a hero what the laws are. His greatness will shine and accomplish itself unto the end, whether they second him or not. If he have earned his bread by drudgery, and in the narrow and crooked ways which were all an evil law had left him, he will make it at least honorable by his expenditure. Of the past he will take no heed; for its wrongs he will not hold himself responsible: he will say, all the meanness of my progenitors shall not bereave me of the power to make this hour and company fair and fortunate. Whatsoever streams of power and commodity flow to me, shall of me acquire healing virtue, and become fountains of safety. Cannot I too descend a Redeemer into nature? Whosoever hereafter shall name my name, shall not record a malefac-

tor, but a benefactor in the earth. If there be power in good intention, in fidelity, and in toil, the north wind shall be purer, the stars in heaven shall glow with a kindlier beam, that I have lived. I am primarily engaged to myself to be a public servant of all the gods, to demonstrate to all men that there is intelligence and good will at the heart of things, and ever higher and yet higher leadings. These are my engagements; how can your law further or hinder me in what I shall do to men? On the other hand, these dispositions establish their relations to me. Wherever there is worth, I shall be greeted. Wherever there are men, are the objects of my study and love. Sooner or later all men will be my friends, and will testify in all methods the energy of their regard. I cannot thank your law for my protection. I protect it. It is not in its power to protect me. It is my business to make myself revered. I depend on my honor, my labor, and my dispositions, for my place in the affections of mankind, and not on any conventions or parchments of yours.

But if I allow myself in derelictions, and become idle and dissolute, I quickly come to love the protection of a strong law, because I feel no title in myself to my advantages. To the intemperate and covetous person no love flows; to him mankind would pay no rent, no dividend, if force were once relaxed; nay, if they could give their verdict, they would say, that his self-indulgence and his oppression deserved punishment from society, and not that rich board and lodging he now enjoys. The law acts then as a screen of his unworthiness, and makes him worse the longer it protects him.

In conclusion, to return from this alternation of partial views, to the high platform of universal and necessary history, it is a happiness for mankind that innovation has got on so far, and has so free a field before it. The boldness of the hope men entertain transcends all former experience. It calms and cheers them with the picture of a simple and equal life of truth and piety. And this hope flowered on what tree? It was not imported from the stock of some celestial plant, but grew here on the wild crab of conservatism. It is much that this old and vituperated system of things has borne so fair a child. It predicts that amidst a planet peopled with conservatives, one Reformer may yet be born.

THE INWARD MORNING.

PACKED in my mind lie all the clothes
Which outward nature wears,
And in its fashion's hourly change
It all things else repairs.

In vain I look for change abroad,
And can no difference find,
Till some new ray of peace uncalled
Illumes my inmost mind.

What is it gilds the trees and clouds,
And paints the heavens so gay,
But yonder fast abiding light
With its unchanging ray ?

Lo, when the sun streams through the wood
Upon a winter's morn,
Where'er his silent beams intrude
The murky night is gone.

How could the patient pine have known
The morning breeze would come,
Or humble flowers anticipate
The insect's noonday hum ?

Till the new light with morning cheer
From far streamed through the aisles,
And nimbly told the forest trees
For many stretching miles.

I've heard within my inmost soul
Such cheerful morning news,
In the horizon of my mind
Have seen such orient hues,

As in the twilight of the dawn,
When the first birds awake,
Are heard within some silent wood,
Where they the small twigs break,

Or in the eastern skies are seen,
Before the sun appears,
The harbingers of summer heats
Which from afar he bears.

H. D. T.

FREE LOVE.

My love must be as free
As is the eagle's wing,
Hovering o'er land and sea
And every thing.

I must not dim my eye
In thy saloon,
I must not leave my sky
And nightly moon.

Be not the fowler's net
Which stays my flight,
And craftily is set
T' allure the sight,

But be the favoring gale
That bears me on,
And still doth fill my sail
When thou art gone.

I cannot leave my sky
For thy caprice,
True love would soar as high
As heaven is.

The eagle would not brook
Her mate thus won,
Who trained his eye to look
Beneath the sun.

H. D. T.

THE POET'S DELAY.

In vain I see the morning rise,
 In vain observe the western blaze,
 Who idly look to other skies,
 Expecting life by other ways.

Amidst such boundless wealth without,
 I only still am poor within,
 The birds have sung their summer out,
 But still my spring does not begin.

Shall I then wait the autumn wind,
 Compelled to seek a milder day,
 And leave no curious nest behind,
 No woods still echoing to my lay?

H. D. T.

RUMORS FROM AN ÆOLIAN HARP.

THERE is a vale which none hath seen,
 Where foot of man has never been,
 Such as here lives with toil and strife
 An anxious and a sinful life.

There every virtue has its birth,
 Ere it descends upon the earth,
 And thither every deed returns,
 Which in the generous bosom burns.

There love is warm, and youth is young,
 And simple truth on every tongue,
 For Virtue still adventures there,
 And freely breathes her native air.

And ever, if you hearken well,
 You still may hear its vesper bell,
 And tread of high-souled men go by,
 Their thoughts conversing with the sky.

H. D. T.

HOLLIS STREET COUNCIL.

Proceedings of an Ecclesiastical Council, in the Case of the Proprietors of Hollis Street Meeting-house, and the Rev. John Pierpont, their Pastor, prepared from the official journal and original documents. By SAMUEL K. LOTHROP, Scribe of the Council. Boston: from the press of W. W. Clapp and Son. 1841. 8vo. pp. 384.

THE history of "ecclesiastical councils," special and general, from the synod at Jerusalem, in the first century, to the celebrated tribunal called the "Hollis Street Council," in the nineteenth century, affords many instructive hints. The story of any Science, traced from its beginnings in ignorance and rude conjectures to the study of facts, the development of a law, the discovery of first principles and the opening of a world of Ideas consequent thereon — this is always curious to the most superficial and instructive to the wisest minds. There is a gloomy and a bright side to human nature; and though the ludicrous may strike us at first, the melancholy features of the case will at last present themselves to all that think. Democritus and Heraclitus, — the philosophers who laugh and the philosophers who weep at the tale of human woe will have their representatives to the end of time. To a pensive mind the gloomy aspect is the most obvious. A sober wisdom, with abated fears and chastened hopes, does not come in the first moment of study, but is the result only of toilsome thought, or religious faith.

To look at the history of Morals, and trace mankind from the Cannibal to the Courtier; to see with what expense of toil and pain and tears and blood each advance has been purchased, and to consider how little has been done, even now, for the best interests of man, the sight is a sad one. To survey the field minutely, and study the two parties that wage interminable war, the one fighting the great battle for human souls, the other against them; to see the let and hindrance which Sloth, Ignorance, and Selfishness cast before the wheels of Reform; to consider the occasional blindness and folly of Reformers themselves, there is something very sad in the thought. We look back, and a tear must dim our triumph. We look forward, —

and it must be with a sigh for the future martyrs whom God raises up to bear the sins of unregenerate man.

But the gloomiest of all the pages of our human tale is perhaps the story of Religion ; of what is deepest and highest in man ; the cause of his greatest joy, or his most costly sacrifice. Under that name every imposture has found a shelter. The foulest rites, the most detestable doctrines, and hypocrisy the most shameful have here had a refuge, with none to molest nor fray them away. True there is progress, from the sacrifice of a CHILD in the days of Abraham, to the offerings of a LAMB in the time of Moses, still more to a DIVINE LIFE in the time of Jesus. But at what cost was the progress made ? What war between the two parties of the Past and the Future, the Actual and the Ideal ?

If one would read but a brief history of the " Councils of the Christian church," or turn over the folios of some ponderous collection, it would be with a sad heart. Would he ask for a completer history of human folly and bigotry ? Would he not find there that each new Idea, as it dawned on the race from the eternal heaven, was at first regarded by the Shepherds of men, as disastrous, — a star of ruin ? What said the household of Terah to the calling of Abraham ; the wise men of Tarik to the mission of Moses ; the Scribes and Pharisees of Jerusalem to the glad tidings that Jesus brought ? Nay, what said the Council of Constance to Jerome and Huss ; the Council of Trent to the words of Martin Luther ? The chronicles of pirates ; the annals of crime ; Newgate calendars ; the " last words and dying confessions " of scoundrels hanged, disclose but a single phase of the sin that walks or creeps the world. A rascal armed with a bludgeon ; an assassin with a knife in his belt, or poison in his pocket, is a dangerous man ; no doubt of that. But crime in a cassock ; villany that is " banded," surpliced, and stoled, and set off with phylacteries or a sceptre, this is greatly more dangerous. It was real heroism, and that the noblest, in him who said, The Publicans and Harlots go into the Kingdom of God before you, Scribes and Pharisees, Hypocrites. The obvious foes of the race it is cheap to condemn ; but to attack and expel the secret enemies of man was worthy of that great soul. No doubt " a saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn ; " at least the World says so. And if so, why may not a rogue in ruffles be worse than many a rogue in rags ?

One needs but little acquaintance with ecclesiastical affairs, to see, that the World and the Church differ very widely in name, and very little in the spirit with which they are managed. The early ecclesiastical synods, assembled for doctrinal purposes, were often planned and conducted by a spirit disgraceful to the human race ; and an acute modern writer says well, " Men of the ecclesiastical profession, however respectable or venerable in their individual capacities, have never met in bodies, but they have become examples of anything but toleration ; and this must necessarily be the case, without any particular fault of theirs, from the mere operation of the most established principles of our common nature." Ecclesiastical courts, to speak of them as a whole, have been instruments of tyranny.* Is it a century since men's tongues were cut out, and their flesh torn off with red-hot pincers, by the command of ecclesiastical authority, because they would not bow to the Host, a God of bread? The fact is notorious. It was done in the " most enlightened country of Europe ;" done by pious men, who really thought, no doubt, they did God service, by thus maltreating his image. We live in a better age, though in a land where women have been scourged naked from town to town for their religion ; where " witches " and Quakers have been hanged, the one for serving the fancied devil, the other for worshipping the only God, and the ecclesiastical power defended both the whip and the gallows. But leaving what thoughts we have to offer respecting " councils of the church " in other times and under circumstances, to which we, fortunately, are strangers, we will address ourselves to the work before us, — the far-famed Hollis Street Council.

It is a delicate matter to treat of, and we come to it with reluctance. The subject is full of difficulties ; they increase at every step. There may be misunderstanding on all sides, but there must be **BLAME** somewhere. It is seldom all on one side. This council is a sore spot to some men. It should therefore be touched with tenderness and

* See some curious specimens of the tyrannical spirit of the Church in the middle ages, in Thierry, *Histoire de la Conquête de l'Angleterre*. Liv. I.

a practised hand. We have waited long and anxiously in hopes that some of the experienced and venerable men, the legitimate guides of public opinion, would open their mouth, and give justice its due. We have waited in vain. It is not with pleasure, but under a sense of duty, that we write. However, the fact of a Unitarian council being called in this city; its singular aspect; the character of the men who composed it; its long delays; its protracted sessions; the fame of the legal advisers retained by the two parties; the magnitude of the questions believed to be at issue; the deep interest in the case felt by the public, all these circumstances make it so significant, that we can in no wise allow it to pass over in silence.

An ecclesiastical council assembled in our city is a novel affair in this part of the century; a Unitarian council to try a minister has rather a singular aspect, considering the common views of church discipline taken by that sect. The accused was charged with no error in doctrine, but simply in practice, as we understand the case, and ecclesiastical bodies usually have contended more for the former than the latter. Some of the charges made against the Pastor, if we rightly understand them, are of a very unusual nature. The conduct of the council itself, considering the high character of some of its members, was very surprising, though no doubt substantial precedents could be quoted, both from legal and clerical usage, to justify the course pursued. But we shall not adduce them. Then again the "Result in Council" is curious and instructive; a matter every way worthy of comment in this Journal.

Now, before we proceed to the merits of this case, and in order to understand it the better, and come more successfully to our end, we must be allowed to say a word about the POSITION OF A MINISTER IN GENERAL. The real office of the Christian minister is twofold, abstract and concrete, namely, TO TEACH TRUTH and TO PROMOTE GOODNESS. Here then is a speculative and a practical work to be done. Now, in each of these divisions, it is obvious that there is a positive work to be performed, sowing the seeds of Truth and Goodness. But as the world is, a negative work also must be done, that of confuting Falsehood and exposing Crime. The soil must be ploughed before the

seed is sown. He that says "Truth is of God," though never so gently, says also, at least by implication, "a Lie is not of God, but of the Devil." If he goes seriously to work, while he says every day, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God," he must, now and then, say likewise, "Woe unto Scribes, and Pharisees, Hypocrites," or, "Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, you shall not enter into the Kingdom of God." Now this negative work is very ungrateful to the best of men, but it must be done. Who does not sympathize with that man who said, "Would I were as good as Jesus! Then I could call men by their right names and commit no sin?" No doubt, men no better than their brothers are always ready with their "Woe unto you." Still we repeat it, falsehood must be called *Falsehood*, and sin, *Sin*; wicked men be made to know they are wicked. This is a thankless task. We are sorry to say it, but the tellers of Truth and promoters of Goodness have rarely been popular till after death. "Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted?" may be asked in all ages. The Prophets, that are honored in our day, were murdered in their own, because they told the truth and exposed lies. Diogenes the cynic, if we remember rightly, says his father was banished because he marked bad money; always an invidious office which is certain to diminish the revenue.

Now a Christian minister, if he enters seriously into his calling, — the greatest of all human vocations, — must turn to one or to both of the divisions; to the *abstract* course of teaching truth, and combatting falsehood, or to the *concrete* course of promoting goodness and exposing crime, in what is called a direct and practical way. The speculative man inclines one way, the practical man the other. The true "Scribe, well instructed unto the kingdom of heaven," of course does both.

We know there is a *tertium quid* sometimes heard of. A Christian minister who is not serious in his calling; one of those who "climb, and intrude, and steal into the fold," takes the general average of theological opinion in his district as the standard of truth, and the general average of popular virtue as the standard of goodness, and never goes beyond either; preaches profound, speculative sermons,

(sound in more than one sense,) on the antiquities of the Jewish Church ; the color of the red heifer, it may be, or the size of the Ark, the manner in which Noah collected and disposed the animals he preserved ; the times when the High Priest went into the Holy of Holies, and the typical signification of all these mysteries to the present age ; he preaches also smart practical sermons against obsolete vices, the worship of ancient idols ; the sins of the Jewish Sadducees and Pharisees ; against doubts that nobody shares, and extinct or unpopular classes of unbelievers. If he have still hours not occupied, and a mind that loves work better than the "rack of a too easy chair," and sleep after dinner, he busies himself with the trifles of literature ; makes "collections" of "puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux ;" dabbles in the history of everything but Morals and Religion ; plays on the surface of some easy science ; catches butterflies ; collects epitaphs and conundrums ; gathers antiques ;

"He has a fourth o' auld knick-knackets ;
Rusty airn caps and jinglin jackets,
Wad haud the Lothians twain in plackets,
A two-mont' gude."

Such a man "never gets into trouble." His pulpit is neutral ground, "like some free-port of trade." Truth and falsehood shake hands ; crime and goodness kiss each other. He is born for his tucker and his bib, and never sells his birth-right. Good dinners are got ready for him, and "wine of a noble mark." "He is always on the right side ;" while he lives, has the reputation of a "mild, inoffensive man, who hurts nobody," and has not an enemy in the village ; a man who never meddles with exciting topics and matters too high for him. When he dies, it will be recorded of him as of patriarchs before the flood, that "he lived and begat sons and daughters." The great representative of this class was the famous Vicar of Bray.

Now if a minister pursue either of the two courses first mentioned, he may "get into trouble." Yes, though he is "wise as serpents and harmless as doves." If he turn his attention to the speculative side, and ask, "what is truth?" then he must differ in some respects from the theological opinions of the public. He will differ just in proportion to his ability, activity, and honesty. He must

then abandon his early prejudices as mistakes; expose theological errors; set forth truths not commonly accepted, and depart widely from the doctrines that public opinion declares sound. Then comes the question, Shall he disclose his convictions, or keep them to himself? If he is a serious man, he will do as Luther and Paul, and not "shun to declare the whole counsel of God," asking no question, whether public opinion will tolerate or condemn him. If the minister does this, he "gets into trouble." The Church, — and by this we mean in this place the great guardian of established *opinions*, — comes up to him, lays its hand on its ample conscience, and says, "Sir, you hurt our feelings. You don't believe as we do; not even as your father did before you. We shall not be responsible for your opinions, for we doubt your faculty for thinking. You are a dreamy, foolish person at best. Do turn your hand to some practical work, and leave speculation to us, whose business it is. It is better for you to give up thinking altogether, till you can think and feel as we do. We are good Christians, and would not disturb freedom of thought and speech for the world! Nay, we prize that above all things. But if you preach such opinions as we dislike, we will burn you alive, if we can, and at all events will give you a bad name in this life, and the expectancy of damnation in the next."

If, on the other hand, the minister takes the practical division of his work, turns his attention more to the doings than the doctrines of the public, he "gets into trouble" none the less. He comes to conclusions respecting the public virtue, which differ from the opinions commonly entertained, just in proportion to his ability, activity, and honesty. He sees the sin of society. Then the question comes, Shall he be silent; or when the watchman sees the evil coming, shall he cry aloud and spare not? He has great examples in favor of either course; but that of Paul and Luther in favor of speaking. If he publish his opinion, he comes in contact with the Selfishness, the Sensuality, and the Sin of society. Then the World, — and by this is meant the great guardian of established usages, — comes up to him, lays its hand on its conscience, — broad and conspicuous organ, — and says, "Sir, you hurt our feelings. You have spilled our rum, and put out the fires

of our distilleries. You say that we shall not murder the Indians, nor enslave the Negroes, though we are Christians, and they but Pagan dogs; that we shall not tyrannize over our brother men, nor make them bear our burthens and earn our bread, though we are richer, stronger, and more cunning than they. We are good Christians, but we get our living by what you call *sin*; we must get our living, and our way must be right, for it has always been followed 'from the beginning.' We love God,—that is our religion; but you ask us to love men, which we can't do. We have faith, enough of that, but you ask works beside, and grace into the bargain. You hurt our feelings very much, and we can't be responsible for you any longer. We respect you for your learning and piety, but you are a dreamy, imaginative person, who know little about human nature. We think you had better turn your hand to doctrines and give up practical affairs, leaving them to us, who understand them perfectly. If you will preach Christianity,—and we pay you for that,—pray confine yourself to its doctrines, and preach them with what freedom you will. We respect your holy calling, and have no doubt of your 'apostolical succession,' and right to bind, and to loose, and make men *believe* what you will, but let us *do* as we please. We are patient men; but when you talk about our wrong doings, and sins that we commit, we can't bear you, and we won't. Are *we* the only sinners in the world? If you will continue to tell us *our* faults and rebuke *our* sins, we will give you a bad name, and starve your wife and babies."

Now if the minister takes both horns of the dilemma, exposes the falsehood of the popular doctrines, and the sin of the popular doings, his case is very hard. "Hungry ruin has him in the wind." The "Church" and the "World" are out upon him in full pursuit. The "hue and cry" is raised. "Infidel," "Atheist," screams the Church. "Madman," "Reformer," roars the World. "Away with such a fellow from the earth, crucify him, crucify him," exclaim both. "He hath blasphemed against Moses," says the one, "and against Cæsar," says the other. "We have a law, and by our law he ought to die."

The speculative or practical reformer has a sad time of it. Public Opinion sets a bounty on compliance with the

prejudices and sins of the time ; invites men to say " Peace, peace," when there is no peace. She looks among the simple ones, and discerns some young man devoid of understanding, passing near her corner, in the twilight, or the evening, or the black and dark night. She catches him, kisses him, and with impudent face says, " I have peace-offerings with me ; this day have I paid my vows ; therefore came I forth to meet thee, diligently to seek thy face, and I have found thee. I have decked my bed with coverings of tapestry, with fine linen of Egypt. I have perfumed my bed with myrrh, aloes, and cinnamon ; come in, let us solace ourselves with lies." With her much fair speech she causes him to yield ; with the flattery of her lips she forces him. He goes after her as an ox to the slaughter ; a fool to the stocks ; a bird to the snare, not knowing it is for his life ! She has cast down many wounded ; strong men have been slain by her. Her house is the way to hell, the descent to the chambers of death.

If a man resists the allurements, " he loses his usefulness," and then comes the *doctrinal* issue of Truth *versus* the Church, or the *practical* issue of Righteousness *versus* the World, or it may be the minister litigates in both suits. The manner in which such cases are tried by *men* is very plain ; the sentence passed under the law of the Almighty he may read that runs, in the three most notorious instances of the Mosaic, the Christian, and the Protestant Reformation.

Now the " average " ministers take the average of opinions, and the average of morality for their standard of truth and duty. Their Ideal is the Ideal of the mass of men, and of course is but little above the Actual of the mass of men ; at any rate is only a little higher degree of the same thing ; the Christianity of the majority of pulpits is only the Christianity of society slightly idealized and elevated. Since then there is so little speculative or practical difference between the pulpit and the pews, quarrels between a minister and his people in general come from a want of prudence, rather than from a superabundance of wisdom or zeal on his part ; and in *such* quarrels we think the minister is almost always the party to be blamed.

Now into this general and difficult position Mr. Pierpont

entered, as he came into the Christian ministry; and what was a special mischief in the case, he came, as the "Result in Council" informs us, into a place where "the circumstances of his parish and the condition of things . . . were *peculiar, and such as called for a large measure and constant exhibition of that wisdom which is from above.*" Of course, then, to do justice in the premises, the general and essential difficulty of a minister's position is to be taken into the account, and the special and accidental difficulty of a position in the midst of such *peculiar* circumstances, as require a *large measure of wisdom from above.*

The circumstances of the case are unfortunately but too well known, and require no reiteration in this place. The public know of the border-war between the Pastor and the Parish. Letters were circulated through the press; "the skirmish was long and the *foray* was hot." Then came a rumor that a "Council" was to be called. The preliminary measures began to be taken; letters were written; "letters missive" issued. That rumor was followed by another, that the council had come to an end. Then came a third rumor, of another council. Public expectation was aroused; of whom should the council consist; of men already implicated, who by their *conduct* had prejudged the case against one of the parties; or of men not yet committed, if such men exist? Will any council do justice in the premises, to either side; with what *authority* will it speak? These are questions which Time has answered, as he will many more.

But "the world was not made in a day." Men think the whole will fall through. They reckon without their host. An *ex parte* council assembled; the parties appeared; the question of "jurisdiction in the case" came up, and was settled; the *ex parte* became a mutual council. After many grievous delays and hard words, on the first day of June, in the year of grace, 1841, behold the Council on its feet, ready for action, and "preceded by the Moderator," passing "into the Supreme Court Room."

The Council was surely a most respectable body. Not to mention the lay portion thereof, among the clerical members there were men of talents, of education, of up-

rightness, and of piety. Of course they had their prejudices, (as all men,) which would silently bias their judgment to the one side or the other. It is not for us to bring a charge against the Council; they acted as such men under like circumstances would act. But if the Journal of the Council is to be trusted, (and its veracity and fairness we do not question,) then we must say, there appears a disposition almost continual to throw the weight of that body against the Pastor, whenever it was possible to do so, in the trial, and to thwart and censure him, while full swing was given to any that opposed him. To cite but one case out of several, and perhaps we have not taken the worst, — though the most obvious it may be, — if any one will read the record of the meeting, on the 12th of April, 1841, (pp. 99 to 107 of the Journal,) if he is not reminded of some proceedings in the English State trials, he will at least, we think, doubt that a fair hearing is likely to be had of the case. The facts were these: the twelve churches that composed the original Council were not all represented, as one clergyman had left his parish. The Pastor complained of this, and also that he had not been consulted as to the *day* of holding the Council, while the other party had been consulted. — pp. 100, 101. It subsequently appeared, however, that no partiality was shown in the arrangement. There is nothing in the reported language of the Pastor that strikes us as offensive. But one member of that body says, “the gentleman [Mr. Pierpont] has poured out the torrent of his censure upon the Council, and was about to pour out the torrent of his sarcasm,” &c. — p. 101. The Moderator suggests to the Pastor “that the strain of his remarks must be different.” — p. 102. The Pastor says, that he will take back anything he has said that is wrong. The Moderator again; “No farther reflection upon motives can be permitted.” — p. 103. Mr. P. “Wherein have I called in question the motives of the Council?” Moderator; “It will be better to proceed to the objections,” &c. However, Mr. P. was allowed to explain himself, and at length presented other objections to the Council proceeding at that time. One member “wished to know if these were all the objections, and whether, if these were considered, others were not to be presented.” — p. 106. Another, alluding to a remark of the Scribe, says,

“The Scribe says he sees but three points. How many the Pastor of Hollis Street Church sees I do not know. I saw but one point this morning where the Scribe sees three, and if there are three seen by the Scribe, the Pastor may see twenty.” Another adds, “Suppose the Pastor should say he has no other points, he may discover them before the 1st of June, and he would then have a right to present them.” — p. 107. There was no rebuke from the Moderator. Facts speak for themselves.

Let us now consider the “charges” brought against the Pastor. Every body knows, that for a minister to be useful, he must be *free*, free to *think*, *speak*, and *act*, and also that the parish be free to think, speak, and act. But if both are free, a collision may come between the pews and the pulpit. The preacher may be over timid, and wise men in the pews complain of that. For example, if the minister preach a sermon on temperance, and say at the end of it, “But, my beloved brethren, I would not have you think my words apply to *you*; no, God forbid that I should suspect sin of *this sober village*.” Good men will say, “He is not the man for us.” Then again the minister may be unduly bold, and meddle with matters too high for him. Good men will have a right to complain. If he is impertinent, sarcastic, scornful, insolent; if he abuses his pulpit by introducing personal spleen, and vents his ill-humor in sermons on laymen by profane swearing, — and cases of this kind have happened, — all good men should exclaim against it. Explanations, or a separation must follow; but neither party would lose its freedom. “Take heed how you hear,” is a good rule. But in such cases of disagreement the issue that is made ought to be the true one. It is unfair to contend with a minister for not preaching Anti-slavery and Temperance, when the fault is, that he has neither Zeal nor Grace. We should rejoice to see the time, when a perfect openness might prevail, and when not only the preacher did the abstract and concrete work above hinted at, — for the greater part of the clergy, no doubt, still aim at that, — but when the laity, if they did not find their minister a spiritual guide, should tell him plainly the facts of the case, and say, if it were so, “Sir, we can’t bear you; we are hungry, you give us no meat; we are

thirsty, you give us no drink ; we are in prison of our prejudices, and sick through our sins, you do not come to us, your words don't visit us, nor comfort us. Why should we trouble one another ? The world is large and wide ; we wish you may be very useful to others, but you cannot be a Christian minister to us. You don't speak to our souls. Let us part in peace and good understanding." This would be fair to all parties ; both would know what they were about, and the "charges," like the grand juror's bill, would make a "true presentment" of the case as it was supposed to be. The active man would not be condemned as a drone, nor the drone as one over active.

Now the "grounds of complaint," alleged against the Pastor before the Council, are in substance as follows. 1. That he has neglected his *professional* duties for mere *secular* concerns. 2. That he has preached in an *unkind manner on exciting topics*, such as *ardent spirits, imprisonment for debt, and slavery*. 3. That he has *not treated his opponents well*. 4. That he has shown a *want of reverence for the Scriptures*. 5. That he has made *indelicate statements* in the pulpit. 6. That he has not been *honest*. 7. That he has not been *true*. 8. That he has *promoted quarrels*. 9. That he has *not shown a proper ministerial decorum* in the pulpit and elsewhere.

Now there come up two questions. I. Do these charges make a true presentment of the real subject on which the parties are at issue ? II. Are the charges true ?

I. To look at the first question, after a careful study of the records of the Council, we confess to a general and very strong impression, that these charges, as a whole, do not represent the subject at issue. We must, as impartial judges, agree with the confession of the Moderator, "I HAVE NOT A DOUBT THAT TEMPERANCE IS THREE QUARTERS OF ALL OUR TROUBLE." — p. 204. We confess that, if much stress was *really* laid on the other offences, we should suppose the complaint would be made at the time the offence was committed. Was such the case ? It does not appear. On the contrary, it does appear, that the offence in some cases was favored at the time by some of the very men who brought the present complaints. Mr. Pierpont has doubtless his faults ; faults as a minister, faults as a man. They are apparent in this trial. But was he really

on trial for *these faults*, or were they brought up to serve another purpose? To our mind there is no doubt of the answer which a majority of unprejudiced readers will make.

II. The next question is, are the "grounds of complaint" proven against the Pastor? Here we have not only the opinion of the Moderator, but the whole Council, in the negative. However, the decision of the Council is but a *qualified* negative. They divide the charges into three classes:— those affecting the Pastor's *moral* character, his *ministerial* character, and those *growing out of the difficulties between him and his parish*. They think the *first* "are not sustained."* "The Council are of opinion that he cannot be so regarded, [that is, as 'wanting in purity, integrity, and moral truth,'] and ought not to be so pronounced." — p. 378.

The *second* class of charges are also dismissed by the Council as not sustained. "They think that *few clergymen could have a ministry of more than twenty years so thoroughly scanned and investigated, and not have more instances of neglect and evidence of inattention brought forward against him*. Upon this point the Council cannot but consider the investigation had before them as honorable to the Pastor." — p. 379. This decision, however, is somewhat qualified. The Council think he has not always been "wise, prudent, and discreet." "*He might have manifested more of calmness and moderation, and through them have been more useful.*" "The circumstances of his parish, and the condition of things in that quarter of the city, where his ministry was chiefly exercised, were peculiar, and such as called for a large measure and a constant exhibition of that wisdom which is from above," &c.—p. 380. "In this wisdom the Council consider the Pastor has been somewhat deficient." "It is to be considered probable also, that, if there was sometimes a want of prudence in the Pastor, there may have been on the part of some of his hearers, unconsciously, a susceptibility to offence, and thus the difficulties have arisen from faults and failings in both parties." — *Ibid.*

In respect to the *third* class of charges, the Council find

* See the whole remarks, pp. 375–379.

in the Pastor's conduct nothing "vindictive," nor any "intentional irreverence for the Holy Scriptures," though he has made a "use of Scripture language painful to the feelings of this Council." [!] With these exceptions, however, the Council think the charges are "in a measure sustained." — p. 381. See also pp. 382, 383.

"The Result in Council" is concluded with this resolution, "That although on such of the charges preferred against the Rev. John Pierpont, as most directly affect his moral character, the proof which has been presented has been altogether insufficient; yet on other charges such an amount of proof has been brought forward, as requires this Council to express their disapprobation of Mr. Pierpont's conduct on some occasions, and in some respects, but not sufficient, in their opinion, to furnish ground for advising a dissolution of the connexion between him and his parish." — p. 383.

This is the sum of the whole matter. With this the Council concluded their long and laborious session. We have spoken before of the pure and high moral character of individuals of that body. It is not for us to inquire what were the motives that weighed with them; not for us to ask how far prejudice or spleen choked the course of justice on the one hand, or how far a deference to public opinion, and a diplomatic fear of the popular sympathy, setting strongly in the Pastor's favor, prevented a full expression of the censure which is insinuated rather than roundly delivered. We know there was a time when ecclesiastical councils governed public opinion. "We have changed all that." Does public opinion govern ecclesiastical councils? We know not. At the time the Council, "preceded by the Moderator," first passed into the Supreme Court Room," we heard grave men, and pious men say, "A just judgment is not to be looked for from that body; if they let him off with no censure, they condemn themselves, for God knows they have not undertaken his work. We honor and love the men, but hope no justice from them in this case." Another said, "The Council is a farce. The Boston ministers, instead of trying Mr. Pierpont, ought themselves to be brought before a council for *not* having done in a good spirit, what he is accused of

doing in a bad one." To our mind there was no little truth in both sayings. We question no man's motive in the matter, but we take it no plain man, who reads the volume before us, will doubt which way the prejudice of the Council tended, or what would have been the decision of at least some of its members, if public opinion, the despot of the vulgar, had not so plainly favored Mr. Pierpont. In every single case, as we understand it, the weight of the Council was thrown against him; offences were sought committed months after the charges were first brought; he was rebuked for a trifle at the very least, and his opponents — members of the Council — allowed to insult him with no reproof.* Facts tell their own story. It is admitted by the Council that the wrong is on both sides; but how daintily is the complaining party rebuked! In the case of the litigation, was all the "vindictive" spirit on one side? Let the candid reader decide.

What then? Is the Pastor justifiable in all things? We think not. There is something that we must censure, several things we cannot understand; sometimes he pursues, as we think, an oblique course, when a straight one would better compass the end; he allows himself an indignant eloquence, which were better let alone; he gives blow for blow, and scorn for scorn; he does not speak gently. He rebukes sin more strongly than beautifully; we would try him by no vulgar measure, but by the absolute standard of Ideal goodness. As a minister and as a man he does not come up to the measure. It may be said, "His provocation was great." Nothing more true; but what then? The courage that will not stand fire is no courage for us; the Christian virtue which is not superior to ALL temptation is no Christian virtue to our taste. For such departure from the true spirit and the true method let him be censured.

But are we speaking of angels? Let us see how other men of flesh and blood have done under similar circumstances. The Prophet Jeremiah is a man held in some estimation by the Christian Church; but when men said,

* See p. 99 - 107.

“ come let us devise devices against Jeremiah,” what did that prophet return for answer ? “ Give heed to me, Oh Lord, and hearken to the voice of them that contend with me. Deliver up their children to the famine, and pour out their blood by the force of the sword, and let their wives be bereaved of their children, and be widows ; and let their men be put to death. . . . Forgive not their iniquity, neither blot out their sin from thy sight, but let them be overthrown before thee.”* But that Prophet was a *Jew* ; let us now hear how a Christian minister, an “ inspired ” man, the very chiefest apostle, speaks in the New Testament. The magistrate commands the bystanders to smite Paul on the mouth. What says the Apostle ? “ God shall smite thee, thou whited wall,” &c.† That was the way *flesh and blood* treated its opponents in the days of the Bible.

To take another case. There were *peculiar circumstances* in the early days of the Christian church, and “ a liberal measure ” of divine wisdom *was* needed ; but what says “ a servant of God and the Lord Jesus ” to men that committed a sin ? “ Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted and your garments are moth-eaten. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days ! Behold the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth ; and the cries of those which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth, and been wanton ; ye have nourished your hearts as in the day of slaughter. Ye have condemned and killed the just, and he doth not resist you.”‡ Let the “ Pastor of Hollis street Church ” be condemned, if need is, for foulness of speech, but let it be remembered, how far the charge goes, and on what other names it shall rest. We would not excuse him, because Jewish and Christian Reformers sinned with their lips in the same way. Let the camp of Reformers be pure as the holy of holies ; let no selfishness, nor violence, nor vengeance be found in it, “ to make the camp of Israel a curse.” Are Reformers warring on sin ? Then let their hands be clean ; let there be none of the “ accurs-

* Jeremiah xviii. 17, sqq. † Acts xxiii. 3. ‡ James v. 1, sqq.

ed thing" found in their tents. Is their cause glorious? Then the purer should be their hearts, and the holier their weapons. In the pirates' battle for gold we look for false weapons and foul play; not in the saints' battle for the souls of mankind. We expect dirt on a butcher's frock; not on the wing of the Angel, who comes down to trouble the pool of Bethesda, and make its waters healing to the impotent folk that lie in its gates.

But to speak humanly, there is no little palliation for the Pastor. Let him be weighed in an even balance; his heroic virtues be matched with his faults. He has then nothing to fear. Honor to that man, who in an age of selfishness and sin lifts up a manly voice, and cries out against the actual crimes and oppressions of his own time, his own neighborhood, till the ears of sin tingle. There is a time when few lift up the hand against vice, because sin is popular. How warily some "Temperance men" came up to beat the bush, years ago; how fearful were they of hurting the feelings of men that drank Rum, sold Rum, made Rum! They were prudent men, and it was then doubtful how the issue would terminate! Now, when the victory is won, these men do the chief part of the shouting, and almost the whole of the denunciation, and, as we believe, are driving the temperance *party* to madness and ruin. Wine is the only Devil, and wine-drinkers the only demoniacs with them! Oh the shortness of human memories! The coward forgets where he was when blows were to be got.

Mr. Pierpont came forward as a Reformer, a rare character in the Pulpit, at a time when there were no honors to be won, no victory to be rejoiced in. The "peculiar circumstances" of his parish were Rum-selling, Rum-making, Rum-drinking. The head and front of his offending, we honestly believe, is this, the crime of preaching against the actual sins of his own parish. An exciting topic, no doubt; it requires much of "the wisdom that cometh from above" to do the work well. He preached, as Paul at Ephesus, *against the Idolatry of the place he was in*; and with a similar result. "Moreover ye see and hear," said the opponents of the Apostle, "that this Paul hath persuaded and turned away much people, saying that they be no Gods which are made with hands, so that not only this our craft

is in danger to be set at nought, but also that the temple of the great goddess . . . be despised." We do not place the opponents of Mr. Pierpont among idolaters. Some of them are men whose personal character is noble, beautiful, Christian ; can we say more ? We would go far to honor such men, and would repel any assault upon the general righteousness of their motives. But good men are sometimes deceived, wise men see not all things, it is difficult for most men to see anything wrong, in a calling which is sanctioned by the laws of the land, and which, more than all, brings money to their pocket. Certainly, a *reasonable* allowance is to be made in such instances.

Let the case of the Pastor be examined ever so minutely, by eyes howsoever partial, and it is only a few details that can be censured ; the main parts of his course, when tried by the standard of Christianity, must be commended. The World and the Church have prowled about his parish ; have hunted with hungry maw, through and through a ministry of twenty years' continuance ; nothing was too little to escape their scrutiny ; nothing too great for their assault ; nothing too private for their examination. Yet after all, what have they started and run down ? There has been a great beating of the bush ; baying and shouting enough, for a Persian hunting in the days of Cyrus ; but they who have made this cry and ado find but little game at the last. After all the "investigation," notwithstanding the Pastor was in fact tried for offences committed after the indictment was made out and presented ; spite of the diligence displayed in searching for sins of omission and commission, the World and the Church have scraped together but a small amount of filth ; enough to soil their own hands, not to bespatter the reputation of him at whom it has been thrown. Well says an ancient, "Gold shall be tried in the fire, but acceptable men in *the furnace of adversity!*" Both come out of the trial purer than before.

But we must bring our desultory remarks to a close, though we have still much to say. What judgment will an impartial man pronounce on the "Result in Council ;" what on the conduct of the *clerical* portion of that Council, who, we are told, with but a few honorable exceptions, decline extending ministerial fellowship to the Pastor, as formerly ? The thing speaks for itself, and needs no declamation of

ours. But there was a time when ecclesiastical councils ruled public opinion. When giants made the law and applied it, few dared complain, and they got their bones broken for their pains. Now the case is different. Public opinion, though often an unclean beast, is mightier than the breath of an ecclesiastical council. Had the state of things been different, had public opinion lifted up its seven heads and ten horns *against* the Pastor, and not in his favor, we should have expected a very different "Result in Council." We cannot but fancy the latent venom of that most extraordinary paper would have been obvious and not to be mistaken. As a piece of diplomacy, — designed to serve many ends, — it strikes us as worthy of a college of Jesuits. Higher praise in the diplomatic line it were difficult to win. The whole thing reminds us powerfully of an old story, which we are sorry to be the first to record. But the story tells, that it came to pass in the latter days, when Kilsol was High Priest, and the candlestick of the Lord flourished in its place, that the sons of the chosen people waxed valiant, and the children of Levi (to his name be praise) began to prevail in the land of Bagdat, where the seed of the dispersion were gathered together. But iniquity did abound through the pride of heart that was in the sons of Belial, not fearing the Lord. The Priests were busy with the sacrifice; the Scribes with the law; the Pharisees were enlarging the borders of their garments. These had no time to take heed to the sins of the people. Then arose Zadok and began to prophecy. The spirit of the Lord came upon him. He opened his mouth and rebuked the men of Belial, who eat the wages of iniquity. He lifted the veil from the Scribes and Pharisees. He spared not the sellers of purple and fine linen, those that sold and bought in the temple. Yea, he smote them hip and thigh. The people said, "This is Elias come back from the sky; the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof; blessed be Zadok, a prophet in the latter days; the God of Abram shall fight for him," for the people heard him gladly.

Then gathered together the council, even the great Sanhedrim, to consider what must be done. There were assembled the Rabbis from the east and the west, from the isles of the south and the tents of Gog el Rush.

They sat in the hall of council which is in the ward of the Weavers. They brought diverse charges against Zadok. They said, "He hath a devil, and is mad; he hath spoken lies against such as buy and sell; he hath stirred up the elders on the Sabbath days, and exhorted the young men in the time of the new moons; he hath been wroth in holy places, and we cannot bear him." The Scribes swore by their beard that they would cut him off. But the witnesses, who witnessed against him, agreed not in their speech, but were confounded. Then the elders were troubled, and said, "God do so and more unto us, if we do not overturn him; for if he be suffered to live we be all dead men." Four days they sat in silence, with their beards divided. At last the daughter of the voice came upon Rabbi Kozeb the Beth Din, and he spake with his mouth, "Alas, woe hath come upon the seed of Abraham because of this Zadok. If we condemn him not, —and God forbid that we let him escape, —then the people will condemn us, because we prophecy not as Zadok, but say, 'Peace, when there is no peace,' and we shall be undone. If we condemn him without witnesses against him, we fear the people, for they count him a prophet, and son of God, albeit they repent of his violence. Go to now, let us speak him fairly with our tongues, but with our actions let us cut him to the soul. Let us insinuate evil in good words; thus shall we overthrow him, and get favor with the people, and become men of renown." Some said, "Nay, for then innocent blood shall be upon our hands." But the saying of Rabbi Kozeb pleased the council, and they said, "It is the voice of a God, not of a man. Let him live forever, and let his posterity be like the sons and nephews of Abdon, the son of Hillel." And they followed his saying until this day.

P.

THE MOON.

*Time wears her not ; she doth his chariot guide ;
Mortality below her orb is placed.*

RALEIGH.

THE full-orbed moon with unchanged ray
Mounts up the eastern sky,
Not doomed to these short nights for aye,
But shining steadily.

She does not wane, but my fortune,
Which her rays do not bless,
My wayward path declineth soon,
But she shines not the less.

And if she faintly glimmers here,
And paled is her light,
Yet alway in her proper sphere
She's mistress of the night.

T.

 TO THE MAIDEN IN THE EAST.

Low in the eastern sky
Is set thy glancing eye ;
And though its gracious light
Ne'er riseth to my sight,
Yet every star that climbs
Behind the gnarled limbs
Of yonder hill,
Conveys thy gentle will.

Believe I knew thy thought,
And that the zephyrs brought
Thy kindest wishes through,
As mine they bear to you,
That some attentive cloud
Did pause amid the crowd
Over my head,
While gentle things were said.

Believe the thrushes sung,
And that the flower bells rung,
That herbs exhaled their scent,
And beasts knew what was meant,
The trees a welcome waved,
And lakes their margins laved,
 When thy free mind
To my retreat did wind.

It was a summer eve,
The air did gently heave,
While yet a low-hung cloud
Thy eastern skies did shroud ;
The lightning's silent gleam
Startling my drowsy dream,
 Seemed like the flash
Under thy dark eyelash.

From yonder comes the sun,
But soon his course is run,
Rising to trivial day
Along his dusty way,
But thy noontide completes
Only auroral heats,
 Nor ever sets,
To hasten vain regrets.

Direct thy pensive eye
Into the western sky ;
And when the evening star
Doth glimmer from afar
Upon the mountain line,
Accept it for a sign
 That I am near,
And thinking of thee here.

I'll be thy Mercury,
Thou Cytherea to me,
Distinguished by thy face
The earth shall learn my place ;

As near beneath thy light
 Will I outwear the night,
 With mingled ray
 Leading the westward way.

Still will I strive to be
 As if thou wert with me ;
 Whatever path I take,
 It shall be for thy sake
 Of gentle slope and wide,
 As thou wert by my side,
 Without a root
 To trip thy slender foot.

I 'll walk with gentle pace,
 And choose the smoothest place,
 And careful dip the oar,
 And shun the winding shore,
 And gently steer my boat
 Where water lilies float,
 And cardinal flowers
 Stand in their sylvan bowers.

THE SUMMER RAIN.

My books I'd fain cast off, I cannot read,
 'Twixt every page my thoughts go stray at large
 Down in the meadow, where is richer feed,
 And will not mind to hit their proper targe.

Plutarch was good, and so was Homer too,
 Our Shakspeare's life was rich to live again,
 What Plutarch read that was not good nor true,
 Nor Shakspeare's books, unless his books were men.

Here while I lie beneath this walnut bough,
 What care I for the Greeks, or for Troy town,
 If greater battles are enacted now
 Between the ants upon this hummock's crown.

Bid Homer wait till I the issue learn,
 If red or black the gods will favor most,
 Or yonder Ajax will the phalanx turn,
 Struggling to heave some rock against the host.

Tell Shakspeare to attend some leisure hour,
 For now I've business with this drop of dew,
 And see you not, the clouds prepare a shower,—
 I'll meet him shortly when the sky is blue.

This bed of herdsgrass and wild oats was spread
 Last year with nicer skill than monarchs use,
 A clover tuft is pillow for my head,
 And violets quite overtop my shoes.

And now the cordial clouds have shut all in,
 And gently swells the wind to say all's well,
 The scattered drops are falling fast and thin,
 Some in the pond, some in the lily bell.

Drip, drip the trees for all the country round,
 And richness rare distils from every bough,
 The wind alone it is makes every sound,
 Shaking down crystals on the leaves below.

For shame the sun will never show himself,
 Who could not with his beams e'er melt me so,
 My dripping locks—they would become an elf
 Who in a beaded coat does gaily go.

T.

THE ARTIST.

HE breathed the air of realms enchanted,
 He bathed in seas of dreamy light,
 And seeds within his soul were planted
 That bore us flowers for use too bright,
 Unless it were to stay some spirit's viewless flight.

With us he lived a common life,
 And wore a plain familiar name,
 And meekly dared the vulgar strife
 That to inferior spirits came,
 Yet bore a pulse within, the world could never tame.

A sky more soft than Italy's
 A halcyon light around him spread ;
 And tones were his, and only his,
 So sweetly floating o'er his head, —
 None knew at what rich feast the favored guest was fed.

They could not guess or reason why
 He chose the ways of poverty ;
 They read no secret in his eye,
 But scorned the holy mystery,
 That brooded o'er his thoughts and gave him power to see.

But all unveiled the world of sense
 An inner meaning had for him ;
 And Beauty loved in innocence,
 Not sought in passion or in whim,
 Within a soul so pure could ne'er grow dull or dim.

And in this vision did he toil,
 And in this Beauty lived and died ;
 And think not that he left our soil
 By no fruit-offerings sanctified :
 In olden times he might have been his country's pride :

And yet may be — though he hath gone ;
 For spirits of so fine a mould
 Lose not the glory they have won ;
 Their memory turns not pale and cold ;
 While Love lives on, the lovely never can grow old.

C. P. C.

ENGLISH REFORMERS.

WHILST Mr. Sparks visits England to explore the manuscripts of the Colonial Office, and Dr. Waagen on a mission of Art, Mr. Alcott, whose genius and efforts in the great art of Education have been more appreciated in England than in America, has now been spending some months in that country, with the aim to confer with the most eminent Educators and philanthropists, in the hope to exchange intelligence, and import into this country whatever hints have been struck out there, on the subject of literature and the First Philosophy. The design was worthy, and its first results have already reached us. Mr. Alcott was received with great cordiality of joy and respect by his friends in London, and presently found himself domesticated at an institution, managed on his own methods and called after his name, the School of Mr. Wright at Alcott House, Ham, Surrey. He was introduced to many men of literary and philanthropic distinction, and his arrival was made the occasion of meetings for public conversation on the great ethical questions of the day.

Mr. Alcott's mission, beside making us acquainted with the character and labors of some excellent persons, has loaded our table with a pile of English books, pamphlets, periodicals, flying prospectuses, and advertisements, proceeding from a class very little known in this country, and on many accounts important, the party, namely, who represent Social Reform. Here are Educational Circulars, and Communist Apostles; Alists; Plans for Syncretic Associations, and Pestalozzian Societies, Self-supporting Institutions, Experimental Normal Schools, Hydropathic and Philosophical Associations, Health Unions and Phalansterian Gazettes, Paradises within the reach of all men, Appeals of Man to Woman, and Necessities of Internal Marriage illustrated by Phrenological Diagrams. These papers have many sins to answer for. There is an abundance of superficialness, of pedantry, of inflation, and of want of thought. It seems as if these sanguine schemers rushed to the press with every notion that danced before their brain, and clothed it in the most clumsily compounded and terminated words, for want of time to find the right one. But although

these men sometimes use a swollen and vicious diction, yet they write to ends which raise them out of the jurisdiction of ordinary criticism. They speak to the conscience, and have that superiority over the crowd of their contemporaries, which belongs to men who entertain a good hope. Moreover, these pamphlets may well engage the attention of the politician, as straws of no mean significance to show the tendencies of the time.

Mr. Alcott's visit has brought us nearer to a class of Englishmen, with whom we had already some slight but friendly correspondence, who possess points of so much attraction for us, that we shall proceed to give a short account both of what we already knew, and what we have lately learned, concerning them. The central figure in the group is a very remarkable person, who for many years, though living in great retirement, has made himself felt by many of the best and ablest men in England and in Europe, we mean James Pierrepoint Greaves, who died at Alcott-House in the month of March of this year. Mr. Greaves was formerly a wealthy merchant in the city of London, but was deprived of his property by French spoliations in Napoleon's time. Quitting business, he travelled and resided for some time in Germany. His leisure was given to books of the deepest character; and in Switzerland he found a brother in Pestalozzi. With him he remained ten years, living abstemiously, almost on biscuit and water; and though they never learned each the other's language, their daily intercourse appears to have been of the deepest and happiest kind. Mr. Greaves there made himself useful in a variety of ways. Pestalozzi declared that Mr. Greaves understood his aim and methods better than any other observer. And he there became acquainted with some eminent persons. Mr. Greaves on his return to England introduced as much as he could of the method and life, whose beautiful and successful operations he had witnessed; and although almost all that he did was misunderstood, or dragged downwards, he has been a chief instrument in the regeneration in the British schools. For a single and unknown individual his influence has been extensive. He set on foot Infant Schools, and was for many years Secretary to the Infant School Society, which office brought him in contact with many parties, and he has con-

nected himself with almost every effort for human emancipation. In this work he was engaged up to the time of his death. His long and active career developed his own faculties and powers in a wonderful manner. At his house, No. 49 Burton Street, London, he was surrounded by men of open and accomplished minds, and his doors were thrown open weekly for meetings for the discussion of universal subjects. In the last years he has resided at Cheltenham, and visited Stockport for the sake of acquainting himself with the Socialists and their methods.

His active and happy career continued nearly to the seventieth year, with heart and head unimpaired and undaunted, his eyes and other faculties sound, except his lower limbs, which suffered from his sedentary occupation of writing. For nearly thirty-six years he abstained from all fermented drinks, and all animal food. In the last years he dieted almost wholly on fruit. The private correspondent, from whose account, written two years ago, we have derived our sketch, proceeds in these words. "Through evil reports, revilings, seductions, and temptations many and severe, the Spirit has not let him go, but has strongly and securely held him, in a manner not often witnessed. New consciousness opens to him every day. His literary abilities would not be by critics entitled to praise, nor does he speak with what is called eloquence; but as he is so much the 'lived word,' I have described, there is found a potency in all he writes and all he says, which belongs not to beings less devoted to the Spirit. Supplies of money have come to him as fast, or nearly as fast as required, and at all events his serenity was never disturbed on this account, unless when it has happened that, having more than his expenses required, he has volunteered extraneous expenditures. He has been, I consider, a great apostle of the Newness to many, even when neither he nor they knew very clearly what was going forward. Thus inwardly married, he has remained outwardly a bachelor."

Mr. Greaves is described to us by another correspondent as being "the soul of his circle, a prophet of whom the world heard nothing, but who has quickened much of the thought now current in the most intellectual circles of the kingdom. He was acquainted with every man of deep character in England, and many both in Germany and

Switzerland; and Strauss, the author of the 'Life of Christ,' was a pupil of Mr. Greaves, when he held conversations in one of the Colleges of Germany, after leaving Pestalozzi. A most remarkable man; nobody remained the same after leaving him. He was the prophet of the deepest affirmative truths, and no man ever sounded his depths. The best of the thought in the London Monthly Magazine was the transcript of his Idea. He read and wrote much, chiefly in the manner of Coleridge, with pen in hand, in the form of notes on the text of his author. But, like Boehmen and Swedenborg, neither his thoughts nor his writings were for the popular mind. His favorites were the chosen illuminated minds of all time, and with them he was familiar. His library is the most select and rare which I have seen, including most of the books which we have sought with so ill success on our side of the water."*

His favorite dogma was the superiority of Being to all knowing and doing. Association on a high basis was his ideal for the present conjuncture. "I hear every one crying out for association," said he; "I join in the cry; but then I say, associate first with the Spirit, — educate for this spirit-association, and far more will follow than we have as yet any idea of. Nothing good can be done without association; but then we must associate with goodness; and this goodness is the spirit-nature, without which all our sociarian efforts will be turned to corruption. Education has hitherto been all outward; it must now be inward. The educator must keep in view that which elevates man, and not the visible exterior world." We have the promise

* The following notice of Mr. Greaves occurs in Mr. Morgan's "Hampden in the Nineteenth Century." "The gentleman whom he met at the school was Mr. J. P. Greaves, at that time Honorary Secretary to the Infant School Society, and a most active and disinterested promoter of the system. He had resided for three (?) years with Pestalozzi, who set greater value upon right feelings and rectitude of conduct, than upon the acquisition of languages. A collection of highly interesting letters, addressed to this gentleman by Pestalozzi on the subject of education, has been published. Among the numerous advocates for various improvements, there was not one who exceeded him in personal sacrifices to what he esteemed a duty. At the same time he had some peculiar opinions, resembling the German mystical and metaphysical speculations, hard to be understood, and to which few in general are willing to listen, and still fewer to subscribe; but his sincerity, and the kindness of his disposition always secured for him a patient hearing." — Vol. II. p. 22.

of some extracts from the writings of this great man, which we hope shortly to offer to the readers of this Journal. His friend, Mr. Lane, is engaged in arranging and editing his manuscript remains.

Mr. Heraud, a poet and journalist, chiefly known in this country as the editor for two years of the (London) Monthly Magazine, a disciple, in earlier years, of Coleridge, and by nature and taste contemplative and inclined to a mystical philosophy, was a friend and associate of Mr. Greaves; and for the last years has been more conspicuous than any other writer in that connexion of opinion. The Monthly Magazine, during his editorship, really was conducted in a bolder and more creative spirit than any other British Journal; and though papers on the highest transcendental themes were found in odd vicinity with the lowest class of flash and so-called comic tales, yet a necessity, we suppose, of British taste made these strange bed-fellows acquainted, and Mr. Heraud had done what he could. His papers called "Foreign Aids to Self Intelligence," were of signal merit, especially the papers on Boehmen and Swedenborg. The last is, we think, the very first adequate attempt to do justice to this mystic, by an analysis of his total works; and, though avowedly imperfect, is, as far as it goes, a faithful piece of criticism. We hope that Mr. Heraud, who announces a work in three volumes, called "Foreign Aids to Self Intelligence, designed for an Historical Introduction to the Study of Ontological Science, preparatory to a Critique of Pure Being," as now in preparation for the press, and of which, we understand, the Essays in the Monthly Magazine were a part, will be enabled to fulfil his design. Mr. Heraud is described by his friends as the most amiable of men, and a fluent and popular lecturer on the affirmative philosophy. He has recently intimated a wish to cross the Atlantic, and read in Boston a course of six lectures on the subject of Christism as distinct from Christianity.

One of the best contributors to Mr. Heraud's Magazine was Mr. J. Westland Marston. The papers marked with his initials are the most eloquent in the book. We have greatly regretted their discontinuance, and have hailed him again in his new appearance as a dramatic author. Mr. Marston is a writer of singular purity of taste, with a heart very open to the moral impulses, and in his settled convic-

tion, like all persons of a high poetic nature, the friend of a universal reform, beginning in education. His thought on that subject is, that "it is only by teachers becoming men of genius, that a nobler position can be secured to them." At the same time he seems to share that disgust, which men of fine taste so quickly entertain in regard to the language and methods of that class with which their theory throws them into correspondence, and to be continually attracted through his taste to the manners and persons of the aristocracy, whose selfishness and frivolity displease and repel him again. Mr. Marston has lately written a Tragedy, called "The Patrician's Daughter," which we have read with great pleasure, barring always the fatal prescription, which in England seems to mislead every fine poet to attempt the drama. It must be the reading of tragedies that fills them with this superstition for the buskin and the pall, and not a sympathy with existing nature and the spirit of the age. The Patrician's Daughter is modern in its plot and characters; perfectly simple in its style; the dialogue is full of spirit, and the story extremely well told. We confess, as we drew out this bright pamphlet from amid the heap of crude declamation on Marriage and Education, on Dietetics and Hydropathy, on Chartism and Socialism, grim tracts on flesh-eating and dram-drinking, we felt the glad refreshment of its sense and melody, and thanked the fine office which speaks to the imagination, and paints with electric pencil a new form, — new forms on the lurid cloud. Although the vengeance of Mordaunt strikes us as overstrained, yet his character, and the growth of his fortunes is very natural, and is familiar to English experience, in the Thurlows, Burkes, Foxes, and Cannings. The Lady Mabel is finely drawn. Pity that the catastrophe should be wrought by the deliberate lie of Lady Lydia; for beside that lovers, as they of all men speak the most direct speech, easily pierce the cobwebs of fraud, it is a weak way of making a play, to hinge the crisis on a lie, instead of letting it grow, as in life, out of the faults and conditions of the parties, as, for example, in Goethe's Tasso. On all accounts but one, namely, the lapse of five years between two acts, the play seems to be eminently fit for representation. Mr. Marston is also the author of two tracts on Poetry and Poetic Culture.

Another member of this circle is Francis Barham, the dramatic poet, author of "The Death of Socrates," a tragedy, and other pieces; also a contributor to the Monthly Magazine. To this gentleman we are under special obligations, as he has sent us, with other pamphlets, a manuscript paper "On American Literature," written with such flowing good will, and with an aim so high, that we must submit some portion of it to our readers.

Intensely sympathizing, as I have ever done, with the great community of truth-seekers, I glory in the rapid progress of that Alistic,* or divine literature, which they develop and cultivate. To me this Alistic literature is so catholic and universal, that it has spread its energies and influences through every age and nation, in brighter or obscurer manifestations. It forms the intellectual patrimony of the universe, delivered down from kindling sire to kindling son, through all nations, peoples, and languages. Like the God from whom it springs, on whom it lives, and to whom it returns, this divine literature is ever young, ever old, ever present, ever remote. Like heaven's own sunshine, it adorns all it touches, and it touches all. It is a perfect cosmopolite in essence and in action; it has nothing local or liminary in its nature; it participates the character of the soul from which it emanated. It subsists whole in itself, it is its own place, its own time, nor seeks abroad the life it grants at home; aye, it is an eternal now, an eternal present, at once beginning, middle, and end of every past and every future.

* In explanation of this term, we quote a few sentences from a printed prospectus issued by Mr. Barham. "*The Alist; a Monthly Magazine of Divinity and Universal Literature.* I have adopted the title of 'the Alist, or Divine,' for this periodical, because the extension of Divinity and divine truth is its main object. It appears to me, that by a firm adherence to the *το θειον*, or divine principle of things, a Magazine may assume a specific character, far more elevated, catholic, and attractive, than the majority of periodicals attain. This Magazine is therefore specially written for those persons who may, without impropriety, be termed Alists, or Divines; those who endeavor to develop Divinity as the grand primary essence of all existence, — the element which forms the all in all, — the element in which we live, and move, and have our being. Such Alists, (deriving their name from Alah — the Hebrew title of God,) are Divines in the highest sense of the word; for they cultivate Alism, or the Divinity of Divinities, as exhibited in all Scripture and nature, and they extend religious and philanthropical influences through all churches, states, and systems of education. This doctrine of Alism, or the life of God in the soul of man, affords the only prothetic point of union, sufficiently intense and authoritative to unite men in absolute catholicity. In proportion as they cultivate one and the same God in their minds, will their minds necessarily unite and harmonize; but without this is done, permanent harmony is impossible."

It is, I conceive, salutary for us to take this enlarged view of literature. We should seek after literary perfection in this cosmopolite spirit, and embrace it wherever we find it, as a divine gift; for, in the words of Pope,

“both precepts and example tell
That nature’s masterpiece is writing well.”

So was it with the august and prophetic Milton. To him literature was a universal presence. He regarded it as the common delight and glory of gods and men. He felt that its *moral beauty* lived and flourished in the large heart of humanity itself, and could never be monopolized by times or places. Most deeply do I think and feel with Milton, when he utters the following words. “What God may have determined for me, I know not; but this I know, that if ever he instilled an intense love of moral beauty into the breast of any man, he has instilled it into mine. Hence wherever I find a man despising the false estimates of the vulgar, and daring to aspire in sentiment and language and conduct to what the highest wisdom through every age has taught us, as most excellent, to him I unite myself by a kind of necessary attachment. And if I am so influenced by nature, or destiny, that by no exertions or labors of my own I may exalt myself to this summit of worth and honor, yet no power in heaven or earth will hinder me from looking with reverence and affection upon those, who have thoroughly attained this glory, or appeared engaged in the successful pursuit of it.”

Mr. Barham proceeds to apply this sentiment as analogous to his own sentiment, in respect to the literatures of other nations, but specially to that of America.

The unity of language unites the literature of Britain and America, in an essential and imperishable marriage, which no Atlantic Ocean can divide. Yes; I as an Englishman say this, and maintain it. United in language, in literature, in interest, and in blood, I regard the English in England and the English in America as one and the same people, the same magnificent brotherhood. The fact is owned in the common names by which they are noted; John and Jonathan, Angles and Yankees, all reëcho the fact.

Mr. Barham proceeds to exhibit the manifold reasons that enjoin union on the two countries, deprecates the divisions that have sometimes suspended the peace, and continues;

Let us rather maintain the generous policy of Milton, and with full acclamation of concord recite his inspiring words ;

“Go on both hand in hand, O nations, never to be disunited. Be the praise and the heroic song of all posterity. Merit this, but seek only virtue, not the extension of your limits. For what needs to win a fading triumphal laurel out of the tears of wretched men, but to settle the true worship of God and justice in the commonwealth. Then shall the hardest difficulties smooth themselves out before you, envy shall sink to hell, and craft and malice shall be confounded, whether it be homebred mischief or outlandish cunning. Yea, other nations will then covet to serve you ; for lordship and victory are but the pages of justice and virtue. Commit securely to true wisdom the vanquishing and uncaging of craft and subtlety, which are but her two runagates. Join your invincible might to do worthy and godlike deeds, and then he that seeks to break your union, a cleaving curse be his inheritance throughout all generations.”

Mr. Barham then proceeds to express his conviction, that the specific character, which the literature of these countries should aim at, is the Alistic or Divine. It is only by an aim so high, that an author can reach any excellence.

“He builds too low who builds beneath the skies.”

But our limits forbid any more extracts from this friendly manuscript at present.

Another eminent member of this circle is Mr. Charles Lane, for many years manager of the London Mercantile Price Current ; a man of a fine intellectual nature, inspired and hallowed by a profounder faith. Mr. Lane is the author of some pieces marked with his initials, in the Monthly Magazine, and of some remarkable tracts. Those which we have seen are, “The Old, the New-Old, and the New ;” “Tone in Speech ;” some papers in a Journal of Health ; and last and best, a piece called “The Third Dispensation,” prefixed by way of preface to an English translation of Mme. Gatti de Gamond’s “Phalansterian,” a French book of the Fourier School. In this Essay Mr. Lane considers that History has exhibited two dispensations, namely, *first*, the Family Union, or connexion by tribes, which soon appeared to be a disunion or a dispersive

principle; *second*, the National Union. Both these, though better than the barbarism which they displaced, are themselves barbarism, in contrast with the *third*, or Universal Union.

“As man is the uniter in all arrangements which stand *below* him, and in which the objects could not unite themselves, so man needs a uniter *above* him, to whom he submits, in the certain incapability of self-union. This uniter, unity, or One, is the premonitor whence exists the premonition Unity, which so recurrently becomes conscious in man. By a neglect of interior submission, man fails of this antecedent, Unity; and as a consequence his attempts at union by exterior mastery have no success.” Certain conditions are necessary to this, namely, the external arrangements indispensable *for* the evolution of the Uniting Spirit can alone be provided *by* the Uniting Spirit.

“We seem to be in an endless circle, of which both halves have lost their centre connexion; for it is an operation no less difficult than the junction of two such discs that is requisite to unity. These segments also being in motion, each upon a false centre of its own, the obstacles to union are incalculably multiplied.

“The spiritual or theoretic world in man revolves upon one set of principles, and the practical or actual world upon another. In ideality man recognises the purest truths, the highest notions of justice; — in actuality he departs from all these, and his entire career is confessedly a life of self-falseness and clever injustice. This barren ideality, and this actuality replete with bitter fruits, are the two hemispheres to be united for their mutual completion, and their common central point is the reality antecedent to them both. This point is not to be discovered by the rubbing of these two half globes together, by their curved sides, nor even as a school boy would attempt to unite his severed marble by the flat sides. The circle must be drawn anew from reality as a central point, the new radius embracing equally the new ideality and the new actuality.

“With this newness of love in men there would resplendently shine forth in them a newness of light, and a newness of life, charming the steadiest beholder.” — *Introduction*, p. 4.

The remedy, which Mr. Lane proposes for the existing evils, is his “True Harmonic Association.” But he more justly confides in “ceasing from doing” than in exhausting ef-

forts at inadequate remedies. "From medicine to medicine is a change from disease to disease; and man must cease from self-activity, ere the spirit can fill him with truth in mind or health in body. The Civilization is become intensely false, and thrusts the human being into false predicaments. The antagonism of business to all that is high and good and generic is hourly declared by the successful, as well as by the failing. The mercantile system, based on individual aggrandizement, draws men from unity; its swelling columns of figures describe, in pounds, shillings, and pence, the degrees of man's departure from love, from wisdom, from power. The idle are as unhappy as the busy. Whether the dread factory-bell, or the fox-hunter's horn calls to a pursuit more fatal to man's best interests, is an inquiry which appears more likely to terminate in the cessation of both, than in a preference of either."

Mr. Lane does not confound society with sociableness. "On the contrary, it is when the sympathy with man is the stronger and the truer, that the sympathy with men grows weaker, and the sympathy with their actions weakest."

We must content ourselves with these few sentences from Mr. Lane's book, but we shall shortly hear from him again. This is no man of letters, but a man of ideas. Deep opens below deep in his thought, and for the solution of each new problem he recurs, with new success, to the highest truth, to that which is most generous, most simple, and most powerful; to that which cannot be comprehended, or overseen, or exhausted. His words come to us like the voices of home out of a far country.

With Mr. Lane is associated in the editorship of a monthly tract, called "The Healthian," and in other kindred enterprises, Mr. Henry G. Wright, who is the teacher of the School at Ham Common, near Richmond, and the author of several tracts on moral and social topics.

This school is founded on a faith in the presence of the Divine Spirit in man. The teachers say, "that in their first experiments they found they had to deal with a higher nature than the mere mechanical. They found themselves in contact with an essence indefinitely delicate. The great difficulty with relation to the children, with which they were first called to wrestle, was an unwillingness to

admit access to their spiritual natures. The teachers felt this keenly. They sought for the cause. They found it in their own hearts. Pure spirit would not, could not hold communion with their corrupted modes. These must be surrendered, and love substituted in lieu of them. The experience was soon made that the primal duty of the educator is entire self-surrender to love. Not partial, not of the individual, but pure, unlimited, universal. It is impossible to speak to natures deeper than those from which you speak. Reason cries to Reason, Love to Love. Hence the personal elevation of the teacher is of supreme importance." Mr. Alcott, who may easily be a little partial to an instructor who has adopted cordially his own methods, writes thus of his friend.

"Mr. Wright is a younger disciple of the same eternal verity, which I have loved and served so long. You have never seen his like, so deep serene, so clear, so true, and so good. His school is a most refreshing and happy place. The children are mostly under twelve years of age, of both sexes; and his art and method of education simple and natural. It seemed like being again in my own school, save that a wiser wisdom directs, and a lovelier love presides over its order and teachings. He is not yet thirty years of age, but he has more genius for education than any man I have seen, and not of children alone, but he possesses the rare art of teaching men and women. What I have dreamed, and stammered, and preached, and prayed about so long, is in him clear and definite. It is life, influence, reality. I flatter myself that I shall bring him with me on my return. He cherishes hopes of making our land the place of his experiment on human culture, and of proving to others the worth of the divine idea that now fills and exalts him."

In consequence of Mr. Greaves's persuasion, which seems to be shared by his friends, that the special remedy for the evils of society at the present moment is association; perhaps from a more universal tendency, which has drawn in many of the best minds in this country also to accuse the idealism, which contents itself with the history of the private mind, and to demand of every thinker the warmest dedication to the race, this class of which we speak are obviously inclined to favor the plans of the Socialists. They appear to be in active literary and practical connexion with Mr. Doherty, the intelligent and catholic editor of the London Phalanx, who is described to us as hav-

ing been a personal friend of Fourier, and himself a man of sanguine temper, but a friend of temperate measures, and willing to carry his points with wise moderation, on one side; and in friendly relations with Robert Owen, "the philanthropist, 'who writes in brick and clay, in gardens and green fields,' who is a believer in the comforts and humanities of life, and would give these in abundance to all men," although they are widely distinguished from this last in their devout spiritualism. Many of the papers on our table contain schemes and hints for a better social organization, especially the plan of what they call "a Concordium, or a Primitive Home, which is about to be commenced by united individuals, who are desirous, under industrial and progressive education, with simplicity in diet, dress, lodging, &c., to retain the means for the harmonic development of their physical, intellectual, and moral natures." The institution is to be in the country, the inmates are to be of both sexes, they are to labor on the land, their drink is to be water, and their food chiefly uncooked by fire, and the habits of the members throughout of the same simplicity. Their unity is to be based on their education in a religious love, which subordinates all persons, and perpetually invokes the presence of the spirit in every transaction. It is through this tendency that these gentlemen have been drawn into fellowship with a humbler, but far larger class of their countrymen, of whom Goodwyn Barmby may stand for the representative.

Mr. Barmby is the editor of a penny magazine, called "The Promethean, or Communitarian Apostle," published monthly, and, as the covers inform us, "the cheapest of all magazines, and the paper the most devoted of any to the cause of the people; consecrated to Pantheism in Religion, and Communism in Politics." Mr. Barmby is a sort of Camille Desmoulins of British Revolution, a radical poet, with too little fear of grammar and rhetoric before his eyes, with as little fear of the Church or the State, writing often with as much fire, though not with as much correctness, as Ebenezer Elliott. He is the author of a poem called "The European Pariah," which will compare favorably with the Corn-law Rhymes. His paper is of great interest, as it details the conventions, the counsels, the measures of Barmby and his friends, for the organization of a

new order of things, totally at war with the establishment. Its importance arises from the fact, that it comes obviously from the heart of the people. It is a cry of the miner and weaver for bread, for daylight, and fresh air, for space to exist in, and time to catch their breath and rest themselves in; a demand for political suffrage, and the power to tax as a counterpart to the liability of being taxed; a demand for leisure, for learning, for arts and sciences, for the higher social enjoyments. It is one of a cloud of pamphlets in the same temper and from the same quarter, which show a wholly new state of feeling in the body of the British people. In a time of distress among the manufacturing classes, severe beyond any precedent, when, according to the statements vouched by Lord Brougham in the House of Peers, and Mr. O'Connell and others in the Commons, wages are reduced in some of the manufacturing villages to six pence a week, so that men are forced to sustain themselves and their families at less than a penny a day; when the most revolting expedients are resorted to for food; when families attempt by a recumbent posture to diminish the pangs of hunger; in the midst of this exasperation the voice of the people is temperate and wise beyond all former example. They are intent on personal as well as on national reforms. Jack Cade leaves behind him his bludgeon and torch, and is grown amiable, literary, philosophical, and mystical. He reads Fourier, he reads Shelley, he reads Milton. He goes for temperance, for non-resistance, for education, and for the love-marriage, with the two poets above named; and for association, after the doctrines either of Owen or of Fourier. One of the most remarkable of the tracts before us is "A Plan for the Education and Improvement of the People, addressed to the Working-Classes of the United Kingdom; written in Warwick Gaol, by William Lovett, cabinet-maker, and John Collins, tool-maker," which is a calm, intelligent, and earnest plea for a new organization of the people, for the highest social and personal benefits, urging the claims of general education, of the Infant School, the Normal School, and so forth; announcing rights, but with equal emphasis admitting duties. And Mr. Barmby, whilst he attacks with great spirit and great contempt the conventions of society, is a worshipper of love and of beauty, and

vindicates the arts. "The apostleship of veritable doctrine," he says, "in the fine arts is a really religious Apostolate, as the fine arts in their perfect manifestation tend to make mankind virtuous and happy."

It will give the reader some precise information of the views of the most devout and intelligent persons in the company we have described, if we add an account of a public conversation which occurred during the last summer. In the (London) Morning Chronicle, of 5 July, we find the following advertisement. "Public Invitation. An open meeting of the friends to human progress will be held tomorrow, July 6, at Mr. Wright's, Alcott-House School, Ham Common, near Richmond, Surrey, for the purpose of considering and adopting means for the promotion of the great end, when all who are interested in human destiny are earnestly urged to attend. The chair taken at Three o'clock and again at Seven, by A. Bronson Alcott, Esq., now on a visit from America. Omnibuses travel to and fro, and the Richmond steam-boat reaches at a convenient hour."

Of this conference a private correspondent has furnished us with the following report.

A very pleasant day to us was Wednesday, the sixth of July. On that day an open meeting was held at Mr. Wright's, Alcott-House School, Ham, Surrey, to define the aims and initiate the means of human culture. There were some sixteen or twenty of us assembled on the lawn at the back of the house. We came from many places; one 150 miles; another a hundred; others from various distances; and our brother Bronson Alcott from Concord, North America. We found it not easy to propose a question sufficiently comprehensive to unfold the whole of the fact with which our bosoms labored. We aimed at nothing less than to speak of the instauration of Spirit and its incarnation in a beautiful form. We had no chairman, and needed none. We came not to dispute, but to hear and to speak. And when a word failed in extent of meaning, we loaded the word with new meaning. The word did not confine our experience, but from our own being we gave significance to the word. Into one body we infused many lives, and it shone as the image of divine or angelic or human thought. For a word is a Proteus that means to a man what the man is. Three papers were successively presented.

I. REFORMATION.

“Old things shall pass away.”

That an integral reform will comprise, not only an amendment in our (1) Corn Laws, (2) Monetary Arrangements, (3) Penal Code, (4) Education, (5) the Church, (6) the Law of Primogeniture, (7) Divorce; but will extend to questions yet publicly unmooted, or unfavorably regarded, such as (1) that of a reliance on Commercial Prosperity, (2) a belief in the value of the purest conceivable Representative Legislature, (3) the right of man to inflict Pain on man, (4) the demand for a purer Generation in preference to a better Education, (5) the reign of Love in Man instead of human Opinions, (6) the restoration of all things to their primitive Owner, and hence the abrogation of Property, either individual or collective, and (7) the Divine Sanction, instead of the Civil and Ecclesiastical authority, for Marriage.

That the obstacles encountered, in any endeavor to secure the smallest proposed public reform, are not to be taken as a measure for the difficulties in realizing those of a deeper character, as above enumerated; for as the latter are more vital and real, so are they less dependent on public concurrence, and need rather an individual practice than an associative appeal.

That while the benevolent mind perceives and desires the entire reform which should be accomplished, the practical reformer will bound his aims by that which is *possible* at the moment; for while a twenty years' agitation is insufficient to procure the slightest modification in the Corn Laws, of little value when attained, and fifty years' advocacy shall not accomplish a reform in parliament, declared worthless and delusive as soon as it is conceded, the abiding, and real, and happy reforms are much more within our own power, at the same time that their value is, under every consideration, undoubted.

That however extensive, grand, or noble may be the ultimate measures proposed, it is thus the imperative duty of the sincere reformer at once to commence that course of conduct, which must not less conduce to his own than to the universal good.

That a reform in the relation of master and servant, in faith in money, in deference to wealth, in diet, habits of life, modes of intercourse, and other particulars, almost or entirely under the control of each individual, is the first series of practical measures to be adopted, at once the proof of sincerity, and the earnest of future success.

That a personal reform of this kind, humble as it may ap-

pear, is obviously the key to every future and wider good. By reformed individuals only can reformed laws be enacted, or reformed plans effected. By him alone, who is reformed and well regulated, can the appeal fairly be made to others, either privately or publicly, to submit to a superior rule. By such as have themselves become somewhat purified must the purer life and measures be indicated. The greatest Apostle of Reform is the most reformed.

The speaker added as a comment on this paper, Human institutions and human habits are but the histories of men's natures, and have in all times disclosed the heaven-wandering attributes of their projectors. At present, institutions are extremely complex, and so wreathed together, that one reform compels a hundred, and of course every attempt to reform in one part is resisted by the establishment in all parts. But the divine thought permits us not to remain in quietude. That, which we are not, rises before us, as that, which we are to be. Our aspirations are the pledge of their own fulfilment. Hope drives forward with the speed of wind, and affirms that the unallowable of to-day shall be to-morrow within our reach; if that which is to-day only attainable shall to-morrow be a realized fact.

Beneath the actual which a man is, there is always covered a possible to tempt him forward, and beneath that an impossible. Beneath sense lie reason and understanding; beneath them both, humility; and beneath all, God. To be Godlike, we must pass through the grades of progress. We may make the experiences of the rational the humane life, and at last the life of God. But our precessions are not so much of time as of being. Even now the God-life is enfolded in us, even now the streams of eternity course freely in our central heart. If impelled by the spirit to intermingle with the arrangements of politics of the world in order to improve them, we shall discover the high point, from which we begin by the God-thought, in our interference. Our act must be divine. We seem to do; God does. God empowers legislators, and ennobles them for their fidelity. Let them, however, be apostles, not apostles' representatives; men of God, not men of men. Personal elevation is our credentials. Personal reform is that which is practicable, and without it our efforts on behalf of others are dreams only.

After this had been considered and approved, another of our friends offered the following scripture.

II. TRANSITION.

“Bring no more vain oblations.”

As men sincerely desirous of *being* that which we have *conceived* in idea, earnestly longing to assert the transcendency of divine humanity over all creeds, sayings, and theories, the question occurred to us, “How shall we find bread for the support of our bodies?” We proposed reducing our wants to nature’s simplest needs; but on due consideration, we perceived that the restrictions on food precluded our obtaining it, and we learned with dismay that the spirit, which monopolizes bread and other constituents of life, denounced from the bosom of society, “You shall not live a conscientious life.”

Not abashed, however, by this decree, we resolved to press our investigations, and we asked who had uttered this practical blasphemy in the face of high heaven? And all voices answered, that “the men trusting in property had done it.” We took up this question of property, and asked, “By what tenure is it held?” And society answered, “On the tenure of might and immemorial custom.” But when we interrogated our own hearts, and asked, “Did Divinity ever thus sanction possession?” our hearts, indeed, answered not; but the God within spoke plainly, that “Pure Love, which is ever communicative, never yet conceded to any being the right of appropriation.” But when society urged further, that government had legitimated possession, we began to inquire on what authority government itself rested. And the government’s answer was immediately proffered, “We protect the rights of property, and devise means for the accumulation of more. We shield the good from adversities, and we punish the evil-doers.” Is this true? we thought. . . . No; government had not redeemed its promise to us, and we would no longer care for its provisions. The first law, too, of Heaven is Love, and government is founded on force. We were not believers in force; we believed that moral majesty was far more protection to man than the shield of a mighty empire; — we believed that a man encased in his own humanity was more secure, than he who was protected by a thousand bayonets. Our faith was in moral uprightness, and not in the prowess of armies. We would be established in love, and not in fear; and government is, in all these respects, infidel to the good. We asked, “Whether domination was of God?” and God answered, “No.”

But we thought that the religious institute would do something for humanity, that the priest would succor the oppressed, and loose the burdens of the heavy laden. But the priest told us, he too loved, above all things, domination and homage.

. . . He laughed at human perfectibility. He declared, that loyalty to the prince, and pecuniary reverence to the church, were his only hope of salvation.

• We, therefore, ignore human governments, creeds, and institutions; we deny the right of any man to dictate laws for our regulation, or duties for our performance; and declare our allegiance only to Universal Love, the all-embracing Justice.

In addition to this statement of his thought the second speaker asked, Why does a man need an outward law? Simply because the law of love has been hidden. Men, are they not bankers and capitalists, whose Bank and Capital is God? Why should they borrow of men? Why should the all-wealthy seek the substitutes of riches? If we assert our manhood, what do we need of learning, precedent, or government? Let the impoverished seek for notes of hand; let the timid and lawless ask protection of the arm of power. Let the foolish still dream, that the vanity of book-miners will be their wisdom for us, we claim wealth, love, and wisdom, as essential informations of the Divinity. Besides, human institutions bear no fruit. If you plant them, they will yield nothing. Prohibitions and commands stand for nothing. "Thou shalt not kill," which is a history recording to sense what the divine law of purity suggests in every unperverted heart, is held binding by none. What shall I not kill? asks the butcher, the poulterer, the fishmonger, and he answers, All things in which I do not trade. And what shall the soldier not kill? All men, except his enemies. These exceptions make the law nugatory. The command is universal only for the pure soul, that neither stabs nor strangles. The laws of men inculcate and command slaughter. Nor will they exculpate rebellion on the ground, that holiness has rendered obedience impossible. But we must ignore laws which ignore holiness. Our trust is in purity, not in vengeance.

A third person had written down his thought as follows.

III. FORMATION.

"Behold I make all things new."

That in order to attain the highest excellence of which man is capable, not only is a searching Reform necessary in the existing order of men and things, but the Generation of a new race of persons is demanded, who shall project institutions and initiate conditions altogether original, and commensurate with the being and wants of humanity.

That the germs of this new generation are even now dis-

coverable in human beings, but have been hitherto either choked by ungenial circumstances, or, having borne fruit prematurely or imperfectly, have attained no abiding growth.

That the elements for a superior germination consist in an innocent fertile mind, and a chaste healthful body, built up from the purest and most volatile productions of the uncontaminated earth; thus removing all hinderances to the immediate influx of Deity into the spiritual faculties and corporeal organs. Hence the true Generator's attention will be drawn to whatsoever pertains to the following constituents of Man and of Society :—

Primarily, Marriage and the Family Life, including of course, the Breeding and Education of Children.

Secondly, Housewifery and Husbandry.

Thirdly, The relations of the Neighborhood.

Fourthly, Man's relation to the Creator.

It is obvious, that society, as at present constituted, invades all and every one of these relations; and it is, therefore, proposed to select a spot whereon the new Eden may be planted, and man may, untempted by evil, dwell in harmony with his Creator, with himself, his fellows, and with all external natures.

On a survey of the present civilized world, Providence seems to have ordained the United States of America, more especially New England, as the field wherein this idea is to be realized in actual experience; and, trusting in the faith which inspires, the hope which ensures, and the power which enacts, a few persons, both in the new country and the old, are uniting their efforts to secure, at the earliest possible moment, and by the simplest possible means, a consummation so sublime, so humane, so divine.

After reading this paper, he added words to this effect. Reformation belongs not to us, it is but a chimera. We propose not to make new combinations of old substances, the elements themselves shall be new. The great enigma, to solve which man has ever labored, is answered in the one fact, Birth. The disciplines, the loves, the wishes, the sorrows, the joys, the travail of many years, are crowded into conception, gestation, and Birth. If you ask where evil commences, the answer is, in Birth. If you ask what is the unpardonable sin, the answer is an unholy birth. The most sacred, the most profane, the most solemn, the most irreverent, the most godlike, yet possibly the most brutal of acts. This one stands as a centre to all extremes, it is the point on which God and Devil wage most irreconcilable warfare. Let Birth be surrendered to the spirit, and the results shall be blessed.

Together with pure beings will come pure habits. A better body shall be built up from the orchard and the garden. The outward frame shall beam with soul; it shall be a vital fact in which is typically unfolded the whole of perfectness. As he who seizes on civil liberty with the hand of violence would act the tyrant, if power were entrusted to him, so he whose food is obtained by force or fraud would accomplish other purposes by similarly ignoble means. Tyranny and domination must be overcome, when they first take root in the lust of unhallowed things. From the fountain we will slake our thirst, and our appetite shall find supply in the delicious abundance that Pomona offers. Flesh and blood we will reject as "the accursed thing." A pure mind has no faith in them.

An unvitiated generation and more genial habits shall restore the Eden on Earth, and men shall again find that paradise is not merely a fable of the poets.

Such was the current of our thought; and most of those who were present felt delight in the conversations that followed. Said I not well, that it was a happy day? For though talk is never more than a portraiture of a fact, it may be, and ours was, the delineation of a fact based in the being of God.

JAMES PIERREPONT GREAVES.

NOTE.

[Whilst the foregoing article was preparing for the press, the following biographical notice of the great man, to whose name and character we had just called the attention of our readers, was sent us from England. Timely and welcome! The Memoir comes from a dear friend of Mr. Greaves, who had long lived under the same roof, and who strictly sympathized with his thoughts and aspirations. There is a certain grandeur about the traits of this distinguished person, which we hardly know where to parallel in recent biography. At the same time we are struck with his singular felicity in finding such an observer and reporter of his life. We rely on our honored correspondent to send us, with the least possible delay, the papers alluded to in the close of the Memoir.

EDITOR OF THE DIAL.]

PROPHECY is a Nature in Man. It is not merely an action either in or on the mind, but an ever present element. Neither is it a peculiar gift, unknown to all save the few.

For it is by reason of its presence in one, that it is comprehended as a possibility in another. It is rather the universal revelation, varying endlessly in power, in development, in consciousness. In degrees so endlessly varying, that the less receiver is apt to venerate the larger receiver, as a heaven-favored existence. Such largeness of reception belonged to the late James Pierrepont Greaves. Of those who enjoyed the advantage of numbering him amongst their human acquaintances, few will forget the vivacity, the force, the constancy, with which he was enabled to bring before the mind a vivid representation of the eternal power at work within him. Or rather, should it not be said, that the fervor in and from him was so strong, as to effect a kindling within the bosom of every auditor of that fuel, which till then had never been ignited. Somewhat of this result occurred to all with whom he was brought into contact. Either in anger or love, for animosity or friendship, deep, sincere, unqualified, was he distinguished in the category of every one with whom he was held in any moral relationship whatever. There was no coolness, no indifference; for the pungent power, the capacity for touching another soul in the very point of its being, was so strong and so universally exercised, that the result at the moment was sure to be either the vivifying of hopes to an extent never before experienced, or the stirring up of gloomy elements which renew the war within. The happy consequences fell, we need scarcely remark, mostly to the young, the pure, and such as were free of sectarian holdings; the unhappy ones to the fixed and stiffened doctrinal mind, the sectarian, the selfish.

In himself was remarked a youthful spirit, which physical age could not conceal, even from the common observer. The formality in expression, the framework of antiquated terminology, the imposition of precedent literature, which so frequently and so dreadfully stamp the signet of bald age upon the youthful brow, never weighed down the juvenile vigor in him. The spirit so living, so loving, and so potent, acted freely in all modes, like an elastic human body in flexile garments. Authors, as well as speakers, found, in reflections from him, a value put upon their words far greater than they intended, or of which they considered them susceptible. He thus deepened every thinker to a

moral sensibility beyond the ground of mere thought or contemplation, whence moral improvement has so long been *viewed*, but on which it never can be *actualized*.

To discover a critic, not himself an author, yet far more authorized than any author ; to encounter a friend, not involved in individual sympathy, yet greatly more loving than the nearest kin ; are incidents so uncommon to the writer, and to the soul, that they are marked as white days in the mind's calendar. These are moments, æsthetic moments, afterwards ever present ; for they are not alone pencilled on the memory by pleasure, but engraven in the heart by love.

A being favorably organized mentally for this work of approved education, and of manners and external aspect more than "passing fair," who shall, either spontaneously or in some unpremeditated circumstances, be induced to throw himself inward in the prophetic nature to the antecedent power which breeds and develops it, becomes a real blessing, or at least a most blissful circumstance to his progressive fellow beings. With a strong tendency from these advantages to an indigenous exposition of this moral nature, Mr. Greaves appears to have been detained in little above a refinement of old notions, until circumstances favorable to the elimination of the higher were brought about. There was doubtless always a readiness to flow forth in this direction ; but the nature must be strong indeed which can burst through every impediment which education, and institutions, and living society carefully pile around it ; and in Mr. Greaves it did not resplendently shine forth, until events took place, usually called adverse, but which in his case, having been followed by results the most happy for himself and beneficial for his fellow man, may truly be termed fortunate, or providential.

Mr. Greaves was born at Merton, in the county of Surrey, a few miles from the great metropolis, on the night of the first of February, 1777. His parents, who moved in a thoughtful sphere, had several other children. Two of the sons were brought into the Church ; but both have subsequently, in a better understanding of that which is to be revered, ceased to place the term "Reverend" before their names ; and in other particulars have shown that the manifestations, for which James was remarkable, were not

the result of acquired opinions and doctrines, but consequences flowing naturally from an inborn nature, correspondingly organized, and at length happily emancipated. Alexander is now in America, where his mind finds a more free scope, and where he endeavors to work out his measure of utility.

James P. Greaves was educated to a mercantile life, which he pursued in partnership with some success; and the capital which he inherited was, in the ordinary sense of the term, profitably employed for many years. The establishment in King's Arms Yard, Coleman Street, London, was remarkable for its order, its selection of well conducted assistants, its liberality, and attention to the comforts of every person engaged, and the wise economy of an abundant yet temperate expenditure.

Under this barren serenity of commercial respectability so valuable a mind was not to remain buried. The French nation, then thrown into an actively hostile position to the old European system, of which England became the champion, cast itself about for other warlike weapons than guns and bayonets, and by an attack upon the English commercial system sought to undermine its political power.

One consequence of the Berlin and Milan decrees of 1806 was the bankruptcy of our friend's house. He was certified by consent of his creditors, to whom he conscientiously rendered up every particle of his property, and thus, having no incumbrance, became a free man.

Frequently it happens that one lesson is not sufficient for the pupil. Inapt or sullen, he wills to abide by his error, and does not easily suffer it to be eradicated. James P. Greaves was not so unwise; he appears to have discovered, upon this lively intimation, that the commercial was not his appropriate order amongst men; and he waited not for the second hint, which the disappointed suitor at the court of wealth so commonly requires. Nor was he rendered ill at ease by this discovery. He was neither discontented nor disconcerted.

When one, who has been the most fondly caressed of a numerous circle, whose lips have been regarded as the channels of affectionate wisdom, whose visits have been marked by the most spontaneous deference, suddenly finds all these external signs of respect reversed, — the caresses

changed to coldness, the reception transformed into doubt, the deference into contempt, how deeply poignant must be the sufferings in such a soul! Fortunate is it for the individual who in such circumstances thinks not of looking for a fresh circle of admiring friends, but is in harmonic seriousness driven to the discovery in his own mind of a more permanent and protective solace.

There are some beings so delicately constructed, that in the bare possibility of such a contingency shrink, in the reverse hour, from all outward contact. Even in cases where no such abatement of friendship would occur, there is frequently not faith enough for the experiment. When *such* minds at the same crisis undergo an inward transmutation from the ordinary routine of mental imitative discipline to that of real original thought, they are not only saved from the pain which falls on the mere exteriorly minded, but they come forth again amongst men from a new ground, regenerated beings, capable of aiding with joy and happiness the conditions for regeneration in others. Then does the past appear in its actual vanity or emptiness. The process, previously called "thought," is discovered to be unworthy of that noble title. Thought, primitive, generative, generic thought, becoming conscious, the imitative, repetitive, lifeless mode, no longer burdens.

How enriched does man then become, enriching all others too! Poverty is at least the signet, if not the test of virtue. None but the outwardly poor can be truly great; the truly great are always outwardly poor. Upon the breaking down of his worldly fortune, and the total surrender of his worldly wealth to its legal claimants, Mr. Greaves did not noise his adversity abroad, nor make a wailing as if overtaken by calamity. Some observing friends, however, were not wanting, who supplied his urgent necessities, and with a few pounds in his pocket he went to Germany. At the same time also some thoughtful friends directed his attention to that which is in a certain degree, though faintly, expressed in the deepest written books.

In a mood, then, such as may best be imagined from these circumstances and facts, he departed for a short season, as was supposed, to new external scenes. Not a mere animal man, in search of amusement, was thus liberated from the city's routine, but a mind went forth in love, duly

accredited by the Spirit, to link the nations together in the new relation of universal amity.

At that period it was not as it now is in respect to the feeling of brotherhood amongst nations. Then raged bitter hostility and severe bigotry in men otherwise to be considered enlightened; and barriers, since broken down in peaceful times, were still erect and blood-stained. Tranquil years have since given opportunity for the labors of such ambassadors between man and man, as the subject of our remarks, to operate freely in almost every department of mental and moral geography.

Modern public morality has effected a worthy progress, so far as it has removed its approbation from the warrior's achievements to those of the scientific discoverer; from the conquest of pride and anger over human blood, to the triumphs of mind over passive matter. But a still worthier progress must be accomplished. A newer morality must award its highest honors to those, who discover and apply new practical plans for aiding human regeneration, and conserving pure human generation. The law and principle of these works have long been revealed, but the actual intellectual means, as well as the physical contingencies, yet remain to be unfolded. This is man's most sacred social duty, and until this reality becomes the ruling vitality in his actions, neither his actual beneficences, nor his intellectual discoveries will have any real value with relation to true manhood, how much soever they may enrich the community, or render famous the individual.

All our improvements in machinery, though, when viewed in relation to sanguinary war and national pride, they are highly to be extolled, fall into the shade when compared with the conquest of man's selfish nature. To enable two ears of corn to grow where only one grew before, may be worthy of the highest honor which man in society can bestow. If this be true, how great return should be decreed to him, who enables thought to spring up in the mind heretofore barren, or devises means, having for their object the direct generation of moral vitality in man himself.

Such seems to have been the high and peculiar mission of Mr. Greaves. In many particulars he was as eminently qualified to carry it out. No second or selfish object diverted him from the primary purpose. He was ever

open to the interruption of inquirers, ever ready to lay his mind before those who, having better expounding faculties, were qualified as public interpreters, and had their private pleasure therein. He was of that nature, of which the world is happily not without other examples, which, abounding in all the qualities and organism requisite to the construction of an eminent character, with moral courage of the purest kind, with intellectual perspicuity far above the common lot, and energy equal to their popular manifestation, yet takes a direction which in its own day, at least, keeps the name from the public eye. These are the central minds of their circle, around which minds more circumferential revolve; the under mind upon which the superficial minds rest. Were the originality in many books, speeches, or institutions to be thoroughly traced, it would often be found necessary to transfer the merit, if any there be, from the known name to the unknown author, Greaves. Often was his the suggestive mind which either corrected the well-meant efforts of others, or started the original thought. His corrections, like his originations, were always effected by a faithful endeavor to connect the expressed idea with the true originator. This he had the faculty of doing in so many and such varied forms of expression, that he had an entrance into every mind, a word for every person. The educated and the uneducated, male and female, rich and poor, alike confessed the potency in his words, though their influence not unfrequently ceased when his pen or voice was stilled. But let us not too hastily adopt such a conclusion. There are now scattered over the thoughtful world written records of his efforts, to recall the mind of the author criticised to the real being Author, which cannot ultimately fail of beneficial results. There are now embosomed in many hearts sayings deep and living, which, as quickening conditions, shall tend to the reanimation of the living Word.

He was thus, in the most eminent sense, a practical philosopher. His gratification was far less in having the fame of good works, than in seeing them accomplished. Nor in other respects was he less actual. He early had a deep and permanent intuition of the Pythagorean idea. That everything needless should be given up; that all things, every action, should be made subservient to the one great end, was not with him a mere idea to be spoken of, but

actual practices. By an adherence to principle in this manner, in respect to diet, to behavior, to mental freedom, moral candor, and divine love, he became, despite of all tendency to retirement, an eminent example and a frequent theme of discourse to all who knew him. His presence made an academic grove in every familiar place; and his history calls to mind the reports of the celebrated men of antiquity. London streets have been, though perhaps not frequently, the scene of a happiness which must be secured rather in a penny loaf and spring water, than at luxurious banquets; in singleness of heart, rather than in family enjoyments.

So deep, so intimate was the interpenetration of the Spirit in him, that the power to express it affirmatively was by no means equal to it; and very generally his mode was found objectionable, until so far diluted that there was near danger of altogether losing the spirit. The fact, however, doubtless is, that it was what he would express, that was difficult to admit, and not the terms used to express it. The idea itself being new and unknown, novel and strange necessarily must the language be in which the speaker endeavors to expose it. However, this may now be made an experiment by every candid reader. The world already so fully abounds in scriptures, that there will not be much vice in the addition of a few more lines, especially when on all hands that one popular quality, novelty, must be conceded them.

Antecedent to the year 1830, Mr. Greaves appears not to have kept any regular record of his thoughts. His written efforts were deposited on the margins of the books he read, or displayed in private correspondence, or on still frailer or more portable scraps of paper, too freely, and now too widely distributed to be gathered.

Amongst his relics there are twelve quarto volumes of manuscript, in his own hand writing, which, being of a small character, these papers are really a monument of constant industry as of pervading love.

Inertia was unknown to him; and the love in his activity was as unfailing as itself. When not conversing or lecturing, his pen was constantly in motion. If unemployed publicly, he in private found means to render his presence on earth essentially useful to his fellow man. The simple operation of marking passages in books, by his pen, was

from his mind a commentary more pointed, more valuable, than on many occasions the lengthy annotations of the profound scholar. This slight, dumb sign that mind has been busy there; this proof that some other soul could touch the deepest ground which the deepest wisdom could express, that some auditor could be whose ear could catch the most sacred harmony which the profoundest harper could attune, is magnetism enough to involve a second reader, and to render him participant of the joys of the two predecessors, with the addition of the animating feelings peculiar to himself. To mind the footprints of mind, in an unmindful world, are doubly cheering.

There are occasionally still to be seen on earth giant minds, who bestride the narrow world of literature like a colossus; men of intelligence so living and so penetrating, that they seem to have the key in their own minds to every book. Their minds are enabled to transcend the author's, and to reflect back upon the book a brighter light, and more valuable similitude, as the human form is more estimable than the glass in which it is reflected.

Before we proceed to furnish extracts from these which, we hope not unpropofely, we may call sacred volumes, we would endeavor to give a few examples of the workings of his mind in the mode above mentioned, of contrasting the various authors which from time to time fell under his observation.

These marginal notices being spread over a course of many years, thirty at least, are not all the survey of a mind from one position. Though the central point is constantly expressed in them, there must necessarily be some graduation, during a series of years, in the utterances of a progressive mind. Mr. Greaves had a strong intuition also of the importance of a change in terminology. He evidently had an appreciating perception of the heavy chains, which oft repeated words and phrases throw around the mind, which otherwise were free to express spontaneously the germinations of the births within.

We are the better enabled to do this, as Mr. Greaves published some of these in the year 1827, in the form of a periodical essay, under the title of the *Contrasting Magazine*, having the assistance of Dr. Biber as editor.

DIRGE.

I.

I saw the pine trees on the shore
 Stand solemn in their dark green shroud,
 I heard the winds thy loss deplore,
 Whose beauty worlds had fleetly bowed.

Thy beauty! God's own hand did press
 Thy rich curls round thy Grecian brow,
 And wound thee in lithe loveliness; —
 I see thee standing by me now.

I hear thy solemn anthem fall
 Of richest song upon my ear,
 That clothes thee in thy golden pall,
 As this wide sun flows on the mere.

Away — 't is autumn in the land,
 Though summer decks the green pine's bough,
 Its spires are plucked by thy white hand,
 I see thee standing by me now.

II.

I dress thee in the withered leaves,
 Like forests when their day is done,
 I bear thee, as the wain its sheaves,
 Which crisply rustle in the sun.

Thou trackest me as blood-hounds scent
 The wanderer's feet all down the glen;
 Thy memory is the monument
 That dies not out my heart again.

So swift the circling years run round
 Their dizzy course, I hope to hide;
 But till they lay me 'neath the ground,
 My resting day shall be denied.

Thou, summer sun, wilt pity me,
 Thy beams once gladly sought my brow,
 My love, I wandered then with thee, —
 I see thee standing by me now.

III.

A thousand flowers enchant the gale
 With perfume sweet as love's first kiss,
 And odours in the landscape sail,
 That charm the sense with sudden bliss.

But fate, who metes a different way
 To me, since I was falsely sold,
 Hath gray-haired turned the sunny day,
 Bent its high form and made it old.

Age freezes me on every side,
 Since thy sweet beauty died to me,
 And I had better youthful died,
 Than broke such loving troth to thee.

I see the hills where heaven stoops
 To seize the shadows off their brow,
 But there my nature downward droops, —
 I see thee standing by me now.

IV.

Come time — come death, and blot my doom
 With feller woes, if they be thine,
 Clang back thy gates, sepulchral tomb,
 And match thy barrenness with mine.

O! moaning wind along the shore,
 How faint thy sobbing accents come!
 Strike on my heart with maddest roar,
 Thou meet'st no discord in this home

Sear, blistering sun, these temple veins,
 Blind, icy moon, these coldest eyes,
 And drench me through, you winter rains, —
 Swell, if ye can, my miseries.

Those dark, deep orbs are meeting mine,
 That white hand presses on my brow,
 That soft, sweet smile I know, 't is thine, —
 I see thee standing by me now.

CROMWELL.

THOUGH we grant Oliver to have been but a patching tailor at constitution-mending, we must claim for him a larger fraction of humanity than the ninth, which tradition awards to that useful, man-making class of artisans. Manhood, — real, soul-inspired manhood must have abounded more than ordinary under the buff jerkin of that sturdy yeoman. Else how should he, in times when manliness was far from rare, have stood out in bold relief beyond all other figures carved in that pannel of England's history? That portion too, be it remarked, which is of all the most soul-stirring in the perusal. Place the record before the mind of generous youth or aspiring man, and whether coinciding with the Commonwealth doctrines, or not, he shall not fail to be touched by the recital of those twenty years' events.

Great action speaks to all. The universal perception of heroism in Cromwell's character grants him the stamp of true greatness. Great was he in the outward, for in political rank none stood above him; great must he have been in the inward, for of exterior advantages to raise him to outward eminence he had none. His years of education dissipated, his fortune mean, his dress slovenly, his speech disagreeable, his person coarse, how happened it that to the topmost round of ambition's ladder he was enabled to climb?

Never can it be permitted, that we may conclude the whole English nation at any period to have been so besot-

ted, as to be deceived by pretensions for a longer time than is usually given to a nine-days' wonder. At this era, moreover, there was too much acuteness, intelligence, and determination in activity, to allow a hollow usurper to defraud us of our good opinions. If impartiality will not aid Englishmen to see this, nationality must. The cosmopolitan asserts it; the patriot admits it.

Destiny is the sternest master, the blandest friend, the most puzzling guide which men can have. His scholars, at times the most active, are anon the most inert of the human race. He accepts neither assistance nor resistance from his pupils; and when one appears most to be instructing his fellows, the great teacher is most instructing and constructing him. Kings and republicans are equally pupils of a power which, now through external circumstances, now through central life, influences human action to some great event.

Why do they not suffer the embarkation of that moneyless, rough, active, zealous puritan to the more congenial shores of New England? He stands there on the wharf, the ship is about to sail, happy society in perspective is beheld on the other side of the ocean, warm and wealthy friends will accompany him. He may thus escape from a country in which it is difficult to earn one's bread, offensive to express one's thoughts, almost impossible to live a pure life, to one where the outward burdens are lighter, and the new conception, if not the new birth of freedom is realized. He will cease longer to be oppressed by royalty and episcopacy in their strongholds. He aims at a land and a brotherhood where long prayers may consist with long purses, and he may wait duly on the Lord without neglecting his crops.

But no; the sharp, gray-eyed fanatic, humble as he is, must be detained. They issue that royal order in council, sad council for royalism, and he must remain. Thus goes on the work of Destiny. The ball then passes to the other side, and Cromwell becomes the player. Earnestness is a thing not to be annihilated by order in council; and if you will not allow its activity to be manifested in emigration, which is its quiet, natural course in this man, it takes another, and for you more troublesome, form. He is now member of Parliament for the town of Cambridge. Just

the character to be chosen by a town, which is too near a neighbor of a protestant Rome to be ignorant of its corruptions.

Providence has evidently adopted him as an instrument for its end. That bronze mind is roughly cast, and little polished; but there is that in him which will not let him be turned aside from his purpose. Moreover he has a purpose. Reverie is, for the moment, past for him. He has the revelation, and now he comes forth to action. To frail argument and long-drawn speech he never descends. His tactics are not talkative, but active. To place his cause on the rotten stage of logical precision were to forecast defeat. He gives facts, — huddled, truly, like a basket of many-colored yarns entangled, but still facts. Evils he recounts, needless of exaggeration, for they are known to all. Abuses he exposes, of which all are convinced, for the proof is in their own suffering. Rights and just wants he asserts, and the assertion suffices, for they find a sympathy in every bosom. Zeal, too, he displays; the earnestness, the sincerity, which cannot be feigned, is seen in him by the thousands, the millions, who cannot be deceived by the zeal, the earnestness, the sincerity they are self-conscious of.

Here lies the point. We all see, we all feel eternal rectitude, but we do not all act it. We do not even verbally affirm it. In the dark and troublous hour, when the flame of liberty is all but extinguished, when it most demands a bold hand to add replenishing oil, then are fewer spirits found to take the foremost place. When again the lamp burns highly, multitudes, gladdened by its brightness, can talk of heroism, and applaud the actor, but can no more.

Action is the assertion of greatness. Nobility is essentially epic. Man himself is the darkened glass through which he darkly sees. Children and nations, while they are the most open to fraud, are the last to be deceived. They know while they are cheated where integrity lies. They award no honor to the man who says but does not, who talks largely but acts little, who speculates freely, and in his being or doing is narrow.

Turned from dissipation to married life by the reforming spirit; averted from gambling fury to religious zeal; forced

by liberal expenditure to farming; debarred from emigration by royal ordinance; chosen as the representative of wronged citizens, he attacks jobbing lords; yet here finding not the exact sphere for action, he suffers not himself to be clipped of his fair proportions; he is not to be the victim of circumstances, he will at least select them. At the age of forty-three years he enters the army. Until then the idle student, the domestic husband, the struggling farmer, the religious zealot, the quiet, humble emigrant, the talking legislator. Employments all distant enough from that of military leader. Yet this is the chosen path for his exertions.

How deep must be that feeling, how sincere those convictions, how lively that indignation, which permits men, having the Christian Scriptures in one hand, to take up the sword with the other. We laugh at the joke, "say your prayers and keep your gunpowder dry;" but the union of these two spirits in act is no frivolous matter to the actor. Mistaken the actor may be, nay, must be, whether the deeply indignant wealth-producer at the plough or in the shop, or the flighty spendthrift in the senate or the church. No vote in form of parliament can hallow this union; and a blind, depressive man-teaching only can calm the nervous trembling, which comes over the Christ-taught mind at the mere suggestion to unite violence and love.

Sincerity, however, is quite consistent with this unholy blindness. Sincere are kings, sincere are people. Blind both. Sincere too is Cromwell. No sophistry can deprive him of this negative merit. Politicians, who know no other value in social science than to make a trade of it, will vainly endeavor to sneer this attribute out of countenance. If Cromwell throws the ink about at the signing of the bloody warrant, or urges the bottle at convivial meetings, there is a deeper purpose in it than a dirty face or a drunken man. In an age of sincerity, activity, and consciousness, he alone is the greatest, who is most sincere, most active, most conscious.

Tested by the measure of success, who doubts the mastery in this mind? Have we not the many discordant elements in England brought to something like discipline? Are not, for the first time, Scotland and Ireland subjugated,

like younger brothers by the elder, in order to be compacted into one family? Look at the foreign relations. Are not all nations standing respectfully hating or admiring the new wonder, the alarming precedent? Do we not originate lasting treaties with Portugal, highly advantageous to our commerce? Do we not successfully battle with the Dutch, and fight them into fellowship? Is not Spain a suitor for England's favor? Is not mighty France at least civil; and rising Sweden on good terms? Let it be hypocrisy which controls the puritanical zealot; let it be cleverness only which guides the state-vessel so pleasantly over the wide ocean; still he must have the wreath entwined for him who is greatly clever.

The clever-minded world knows only of cleverness, and enjoys only its triumphs, appreciates only its principles; ignorant that the cleverness it so well knows, and so much enjoys, stands on a much deeper basis. The clever hero himself is not always aware of this, and consents to be defrauded of his nobler claim, by accepting renown for the witty usufruct which should be given to the moral capital. Not so, rely upon it, is it with Cromwell. Beneath contradictory appearances, confused utterance, and rough manners, there are the noble purpose, the clear conception, the straightforward action. Originality, creativeness, sincerity, perhaps ever lack polish.

Unless there be some yet unadmitted pusillanimity in royal armies, a victory, by 8,000 undisciplined zealots over 20,000 well drilled hirelings, bespeaks some eminence for the leader, as well as for those he leads. The greater number, too, make a brave resistance. How much braver the assailants. Heroism, or sincerity, or some deep quality must be here at work to produce such results. Spite of the desire to blot out all remembrance of these facts, or to distort or to discolor them, they there remain trophies of what a people can do, when the season ripens their ideal purpose into seed-bearing action.

But destiny changes the hands, and the other players now are to have an inning. Providence toys with souls, when souls would toy with it. Whosoever plays frivolously is no longer an initiative; he is discharged from again starting the ball, but has to repel it as best he may. So long as our hero keeps his heart unviolated, preserves the

promises which in the sanctuary of his soul he made to the eternal spirit, his power is intact. He coquets to his ruin, and plays false to himself.

Cromwell, with a robust frame, which might have served him twenty years longer, quits his earthly tenement at fifty-nine. So soon fails the body, when the soul is derelict from its high purpose ; as, on the other hand, a lofty aim, an infinite inspiration, fills out existence and prolongs our time. At mature age, when calm judgment should mellow youthful zeal, when domestic opposition is mastered, and foreign relations are amicably secured, why is not the leader in these events elevated to a Lyncurgus height, and induced to excel in brilliant utility all his previous acts, by the stamp of permanency, as far as holy, unreserved devotion can bestow it? Fatal shortsightedness! He errs not so much in fighting with the book of peace in his hand, as in courting his opponents with the words of peace on his lips. The former might be unconscious zeal, but must succeed ; the latter is conscious diplomacy, which must fail. Adherence to principle is the sole security for the attainment of manhood or its preservation. Why, after so much success, does this action-loving man tamper in his position, and condescend to parley with the speculative oppressors whom he has under his feet? The reality for whose development a whole nation were too small a sphere, has he narrowed it down to a family name? Is posterity for him bounded to such a nutshell?

After the people have shown several years' successful experience of self-government, is he about to theorize concerning a twofold legislature, and to make concessions to an enemy, who is at least consistent in implacability, as well as in the determination not to learn? We dare not believe it. Mental imbecility could not so soon come over that energetic soul. Traitor to himself dares he be?

Fortunately perhaps for man that he has another lesson not to rely on man, it appears even thus. The high tide of success is often fatal to souls whom no adversity can subdue. Cromwell, paltering with a double purpose, hopes to retain the power and fame built on his spirit-founded actions, and to superadd the power and fame, which delusive imagination leads men to suppose can be acquired by calculation and intrigue. Men cannot become great by

courting the title of greatness ; greatness itself alone can make them great.

Oscillating between the substance and the shadow, true to neither, he is no longer heart-whole. Royalism, — Popularity ? The World, — the Spirit ? Which seems to bid higher ? The day of unbought enthusiasm is past ; prudence now usurps the throne of love. Fears of the assassin, guilty tremors, shake that iron frame. Alarmed, he hurries from place to place ; restless, the load of public business augments upon him ; in a few weeks the least courtly of ambassadors cuts short all argument and doubt.

Rest, therefore, may these two-hundred year old bones in their antiquated tomb ; for neither can the bones build new men, nor the grave new houses. We need the new Cromwell. We will rather *be* the new, than recount the rights and wrongs of the old. What have we to do with them ? Let us attend to the existing. The wrongs he temporarily redressed have not yet passed away ; the rights he claimed are not yet conceded. Old England is still corrupt ; New England is still the land of hope. The waters still lie between ; and if aught is changed, it is perhaps only that emigration is prevented, not by royal order in council, but by the decree of want.

THE POET.

No narrow field the poet has,
The world before him spreading,
But he must write his honest thought,
No critic's cold eye dreading.

His range is over everything,
The air, the sea, the earth, the mind,
And with his verses murmurs sing,
And joyous notes float down the wind.

LINES.

THY quiet radiance falls upon my spirit,
 Like the cool starshine on a fevered brow,
 And I from thee a still delight inherit,
 As from fresh leaves that round my footsteps grow.
 In thy great freedom to commune with me,
 As summer clouds stoop down to bathe the hills,
 I feel the greatness of my destiny,
 A solemn anthem through my being thrills.
 In the long summer days I sit by thee,
 And gaze upon thy beauty evermore,
 A deeper depth of peace those eyes unfold to me,
 As I with growing calm their tranquillity explore,
 In thee what buds of possibility
 Await the wooing air, to tempt them into birth.
 O'er thee what heavenly serenity
 Shall spread its joy, as blue skies beauty over earth,
 Thy life to thee unconsciously shall be,
 As fragrance to the flower, or greenness to the leaves,
 And then shall pass this earth as noiselessly,
 As the fair cloud its fleecy variation weaves,
 Fain would I sit by thee, till life grew dim,
 Hearing thy beauty chant its wondrous hymn ;
 False pupil were I, learned I not from thee,
 That thou to me one revelation art
 Of the great beauty, which eternally
 Is the apparel of the central heart.

X.

SAADI.

TREES in groves,
 Kine in droves,
 In ocean sport the finny herds,
 Wedgelike cleave the air the birds,
 To northern lakes fly wind-borne ducks,
 Browse the mountain sheep in flocks,
 Men consort in camp and town,
 But the poet dwells alone.

God, who gave to him the lyre,
 Of all mortals the desire,
 For all men's behoof,
 Straitly charged him, 'Sit aloof ;'
 Annexed a warning, poets say,
 To the bright premium, —
 When twain together play,
 The harp shall be dumb.

Many may come,
 But one shall sing;
 Two touch the string,
 The harp is dumb.
 Though there come a million,
 Wise Saadi dwells alone.

Yet Saadi loved the race of men, —
 No churl immured in cave or den, —
 In bower and hall
 He wants them all,
 Nor can dispense
 With Persia for his audience,
 They must give ear,
 Grow red with joy, and white with fear;
 Yet he has no companion,
 Come ten, or come a million,
 Good Saadi dwells alone.

Be thou ware where Saadi dwells,
 Wisdom of the gods is he;
 Entertain it reverently.
 Gladly round that golden lamp
 Sylvan deities encamp,
 And simple maids and noble youth
 Are welcome to the man of truth.
 Most welcome they, who need him most,
 They feed the spring which they exhaust:
 For greater need
 Draws better deed:
 But, critic, spare thy vanity,
 Nor show thy pompous parts,
 To vex with odious subtlety
 The cheerer of men's hearts.

Sad-eyed Fakirs swiftly say
 Endless dirges to decay,
 Who never in the blaze of light
 Lose the shudder of midnight,
 Who at overflowing noon
 Hear wolves barking at the moon,
 In the bower of dalliance sweet
 Hear the far Avenger's feet,
 And shake before those awful Powers,
 Who in their pride forgive not ours.
 Thus the sad-eyed Fakirs preach;
 Bard, when thee would Allah teach
 And lift thee to his holy mount,
 He sends thee from his bitter fount
 Wormwood; saying, Go thy ways,
 Drink not the Malaga of praise,
 But do the deed thy fellows hate,
 And compromise thy peaceful state.

Smite the white breasts which thee fed,
 Stuff sharp thorns beneath the head
 Of them thou shouldst have comforted.
 For out of wo and out of crime
 Draws the heart a lore sublime.
 And yet it seemeth not to me
 That the high gods love tragedy,
 For Saadi sat in the sun,
 And thanks was his contrition,
 For haircloth and for bloody whips
 Had active hands and smiling lips,
 And yet his runes he rightly read,
 And to his folk his message sped.
 Sunshine in his heart transferred
 Lighted each transparent word.
 And well could honoring Persia learn
 What Saadi wished to say;
 For Saadi's nightly stars did burn
 Brighter than Dschami's day.

Whispered the muse in Saadi's cot;
 O gentle Saadi, listen not,
 Tempted by thy praise of wit,
 Or by thirst and appetite,
 For the talents not thine own,
 To sons of contradiction,
 Never, son of eastern morning,
 Follow falsehood, follow scorning,
 Denounce who will, who will deny,
 And pile the hills to scale the sky,
 Let theist, atheist, pantheist,
 Define and wrangle how they list,
 Fierce conserver, fierce destroyer,—
 But thou joy-giver and enjoyer,
 Unknowing war, unknowing crime,
 Gentle Saadi, mind thy rhyme,
 Heed not what the brawlers say,
 Heed thou only Saadi's lay.

Let the great world bustle on
 With war and trade, with camp and town;
 A thousand men shall dig and eat;
 At forge and furnace thousands sweat;
 And thousands sail the purple sea;
 And give or take the stroke of war;
 Or crowd the market and bazaar;
 Oft shall war end, and peace return,
 And cities rise where cities burn,
 Ere one man my hill shall climb,
 Who can turn the golden rhyme;
 Let them manage how they may,
 Heed thou only Saadi's lay.
 Seek the living among the dead,
 Man in man is imprisoned,

Barefooted Dervish is not poor,
 If fate unlock his bosom's door,
 So that what his eye hath seen,
 His tongue can paint as bright, as keen ;
 And what his tender heart hath felt,
 With equal fire thy heart shall melt.
 Now his memory is a den,
 A sealed tomb from gods and men,
 Whose rich secrets not transpire ;
 Speech should be like air and fire ;
 But to speak when he assays,
 His voice is bestial and base ;
 Himself he heareth hiss or hoot,
 And crimson shame him maketh mute ;
 But whom the muses smile upon
 And touch with soft persuasion,
 His words like a storm-wind can bring
 Terror and Beauty on their wing,
 In his every syllable
 Lurketh nature veritable ;
 And though he speak in midnight dark,
 In heaven, no star ; on earth, no spark ;
 Yet before the listener's eye
 Swims the world in ecstasy,
 The forest waves, the morning breaks,
 The pastures sleep, ripple the lakes,
 Leaves twinkle, flowers like persons be,
 And life pulsates in rock or tree.
 Saadi ! so far thy words shall reach ;
 Suns rise and set in Saadi's speech.

And thus to Saadi said the Muse ;
 Eat thou the bread which men refuse ;
 Flee from the goods which from thee flee ;
 Seek nothing ; Fortune seeketh thee.
 Nor mount, nor dive ; all good things keep
 The midway of the eternal deep.
 Wish not to fill the isles with eyes
 To fetch thee birds of paradise ;
 On thine orchard's edge belong
 All the brags of plume and song ;
 Wise Ali's sunbright sayings pass
 For proverbs in the market-place ;
 Through mountains bored by regal art,
 Toil whistles as he drives his cart.
 Nor scour the seas, nor sift mankind,
 A poet or a friend to find,
 Behold, he watches at the door,
 Behold his shadow on the floor.
 Open innumerable doors
 The heaven where unveiled Allah pours,
 The flood of truth, the flood of good,
 The Seraph's and the Cherub's food,

Those doors are men ; the Pariah hind
 Admits thee to the perfect Mind.
 Seek not beyond thy cottage wall
 Redeemers that can yield thee all.
 While thou sittest at thy door
 On the desert's yellow floor,
 Listening to the grayhaired crones,
 Foolish gossips, ancient drones,
 Saadi! see, they rise in stature
 To the height of mighty Nature,
 And the secret stands revealed,
 Fraudulent Time in vain concealed,
 That blessed gods in servile masks
 Plied for thee thy household tasks.

THE GALLERY.

[We had many things to say in this Number concerning art and its works and its workmen, but an unlooked for amount of matter of foreign contribution has constrained us, were it only through courtesy, to exclude the home-made. But we will draw one paper out of our folio, at the risk of depriving it of some of its grace by detachment from its chapter, that our Journal may not go quite without homage to the laws of Fine Art; for "Art," as Dr. Waagen writes, "is an expression of the mind, whose peculiar character cannot be supplied by anything else."]

Ho, Amico! Stop a moment, and let me have a word or two with you. I was in Concord yesterday; and talking about pictures. W— said we must have some account of the Gallery, and asked me to write it for him. But I knew myself too well to write with anything but the brush, and so they carried it by acclaim that you must do it for them.

Amico. Proh Jupiter! I do it for them! Why, my dear Pictor, I have been running away from pictures I know not how long, and they seem destined to be my bane. For my sins once upon a time I set up for a critic. I had done a great deal better to have written a book. Then I did not care whose glass was broken, and I went about decrying daubers, and preaching up art. Many were the aggrieved, many the ladies offended that their *soft pictures* were pronounced emphatically *rather too soft*; — and as to the artists, it is only with the new generation that I begin to be upon speaking terms. And besides, what good did I ever do by it?

Pictor. Yes, but then you were in your youthful extravagance. "Aut hoc aut nihil" was your watchword; — you have now more patience with mediocrity?

Amico. My young friend, you call yourself a painter. Nay

more, you delight to be called Artist. Now lay this close to your heart; If you accept mediocrity, you shall have mediocrity, and nought else.

Pictor. Here we are at the door of the Gallery; shall we go in?

Amico. As you will.

Pictor. Now look around you, Amico. Here are a hundred or two of pictures; — not one of them that was painted without some thought. Each was a striving towards expression; each an attempt to embody the ideal. Now is it philosophical to throw them aside *en masse*? Nay, if you are a true critic, does not each demand of you, that you shall divine its law, and judge it thereby?

Amico. I must confess, not being an artist myself, I am not sure how far each picture is an attempt, or striving of the kind you name. But let me ask a few questions of you as to this process of creation. Here are two pictures of your own now, the "Neapolitan Girl" and the "Old Oak Tree." Which of these two is your favorite?

Pictor. The Girl is the last, and the last conquest is always the dearest; — but before I had painted that, I loved the Old Oak better than any of my pictures. But then there is a reason for that. Two years ago, before I had fully determined to be a *bonâ fide* painter, I went into Berkshire with E——, who is now in Europe, to spend the College Vacation. Now besides being a poet, E—— has of all persons I ever saw the most farsighted eye into nature, and I may truly say he opened my eyes. This huge pasture was our favorite resort. As you see in the picture, there is no fence in sight, so that it is as good as if there were none in the world. You see these bare hills covered with warm brown grass, and here and there with stunted bushes, on which the shadows skip so beautifully, — that bold ridge covered with pine trees, that stands out far beyond the rest of the range into the valley, and round whose base the river winds, — and that fortunate old mill, whose position makes it as invaluable as a castle in the landscape. Well, I know not how it happened, but those were most happy days for us; — each morning we would start with our sketch-books and our dinner, and make our way to this old, scathed, and leafless oak; and whatever point in the horizon attracted us, thither we went; and sometimes were gone for days, as occurred when we went to that blue mountain in the distance. I know not if it were the clear mountain air we breathed, or the sympathy and affection that bound us together, but I have never before or since experienced the serene happiness of those days. I have been ever since struggling with the world and life, and poor E——, the gentle, the ten-

der-hearted, has been cheated of the future upon which, like a spendthrift, he lived so prodigally. I suppose something of my sad feeling has crept into the picture.

Amico. Well ; — and now about the other picture ? I shall be surprised if it has as long a story.

Pictor. I confess it has not. It was a head sketch from a sitter, because I thought it graceful, — and finished because I thought the sketch good. But don't you like it ? Do you not think it a great improvement in my coloring ?

Amico. Friend, I care not for your coloring, at least not now. When you painted the old oak, you were a man. The world opened before you in those days, as it should every day. Feeling as you did then, you could not but paint.

Pictor. But my good Amico ! Would you have me walk upon stilts all the time ? Or should I paint any better, because I live *tête exaltée* ?

Amico. Were you upon stilts then ?

Pictor. I should be an apostate to all my better feelings to say I was. But such states are involuntary. They are the gift of the gods.

Amico. Now, O my friend ! you have touched the root of the matter. You want *faith*, without which was no great character ever built up, no great work achieved. And, Pictor, you may paint till you reach threescore and ten, and you may please yourself with the idea that you are forming a style, or adding to your knowledge of color, but unless you have faith, you shall not be saved. And now you may understand why I demur, as to our being called on to criticise every painting according to its law.

Pictor. But surely you do not contend that the painters, as a class, have been of that high and severe character you demand of us.

Amico. "The painters as a class" I do not speak of, but the artists, — the men who created art. Most painters think they have done enough, when they have acquired all the age can teach them. To the Artist this is but the Alphabet wherewith he shall teach the age.

Pictor. But you demand that we should all do that which Nature permits only to her favorites.

Amico. Tell me now ; did you ever notice how rich certain past eras have been in these "favorites," as you call them ?

Pictor. Certainly ; and the race, I often think, has degenerated.

Amico. Do you suppose this degeneracy is in the child, or the man ?

Pictor. Doubtless, if the child be the same that he was in the

days of Raphael, his chance of being a painter is infinitely less from the prosaic tendency of everything around us. Why, Raphael created painters not less than pictures!

Amico. Did he create them by exciting their enthusiasm, or by giving them some part of himself?

Pictor. Of course, by calling out what was in them.

Amico. Then it was *in* them. That is all I want. Now if many men have the power, what we want is to call it out. Which, think you, is the nobler way, and most likely to lead to great results, — to wait if perchance some one may come along sufficient to excite your enthusiasm, or to take the matter in your own hands and wait for no man? Nay, is not the history of the great a sufficient answer? *They all went alone.*

Pictor. This is fine theory, *Amico*; but you demand the impossible. Your great men made painting, and that is their title to glory. But for us the field is filled. There remain no such conquests in art for us, as Raphael and Giotto made.

Amico. O man of little faith! Is there nothing for Columbus to do now, because America has been discovered? We stand all upon a Western shore, with a whole unknown world awaiting our discovery. To believe it is there, is faith. To know it, is given to no man. Where would have been the merit of the great Cristoval, if some messenger had revealed all to him?

Be a new Ulysses. Do you remember the old Florentine's verses? Tennyson has hammered them out very skilfully, but here is the gold itself.

“Nè dolcezza del figlio, nè la pieta
Del vecchio padre, nè 'l debito amore
Lo qual dovea Penelope far lieta,
Vincer potero dentro a me l'ardore
Ch'io ebbi a divenir nel mondo esperto,
E degli vizi umani e del valore;
Ma misi me per l'alto mare aperto
Sol con un legno, e con quella compagna
Picciola dalla qual non fui deserto.

* * * * *

O frati, dissi, che per cento milia
Perigli siete giunti all'occidente,
A questa tanto picciola vigilia
De' vostri sensi, ch'è di rimanente,
Non vogliate negar l'esperienza,
Diretro al sol, del mondo senza gente.
Considerate la vostra semenza:
Fatti non foste, a viver come bruti,
Ma per seguir virtute e conoscenza.”

Inferno, Canto XXVI.

RECORD OF THE MONTHS.

Poems. By ALFRED TENNYSON. Two Volumes. Boston: W. D. Ticknor.

TENNYSON is more simply the songster than any poet of our time. With him the delight of musical expression is first, the thought second. It was well observed by one of our companions, that he has described just what we should suppose to be his method of composition in this verse from "The Miller's Daughter."

"A love-song I had somewhere read,
An echo from a measured strain,
Beat time to nothing in my head
From some odd corner of the brain.
It haunted me, the morning long,
With weary sameness in the rhymes,
*The phantom of a silent song,
That went and came a thousand times.*"

So large a proportion of even the good poetry of our time is either over-ethical or over-passionate, and the stock poetry is so deeply tainted with a sentimental egotism, that this, whose chief merits lay in its melody and picturesque power, was most refreshing. What a relief, after sermonizing and wailing had dulled the sense with such a weight of cold abstraction, to be soothed by this ivory lute!

Not that he wanted nobleness and individuality in his thoughts, or a due sense of the poet's vocation; but he won us to truths, not forced them upon us; as we listened, the cope

"Of the self-attained futurity
Was cloven with the million stars which tremble
O'er the deep mind of dauntless infamy."

And he seemed worthy thus to address his friend,

"Weak truth a-leaning on her crutch,
Wan, wasted truth in her utmost need,
Thy kingly intellect shall feed,
Until she be an athlete bold."

Unless thus sustained, the luxurious sweetness of his verse must have wearied. Yet it was not of aim or meaning we thought most, but of his exquisite sense for sounds and melodies, as marked by himself in the description of Cleopatra.

"Her warbling voice, a lyre of widest range,
Touched by all passion, did fall down and glance
From tone to tone, and glided through all change
Of liveliest utterance."

Or in the fine passage in the Vision of Sin, where

“Then the music touched the gates and died;
Rose again from where it seemed to fail,
Stormed in orbs of song, a growing gale;” &c.

Or where the Talking Oak composes its serenade for the pretty Alice; — but indeed his descriptions of melody are almost as abundant as his melodies, though the central music of the poet’s mind is, he says, as that of the

“fountain
Like sheet lightning,
Ever brightening
With a low melodious thunder;
All day and all night it is ever drawn
From the brain of the purple mountain
Which stands in the distance yonder:
It springs on a level of bowery lawn,
And the mountain draws it from heaven above,
And it sings a song of undying love.”

Next to his music, his delicate, various, gorgeous music, stands his power of picturesque representation. And his, unlike those of most poets, are eye-pictures, not mind-pictures. And yet there is no hard or tame fidelity, but a simplicity and ease at representation (which is quite another thing from reproduction) rarely to be paralleled. How, in the Palace of Art, for instance, they are unrolled slowly and gracefully, as if painted one after another on the same canvass. The touch is calm and masterly, though the result is looked at with a sweet, self-pleasing eye. Who can forget such as this, and of such there are many, painted with as few strokes and with as complete a success?

“A still salt pool, locked in with bars of sand;
Left on the shore; that hears all night
The plunging seas draw backward from the land
Their moon-led waters white.”

Tennyson delights in a garden. Its groups, and walks, and mingled bloom intoxicate him, and us through him. So high is his organization, and so powerfully stimulated by color and perfume, that it heightens all our senses too, and the rose is glorious, not from detecting its ideal beauty, but from a perfection of hue and scent, we never felt before. All the earlier poems are flower-like, and this tendency is so strong in him, that a friend observed, he could not keep up the character of the tree in his Oak of Summer Chase, but made it talk like an “enormous flower.” The song,

“A spirit haunts the year’s last hours,”

is not to be surpassed for its picture of the autumnal garden.

The new poems, found in the present edition, show us our friend of ten years since much altered, yet the same. The light he sheds on the world is mellowed and tempered. If the charm he threw around us before was somewhat too sensuous, it is not so now; he is deeply thoughtful; the dignified and graceful man has displaced the Antinous beauty of the youth. His melody is less rich, less intoxicating, but deeper; a sweetness from the soul, sweetness as of the hived honey of fine experiences, replaces the sweetness which captivated the ear only, in many of his earlier verses. His range of subjects was great before, and is now such that he would seem too merely the amateur, but for the success in each, which says that the same fluent and apprehensive nature, which threw itself with such ease into the forms of outward beauty, has now been intent rather on the secrets of the shaping spirit. In 'Locksley Hall,' 'St. Simeon Stylites,' 'Ulysses,' 'Love and Duty,' 'The Two Voices,' are deep tones, that bespeak that acquaintance with realities, of which, in the 'Palace of Art,' he had expressed his need. The keen sense of outward beauty, the ready shaping fancy, had not been suffered to degrade the poet into that basest of beings, an intellectual voluptuary, and a pensive but serene wisdom hallows all his song.

His opinions on subjects, that now divide the world, are stated in two or three of these pieces, with that temperance and candor of thought, now more rare even than usual, and with a simplicity bordering on homeliness of diction, which is peculiarly pleasing, from the sense of plastic power and refined good sense it imparts.

A gentle and gradual style of narration, without prolixity or tameness, is seldom to be found in the degree in which such pieces as 'Dora' and 'Godiva' display it. The grace of the light ballad pieces is as remarkable in its way, as was his grasp and force in 'Oriana.' 'The Lord of Burleigh,' 'Edward Gray,' and 'Lady Clare,' are distinguished for different shades of this light grace, tender, and speaking more to the soul than the sense, like the different hues in the landscape, when the sun is hid in clouds, so gently shaded that they seem but the echoes of themselves.

I know not whether most to admire the bursts of passion in 'Locksley Hall,' the playful sweetness of the 'Talking Oak,' or the mere catching of a cadence in such slight things as

"Break, break, break
On thy cold gray stones, O sea," &c.

Nothing is more uncommon than the lightness of touch, which gives a charm to such little pieces as the 'Skipping Rope.'

We regret much to miss from this edition 'The Mystic,' 'The Deserted House,' and 'Elegiacs,' all favorites for years past, and not to be disparaged in favor of any in the present collection. England, we believe, has not shown a due sense of the merits of this poet, and to us is given the honor of rendering homage more readily to an accurate and elegant intellect, a musical reception of nature, a high tendency in thought, and a talent of singular fineness, flexibility, and scope.

A Letter to Rev. Wm. E. Channing, D. D. By O. A. BROWN-SON. Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown. 1842.

THAT there is no knowledge of God possible to man but a subjective knowledge, — no revelation but the development of the individual within himself, and to himself, — are prevalent statements, which Mr. Brownson opposes by a single formula, that *life is relative in its very nature*. God alone is; all creatures live by virtue of what is not themselves, no less than by virtue of what is themselves, the prerogative of man being to do consciously, that is, more or less intelligently. Mr. Brownson carefully discriminates between Essence and Life. Essence, being object to itself, alone has freedom, which is what the old theologians named sovereignty; — a noble word for the thing intended, were it not desecrated in our associations, in being usurped by creatures that are slaves to time and circumstance. But life implies a causative object, as well as causative subject; wherefore *creatures* are only free by Grace of God.

That men should live, with God for predominating object, is the Ideal of Humanity, or the Law of Holiness, in the highest sense; for this object alone can emancipate them from what is below themselves. But a nice discrimination must be made here. The Ideal of Humanity, as used by Mr. Brownson, does not mean the highest idea of himself, which a man can form by induction on himself as an individual; it means God's idea of man, which shines into every man from the beginning; "Enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world," though his darkness comprehendeth it not, until it is "made flesh." It is by virtue of that freedom which is God's alone, and which is the issue of absolute love, that is, "because God so loved the world," he takes up the subject, Jesus, and makes himself objective to him without measure, thereby rendering his life as divine as it is human, though it remains also as human, — strictly speaking, — as it is divine.

To all men's consciousness it is true that God is objective in a degree, or they were not distinctively human. His glory is refracted, as it were, to their eyes, through the universe. But

only in a man, to whom he has made himself the imperative object, does he approach men, in all points, in such degree as to make them divine. He is no less free (sovereign) in coming to each man in Christ, than, in the first instance, in making Jesus of Nazareth the Christ. Men are only free inasmuch as they are open to this majestic access, and are able to pray with St. Augustine, "What art thou to me, oh Lord? *Have mercy on me that I may ask.* The House of my soul is too strait for thee to come into; but let it, oh Lord, be enlarged by thee. It is ruinous, but let it be repaired by thee," &c.

The Unitarian Church, as Mr. Brownson thinks, indicates truth, in so far as it insists on the life of Jesus as being that wherein we find grace; but in so far as it does not perceive that this life is something more than a series of good actions, which others may reproduce, it leans on an arm of flesh, and puts an idol in the place of Christ. The Trinitarian Church, he thinks, therefore, has come nearer the truth, by its formulas of doctrine; and especially the Roman Catholic Church, by the Eucharist. The error of both Churches has been to predicate of the being, Jesus, what is only true of his life. The being, Jesus, was a man; his life is God. It is the doctrine of John the Evangelist throughout, that the soul lives by the real presence of Jesus Christ, as literally as the body lives by bread. The unchristianized live only partially, by so much of the word as shines in the darkness which may not hinder it quite. This partial life repeats in all time the prophecies of antiquity, and is another witness to Jesus Christ, "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

Mr. Brownson thinks that he has thus discovered a formula of "the faith once delivered to the saints," which goes behind and annihilates the controversy between Unitarians and Trinitarians, and may lead them both to a deeper comprehension and clearer expression of the secret of life.

Lectures on Modern History, from the Irruption of the Northern Nations to the close of the American Revolution. By WM. SMYTH, Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge.

THIS work is not exactly what it professes to be. It is rather a series of lectures on the method in which modern history is to be studied. It directs the student to the most important subjects in the modern history of Europe and America, and points out to him the sources in the English and French languages, where he is to seek information. It is, in short, a guide-book of modern history, and as such of great value. Mr. Smyth

gives a running commentary on the works also to which he refers. His criticisms are always valuable. He is above the general cant of criticism, which judges a man and his work by the hair balance of the critic's own coterie.

The judgment he passes on the three great English writers, Hume, Gibbon, and Robertson, appears just and impartial. His estimate of Gibbon is manly and just, and well worthy the attention of the student of history. — Vol. I. p. 82, sqq. Vol. II. p. 421, et al. It is a word in season to caution youth against the dangerous influence of that dazzling genius. Mr. Smyth refers to the most celebrated sources; appears familiar with most of the French and English writers; but never mentions the German laborers in the historical field. The omission of their rich and beautiful works in this department we regard as the most serious defect of the "Lectures."

The sentiments and opinions of the author must commend him, we think, to every friend of man. It is seldom we have risen from a book with so high a sense of moral approbation of its author. He is always on the side of Justice, Freedom, and Truth. The unobtrusive spirit of Religion gives a charm to his pages. Among the portions of the work which have struck us as most ably treated, are the Laws of the Barbarians, Lecture II; The Dark Ages, Lect. IV; Charles the First, and the Events that followed his Time, Lect. XV—XVII; The Revolution, Lect. XX; Prussia and Maria Theresa, Lect. XXIX; and the American War, Lect. XXXI—XXXVI.

We will only add, that the work is furnished with a list of books on European History, and another, by Mr. Sparks, on American History. A brief chronological table is conveniently put at the end of Vol. II.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

In the present Number we have already drawn largely from sources opened to us by our new correspondents in England, to whom also the article on Cromwell is to be credited, yet have not found room for all the papers sent us from London. Especially we acknowledge the kindness which has sent us a fair manuscript copy of the old English Translation of four out of the seventeen books of Hermes Trismegistus. We design to make use of this document as part of our series of uncanonical scriptures, although the due chapter of that series is also omitted in this Number. We are indebted to two other English correspondents; to one for an article on Hennell, which we have at last decided not to print, and shall return to the author; to another for a curious volume entitled "The Natural Origin and Progress of Theology," with whose contents we are not yet sufficiently acquainted to enable us to express at present more than our thanks.

From London we learn that John A. Heraud, Esq. contemplates a visit to Massachusetts, and proposes to deliver in Boston a course of six Lectures "on Christism as distinct from Christianity."

Lecture I. — A difference recognised and justified by accepted Orthodox Writers, between the Religion of the New Testament and the Religion of the Church. As great a difference between Sect and Sect, and all and each of the sects and the New Testament. Practical and speculative differences between the lives of Christians and the life of Jesus the Christ. Substitution of the doctrines of the Scholars for those of the Master. The former first called Christians at Antioch — hence Christianity — which, as the word implies, is the Doctrine of Christians, not of the Christ. Another name wanted for the Truth as taught by the Master himself. The name of Christism proposed.

Lecture II. — What is Christism?

Lecture III. — What is Christianity?

Lecture IV. — The Evils which have attended Christianity not chargeable on Christism. Infidel objections not applicable to Christism.

Lecture V. — Origin, Influence, and End of Infidelity. Downfall of Christianity.

Lecture VI. — Final Triumph of Christism. The Kingdom of Heaven upon Earth.

Those who are interested in education will learn with satisfaction, that Mr. Henry G. Wright, the Principal of the Alcott-House School, with his friend Mr. Lane, will soon visit Boston, and perhaps establish a school in this country on the spiritual principles of which they are the earnest and enlightened advocates.

We copy from M. Vericour's book on Modern French Literature the following account of the French Journals.

"It has hitherto been found impracticable to maintain a French Review on the plan of the best English Reviews, for which we cannot well account. It may be that the impossibility arises from the public mind in France being too versatile and transient, and from parties and opinions undergoing such rapid and frequent changes and modifications. * * * * * We are justified in affirming that the only Reviews, which possess the recommendation of long standing and general popularity, are the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the *Revue de Paris*, and they are published more in the form of the English Magazines than of the great Reviews. And yet scarcely a year passes but painful efforts to establish new critical periodicals are witnessed, which invariably prove abortive; the puny productions perish for lack of sustenance, after the most ephemeral of existences. One exception, however, must be noted in favor of the *Revue de Progrès*, which is edited with powerful energy by M. Louis Blanc. It has drawn the attention of the French public, by the strong democratic principles it upholds, the bold tenets it has avowed in the face of the world, and the host of superior men who cooperate in its publication. The *Revue de Paris* is a weekly journal, containing critical notices, light tales, and worldly chit chat, always elegant and sprightly in tone and matter, and especially calculated to beguile the leisure hours of the boudoir. The *Revue de Deux Mondes* frequently gives masterpieces of criticism; such are the articles of De Carné, Saint-Beuve, Mignet, Marmier, Lerminier, Chasles, Charles Mag-

nin, and others. * * * With respect to Reviews, we have specified the only two that have had any standing and permanency of merit. As to the monthly review called *Journal des Savants*, it would be a gross error to rank it among the ordinary periodicals of any country. It is in fact a review of the highest order, but at once private and national; it only notices works of the first merit and utility; it is printed by the royal press, and the committee of authors, who prepare its articles, is composed of sixteen members belonging to the various sections of the Royal Institute. It is in the *Journal des Savants* that the admirable classical dissertations of Letronne and Burnouf, the valuable scientific investigations of Biot and Libri, the philosophical analyses of Cousin and Villemain, are found."

Berlin. We alluded in our last Number to the installation of Schelling, as Lecturer on Philosophy at Berlin. The seventh volume of Hegel's Works, containing the second part of the *Encyclopædie* now in the course of publication, we have since received. The editor Michelet speaks thus in the preface respecting Schelling, his author's successor in the professional chair.

"That the appearance of this work should happen to be cotemporaneous with the arrival of Schelling in Berlin, is one of those turns of fate in which history is rich. Here let the author of the *Natur Philosophie* behold the completion of the edifice, of which he could only lay the foundation. Here let him salute the Genius of the friend who came after him in a work, from which he himself, as the father of this science, among all the living derives the greatest honor. But if he supposes it to be his mission to 'conduct philosophy out of the undeniably difficult position in which it now finds itself,' and to save it from 'miserable shipwreck and the destruction of all great convictions,' in order to 'actually lead it through into the promised land of philosophy;' he must not expect that he can resume the sceptre of philosophy long since wrested from his grasp, without a scientific refutation of these genuine children of his own philosophizing. The 'leaf in the history of philosophy,' which he left half written forty years ago, has long since been turned over by his successor and filled up. The results have been deduced and acknowledged by life. The history of philosophy has not been silent, because Schelling held his peace. Philosophy has not wanted a 'free, unembarrassed, on all sides unfettered movement,' because Schelling, on account of his 'inward nature,' feels himself hampered and uncomfortable in the scientific strictness of a dialectically progressive method. If he does but repeat again in this 'Metropolis of German philosophy, where its fortunes are to be decided,' the promises of forty years — if the whole world is still to misunderstand him — if his first philosophy has yielded 'only the unthinkable' (*das nicht zu denkende*) while his second fetches all that is positive in it from a region without the rational; then, notwithstanding his most explicit assurances to the contrary, he has sacrificed the genuine freedom of scientific reasoning, and will founder against the shadow of the giant, whom he thought to overpass.

"At all events we await him here on the battle ground, where the hero-forms of modern German philosophy still go about; and so far from being 'troublesome' to us, — so far from our not being able to 'dispose of him,' we may see cause to ascribe his relapse into a philosophy of Revelation to the impossibility of remaining still on the dizzy height of the youthful stand-point of his intellectual intuition."

THE DIAL.

VOL. III.

JANUARY, 1843.

No. III.

JAMES PIERREPONT GREAVES.

(Continued from the last Dial, page 255.)

VIGOR, rather than elegance, must necessarily be a principal characteristic in the intelligent manifestations from a truly deepened soul. By such a being all antique lore and modern science are contemplated, from a position the very opposite of that whence they are viewed by the literary student. The course of the latter is to be introduced to the recorded wisdom, or rather to the record of the sayings of the wise, and step by step he comes into these as acquisitions or possessions, which, like money for the commercial man, are made the end of his pursuits. The former, the true student, on the contrary, expands from within, reaches from a central point into all circumferential points; fills out old expressions with new life; and animates scientific axioms from a depth and purpose, of which even their enunciators were mostly unconscious. Accordingly we find that whether in conversation, in correspondence, or in books, the untiring spirit in Mr. Greaves constantly descended in livingness, in warmth, in energy, into every various form or terminology presented to it. Whatever may have been the terms offered, the interpreting power laid hold of them and turned them inwards, giving to every expression a newer and larger value. As far as any theory or plan may be attributed to him, as a preconception in his own mind, it appears to have been constantly to throw the speaker, or writer, or reader from the exterior to an interior or antecedent position, from *doing* and *knowing*, to BEING. Whenever the sentence or sentiment had a relation to either of the former, he would invert or introvert it to the latter, as

one instance may elucidate. For instance, in his copy of the Nicomachian Ethics, the following passage occurs, thus amended.

“Science is the knowledge of things necessary.”

Pre-science is the presence of things essential.

As this mode originated in the psychic depths, so the result of such treatment upon the speaker's or reader's mind was almost sure to be the opening of a new and deeper vein of thought, not unfrequently preparatory to the germination of new being. Terminologies were rent asunder, and by this flexible and fluent pouring in of an essential, vital meaning to any phraseology, he at once was preserved from sinking into the narrowness and miserable fixedness of a verbal philosophy, and opened to every author a higher value than he originally designed for his own words.

It was with the intention of a public benefit by this process, that in the year 1827 the Contrasting Magazine was published for a short period. The following extracts will in some degree exemplify the corrections which he would have suggested to the respective authors, though it may be remarked that in subsequent years he would have given a still deeper rendering to many passages.

LOCKE ON THE CONDUCT OF THE UNDERSTANDING.

INTRODUCTION. SECTION I.

The last resort a man *has* recourse to, in the conduct of himself, is his understanding. For though we distinguish the faculties of the mind, and *give the supreme command to the will, as to an agent*, yet the truth is, the man, which is the agent, *determines* himself, to this or that voluntary action, upon some *precedent knowledge, or appearance of knowledge, in the understanding.*

No man ever *sets* himself about anything *but* upon some view or other *which serves* him for a reason for what he does. And whatsoever faculties he employs, the *understanding, with such light as it has, well or ill informed*, constantly *leads*; and by *that light, true or*

The last resort a man *ought to have* recourse to, in the conduct of himself, is his understanding. For though we distinguish the faculties of the mind, and *attribute the clearest conception to the understanding, as to the distinctive faculty*; yet, the *true course of nature* is the man, which is the agent, *ought to determine* himself to this or that voluntary action, upon some *primitive motive in the feelings, which can never be an apparent one.* No man ever *should set* himself about anything upon some view or other, and *thus make the effect of what he does, serve* him for a reason for what he does; and whatsoever faculties *then* he employs, *the feelings, with that love which must be developed in them,*

false, all his operative powers are directed.

The will itself, how *absolute* and *uncontrollable* soever it may be thought, *never fails in its obedience* to the dictates of the understanding. *Temples* have their sacred *images*, and we see what influence they have always had over a great part of mankind. But, in truth, the *ideas* and *images* in men's minds are the *visible* powers that constantly *govern* them, and to these *they all universally* pay a ready submission. It is therefore of the highest concernment, that great care should be taken of the *understanding*, to conduct it right in the *search of knowledge* and in the *judgments it makes*.

ought constantly to lead; and, by the *light in the understanding*, the operative powers *ought only to be ruled*. The will itself, how *loving* and *disinterested* soever it may be thought, *must always fail, if obedient* to the dictates of the understanding. *Schools* have their sacred *rules*, and we see what influence they have always had over a great part of mankind. But, in truth, the *faith and love* in men's minds are the *invisible* powers that constantly *ought to govern* them, and, to these *alone, truly developed minds* pay a ready submission. It is therefore of the highest concernment, that great care should be taken of the *feelings*, to conduct them right in the *development of their faith*, and in the *love from which they act*.

SERMON BY T. WAITE, D. C. L.

From the *Sacred Scriptures* alone have the knowledge of God and the practice of true religion, in all ages, been *derived*; for where *divine revelation has not been known*, the *worship of the true God*, and an uniform observation of the duties of *morality*, have never existed.

From the *development of the divine germ in man* alone have the knowledge of God and the practice of true religion, in all ages, been *indrawn*; for where *the divine germ in man has not been developed*, though the *Sacred Scriptures have been known*, the *true worship of God*, and an uniform observation of the duties of *godliness*, have never existed.

SWEDENBORG'S HEAVENLY MYSTERIES.

GENESIS. CHAPTER XII. NOS. 1383 ET SEQ.

Amongst other *wonderful* things experienced in *another life*, are to be reckoned *perceptions*, of which there are two kinds. One that is *angelic*, consisting in the *perception of what is true and good*, and of *what is from the Lord*, and *what from self*; and also in the *perception of the ground and quality of thoughts, words, and actions*. The other kind is *what is common to all*, but is *enjoyed by the angels in the highest perfection*, and by *spirits, according to the quality of each*; consisting in this, that *they discern the*

Amongst other *spiritual but little observed* things experienced in *man's interior life*, are to be reckoned *intuitions*, of which there are two kinds. One that is *divine*, consisting in the *intuition of the source of all truth and goodness*, and the *distinction between the divine principle and the principle of selfishness*, and thereby in the *intuition of the ground and quality of thoughts, words, and actions*. The other kind is *the human intuition, which never arrives at full clearness, except by the presence of the divine nature*,

nature and *temper of another*, the instant he appears in view.

and is *proportionate in every individual to the degree of his interior development*; consisting in this, that we discern our own nature and character the instant we turn our view inwards.

There are *spirits* who belong to the province of the skin, especially that part of it which is rough and scaly, who are disposed to reason on all subjects, having no perception of what is good and true. Nay, the more they reason, the less perception they have, inasmuch as they suppose wisdom to consist in reasoning, and in appearing to be wise.

There are men who attach themselves to exterior things, especially to all such as are visible and palpable, who are disposed to reason on all subjects, having no intuition of what is good and true. Nay, the more they reason, the less intuition they have, inasmuch as arguing often suppresses wisdom, putting on its appearance only.

I have sometimes discoursed concerning perception with those in another life, who, during their abode in the world, supposed themselves able to penetrate into all things, and to understand that the angels perceive, that they think and speak, will and act from the Lord, but still they were not able to conceive what perception is; supposing, that if all things thus entered by influx, they would be deprived thereby of all life, because thus they would think nothing from themselves, or their own propriety, in which they conceived all life to consist.

I have sometimes discoursed concerning intuition with men confined to exterior life, who, in consequence of the experience they have acquired, suppose themselves able to penetrate into all things, and to understand that man may be taught by the spirit of God, so as to think and speak, will and act, from the Lord; but still they were not able to conceive what intuition is, — supposing that if all ideas thus were to be derived from a divine power within them, they would be deprived thereby of all life, because thus they would think nothing from themselves, or their own essence, in which they conceived all life to consist.

These contrasts were not limited to authors with whose doctrines he might wholly or in part disagree, but were bestowed upon such as he justly admired. For instance, William Law, whose writings every profound, as well as merely talented reader will acknowledge as first of their class, did not fail to excite his pen to this coördinate commentary, and the greater depth of the writer was not the hindrance to his fluency, but the more certain invitation. Two writers only appear to have remained uncontrasted in his library, namely, Plato and Behmen; but these he read when it was his custom to make marginal notes: thus in Behmen's "True Regeneration," chap. 3, sec. 12.

"Thus the creature stirreth up with its desire, good and evil,

life and death. The human angelical desire standeth in the centre of the eternal nature, which is without beginning, and wherein it kindleth itself, whether in good or in evil, it accomplisheth its work in that."

NOTE.—An increase of happiness comes to man, when his state of regeneration is such, that he can decompose the air in which he lives, and hold in solution and precipitation just that which is suitable to his active and passive existence. J. P. G.

From his own manuscript records it is not easy to select passages, which should raise in the reader's mind those glowing sensations and kindling sensibilities, those super-rational convictions of a supreme inliving love-power, which his own peculiar emphasis and the flash from his singularly bright eye were almost sure to effect. Every hearer felt that those penetrating orbs were not employed to scan body, but were as well inlets as outlets to soul. Each became more or less conscious that he was seen. His presence was not an ordinary event. Neither his word nor his mere company could pass for nothing. His entrance into a party, how numerous soever, was acknowledged in an actual sympathy, if not in words. There needed not the science of phrenology to impress the beholder with the fact, that the exalted head, the towering, expansive brow denoted a being of unusual character. Nor could so benign a mouth, so well rounded a chin, and a nose of fair dimensions, slightly Roman or aquiline, require a Lavater to assure us that a heart was there, not cast in the every-day mould for every-day traffic. He was indeed formed for the manifestation of love in the deepest sense, and had there not been born in him a profound consciousness of universal duty, which transcended all thought of individual affection, his friendships alone would have rendered him an associate of the most attractive kind.

We require of such a being that he should be robbed. He carries us inward to that ideal which we see represented outwardly in the Grecian statue. The plain blue coat and vulgar neckerchief do not satisfy our notion of external propriety. And when in Mr. Greaves these mental indications exist in companionship with a robust frame, of goodly height, the impression produced on the auditory when he rose, at the close of the conversations held at his house, to

sum up the sentiments expressed during the evening, and to bind them in one offering to the Spirit, which is by true seeking to be found in every bosom, could only be enhanced by those delicious tones, trembling occasionally on the verge of treble, and those deep aspirations which all must feel were true indications of the soul's more real ardency.

Amongst the publications issued by him, and which were either wholly written by him, or consisting of his closer manuscripts a little amplified or diluted by some literary coadjutor, were two small volumes; one entitled, "Three hundred Maxims for the consideration of Parents," and the other, "Physical and Metaphysical Hints for Every Body." The former has found a rather extensive circulation, as it was written in a mode appealing to, and calculated to reach the mother's heart. It afterwards arrived at a second edition, besides the approval of an American reprint, under the title, "Thoughts on Spiritual Culture," with some additional matter. A larger volume was also presented to the world in the year 1827, consisting of Pestalozzi's Letters to himself, agreeably translated from the German by Dr. Worms, but not with that strict fidelity which they deserved. It is a feeling with some literary men, that it is their duty rather to write down to the supposed position of the public, than to adhere as strictly as possible to the high truths given them to utter. The latter only is the faithful and dutiful course; for the greatest breach in faith is manifested in the supposition, that what is spoken from the depths of the sincere mind will not be heard in a corresponding manner.

The great design in these efforts was to reawaken in the public mind the fact, that man must not only believe, not only be convinced, but feel with the same certitude with which he feels his own existence; that there is one universal love-truth, which is the same to all individuals, at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances. That man must feel that this love-truth is not a dead word, nor a thought to be defined, or described, or expressed in dead words, but that it is the ONE living SPIRIT manifesting itself in all things; in the works of nature, in the clear thoughts, in the noble sensations of the human soul. That man must feel this living Love-Spirit has an abode within, and that

if he be but humble enough to lay before it his own errors and his own miseries, it will dash to the ground, in him and through him, all the errors and miseries of the world around, and open to his view the prospect of that perfect order and harmony, wherein the complaining voice of rebellion and selfishness is no more heard. To an aim so lofty, so generous as this, neither a ready nor a general echo could be expected. It is sufficient, however, to know, that seeds were thus scattered, which afterwards sprung up in divers places; or, to use a more appropriate figure, an atmosphere was thus produced, favorable to the awakening in man of that Divine Spirit which so long had slept.

The incidents pertaining to a life so devoted cannot vary materially from each other. Where there is not a vulgar ambition for power or fame, a love of wealth or desire for martyrdom, even the ordinary intuitions of the love-spirit, how faint soever they are, by human clamor, allowed to be, will preserve an individual of great endowments from those actions, which hitherto have claimed the larger share of the historical reader's attention. The peace of heart and soul, which surpasseth all understanding, is not of a kind to thrust individuals into those predicaments, in which an eminence of doubtful renown is achieved at the cost of permanent virtue. This peacefulness was at all events too conscious and too copious in Mr. Greaves, to permit him to wander for one moment from the peaceful and peacemaking path. Few outward varieties therefore shall we be able to remark in his career. In all countries, at all times, amongst all people, there is almost the same difficulty in obtaining from the greater number admission for expression of the highest truth, when it is urged to conforming action, as there is a ready recipiency by the few. Accordingly it was generally Mr. Greaves's fate to be vehemently opposed, or most cordially beloved. So decided a mind could not possibly stand in neutral relationship to any. The power and practice of penetrating, through all films of words and sophistications of logic, to the very centre of thought and will, cannot, under any circumstances, fail of such results.

When at the universities of Basle and Tubingen, in the course of his German tour, in or about the year 1822, he undertook to give to such students as might feel disposed

to accept them, lessons in the English language, his almost entire ignorance of the German tongue did not frustrate, nor for one moment obstruct this design. At the former place he is, from his own verbal report, understood to have collected around him about fifty young men, amongst whom was the since celebrated Strauss, and other eminent minds, who have never forgotten the animating questions to which he called upon them to reply. For his method did not consist in the tiresome and almost vain effort to load upon the memory the equivalent word in another language, for the things or facts already known in our own, but first to awaken or develop the idea in the mind, and then let the idea take up or expand itself into the suitable expression. His interrogations, therefore, were not calculated to draw forth answers from his pupils which they could adopt, on mechanical principles, from their printed grammars and wordbooks. Nor were they limited to the physical substances present before their outward eyes, which he used as introductions and illustrations to those psychical facts it was his aim to open to their own interior consciousness. The facts of and in their own life, the very law in their being, it was his aim to render evident to them, and language as the highest, or one of the highest, expressional modes, was merely the avenue to this greater end.

The vivacity, the interest, the love for the teacher and the pursuit, manifested in this class, as contrasted with the heavy and method-bound systems of formal teaching, could not fail to draw the attention of the authorities; and inquiries were privately made by the timorous government, and we believe were, in the first instance, or as far as the scholastic professors were concerned, satisfactorily answered. Although the practitioners in any art are not usually those who introduce new improvements into it, yet at least they are not unfrequently passive or friendly to progressive movements when adventured by others. But a fixed order, in which the highest good is conceived to be the rigid maintenance of everything as it exists, is not able to tolerate inquiry, much less innovation. In this instance it was felt, that the newly animated seed was too certain to expand; throughout Germany there were then too many soul-stirring elements in the moral atmosphere to permit another and a better to be added; and the man of

peace and love was advised to withdraw to some more accepting sphere.

While the external events in such a career are scanty, the internal experience is as eminently abundant. There are individuals who can travel round the world, encountering many things and really seeing nothing, and some who, remaining geographically unmoved, become acquainted with all things. There is a France, a Germany, a Rome, an India in the soul, which must be intravelled and introspected. At this period there was not perhaps a mental position in which one could be placed for this mental voyage better than Pestalozzi's establishment. Not because there were to be found there pupils or observers from every country in Europe, but because the congregation of free minds in a pure and noble purpose generates a state of things outward and inward, a physical order and a moral atmosphere which no where and no how can be constituted by a solitary one, though the most potent measure of love be his.

The intercourse between Pestalozzi and Greaves, we have before remarked, was not by means of that oft-times equivocal instrument the tongue. The latter was wont to describe it by the term magnetic, as being above all ordinary influences by sympathy or talent. Indeed, Pestalozzi's whole life and conduct, at this period, was of this high character. He would salute Mr. Greaves each morning, as is somewhat customary in the country, by a kiss, and he not only felt but declared that of all the persons, either native or foreign, who came to witness his proceedings, none understood them so well, none appreciated him so truly as Greaves. It may not be too much to say that the latter was the more profound.

Pestalozzi's absence of mind, (for so, in default of better and affirmative terms, the super-sensuous life must be spoken of,) has frequently been reported. Mr. Greaves was scarcely more attentive to outward things; but as it fell to him to be the exponent, as far as words can accomplish it, of Pestalozzi's principles, to all the Englishmen who came to the establishment, he had frequently to explain, as best he could, the reason why the leader was so very negligent in dress and the usual external proprieties. So difficult was it, however, to withdraw his attention from deeper things,

that Mr. Greaves was obliged to take away his old garments in the night, replacing them by the new that he would not submit to be measured for, and, when he discovered his strange metamorphosis, he allowed Mr. Greaves to complete it by cutting his hair. The friendship cementing these two men was not such as the world commonly witnesses, and was equally grateful and encouraging for both.

While the spirit which united these men prevailed at Yverdun, the place was truly a university, for the universe spirit ruled them, and that only can constitute a university. This spirit continually and fervently actuating the leader, others, approximating to that state, were, by a law in their nature, attracted around him, and thus a comparatively large circle was collected, to be in which can alone induce any idea of such life. Mr. Greaves was too intent in the work of creating this new world, to engage in the business of making a written record of it; and, therefore, we shall in vain expect from his pen any notes concerning its progress. This, however, is scarcely to be considered a loss, as even by the acutest observer they could scarcely be rendered into language intelligible to the inexperienced reader.

Several attempts have since been made to constitute a collective association, not on the principle of common interests, but on that of unity or oneness in spirit, and just as far as the latter prevailed, and there was an acknowledgment of the highest, in all actions and details, a remarkable spiritual success has attended them, though small may be the gratulation in the pecuniary aspect. One of the latest acts of Mr. Greaves's life was the aiding in the foundation of such a point at Ham, a few miles from London. If, in some respects, it aimed at less than Pestalozzi accomplished or had in view, in other respects, it aimed at more. It was smaller in extent, but it was larger in intent. It was inferior in numbers, but it was superior in practice. It comprehended more points of being, for it was desired to include all being. This establishment, therefore, if an eye-witness and a heart-witness may affirm, offered another opportunity for an experience of that estate of life which ever distinguished Pestalozzi's circle. To very many it has confessedly been the means of opening the mind to an interior life, not previously imagined, nay stoutly denied. To both children and adults it was the bright green spot

in the wilderness of the world: and parents who searched Europe for a successor to Pestalozzi, disappointed everywhere else, fixed on it as the nearest approximation to their idea. Its disciplines in respect to diet appeared to the thoughtless as unnecessarily rigid: its mental lessons, on the other hand, seemed to the learned, far too desultory; but where a due regard was held for the moral purpose, which underlay this order or this freedom, the means were acknowledged to be harmoniously subservient. Its observers have been many; its inmates not a few, for either longer or shorter periods; and, perhaps, it may fairly be stated, that none quitted it without such beneficial results and memorable sensations, as will remain permanent. For so humble an effort, perhaps, there never was an instance of such deep human results.

This educative endeavor was partly modified by some improvements, in America, in the treatment of children, successful in those particulars to which they were applied. Miss Martineau, on her return from the United States, introduced the printed works to Mr. Greaves's notice, namely, "Conversations with Children on the Gospel," by A. B. Alcott, and the "Record of a School," by the same. Hence the establishment at Ham was designated "Alcott-House School." It was Mr. Greaves's intention also, at a recent period, to have undertaken the voyage to Boston; but events did not, for want of more frequent written communication, arrive at that point.

For the purpose of preserving a unity of idea, we have joined two operations which were severed by many years and many miles. On the subject of the "Education Idea," we could, and in justice perhaps, ought to enlarge, in order to render justice to the memory of one so active in all its modes, and in constantly endeavoring to connect and reconnect them with the living principle. For, that "Idea" is still but lowly appreciated, and coldly felt, even in that tender seat to which it was so eloquently addressed, the maternal bosom. The high duty of recalling parents to the fact, that something more than the culture of the understanding is needful to the happiness of their offspring and of themselves, still presses on the benevolent mind. Neither can a schooling of the heart ever be bought of the best vicarious teacher, whom the parent may hire. No-

thing short of a total submission on the part of the parents themselves, in all their thoughts, designs, and actions, to that power under whose dominion their wish is, that the child should be brought, can secure a good education. Putting forth so large a demand as this, there can be little surprise that no very extensive popularity in practice has resulted, though an unresisting approbation in sentiment has been awarded.

To return to that point of time when the recent return of Mr. Greaves from Germany, and the freshness of these thoughts made him the living centre of every moral circle, we may remark that he was ever ready to lend his best aid to every worthy proposition. At all times, abiding with the true mover, we find our friend always devoting his attention, and bending his best energies to whatever was, at the moment, most forward and progressive. This conduct necessarily brought him in contact with all the liveliest, as well as most honest and zealous minds, for the new and heterodox idea always comes from, and always attracts the original, genetic, unvitiated soul. To trace his occupations by his note-books, would afford an interesting psychological pursuit, and would furnish aphorisms on every popular moral subject for several years, commencing with phrenology, which excited much attention in the year 1826, and concluding with Magnetism or Socialism, which occupied the public mind in the year 1841.

METAPHYSICS.

“ Man is the connecting medium between God and Nature, and as such, not a single fact must be separated from his being, nor must his being be either in thought, word, or deed, for a moment separated from unity.

“ A synthetical mind can relate every fact, at a glance, to itself, and itself as a whole to unity, and this is effected by a culture in spirit.

“ Synthetical culture is more than moral and intellectual culture; it is a wholing culture, and holds the inmost and outermost relations in entirety.

“ Spirit alone can whole. Intellect in its best efforts can *only* divide, and division is death.

“ Kant shows by what means a knowledge of the absolute is *not*, NOT to be obtained; and this is precious to man.

“ When we begin to analyze or destroy, we lose that very

power that made and held together the whole, outward, inward, inmost."

MYSTICISM.

"There is but one mystical fact for the spiritual and scientific man to realize, and this is, his conceptive union with spirit; a fact more certain than his union with matter."

ART.

"A man cannot from a representative get at the idea, which the artist had when he represented the same; but we must, as he did, conceive the idea from art or spirit, and then correct or make a representation of it.

"We must be known of art; this is the grand point in the representation of its conceptions."

BEHAVIOR.

"Let a cheerful freedom, a generous friendship, always appear in our countenance, and mark our steps in the spirit.

"Let spirit alone make our whole carriage civil and affable.

"Let spirit alone make our address to each other open and free.

"Let spirit alone make our friendships dear, and our communions sweet.

"If we hold communion with the spirit, we may do to each other as we have been done unto.

"What is the good of a formal acquaintance with each other, if we have not found an intimate intercourse with the spirit?"

"Reservedness of manner comes not from *the* spirit, but from the spirit of this world.

"Why offer the mind a welcome and deny the spirit a welcome? Why invite the mind and neglect to invite the spirit; nay, why reject the spirit, when we are offering an apparent welcome to both mind and body?"

"Our sympathy with our brethren is not worth much, if it be not divine sympathy.

"Let us attend far more to what we are doing with the spirit within, than what we are doing with all the world besides without.

"We ought to approve ourselves to the spirit, before we try to approve ourselves to men: they are blind, but the spirit sees us in our blindness.

"If we are not in a right state with the spirit, we must be in a wrong state with men and with things.

"We ought to avoid giving offence to the spirit in any brother. We are to welcome the spirit as well as the spiritual and the

natural. If no cover be provided for the spirit, the spirit leaves us to our uninspired spiritual enjoyments.

“If we cannot have much fellowship with any particular man, we may have a fellowship with the spirit in that man.”

OCCUPATION.

“Whenever we are outwardly excited, we should cease to act; but whenever we have a message from the spirit within, we should execute it with calmness.

“A fine day may excite one to act, but it is much better that we act from the calm spirit in any day, be the outward what it may.”

GENERATION.

“Diseases proceed altogether from generation, let the conditions be what they may.

“Man’s first duty is to have the curse removed from his existence, and to generate offspring without the curse; and this he can only do by a marriage in, from, and for God.

“It is obvious, that man’s uncursed existence, and his properly exercising it, would entirely alter the state of society in every nation in the world.

“Why do not parents try to transmit the good nature to their children?”

“Why educate for goodness, and propagate badness? Why propagate badness, and by education try to reform it? Why not renounce badness, and propagate goodness; or why try to put goodness on badness?”

RESPONSIBILITY.

“Man cannot too much cast responsibility on the spirit that rules him. Let not a wish nor an inclination be twined to self, and then the spirit will do more than man can suppose.

“The spirit’s government is absolute because it is the alone responsible; and man will find himself free, the moment he is determined to give up his own freedom, that which he by transgression has procured for himself.”

GOVERNMENT.

“The soul needs not obey anything but goodness; all other obedience it has a right to refuse, as nothing below goodness can in every respect satisfy it.

“The soul in alliance with goodness is able to suffer martyrdom with satisfaction, and this is the test that goodness is sufficient for it in every respect.

“If no man can make a law to govern himself, how can he, as a part of the national council, make laws for the nation?”

EDUCATION.

“ Human education ought to take the side of the spirit instead of the side of nature.

“ Education fails in its duty, when it brings the free-will spirit to uniformity in matter, instead of unity in the love spirit : when it gives an external straightness, instead of internal rectitude.

“ Very vague ideas prevail of a truly spiritual culture, that is, a culture of spirit with spirit prior to a cultivation of mind with mind.

“ The teacher must quicken spirit with spirit, and not try to quicken spirit with knowledge, or with exterior and inferior circumstances.

“ A child's faith has much to encounter, having spirit for its standard, and meeting with its senses nothing but matter.

“ Let a child meet spirit in every human being, that it may be quickly turned from matter to spirit, and then from spirit (individual) to spirit (universal).”

MUTUAL AND SELF-INSTRUCTION.

“ I ask * * * to write a sketch of what goes on within him in any twelve hours of the day, and then see if it be better to *preserve* or to *burn* it.

“ If he burns it, he will be convinced by this typic illustration, that some internal burning is necessary.

“ Any person may test himself in this manner, and then doctrines or arguments are unnecessary.”

SPIRIT.

“ Man's return is from science to conscience, and from conscience to spirit.

“ Learning will not supply the place of spirit, but spirit will supply the place of learning. Spirit is the wisdom in words, and the life in practice.

“ When we are with the spirit, acting *with* the spirit, we cannot do anything wrong, but when we are acting *for* the spirit, we may fail, as we may have mistaken our directions or our duty, and the more likely as the spirit acknowledges no works but those which it is present at the doing of.

“ Man makes a sad mistake when he relates himself to consequences, and forgets his more precious and antecedent relation with spirit. The longer he does this, he so confounds himself in his own deeds, that he forgets he, himself, is a deed, or a work of a higher, not yet in a finished state, and which he interrupts greatly by his darkening and deteriorating measures.”

PHRENOLOGY.

“Phrenology explains to us, that besides our animal organization, we have a spiritual organization, which spiritual organization needs a spirit-culture, and without which spirit-culture, man remains but a rational animal.”

REFORM.

“What a nation should and ought to possess, it must not have until it has progressed to the ground for the same, or until it be acting from the permanent ground.

“The permanent change will render the outward change necessary; but the want of a change will not bring about the permanent change.

“What man has gained for himself within, from the spirit, the spirit will give him an authority to ask for without, and assist him to obtain it.

“Man’s fitness is himself, not his wishes or desires. As the foot is, so should the shoe be, and not otherwise.”

ASSOCIATION.

“We must agree together in some third if we are to act together; it is not two but three that are to make the two, and that which unites them.

“The thing to be done will not unite the doers.”

MEMORY.

“Man is not memory: the spirit in man is memory, and is purpose. Memory is performed in spirit; and man is not spirit, but spiritual. If the spiritual be not with spirit, where is memory? If the spiritual be only with matter, memory is as little in man as in the trees.

“If memory were not spirit, how could it act in its oneness as it does? If it were spiritual, it would like spirituality be participable; but as spirit it is absolute unity.

“Without the spirit there would be no oneness, and memory in man is this oneness, this spirit, this antecedent that is absolutely indivisible.

“Memory is that which carries on all the uniting processes in man. Whatsoever the faculties hold to it, it holds together; and what does not obtain hold of it, is seen by the faculty’s failing. Man in some of his faculties may have worked in spirit and with spirit, and in other faculties not; and this will account for the readiness and backwardness of man’s particular relation with memory.”

L.

LECTURES ON THE TIMES.

[Read at the Masonic Temple in Boston, in Dec. 1840, and Jan. 1841.]

BY E. W. EMERSON.

LECTURE III. THE TRANSCENDENTALIST.

THE first thing we have to say respecting what are called *new views* here in New England, at the present time, is, that they are not new, but the very oldest of thoughts cast into the mould of these new times. The light is always identical in its composition, but it falls on a great variety of objects, and by so falling is first revealed to us, not in its own form, for it is formless, but in theirs; in like manner, thought only appears in the objects it classifies. What is popularly called Transcendentalism among us, is Idealism; Idealism as it appears in 1842. As thinkers, mankind have ever divided into two sects, Materialists and Idealists; the first class founding on experience, the second on consciousness; the first class beginning to think from the data of the senses, the second class perceive that the senses are not final, and say, the senses give us representations of things, but what are the things themselves, they cannot tell. The materialist insists on facts, on history, on the force of circumstances, and the animal wants of man; the idealist on the power of Thought and of Will, on inspiration, on miracle, on individual culture. These two modes of thinking are both natural, but the idealist contends that his way of thinking is in higher nature. He concedes all that the other affirms, admits the impressions of sense, admits their coherency, their use and beauty, and then asks the materialist for his grounds of assurance that things are as his senses represent them. But I, he says, affirm facts not affected by the illusions of sense, facts which are of the same nature as the faculty which reports them, and not liable to doubt; facts which in their first appearance to us assume a native superiority to material facts, degrading these into a language by which the first are to be spoken; facts which it only needs a retirement from the senses to discern. Every materialist will be an idealist; but an idealist can never go backward to be a materialist.

The idealist, in speaking of events, sees them as spirits.

He does not deny the sensuous fact ; by no means ; but he will not see that alone. He does not deny the presence of this table, this chair, and the walls of this room, but he looks at these things as the reverse side of the tapestry, as the *other end*, each being a sequel or completion of a spiritual fact which nearly concerns him. This manner of looking at things, transfers every object in nature from an independent and anomalous position without there, into the consciousness. Even the materialist Condillac, perhaps the most logical expounder of materialism, was constrained to say, "Though we should soar into the heavens, though we should sink into the abyss, we never go out of ourselves ; it is always our own thought that we perceive." What more could an idealist say ?

The materialist, secure in the certainty of sensation, mocks at fine-spun theories, at star-gazers and dreamers, and believes that his life is solid, that he at least takes nothing for granted, but knows where he stands, and what he does. Yet how easy it is to show him, that he also is a phantom walking and working amid phantoms, and that he need only ask a question or two beyond his daily questions, to find his solid universe growing dim and impalpable before his sense. The sturdy capitalist, no matter how deep and square on blocks of Quincy granite he lays the foundations of his banking-house or Exchange, must set it, at last, not on a cube corresponding to the angles of his structure, but on a mass of unknown materials and solidity, red-hot or white-hot, perhaps at the core, which rounds off to an almost perfect sphericity, and lies floating in soft air, and goes spinning away, dragging bank and banker with it at a rate of thousands of miles the hour, he knows not whither, — a bit of bullet, now glimmering, now darkling through a small cubic space on the edge of an unimaginable pit of emptiness. And this wild balloon, in which his whole venture is embarked, is a just symbol of his whole state and faculty. One thing, at least, he says is certain, and does not give me the headache, that figures do not lie ; the multiplication table has been hitherto found unimpeachable truth ; and, moreover, if I put a gold eagle in my safe, I find it again to-morrow ; — but for these thoughts, I know not whence they are. They change and pass away. But ask him why he believes that an uniform experience will

continue uniform, or on what grounds he founds his faith in his figures, and he will perceive that his mental fabric is built up on just as strange and quaking foundations as his proud edifice of stone.

In the order of thought, the materialist takes his departure from the external world, and esteems a man as one product of that. The idealist takes his departure from his consciousness, and reckons the world as an appearance. The materialist respects sensible masses, Society, Government, social art, and luxury, every establishment, every mass, whether majority of numbers, or extent of space, or amount of objects, every social action. The idealist has another measure, which is metaphysical, namely, the *rank* which things themselves take in his consciousness; not at all, the size or appearance. Mind is the only reality, of which men and all other natures are better or worse reflectors. Nature, literature, history, are only subjective phenomena. Although in his action overpowered by the laws of action, and so, warmly coöperating with men, even preferring them to himself, yet when he speaks scientifically, or after the order of thought, he is constrained to degrade persons into representatives of truths. He does not respect labor, or the products of labor, namely, property, otherwise than as a manifold symbol, illustrating with wonderful fidelity of details the laws of being; he does not respect government, except as far as it reiterates the law of his mind; nor the church; nor charities; nor arts, for themselves; but hears, as at a vast distance, what they say, as if his consciousness would speak to him through a pantomimic scene. His thought, — that is the Universe. His experience inclines him to behold the procession of facts you call the world, as flowing perpetually outward from an invisible, unsounded centre in himself, centre alike of him and of them, and necessitating him to regard all things as having a subjective or relative existence, relative to that aforesaid Unknown Centre of him.

From this transfer of the world into the consciousness, this beholding of all things in the mind, follows easily his whole ethics. It is simpler to be self-dependent. The height, the deity of man is to be self-sustained, to need no gift, no foreign force. Society is good when it does not violate me; but best when it is likest to solitude. Everything real is self-existent. Everything divine shares the

self-existence of Deity. All that you call the world is the shadow of that substance which you are, the perpetual creation of the powers of thought, of those that are dependent and of those that are independent of your will. Do not cumber yourself with fruitless pains to mend and remedy remote effects; let the soul be erect, and all things will go well. You think me the child of my circumstances: I make my circumstance. Let any thought or motive of mine be different from that they are, the difference will transform my whole condition and economy. I—this thought which is called I,—is the mould into which the world is poured like melted wax. The mould is invisible, but the world betrays the shape of the mould. You call it the power of circumstance, but it is the power of me. Am I in harmony with myself? my position will seem to you just and commanding. Am I vicious and insane? my fortunes will seem to you obscure and descending. As I am, so shall I associate; as I am, so shall I act; Cæsar's history will paint out Cæsar. Jesus acted so, because he thought so. I do not wish to overlook or to gainsay any reality; I say, I make my circumstance: but if you ask me, Whence am I? I feel like other men my relation to that Fact which cannot be spoken, or defined, nor even thought, but which exists, and will exist.

The Transcendentalist adopts the whole connexion of spiritual doctrine. He believes in miracle, in the perpetual openness of the human mind to new influx of light and power; he believes in inspiration, and in ecstasy. He wishes that the spiritual principle should be suffered to demonstrate itself to the end, in all possible applications to the state of man, without the admission of anything unspiritual; that is, anything positive, dogmatic, personal. Thus, the spiritual measure of inspiration is the depth of the thought, and never, *who* said it? And so he resists all attempts to palm other rules and measures on the spirit than its own.

In action, he easily incurs the charge of antinomianism by his avowal that he, who has the Lawgiver, may with safety not only neglect, but even contravene every written commandment. In the play of Othello, the expiring Desdemona absolves her husband of the murder, to her attendant Emilia. Afterwards, when Emilia charges him with the crime, Othello exclaims,

“ You heard her say herself it was not I.”

Emilia replies,

“ The more angel she, and thou the blacker devil.”

Of this fine incident, Jacobi, the Transcendental moralist, makes use, with other parallel instances, in his reply to Immanuel Kant. Jacobi, refusing all measure of right and wrong except the determinations of the private spirit, remarks that there is no crime but has sometimes been a virtue. “ I,” he says, “ am that atheist, that godless person who, in opposition to an imaginary doctrine of calculation, would lie as the dying Desdemona lied ; would lie and deceive as Pylades when he personated Orcstes ; would assassinate like Timoleon ; would perjure myself like Epaminondas, and John de Witt ; I would resolve on suicide like Cato ; I would commit sacrilege with David ; yea, and pluck ears of corn on the Sabbath, for no other reason than that I was fainting for lack of food. For, I have assurance in myself that in pardoning these faults according to the letter, man exerts the sovereign right which the majesty of his being confers on him ; he sets the seal of his divine nature to the grace he accords.”*

In like manner, if there is anything grand and daring in human thought or virtue, any reliance on the vast, the unknown ; any presentiment ; any extravagance of faith, the spiritualist adopts it as most in nature. The oriental mind has always tended to this largeness. Buddhism is an expression of it. The Buddhist who thanks no man, who says, “ do not flatter your benefactors,” but who in his conviction that every good deed can by no possibility escape its reward, will not deceive the benefactor by pretending that he has done more than he should, is a Transcendentalist.

You will see by this sketch that there is no such thing as a Transcendental *party* ; that there is no pure Transcendentalist ; that we know of none but the prophets and heralds of such a philosophy ; that all who by strong bias of nature have leaned to the spiritual side in doctrine, have stopped short of their goal. We have had many harbingers and forerunners ; but of a purely spiritual life, history has yet afforded no example. I mean, we have yet no

* Coleridge's Translation.

man who has leaned entirely on his character, and eaten angels' food ; who, trusting to his sentiments, found life made of miracles ; who, working for universal aims, found himself fed, he knew not how ; clothed, sheltered, and weaponed, he knew not how, and yet it was done by his own hands. Only in the instinct of the lower animals we find the suggestion of the methods of it, and something higher than our understanding. The squirrel hoards nuts, and the bee gathers honey, without knowing what they do, and they are thus provided for without selfishness or disgrace.

Shall we say, then, that Transcendentalism is the Saturnalia or excess of Faith ; the presentiment of a faith proper to man in his integrity, excessive only when his imperfect obedience hinders the satisfaction of his wish. Nature is transcendental, exists primarily, necessarily, ever works and advances, yet takes no thought for the morrow. Man owns the dignity of the life which throbs around him in chemistry, and tree, and animal, and in the involuntary functions of his own body ; yet he is balked when he tries to fling himself into this enchanted circle, where all is done without degradation. Yet genius and virtue predict in man the same absence of private ends, and of condescension to circumstances, united with every trait and talent of beauty and power.

This way of thinking, falling on Roman times, made Stoic philosophers ; falling on despotic times, made patriot Catos and Brutuses ; falling on superstitious times, made prophets and apostles ; on popish times, made protestants and ascetic monks, preachers of Faith against the preachers of Works ; on prelatical times, made Puritans and Quakers ; and falling on Unitarian and conservative times, makes the peculiar shades of Idealism which we know.

It is well known to most of my audience, that the Idealism of the present day acquired the name of Transcendental, from the use of that term by Immanuel Kant, of Konigsberg, who replied to the skeptical philosophy of Locke, which insisted that there was nothing in the intellect which was not previously in the experience of the senses, by showing that there was a very important class of ideas, or imperative forms, which did not come by experience, but through which experience was acquired ; that these were

intuitions of the mind itself; and he denominated them *Transcendental* forms. The extraordinary profoundness and precision of that man's thinking have given vogue to his nomenclature, in Europe and America, to that extent, that whatever belongs to the class of intuitive thought, is popularly called at the present day *Transcendental*.

Although, as we have said, there is no pure transcendentalist, yet the tendency to respect the intuitions, and to give them, at least in our creed, all authority over our experience, has deeply colored the conversation and poetry of the present day; and the history of genius and of religion in these times, though impure, and as yet not incarnated in any powerful individual, will be the history of this tendency.

It is a sign of our times, conspicuous to the coarsest observer, that many intelligent and religious persons withdraw themselves from the common labors and competitions of the market and the caucus, and betake themselves to a certain solitary and critical way of living, from which no solid fruit has yet appeared to justify their separation. They hold themselves aloof: they feel the disproportion between their faculties and the work offered them, and they prefer to ramble in the country and perish of ennui, to the degradation of such charities and such ambitions as the city can propose to them. They are striking work, and crying out for somewhat worthy to do! What they do, is done only because they are overpowered by the humanities that speak on all sides; and they consent to such labor as is open to them, though to their lofty dream the writing of *Iliads* or *Hamlets*, or the building of cities or empires seems drudgery.

Now every one must do after his kind, be he asp or angel, and these must. The question, which a wise man and a student of modern history will ask, is, what that kind is? And truly, as in ecclesiastical history we take so much pains to know what the Gnostics, what the Essenes, what the Manichees, and what the Reformers believed, it would not misbecome us to inquire nearer home, what these companions and contemporaries of ours think and do, at least so far as these thoughts and actions appear to be not accidental and personal, but common to many, and so the inevitable flower of the Tree of Time. Our American literature and spiritual history are, we confess, in the optative

mood ; but whoso knows these seething brains, these admirable radicals, these unsocial worshippers, these talkers who talk the sun and moon away, will believe that this heresy cannot pass away without leaving its mark.

They are lonely ; the spirit of their writing and conversation is lonely ; they shed influences ; they shun general society ; they incline to shut themselves in their chamber in the house, to live in the country rather than in the town, and to find their tasks and amusements in solitude. Society, to be sure, does not like this very well ; it saith, Whoso goes to walk alone, accuses the whole world ; he declareth all to be unfit to be his companions ; it is very uncivil, nay, insulting ; Society will retaliate. Meantime, this retirement does not proceed from any whim on the part of these separators ; but if any one will take pains to talk with them, he will find that this part is chosen both from temperament and from principle ; with some unwillingness, too, and as a choice of the less of two evils ; for these persons are not by nature melancholy, sour, and unsocial, — they are not stockish or brute, — but joyous, susceptible, affectionate ; they have even more than others a great wish to be loved. Like the young Mozart, they are rather ready to cry ten times a day, “ But are you sure you love me ? ” Nay, if they tell you their whole thought, they will own that love seems to them the last and highest gift of nature ; that there are persons whom in their hearts they daily thank for existing, — persons whose faces are perhaps unknown to them, but whose fame and spirit have penetrated their solitude, — and for whose sake they wish to exist. To behold the beauty of another character, which inspires a new interest in our own ; to behold the beauty lodged in a human being, with such vivacity of apprehension, that I am instantly forced home to inquire if I am not deformity itself ; to behold in another the expression of a love so high that it assures itself, — assures itself also to me against every possible casualty except my unworthiness ; — these are degrees on the scale of human happiness, to which they have ascended ; and it is a fidelity to this sentiment which has made common association distasteful to them. They wish a just and even fellowship, or none. They cannot gossip with you, and they do not wish, as they are sincere and re-

ligious, to gratify any mere curiosity which you may entertain. Like fairies, they do not wish to be spoken of. Love me, they say, but do not ask who is my cousin and my uncle. If you do not need to hear my thought, because you can read it in my face and behavior, then I will tell it you from sunrise to sunset. If you cannot divine it, you would not understand what I say. I will not molest myself for you. I do not wish to be profaned.

And yet, when you see them near, it seems as if this loneliness, and not this love, would prevail in their circumstances, because of the extravagant demand they make on human nature. That, indeed, constitutes a new feature in their portrait, that they are the most exacting and extortionate critics. Their quarrel with every man they meet, is not with his kind, but with his degree. There is not enough of him, — that is the only fault. They prolong their privilege of childhood in this wise, of doing nothing, — but making immense demands on all the gladiators in the lists of action and fame. They make us feel the strange disappointment which overcasts every human youth. So many promising youths, and never a finished man! The profound nature will have a savage rudeness; the delicate one will be shallow, or the victim of sensibility; the richly accomplished will have some capital absurdity; and so every piece has a crack. 'T is strange, but this masterpiece is a result of such an extreme delicacy, that the most unobserved flaw in the boy will neutralize the most aspiring genius, and spoil the work. Talk with a seaman of the hazards to life in his profession, and he will ask you, "Where are the old sailors? do you not see that all are young men?" And we, on this sea of human thought, in like manner inquire, Where are the old idealists? where are they who represented to the last generation that extravagant hope, which a few happy aspirants suggest to ours? In looking at the class of counsel, and power, and wealth, and at the matronage of the land, amidst all the prudence and all the triviality, one asks, Where are they who represented genius, virtue, the invisible and heavenly world, to these? Are they dead, — taken in early ripeness to the gods, — as ancient wisdom foretold their fate? Or did the high idea die out of them, and leave their unperfumed body as its tomb and tablet,

announcing to all that the celestial inhabitant, who once gave them beauty, had departed? Will it be better with the new generation? We easily predict a fair future to each new candidate who enters the lists, but we are frivolous and volatile, and by low aims and ill example do what we can to defeat this hope. Then these youths bring us a rough but effectual aid. By their unconcealed dissatisfaction, they expose our poverty, and the insignificance of man to man. A man is a poor liminary benefactor. He ought to be a shower of benefits — a great influence, which should never let his brother go, but should refresh old merits continually with new ones; so that, though absent, he should never be out of my mind, his name never far from my lips; but if the earth should open at my side, or my last hour were come, his name should be the prayer I should utter to the Universe. But in our experience, man is cheap, and friendship wants its deep sense. We affect to dwell with our friends in their absence, but we do not; when deed, word, or letter comes not, they let us go. These exacting children advertise us of our wants. There is no compliment, no smooth speech with them; they pay you only this one compliment, of insatiable expectation; they aspire, they severely exact, and if they only stand fast in this watch-tower, and persist in demanding unto the end, and without end, then are they terrible friends, whereof poet and priest cannot choose but stand in awe; and what if they eat clouds, and drink wind, they have not been without service to the race of man.

With this passion for what is great and extraordinary, it cannot be wondered at, that they are repelled by vulgarity and frivolity in people. They say to themselves, It is better to be alone than in bad company. And it is really a wish to be met, — the wish to find society for their hope and religion, — which prompts them to shun what is called society. They feel that they are never so fit for friendship, as when they have quit mankind, and taken themselves to friend. A picture, a book, a favorite spot in the hills or the woods, which they can people with the fair and worthy creation of the fancy, can give them often forms so vivid, that these for the time shall seem real, and society the illusion.

But their solitary and fastidious manners not only with-

draw them from the conversation, but from the labors of the world; they are not good citizens, not good members of society; unwillingly they bear their part of the public and private burdens; they do not willingly share in the public charities, in the public religious rites, in the enterprises of education, of missions foreign or domestic, in the abolition of the slave-trade, or in the temperance-society. They are inactive; they do not even like to vote. The philanthropists inquire whether Transcendentalism does not mean sloth. They had as lief hear that their friend was dead as that he was a Transcendentalist; for then is he paralyzed, and can never do anything for humanity. What right, cries the good world, has the man of genius to retreat from work, and indulge himself? The popular literary creed seems to be, 'I am a sublime genius; I ought not therefore to labor.' But genius is the power to labor better and more available than others. Deserve thy genius: exalt it. The good, the illuminated, sit apart from the rest, censuring their dulness and vices, as if they thought that, by sitting very grand in their chairs, the very brokers, attorneys, and congressmen would see the error of their ways, and flock to them. But the good and wise must learn to act, and carry salvation to the combatants and demagogues in the dusty arena below.

On the part of these children, it is replied, that life and their faculty seem to them gifts too rich to be squandered on such trifles as you propose to them. What you call your fundamental institutions, your great and holy causes, seem to them great abuses, and, when nearly seen, paltry matters. Each 'Cause,' as it is called, — say Abolition, Temperance, say Calvinism, or Unitarianism, — becomes speedily a little shop, where the article, let it have been at first never so subtle and ethereal, is now made up into portable and convenient cakes, and retailed in small quantities to suit purchasers. You make very free use of these words "great and holy," but few things appear to them such. Few persons have any magnificence of nature to inspire enthusiasm, and the philanthropies and charities have a certain air of quackery. As to the general course of living, and the daily employments of men, they cannot see much virtue in these, since they are parts of this vicious circle; and, as no great ends are answered by the men,

there is nothing noble in the arts by which they are maintained. Nay, they have made the experiment, and found that, from the liberal professions to the coarsest manual labor, and from the courtesies of the academy and the college to the conventions of the cotillon-room and the morning call, there is a spirit of cowardly compromise and seeming, which intimates a frightful skepticism, a life without love, and an activity without an aim.

Unless the action is necessary, unless it is adequate, I do not wish to perform it. I do not wish to do one thing but once. I do not love routine. Once possessed of the principle, it is equally easy to make four or forty thousand applications of it. A great man will be content to have indicated in any the slightest manner his perception of the reigning Idea of his time, and will leave to those who like it the multiplication of examples. When he has hit the white, the rest may shatter the target. Every thing admonishes us how needlessly long life is. Every moment of a hero so raises and cheers us, that a twelve-month is an age. All that the brave Xanthus brings home from his wars, is the recollection that, at the storming of Samos, "in the heat of the battle, Pericles smiled on me, and passed on to another detachment." It is the quality of the moment, not the number of days, of events, or of actors, that imports.

New, we confess, and by no means happy, is our condition: if you want the aid of our labor, we ourselves stand in greater want of the labor. We are miserable with inaction. We perish of rest and rust. But we do not like your work.

'Then,' says the world, 'show me your own.'

'We have none.'

'What will you do, then?' cries the world.

'We will wait.'

'How long?'

'Until the Universe rises up and calls us to work.'

'But whilst you wait, you grow old and useless.'

'Be it so: I can sit in a corner and *perish*, (as you call it,) but I will not move until I have the highest command. If no call should come for years, for centuries, then I know that the want of the Universe is the attestation of faith by this my abstinence. Your virtuous projects, so

called, do not cheer me. I know that which shall come will cheer me. If I cannot work, at least I need not lie. All that is clearly due to-day is not to lie. In other places, other men have encountered sharp trials, and have behaved themselves well. The martyrs were sawn asunder, or hung alive on meat-hooks. Cannot we screw our courage to patience and truth, and without complaint, or even with good-humor, await our turn of action in the Infinite Councils?'

But, to come a little closer to the secret of these persons, we must say, that to them it seems a very easy matter to answer the objections of the man of the world, but not so easy to dispose of the doubts and objections that occur to themselves. They are exercised in their own spirit with queries, which acquaint them with all adversity, and with the trials of the bravest heroes. When I asked them concerning their private experience, they answered somewhat in this wise: It is not to be denied that there must be some wide difference between my faith and other faith; and mine is a certain brief experience, which surprised me in the highway or in the market, in some place, at some time, — whether in the body or out of the body, God knoweth, — and made me aware that I had played the fool with fools all this time, but that law existed for me and for all; that to me belonged trust, a child's trust and obedience, and the worship of ideas, and I should never be fool more. Well, in the space of an hour, probably, I was let down from this height; I was at my old tricks, the selfish member of a selfish society. My life is superficial, takes no root in the deep world; I ask, When shall I die, and be relieved of the responsibility of seeing an Universe which I do not use? I wish to exchange this flash-of-lightning faith for continuous daylight, this fever-glow for a benign climate.

These two states of thought diverge every moment, and stand in wild contrast. To him who looks at his life from these moments of illumination, it will seem that he skulks and plays a mean, shiftless, and subaltern part in the world. That is to be done which he has not skill to do, or to be said which others can say better, and he lies by, or occupies his hands with some plaything, until his hour comes again. Much of our reading, much of our labor,

seems mere waiting: it was not that we were born for. Any other could do it as well, or better. So little skill enters into these works, so little do they mix with the divine life, that it really signifies little what we do, whether we turn a grindstone, or ride, or run, or make fortunes, or govern the state. The worst feature of this double consciousness is, that the two lives, of the understanding and of the soul, which we lead, really show very little relation to each other, never meet and measure each other: one prevails now, all buzz and din; and the other prevails then, all infinitude and paradise; and, with the progress of life, the two discover no greater disposition to reconcile themselves. Yet, what is my faith? What am I? What but a thought of serenity and independence, an abode in the deep blue sky? Presently the clouds shut down again; yet we retain the belief that this petty web we weave will at last be overshot and reticulated with veins of the blue, and that the moments will characterize the days. Patience, then, is for us, is it not? Patience, and still patience. When we pass, as presently we shall, into some new infinitude, out of this Iceland of negations, it will please us to reflect that, though we had few virtues or consolations, we bore with our indigence, nor once strove to repair it with hypocrisy or false heat of any kind.

But this class are not sufficiently characterized, if we omit to add that they are lovers and worshippers of Beauty. In the eternal trinity of Truth, Goodness, and Beauty, each in its perfection including the three, they prefer to make Beauty the sign and head. Something of the same taste is observable in all the moral movements of the time, in the religious and benevolent enterprises. They have a liberal, even an æsthetic spirit. A reference to Beauty in action sounds, to be sure, a little hollow and ridiculous in the ears of the old church. In politics, it has often sufficed, when they treated of justice, if they kept the bounds of selfish calculation. If they granted restitution, it was prudence which granted it. But the justice which is now claimed for the black, and the pauper, and the drunkard, is for Beauty — is for a necessity to the soul of the agent, not of the beneficiary. I say this is the tendency, not yet the realization. Our virtue totters and trips, does not yet walk firmly. Its representatives are

austere ; they preach and denounce ; their rectitude is not yet a grace. They are still liable to that slight taint of burlesque which, in our strange world, attaches to the zealot. A saint should be as dear as the apple of the eye. Yet we are tempted to smile, and we flee from the working to the speculative reformer, to escape that same slight ridicule. Alas for these days of derision and criticism ! We call the Beautiful the highest, because it appears to us the golden mean, escaping the doddiness of the good, and the heartlessness of the true. — They are lovers of nature also, and find an indemnity in the inviolable order of the world for the violated order and grace of man.

There is, no doubt, a great deal of well-founded objection to be spoken or felt against the sayings and doings of this class, some of whose traits we have selected ; no doubt, they will lay themselves open to criticism and to lampoons, and as ridiculous stories will be told of them as of any. There will be cant and pretension ; there will be subtilty and moonshine. These persons are of unequal strength, and do not all prosper. They complain that everything around them must be denied ; and if feeble, it takes all their strength to deny, before they can begin to lead their own life. Grave seniors insist on their respect to this institution, and that usage ; to an obsolete history ; to some vocation, or college, or etiquette, or beneficiary, or charity, or morning or evening call, which they resist, as what does not concern them. But it costs such sleepless nights, and alienations and misgivings, — they have so many moods about it ; — these old guardians never change *their* minds ; they have but one mood on the subject, namely, that Antony is very perverse, — that it is quite as much as Antony can do, to assert his rights, abstain from what he thinks foolish, and keep his temper. He cannot help the reaction of this injustice in his own mind. He is braced-up and stilted ; all freedom and flowing genius, all sallies of wit and frolic nature are quite out of the question ; it is well if he can keep from lying, injustice, and suicide. This is no time for gayety and grace. His strength and spirits are wasted in rejection. But the strong spirits overpower those around them without effort. Their thought and emotion comes in like a flood, quite withdraws them from all notice of these carping critics ; they surrender

themselves with glad heart to the heavenly guide, and only by implication reject the clamorous nonsense of the hour. Grave seniors talk to the deaf, — church and old book mumble and virtualize to an unheeding, preoccupied and advancing mind, and thus they by happiness of greater momentum lose no time, but take the right road at first.

But all these of whom I speak are not proficient, they are novices; they only show the road in which man should travel, when the soul has greater health and prowess. Yet let them feel the dignity of their charge, and deserve a larger power. Their heart is the ark in which the fire is concealed, which shall burn in a broader and universal flame. Let them obey the Genius then most when his impulse is wildest; then most when he seems to lead to uninhabitable deserts of thought and life; for the path which the hero travels alone is the highway of health and benefit to mankind. What is the privilege and nobility of our nature, but its persistency, through its power to attach itself to what is permanent?

Society also has its duties in reference to this class, and must behold them with what charity it can. Possibly some benefit may yet accrue from them to the state. In our Mechanics' Fair, there must be not only bridges, ploughs, carpenters' planes, and baking troughs, but also some few finer instruments, — rain-gauges, thermometers, and telescopes; and in society, besides farmers, sailors, and weavers, there must be a few persons of purer fire kept specially as gauges and meters of character; persons of a fine, detecting instinct, who betray the smallest accumulations of wit and feeling in the bystander. Perhaps too there might be room for the excitors and monitors; collectors of the heavenly spark with power to convey the electricity to others. Or, as the storm-tossed vessel at sea speaks the frigate or 'line-packet' to learn its longitude, so it may not be without its advantage that we should now and then encounter rare and gifted men, to compare the points of our spiritual compass, and verify our bearings from superior chronometers.

Amidst the downward tendency and proneness of things, when every voice is raised for a new road or another statute, or a subscription of stock, for an improvement in dress, or in dentistry, for a new house or a larger business, for a po-

litical party, or the division of an estate, — will you not tolerate one or two solitary voices in the land, speaking for thoughts and principles not marketable or perishable? Soon these improvements and mechanical inventions will be superseded; these modes of living lost out of memory; these cities rotted, ruined by war, by new inventions, by new seats of trade, or the geologic changes: — all gone, like the shells which sprinkle the seabeach with a white colony to-day, forever renewed to be forever destroyed. But the thoughts which these few hermits strove to proclaim by silence, as well as by speech, not only by what they did, but by what they forbore to do, shall abide in beauty and strength, to reorganize themselves in nature, to invest themselves anew in other, perhaps higher endowed and happier mixed clay than ours, in fuller union with the surrounding system.

A SONG OF SPRING.

LEAVES on the trees,
 And buds in the breeze,
 And tall grass waving on the meadow side,
 And the showerlet sweet,
 While the soft clouds meet
 Again in their golden robes, when day has died.

The scholar his pen
 Hath mended again,
 For the new life runs in his wearied veins;
 While the wild child flies
 Mid the flowers' fresh dyes,
 And the happy bird gushes with sudden strains.

DISCOVERIES IN THE NUBIAN PYRAMIDS.

[Translated from the (Vienna) *Jahrbücher der Literatur.*]

DR. C. G. CARUS, *on the discovery of valuable golden ornaments in a Nubian pyramid, by Dr. Ferlini, of Bologna.*

ON the 22d of April, 1841, on my return from Florence, I passed a day in Bologna, where the rich collections of Professor Alessandrini, in Comparative Anatomy, might well offer me sufficient objects of consideration. At noon, after I had attended a sitting of the Academy of Sciences, and had particularly enjoyed an interesting discourse of Professor Calori, I visited some collections of art, and among others it was proposed to me to see a collection of antiquities, which a Bolognese physician had brought with him from Egypt about four years before. My interest was increased by the fact, that it was a physician who had collected these treasures, and I delayed not to enter. Dr. Ferlini himself was not at home; a young black (whom he had also brought home with him) opened the door to me, and I found first, a small number of stuffed Egyptian animals of little variety; also, oriental weapons and utensils; but in addition, a very remarkable collection of rich golden ornaments, with the model of the Pyramid, in which this so valuable treasure was found. The sister of Dr. Ferlini, a friendly, well-bred lady, appeared, and explained very pleasantly the different pieces of the collection; and also at parting gave me an opportunity to buy a little quarto volume, in which her brother has himself given a report of his researches and this important discovery, with a catalogue, and drawings of the most remarkable pieces. The volume is entitled — *Relation historique des fouilles opérés dans la Nubie, par le docteur Joseph Ferlini, de Bologne.* Rome, 1838.

The treasure found, and here collected, has not failed to attract the attention of antiquarians; and the more, because many other travellers, who have made researches, furnished with ample means, and commissioned by governments, (as for instance the learned Rosellini,) have not succeeded in discovering anything of consequence wrought in gold. The king of Bavaria has indeed already, at considerable cost, procured a small part of Ferlini's treasure for the gallery at Munich. Yet it was not all this, which particularly interested me in this discovery. The interest, with which it inspired me, came especially from the psychological side.

I did not fail to make myself thoroughly acquainted with the

history of Dr. Ferlini's discoveries, and will presently lay before my readers in a translation, the most important parts of his account. For two reasons this will draw to itself the whole attention of every one, who is not accustomed to stop at the surface of what he sees. First indeed, that in a man who for twenty years had led a very active life as a practising physician in Albania, Greece, and Egypt successively, and might now at length return with a well-earned fortune to his home, — the determined impulse should at once arise, to seek for curiosities and treasures among these mysterious relics of a grey antiquity, — even risking the loss of his property so laboriously acquired. And in the second place, that this quite irresistible attraction, resting merely upon a dim presentiment, spite of all obstacles, and after it already seemed that all hope must be given up, has yet actually led to a result so splendid, a reward so rich.

It must be allowed that the whole affair is a little disenchant-ed and brought down, by the circumstance, that Ferlini himself cared little for finding any but particularly *costly* objects. Not the less does his decided presentiment, and its complete confirmation through this discovery, remain a remarkable psychological fact. Certainly, when a Columbus stakes everything on a like undoubting presentiment of the existence of transatlantic countries, year after year moves high and low to assist in the execution of his plans, — at last actually discovers a fourth quarter of the globe, we feel more deeply the meaning of that beautiful saying of Schiller,

"Nature is ever in alliance with Genius ;
The one keeps the promise of the other."

And yet with Columbus also it was originally rather instinct, the unconscious presentiment, that the reality must respond to his effort ; and if he thought of the advantages of a possible discovery, they were far more material and nearer at hand, rather contemplating his own emolument and that of the crown, than any distinct internal prophecy of the development of European humanity in a transatlantic region. In short, we always come back to this ; — a presentiment lay in the mind, a possibility of a foreseen future and destiny, through some means, which as yet has no existence, or as yet exists not for us ; — and it is the same, which moves strongly in the animal world, leading the bird of passage upon his journey, and guiding with certainty to her young the dove who has been carried more than fifty miles from her nest. But it is interesting, when we meet such facts in the life of man, to consider and preserve them. And as a fact of this kind, we may certainly regard these discoveries of Ferlini. I hope, therefore, that his own communications, which follow, will not fail to excite the interest of our readers.

He tells his story thus.

“ Ever since my residence in Greece and Egypt, I had had the idea of making some discovery useful to history. For this end I sought to gain the good opinion of the Governor. After some months an opportunity occurred of asking his permission to undertake excavations in the places where old monuments were found. The Pacha was astonished at my request, and told me of all the dangers to which my undertaking was exposed; he also represented to me that, though he had given me permission, he would only allow me to work, upon my promising to pay the laborers. I also ran the risk of losing my savings for full four years. He advised me to satisfy myself with what I had, and even told me that I exposed myself to certain death by my covetousness, since the blacks, whom I must employ, were so malicious and cruel, that in case I should discover anything of value, I might be certain they would take my life, in order to possess themselves of my treasure. Finally, the Governor told me, that since he had no great authority in the desert, through which the way to Sabdarad lay, he could give me no perfect guarantee of my safety. As the Governor saw meanwhile, that his remarks made no great impression upon me, he promised me, that he would grant my wish, as soon as another physician could be procured to take my place. As soon as I heard that my successor had set out from Cairo, I called upon Sig. Antonio Stefani, an Albanian, and made him a partner in my undertaking, since he knew the country better than I, having already carried on a trade there for fifteen years. I promised him half the fruits of our discoveries, gave him four hundred Spanish dollars, and sent him to Musselamiah to buy camels, ropes, grain, leather bags, and the necessary instruments for excavation. Musselamiah is a large village three days journey from Cartum, in the interior of the peninsula, where a market is held once a week. I bought large stores of meat and cut it in strips, which were dried in the sun, as is the custom of the country.

“ I took into my service thirty resolute young men, and promised each of them two Spanish dollars a month, and his food. After fourteen days came Stefani with twenty-seven camels, provisions, and tools. We now only waited for Sig. Gallina, my successor, who arrived the 10th of August, 1834. The next morning I sent forward the camels, the servants, and some slaves by land, and embarked with Sig. Stefani and our families.

“ At Vod-Benaga, after three days journey, I sent my companion to the Turkish governor of the village, who lived in Sendih, to show him the form of permission which the Pacha had given me. The Governor commanded all the servants of

the state to let me dig unmolested wherever I would, and guaranteed the reward which I was to give the workmen, since hitherto no enterprise of the kind had been ventured upon in his district. My family and Sig. Stefani's remained in Vod-Benagas. We took servants, provided ourselves with water and food, and set out toward the desert named Galah-Volet-Mamouth, eight hours' distance from the Nile, where stands a very beautiful temple, whose outside is covered with hieroglyphics. We passed the first day in making strong hedges of thorny twigs, to protect us from the lions, which are very numerous in these remote places. The next morning we explored with great care the outside of the temple; and since it was half buried in sand, we tried to clear this away by help of baskets made of ox-skin, which I had had made at Vod-Benaga. We tried particularly to remove the sand from the eastern side, in hope of finding the entrance, but it was without success; then we attempted it at the principal façade, but our efforts were no more fortunate. Afterward, we began on the west side, but as we saw that all our efforts were unsuccessful, we wholly gave up this undertaking.

"We were indeed constrained to this by many other urgent reasons; five of our camels had died, the others were sick, exhausted, and worn out by the long marches which they must make to the Nile; the water and the food were unhealthy, our people had the colic, and a little negro, the son of a female slave, who prepared our wretched meals, had already died. We journeyed away, therefore, and turned toward Volet-Ahsan, to seek less dangerous places, and thus approached within two hours' journey of the Nile. We found here another temple still smaller than the former. We first made an enclosure of thorns, to protect ourselves from the lions, who, urged by hunger, howled every night in our neighborhood. I began then to examine the temple, but found after three days, that in our want of good nourishment and fresh water, we were in no situation to continue so laborious a life. That we might no longer labor without result, and so lose our money, we set out to return to our families. The day after our return to our tents, we received visits from a great number of the inhabitants of the little neighboring villages, who came to beg for employment. We gave to each the fifteenth of a dollar. Their beasts of burden supplied us with water, while our camels went to the Nile, where they found rich pastures, that they might thus restore their exhausted strength. There are at Vod-Benaga many pillars standing, the remains of an old temple of very rude workmanship. I sought out the part, which had served the ancient inhabitants as a burial place, and began my excavations as soon as I had found it. First, I discovered a large antechamber,

similar to the subterranean galleries of the Roman catacombs. This antechamber was many fathoms in circumference, and contained a number of closely covered *Burmes*, a sort of vases made of burnt clay, such as the blacks still use in their houses for carrying water.

“The discovery of these vases excited great astonishment among the workmen, who believed that they should find gold in them. To undeceive them, I raised one of the vases in my hand, and dashed it to the ground so that it broke. It contained nothing but earth kneaded with water. I examined this earth in hope of finding in it some amulet or a *scarabæus*; I found nothing either in this vase or in the others, which I afterward broke. I made a final examination in the depths of the gallery, and saw by the lamplight in a pit several feet deep many corpses, which showed nothing remarkable, except the one which lay in the middle and under a stone. This one had a sabre on the one side, a lance on the other, and a bow and arrows. Hardly had I touched them, when the oxydized weapons broke, with the exception of some arrows, which were covered with a sort of plating. I carried away these relics, which seemed to me to be interesting.

“After some days of unprofitable labor, I determined to have excavations made in the town, where I had found some remains of pillars, and I very soon found at that place a splendid pilaster of red granite and quadrangular form. Each side was three fathoms high, half a fathom broad. At about a third of the height the pilaster was ornamented on every side with a band formed of hieroglyphics, which enclosed various symbolic figures. On one side were two men and a woman, all naked; on the other side two other figures. The two remaining sides were similar, but with different figures. Since it was impossible to transport this large stone on the backs of our camels, I attempted to break off the lower part of it, that I might at least have the hieroglyphics, but the granite was so hard that the attempt failed. I tried to get off a tolerably large piece of it, by cutting with saws and with water, but could only make a superficial impression. I was obliged to give up the undertaking, and gave the pilaster in charge to the chief of the town of *Vod-Benaga*, with injunctions not to part with it without my orders. I afterwards presented it to *M. Minaut*, the French consul at *Cairo*.

“As we continued our excavations, we discovered a place paved with red bricks, in the middle of which stood a pillar. This building had probably served the Egyptians as a dwelling, since it had still the diminutive form of the houses of the present day. I found there a little mask cut in jet, which I took away

with me. Farther on, we discovered a red granite similar to the first, but larger and better carved. I let it be again covered with earth. At last we found a temple in ruins, of which the savages had injured the decorations. With this we ended our examinations, whose insignificant results were neither sufficient to pay the cost, nor to reward us in the least for our labor. We proceeded no farther in our examination of Vod-Benaga, left the town, and turned toward Begaraviah, where the great Pyramids are. In this still region, the seat of ancient greatness, I had already long designed to seek some monuments, which were fitted to throw light upon the history of so interesting a part of the world, which had hitherto been visited only first by Sig. Belzoni, and by me.

“ We fixed our tents near the village of Begaraviah, which is not far distant from the Nile, and hired some negro-huts. We employed a part of our people in making baskets of ox-skin, which were designed for the removal of the earth. The rest of the slaves must remain to take care of the camels. We then went to the Pyramids, which we saw at an hour’s distance.

“ We first passed through the old town of Merœe, which is almost wholly covered with sand, and found there only some sphinxes of black granite, which were injured and partly destroyed. Not far from the town many simple pyramids are to be seen in ruins, and we found a hill in the neighborhood, whose summit was crowned with one-and-twenty pyramids, ruined principally on the top. A single one was yet nearly uninjured. On the east of it we found eight other smaller ones, which were in very good preservation. At the foot of the hill we saw still others, smaller, of which only the Portico or Sanctuary, covered with hieroglyphic inscriptions, remained uninjured. Here I wished to begin my labors, but my friend Sig. Stefani induced me first to make a trial in the town, which lay near the avenue of the Sphinxes. Four days after our arrival we set up our encampment, and requested laborers from the Sheik, or lord of the village. At first they came unwillingly, fearing that they should not be paid, but afterward so many offered themselves that we had to send them away. We began our digging in a sort of dwelling, which seemed to have been destroyed by the hand of man. We found in it a head of a mace covered with a blue enamelled lacker, and an ichneumon of serpentine. We continued to explore, in the hope of finding something valuable, but in vain. We must go farther. I left Sig. Stefani, and took a hundred men with me to examine the great Pyramids. Some days later my friend discovered another larger dwelling, but there was no advantage from this either, since he found nothing but a little idol of burnt and lackered

clay. In the mean while I had searched through the remains of a small pyramid, which lay at the foot of a little hill. When I came to the base of the hill, I found that it consisted of black, flat stones, which seemed to have been laid there by the hand of man. I tried to come nearer the foundation by the help of the pickaxe; and after I had cleared away a little earth, I plainly saw a step. It was the first stair of a flight, which led into the interior of a monument. After this I discovered a second stair, then a third, and so on. Night surprised us; we must desist from our labors; but the next day I summoned Sig. Stefani, his people, and the Arabs who were with him; we were in all three hundred and fifty persons; that was just the number of people that we needed, to dig out and carry away the earth. The Arabs, who saw that we paid our people daily, (to which they had hitherto not been accustomed,) were now eager to pitch their tents in the neighborhood of the work. These tents are made of long inwoven straw; the Arabs call them Birs.

“I uncovered the staircase by degrees, till I came to the ninth step, which was the last. It led to a little vaulted grotto, where I found at first only bones of camels, horses, and other smaller skeletons, which I took to be hounds. I next found two different sorts of riding-gear; one seemed to be the packsaddle of a camel, the other a horse-saddle; finally, some pieces of metal also, in the form of bells, upon which birds and deities were engraved.

“In the depths of the grotto I saw a large stone, which formed the entrance to a burial-monument. I ordered it to be raised, and found an oval opening wrought in the rock by means of the chisel. It was filled up with earth kneaded with water. I had it dug out and carried away. But the heat and dampness in this opening were so stifling, that even the workmen, though accustomed to extreme heat, could not remain in the grotto longer than five minutes. I let them work by turns. After we had wholly cleared out this burial place, I found opposite the door of entrance a grave like that just described. It contained a heap of human bones, thrown one upon another, and no weapons, nor any other ornaments were found among them.

“During this time Sig. Stefani, who had employed himself with demolishing the other pyramid, had only come to the top of the portico. Some days later he succeeded in finding the staircase to the vault. Among the corpses one was found covered with a stone. They dug at the side of the head to remove the stone, when a laborer, as he struck with his mattock upon a round body, as large as an ostrich egg, brought to light a number of objects made of glass, which were of firm, white, and transparent quality.

“ While Sig. Stefani superintended this work, I had explored the ruined pyramid, from which I obtained no good result, finding nothing but a block of stone in the portico, upon which two figures were engraven. It will perhaps be surprising to hear with what patience and constancy I prosecuted my search, in so very doubtful hope of seeing the fruit of my labor. I openly confess, that I was often overcome by sorrow, when I after long days of labor returned into my tent with my friend, and the laborers who followed us, springing and uttering a frightful howling, held out their hands to us to receive the reward of a labor which I must regard as lost. Our food too was wretched, and, considering our continued night-watches to secure our lives from the plots, which might threaten us at any moment, (Sig. Stefani and I were obliged to watch half the night by turns, through fear of the treachery of our people and the malice of the negroes;) withal an intolerable heat, and finally, the fear of losing in a moment all prospect of a fortunate issue to so expensive an undertaking, which I had prosecuted with the greatest constancy — it must be confessed, that these circumstances were fitted to depress a stronger spirit than mine. At least they had so great effect upon me, that I was on the point of giving up my plan. But when I saw the workmen with their miserable sustenance digging with the greatest perseverance in the mere expectation of a trifling reward, I took courage again, and to such a degree, that I determined *either to return without a sou, or as the possessor of a treasure*. And so when I had dug through one building without success, I passed on to another.

“ When Sig. Stefani had ended his labors in the pyramid, I proposed to him to begin another work elsewhere, namely, between the village and the west side of the pyramid, where, upon a hill, are standing the remains of an old town. This attempt produced no favorable result; but the natives encouraged me, and assured me, *that they certainly knew from an old tradition of their country, that treasures were there concealed worth more than forty Ardeb of Gold, (about four thousand livres)*. I saw in this declaration only a design to induce me to prosecute my labors, to afford food and money to these wild men; and I was the more confirmed in this design, because the excavations of Sig. Stefani were still fruitless, since he found nothing but a wooden figure, of which the right cheek and right arm were half colored red.

“ I had no greater success than my companion. I searched through the fourth Pyramid without finding anything worth carrying away. As I was retiring, I found a large serule of sap-

phire-like chalcedony, conically prolonged and flattened at the end.

“Vexed at the ill success of my researches in the small Pyramids, I determined to make a last attempt with one of the large ones, which lay at the end of the hill, and preferred that which seemed to me still untouched. This Pyramid was the same, which Mons. Caillaud of Nantes describes, in the account of his journey to the White and Blue rivers. It is therefore unnecessary that I should stop to describe this beautiful monument; I will only remark that it consists of 64 steps, each half a fathom high, so that it thus had a height of 32 ells or 28 metres. On each side it was about 48 ells long, thus having an area of 1764 square metres. When I had climbed with four laborers to the summit of the Pyramid, to begin the work, I saw at the first glance that the removal would be easy, since the right hand of Time had already been busy there. After the first stones were taken away, I encouraged my laborers anew. While they were throwing the stones of this step to the ground, I went with Sig. Stefani to rest in the shade of a neighboring pyramid, since I could no longer bear the heat of the sun, which had reached a height of 48 degrees. Suddenly I was called by my faithful servant. I immediately re-ascended the pyramid with my friend, and felt my heart already beat with joyful expectation. I saw my servant lying flat, so as to cover with his body the opening which they had just made. The blacks, tormented with curiosity, would have driven away my servant by force, and have thrust their covetous hands into the inside of the opening. We resisted them firmly, and with arms in our hands forced them to descend. We now called our other servants upon whom we could rely, and let them go on with the removal of the stones in our presence. The opening showed us a wide room, containing objects which we could not yet distinguish. This room was formed of great stones irregularly laid. We caused the great stones which covered the top, to be removed, and saw a cell, which formed a long parallelogram, and consisted of large stones fitted to each other, which formed the four side walls answering to the sides of the pyramid. This cell was four feet high, and from six to seven feet long. The first thing we noticed was an object covered with a cotton cloth of dazzling whiteness, which fell into dust at a touch. It was a sort of table or altar, (*mensa sacra*, or *ara domestica*,) supported by four column-like feet, and surrounded by an elegant enclosure, which consisted of high and low wooden railing. This railing was carved, and represented symbolic figures. Under this table was a bronze vase, which contained the most valuable articles of the prize, golden bracelets, rings, scarabæi, amulets,

clasps, &c., which were wrapped in a cloth similar to that just described. Near the vase, on the floor of the cell, were necklaces, glass ornaments, colored stones, &c., arranged regularly by means of strings. I found also some talismans, little idols, a cylindrical *étui*, of metal, little turned boxes, filled with a powdered substance, whose analysis I will give hereafter; a saw, a chisel, and various other articles.

“ I secured all these things immediately in little leather sacks, and so withdrew the gold from the sight of the Arabs. As I came down from the Pyramid, all the workmen thronged round me to see what I had found. But I showed myself firm, and after I had taken my arms, I sternly bid them go on with their work. When the blacks saw my weapons, they quickly drew back, since they believed the very sight of the arms might be deadly. At evening, when the blacks had withdrawn into their huts, and our servants were fast asleep, Sig. Stefani and I examined more at leisure the interesting collection of valuable objects, the sight of which filled my heart with inexpressible joy. (This rich collection takes up the greater part of my catalogue.) I was surprised at the quantity and beauty of the gold work, and saw directly that they far surpassed in value everything of the kind hitherto in the different European museums. As to carved stones, I could quickly see that they were not only equal to the best of such work among the Greeks, but that these were even surpassed by mine. While I surrendered myself thus to the sweet feelings, which such an occurrence, as fortunate as unexpected, must naturally awaken in me, I observed that my friend appeared very melancholy. I remarked upon it to him, and he communicated his anxiety to me, that he believed we should do well to flee with our treasures, since we had everything to fear from the avarice of the blacks. I on the contrary, who had been accustomed for five years to rule these savages, and hence knew their cowardice, rejected this proposal, and determined to try my fortune in still farther discoveries. I thus quieted my friend, and proposed to bury our treasures in the sand. We made a pit at a little distance from our tents, concealed our valuable articles in it, and covered them with earth and sand. The next morning at sunrise we returned to the Pyramid; all our laborers had already gone to work; there were no less than five hundred. Although I did not now need so many people, yet I considered that it would not be wise to offend these men by sending back the new laborers. I ordered new excavations in the vicinity, but they were altogether without result.

“ In continuing my account of the farther removal of the Pyramid, I must first remark, that it appeared, after we had demol-

ished the little cell in which the table and the treasure were found, that the rest of the structure was composed of large stones which were united by a cement. This made the demolition very difficult; we were fourteen days in removing the Pyramid to about half the height. At this height we found nothing but straw plaited into cords, and pieces of wood in the form of mallets. All these objects were nearly destroyed. In the centre of the pyramid was a niche, or cell, formed of three blocks of stone. We removed these blocks, and found first cotton cloth, which seemed to cover other objects — my heart beat quickly; I believed that we should again find articles made of gold — but although we found nothing of this precious metal, I was yet in a measure rewarded by the discovery of two bronze vases of the most elegant form, and so well preserved, that it might be supposed they had just come from the hand of the workman. These vases contained a black powdered substance, of which we shall hereafter give the analysis. From the height above given, I had in twenty days come so far as to have removed the pyramid to the level of the hill. I found nothing but large flat pieces of a kind of black stone, which is called in Numidia, *Gallah*. The vestibule was yet uninjured, and below and on one side, the name of Caillaud was engraved upon the stone. This vestibule was covered with many rows of carved hieroglyphics. Opposite the door of entrance was seen a majestic, manly form, sitting upon a lion, and holding something in his hand, the exact form of which I could not discern. For the benefit of science I wished very much to bring away with me one of these interesting stones, but their weight was so considerable, that it was impossible to transport them over these immense deserts. I satisfied myself with taking a piece of the stone which was opposite the door, and which I thought the most remarkable for the designs which were engraved upon it. I hoped to find a staircase in the interior of the pyramid, like that which I had found in the smaller ones, and by which the descent was made to the burial-hall, but I was deceived in my hope, being withheld by the significant position of the stones called "*Gallah*." I tried to open a way for myself by following the traces of a footpath, which led under the vestibule into a space of about eight feet, and descended to the declivity of the hill. I directed them to dig under the vestibule; but we could advance but a little way, since we came again to blocks of stone united by cement. Still I wished to prosecute my researches in this region, and since I no longer needed so many workmen, I sent away a great number of them; but notwithstanding this they came to work though not wanted, and looked upon our labors with threatening gestures, and armed with their lances.

This fierce attitude awakened my suspicion. I charged my negroes and the other servants to watch these men, who began to be dangerous to us. Six days later I was informed by one of my faithful slaves, who understood the language of the natives, and had mingled with them, that these armed savages were plotting to overpower me, and rob me of my treasure. I at first determined to attack them, and to scatter them with the help of my people; but Sig. Stefani counselled me against it. I had sympathy with our wives and the family of the Albanese; I also considered that if anything serious should happen, which should reach the ears of the governor, my discoveries might also become known, and I should run the risk of losing all. Thus, then, determined rather to take flight with my treasures, I awaited the night.

“ I sent three of my most faithful slaves with the camels to Berber, a place where the caravans assemble, which journey through the great desert Coruscah, and I with Sig. Stefani and our families embarked on the Nile, at the place nearest my encampment, in a government vessel, which lay always at my disposal.

“ After three days I arrived at Berber, and was very well received there by Abas-Aga, who was vice-governor of Nigritia. I must remain eight days with him, since he would readily have taken me under his protection. In compliance with his instructions, he offered me camels and guides, for a journey through the desert. I thus left Berber, and came after two days' journey to Abu-Achmet, the last village on the way along the Nile. The Biksarrah dwell here; a people so accustomed to journey in the desert, that they can travel days long without eating or drinking. Here I took in a supply of water, and turned toward the great desert Coruscah, which the blacks call “ the sea without water.” On the first day I remarked some gaziah-trees here and there, but the six other days I found myself in a wholly barren desert, between stones and burning sand. I had collected some natural curiosities in Nubia, such as beetles, dancing-spiders, crocodiles' eggs with the embryo, grey and crested cranes, white Ibis, a falcon, a calao, an ichneumon, and many fruits. I also collected in this desert some remarkable stones; they are of nearly globular form, with a very hard shell on the outside, consisting of a ferruginous substance, and the inside filled with sand of various colors. I could compare them to nothing but a peach or an apricot, especially when this fruit is cut in halves. The empty space which remains for the kernel, corresponds to the space occupied by sand in the stone.

“ On the seventh day we found a fountain with very bad water, which spouted forth from openings among stones. Still I took

in a supply from it, and continued my journey. On the twelfth day I came to a place which is called "The Gates." Here begins a long mountain-chain of black granite; we passed it in two days, and came at last to Coruscah, situated on the east side of the Nile, between the first and second cataract. I returned to Cairo by the usual way. I received my discharge and the arrears of my salary through the medium of the French Consul, Mons. Minaut. I presented him with the pillar of red granite, which I have mentioned as entrusted to the chief of Vod-Benaga. After having received my discharge, and endured still new dangers from the plague which was desolating this region, I at last obtained the happiness of seeing my native land again."

And who indeed would not congratulate Sig. Ferlini, after so much hardship, on finding himself at last at home in safety, with these remarkable treasures? Let no lover of art passing through Bologna omit to seek out the little dwelling, which still contains the greater part of these valuables, but from which they may ere long be dispersed to the great Museums of sovereigns. But whilst he enjoys these skilfully-wrought works, admires the elegant workmanship of the broad golden bracelets, and considers the mysterious forms adorned with four hawk's-wings, which form the clasp, whilst he scans the mystic signs upon the rings, and sees even the vases of the golden scarabæi ornamented with hieroglyphic figures, he will involuntarily recall to his mind the history of the singular presentiment, to whose powerful incitement alone we are indebted for their discovery; since however mysterious are these signs, and seldom as we are able to penetrate their meaning, yet is the region of these peculiar presentiments, these auguries, this unconscious life of the soul in us, far more dim and mysterious.

ANNA.

Thou golden figure of the shaded sun,
 Thou stately streamlet singing on thy way,
 Thou harp that beauty plays its notes upon,
 Thou silver image of departing day,

O summer charm, how shall the winter glow,
 While thou serenely shinest through the air,
 Clothing with rosy tints the once pale snow,
 Until the frosts rich crimson flowers upbear.

TO EVA AT THE SOUTH.

THE green grass is bowing,
The morning wind is in it,
'T is a tune worth thy knowing,
Though it change every minute.

'T is a tune of the spring,
Every year plays it over
To the robins on the wing,
And to the pausing lover.

O'er ten thousand thousand acres
Goes light the nimble Zephyr,
The Flowers, — tiny sect of Shakers,
Worship him ever.

Hark to the winning sound !
They summon thee, dearest,
Saying, " We have drest for thee the ground,
Nor yet thou appearest.

O hasten ! 't is our time,
Ere yet the red Summer
Scorch our delicate prime
Loved of the bee, — the tawny hummer.

O pride of thy race !
Sad in sooth it were to ours,
If our brief tribe miss thy face,
We poor New England flowers.

Thou shalt choose the fairest members
Of our lithe society ;
June's glories and September's
Shall show our love and piety.

Thou shalt command us all,
From April's early clover,
To the gentian in the fall,
Blue-eyed favorite of thy lover.

O come, then, quickly come,
We are budding, we are blowing,
And the wind that we perfume,
Sings a tune that's worth the knowing.

THE BROOK.

ALL the eyes I ever knew
In this my strange life-dream,
Hazle, grey, and deepest blue,
Are mingled in this stream.

It wins its way into my soul,
Awakes each hidden feeling,
Gives me a rapture beyond control,
High love fills all my being.

In earnest eyes I chiefly live,
All words to me are nought,
For me they neither take nor give,
In the eye the soul is caught.

And now to see all that I love,
And have gazed at many an hour,
Blended together, — has heaven above
A greater joy in store?

THE RIVER.

THERE is an inward voice, that in the stream
Lends forth its spirit to the listening ear,
And in a calm content it floweth on,
Like wisdom welcome with its own respect.
Clear in its breast lie all these beauteous thoughts,
It doth receive the green and graceful trees,
And the gray rocks smile in its peaceful arms,
And over all floats a serenest blue,
Which the mild heaven sheds down on it like rain.
O fair, sweet stream, thy undisturbed repose
Me beckons to thy front, and thou, vexed world, —
Thou other turbulent sphere where I have dwelt,
Diminished into distance, touch'st no more
My feelings here, than the soft swaying
Of the delicate wave parted in front,
As through the gentle element we move
Like shadows gliding through untroubled realms,
Disturbs these lily circles, these white bells.
And yet on thee shall wind come fiercely down,
Hail pelt thee with dull words, ice bind thee up;
And yet again, when the fierce rage is o'er,
O smiling river, shalt thou smile once more,
And as it were, even in thy depths, revere
The sage security thy nature wears.

LIFE.

It is a gay and glittering cloud,
Born in the early light of day,
It lies upon the gentle hills,
Rosy, and sweet, and far away.

It burns again when noon is high ;
 Like molten gold 't is clothed in light,
 'T is beautiful and glad as love, —
 A joyous, soul-entrancing sight.

But now 't is fading in the west,
 On the flowering heaven a withered leaf,
 As faint as shadow on the grass
 Thrown by a gleam of moonshine brief.

So life is born, grows up, and dies,
 As cloud upon the world of light ;
 It comes in joy, and moves in love,
 Then, — gently fades away in night.

TO ———.

THERE is a grace upon the waving trees,
 A beauty in the wide and flowing sea,
 A glory is there in the rushing breeze,
 Yet what are all these fairy things to me,
 What by the side of such an one as thee ?
 They weigh as dust against the purest gold,
 And all the words of fine society,
 And all the famous thoughts great men have told,
 By side of thee seem dull, — dull, heavy, and most cold.

If thou art lost to me, farewell, my heart !
 There is one jewel for thy prizing here,
 But how companionless and chill thou art,
 If this great lustre, unto thee so dear,
 Fall like an autumn leaf withered and sere,
 And leave thee on the shore of time, — alone.
 So shall this living earth be thy true bier,
 Its every sound a wretched, mournful tone,
 And all thy passion's tears turned into hardest stone.

THE LAWS OF MENU.

[In pursuance of the design intimated in our Number for July, to give a series of ethnical scriptures, we subjoin our extracts from the Laws of Menu. We learn, from the preface of the translator, that "Vyasa, the son of Parasara, has decided that the Veda, with its Angas, or the six compositions deduced from it, the revealed system of medicine, the Puranas, or sacred histories, and the code of Menu, were four works of supreme authority, which ought never to be shaken by arguments merely human." The last, which is in blank verse, and is one of the oldest compositions extant, has been translated by Sir William Jones. It is believed by the Hindoos "to have been promulged in the beginning of time, by Menu, son or grandson of Brahma," and "first of created beings." Brahma is said to have "taught his laws to Menu in a hundred thousand verses, which Menu explained to the primitive world in the very words of the book now translated." Others affirm that they have undergone successive abridgments for the convenience of mortals, "while the gods of the lower heaven, and the band of celestial musicians, are engaged in studying the primary code."

"A number of glosses or comments on Menu were composed by the Munis, or old philosophers, whose treatises, together with that before us, constitute the Dherma Sastra, in a collective sense, or *Body of Law.*" Culluca Bhatta * was one of the more modern of these.]

CUSTOM.

"Immemorial custom is transcendent law."

"The roots of the law are the whole Veda, the ordinances and moral practices of such as perfectly understand it, the immemorial customs of good men, and self-satisfaction."

"Immemorial custom is a tradition among the four pure classes, in a country frequented by gods,—and at length is not to be distinguished from revelation."

TEMPERANCE.

"The resignation of all pleasures is far better than the attainment of them."

"The organs, being strongly attached to sensual delights, cannot so effectually be restrained by avoiding incentives to pleasure, as by a constant pursuit of divine knowledge."

"But, when one among all his [the Brahmin's] organs fails, by that single failure his knowledge of God passes away, as water flows through one hole in a leathern bottle."

* In the following selections his gloss is for the most part omitted, but when retained is printed in Italics.

“He must eat without distraction of mind.”

“Let him honor all his food, and eat it without contempt; when he sees it, let him rejoice and be calm, and pray, that he may always obtain it.”

“Food, eaten constantly with respect, gives muscular force and generative power; but, eaten irreverently, destroys them both.”

“It is delivered as a rule of the gods, that meat must be swallowed only for the purpose of sacrifice; but it is a rule of gigantic demons, that it may be swallowed for any other purpose.”

PURIFICATION AND SACRIFICE.

“By falsehood, the sacrifice becomes vain; by pride, the merit of devotion is lost; by insulting priests, life is diminished; and by proclaiming a largess, its fruit is destroyed.”

“To a king, on the throne of magnanimity, the law ascribes instant purification, because his throne was raised for the protection of his people, and the supply of their nourishment.”

“The hand of an artist employed in his art is always pure.”

“Bodies are cleansed by water; the mind is purified by truth; the vital spirit, by theology and devotion; the understanding, by clear knowledge.”

“If thou be not at variance by speaking falsely with Yama the Subduer of all, with Vaivaswata the Punisher, with that great divinity who dwells in the breast, go not on a pilgrimage to the river Ganga, nor to the plains of Curu, for thou hast no need of expiation.”

“Whoever cherishes not five orders of beings, — the deities, those who demand hospitality, those whom he ought by law to maintain, his departed forefathers, and himself, — that man lives not, even though he breathe.”

“To all the gods assembled let him throw up his oblation in open air; by day, to the spirits who walk in light; and by night, to those who walk in darkness.”

“Some, who well know the ordinances for those oblations, perform not always externally the five great sacraments, but continually make offerings in their own organs.”

“Some constantly sacrifice their breath in their speech, *when they instruct others, or praise God aloud*, and their speech in their breath, *when they meditate in silence*; perceiving in their speech and breath, *thus employed*, the imperishable fruit of a sacrificial offering.”

“The act of repeating his Holy Name is ten times better than the appointed sacrifice; a hundred times better, when it is heard by no man; and a thousand times better, when it is purely mental.”

“Equally perceiving the supreme soul in all beings, and all beings in the supreme soul, he sacrifices his own spirit by fixing it on the spirit of God, and approaches the nature of that sole divinity, who shines by his own effulgence.”

TEACHING.

“A Brahmin, who is the giver of spiritual birth, the teacher of prescribed duty, is by right the father of an old man, though himself be a child.”

“Cari, child of Angiras, taught his paternal uncles and cousins to read the Veda, and, excelling them in divine knowledge, said to them ‘Little sons.’

“They, moved with resentment, asked the gods the meaning of that *expression*; and the gods, being assembled, answered them, ‘The child has addressed you properly;’

“For an unlearned man is in truth a child; and he who teaches him the Veda is his father: holy sages have always said child to an ignorant man, and father to a teacher of scripture.”

“Greatness is not conferred by years, not by gray hairs, not by wealth, not by powerful kindred; the divine sages have established this rule: ‘Whoever has read the Vedas, and their Angas, he among us is great.’”

“The seniority of priests is from sacred learning; of warriors, from valor; of merchants, from abundance of grain; of the servile class, only from priority of birth.”

“A man is not therefore aged, because his head is gray; him, surely, the gods considered as aged, who, though young in years, has read *and understands* the Veda.”

“Let not a sensible teacher tell what he is not asked, nor what he is asked improperly; but let him, however intelligent, act in the multitude as if he were dumb.”

“A teacher of the Veda should rather die with his learning, than sow it in sterile soil, even though he be in grievous distress for subsistence.”

REWARD AND PUNISHMENT.

“Justice, being destroyed, will destroy; being preserved, will preserve; it must therefore never be violated. Beware, O judge, lest Justice, being overturned, overturn both us and thyself.”

“The only firm friend, who follows men even after death, is Justice; all others are extinct with the body.”

“The soul is its own witness; the soul itself is its own refuge: offend not thy conscious soul, the supreme internal witness of men.”

“O friend to virtue, that supreme spirit, which thou believest one and the same with thyself, resides in thy bosom perpetually, and is an all-knowing inspector of thy goodness or of thy wickedness.”

“Action, either mental, verbal, or corporeal, bears good or evil fruit, *as itself is good or evil*; and from the actions of men proceed their various transmigrations in the highest, the mean, and the lowest degree.”

“Iniquity, committed in this world, produces not fruit immediately, *but*, like the earth, *in due season*; and, advancing by little and little, it eradicates the man who committed it.”

“Yes; iniquity, once committed, fails not of producing fruit to him who wrought it; if not in his own person, yet in his sons; or, if not in his sons, yet in his grandsons.”

“He grows rich for a while through unrighteousness; then he beholds good things; then it is, that he vanquishes his foes; but he perishes at length from his whole root upwards.”

“If the vital spirit had practised virtue for the most part, and vice in a small degree, it enjoys delight in celestial abodes, clothed with a body formed of pure elementary particles.”

“But, if it had generally been addicted to vice, and seldom attended to virtue, then shall it be deserted by those pure elements, and, *having a coarser body of sensible nerves*, it feels the pains to which Yama shall doom it.”

“Souls, endued with goodness, attain always the state of deities; those filled with ambitious passions, the condition of men; and those immersed in darkness, the nature of beasts: this is the triple order of transmigration.”

“Grass and earth to sit on, water to wash the feet, and affectionate speech, are at no time deficient in the mansions of the good.”

THE KING.

“He, sure, must be the perfect essence of majesty, by whose favor Abundance rises on her lotos; in whose favor dwells conquest; in whose anger, death.”

WOMEN AND MARRIAGE.

“The names of women should be agreeable, soft, clear, captivating the fancy, auspicious, ending in long vowels, resembling words of benediction.”

In the second quarter of the Brahmin's life, when he has left his instructor, to commence house-keeping, —

“Let him choose for his wife a girl, whose form has no defect; who has an agreeable name; who walks *gracefully*, like a phenicopteros, or like a young elephant; whose hair and teeth are moderate respectively in quantity and in size; whose body has exquisite softness.”

THE BRAHMIN.

“When a Brahmin springs to light, he is born above the world, the chief of all creatures, assigned to guard the treasury of duties religious and civil.”

“Whatever exists in the universe, is all in effect the wealth of the Brahmin, since the Brahmin is entitled to it all by his primogeniture and eminence of birth.”

“The Brahmin eats but his own food; wears but his own apparel; and bestows but his own in alms: through the benevolence of the Brahmin, indeed, other mortals enjoy life.”

“Although Brahmins employ themselves in all sorts of mean occupation, they must invariably be honored; for they are something transcendently divine.”

“He must avoid service for hire.”

“He may either store up grain for three years, or garner

up enough for one year, or collect what may last three days, or make no provision for the morrow."

"Let him never, for the sake of a subsistence, have recourse to popular conversation; let him live by the conduct of a priest, neither crooked, nor artful, nor blended *with the manners of the mercantile class.*"

"Let him not have nimble hands, restless feet, or voluble eyes; let him not be crooked in his ways; let him not be flippant in his speech, nor intelligent in doing mischief."

"He must not gain wealth by any art that pleases the sense; nor by any prohibited art; nor, whether he be rich or poor, indiscriminately."

"Though permitted to receive presents, let him avoid a habit of taking them; since, by taking many gifts, his divine light soon fades."

"A twice-born man, void of true devotion, and not having read the Veda, yet eager to take a gift, sinks down together with it, as with a boat of stone in deep water."

"A Brahmin should constantly shun worldly honor, as he would shun poison; and rather constantly seek disrespect, as he would seek nectar."

"For, though scorned, he may sleep with pleasure; with pleasure may he awake; with pleasure may he pass through this life: but the scorner utterly perishes."

"All that depends on another gives pain; all that depends on himself gives pleasure; let him know this to be in few words the definition of pleasure and of pain."

As for the Brahmin who keeps house,—

"Let him say what is true, but let him say what is pleasing; let him speak no disagreeable truth, nor let him speak agreeable falsehood: this is a primeval rule."

"Let him say 'well and good,' or let him say 'well' only; but let him not maintain fruitless enmity and altercation with any man."

"Giving no pain to any creature, let him collect virtue by degrees, for the sake of acquiring a companion to the next world, as the white ant by degrees builds his nest."

"For, in his passage to the next world, neither his father, nor his mother, nor his wife, nor his son, nor his kinsmen, will remain in his company: his virtue alone will adhere to him."

“Single is each man born; single he dies; single he receives the reward of his good, and single the punishment of his evil, deeds.”

“When he leaves his corpse, like a log or a lump of clay, on the ground, his kindred retire with averted faces; but his virtue accompanies his soul.”

“Continually, therefore, by degrees, let him collect virtue, for the sake of securing an inseparable companion; since, with virtue for his guide, he will traverse a gloom — how hard to be traversed!”

“Alone, in some solitary place, let him constantly meditate on the divine nature of the soul; for, by such meditation, he will attain happiness.”

“When the father of a family perceives his muscles become flaccid, and his hair gray, and sees the child of his child, let him then seek refuge in a forest:”

“Then, having repositied his holy fires, as the law directs, in his mind, let him live without external fire, without a mansion, wholly silent, feeding on roots and fruit;”

“Not solicitous for the means of gratification, chaste as a student, sleeping on the bare earth, in the haunts of pious hermits, without one selfish affection, dwelling at the roots of trees;”

“—— for the purpose of uniting his soul with the divine spirit.”

“Or, *if he has any incurable disease*, let him advance in a straight path, towards the invincible *north-eastern* point, feeding on water and air, till his mortal frame totally decay, and his soul become united with the Supreme.”

“A Brahmin having shuffled off his body by any of those modes, which great sages practised; and becoming void of sorrow and fear, rises to exaltation in the divine essence.”

“Departing from his house, taking with him pure implements, *his waterpot and staff*, keeping silence, unallured by desire of the objects near him, let him enter into the fourth order.”

“Alone let him constantly dwell, for the sake of his own felicity; observing the happiness of a solitary man, who neither forsakes nor is forsaken, let him live without a companion.”

“Let him have no culinary fire, no domicil: let him,

when very hungry, go to the town for food ; let him patiently bear disease ; let his mind be firm : let him study to know God, and fix his attention on God alone."

"An earthen water-pot, the roots of large trees, coarse vesture, total solitude, equanimity toward all creatures, these are the characteristics of a Brahmin set free."

"Let him not wish for death ; let him not wish for life ; let him expect his appointed time, as a hired servant expects his wages."

Entirely withdrawn from the world,— "without any companion but his own soul, let him live in this world, seeking the bliss of the next."

"Late in the day let the Sannyasi beg food : for missing it, let him not be sorrowful ; nor for gaining it let him be glad ; let him care only for a sufficiency to support life, but let him not be anxious about his utensils."

"Let him reflect also, with exclusive application of mind, on the subtil, indivisible essence of the supreme spirit, and its complete existence in all beings, whether extremely high, or extremely low."

"Thus, having gradually abandoned all earthly attachments, and indifference to all pains of opposite things, *as honor, and dishonor, and the like*, he remains absorbed in the divine essence."

"A mansion with bones for its rafters and beams ; with nerves and tendons for cords ; with muscles and blood for mortar ; with skin for its outward covering, filled with no sweet perfume, but loaded with *fæces* and urine ;"

"A mansion infested by age and by sorrow ; the seat of malady, harassed with pains, haunted with the quality of darkness, and incapable of standing long ; such a mansion of the vital soul, let its occupier always cheerfully quit."

"As a tree leaves the bank of a river, when it falls in, or as a bird leaves the branch of a tree at his pleasure, thus he, who leaves his body by necessity, or by legal choice, is delivered from the ravening shark, or crocodile, of the world."

GOD.

"Let every Brahmin with fixed attention consider all nature, both visible and invisible, as existing in the divine spirit ; for, when he contemplates the boundless universe

existing in the divine spirit, he cannot give his heart to iniquity :”

“The divine spirit is the whole assemblage of gods ; all worlds are seated in the divine spirit ; and the divine spirit, no doubt, produces the connected series of acts performed by embodied souls.”

“He may contemplate the subtil ether in the cavities of his body ; the air in his muscular motion and sensitive nerves ; the supreme *solar and igneous* light, in his digestive heat and his visual organs ; in his corporeal fluids, water ; in the terrene parts of his fabric, earth ;”

“In his heart, the moon ; in his auditory nerves, the guardians of eight regions ; in his progressive motion, Vishnu ; in his muscular force, Hara ; in his organs of speech, Agni ; in excretion, Mitra ; in procreation, Brahma :”

“But he must consider the supreme omnipresent intelligence as the sovereign lord of them all ; a spirit which can only be conceived by a mind slumbering ; but which he may imagine more subtil than the finest conceivable essence, and more bright than the purest gold.”

“Him some adore as transcendently present in elementary fire ; others in Menu, lord of creatures ; some, as more distinctly present in Indra, *regent of the clouds and the atmosphere* ; others, in pure air ; others, as the most High Eternal Spirit.”

“Thus the man, who perceives in his own soul the supreme soul present in all creatures, acquires equanimity towards them all, and shall be absorbed at last in the highest essence, even that of the Almighty himself.”

DEVOTION.

“All the bliss of deities and of men is declared by sages who discern the sense of the Veda to have in devotion its cause, in devotion its continuance, in devotion its fullness.”

“Devotion is equal to the performance of all duties ; it is divine knowledge in a Brahmin ; it is defence of the people in a Cshatriya ; devotion is the business of trade and agriculture in a Vaisya ; devotion is dutiful service in a Sudra.”

“Perfect health, or unfailing medicine, divine learning,

and the various mansions of deities are acquired by devotion alone ; their efficient cause is devotion.”

“ Whatever is hard to be traversed, whatever is hard to be acquired, whatever is hard to be visited, whatever is hard to be performed, all this may be accomplished by true devotion ; for the difficulty of devotion is the greatest of all.”

DEATH.

BENEATH the endless surges of the deep,
 Whose green content o'erlaps them evermore,
 A host of mariners perpetual sleep,
 Too hushed to heed the wild commotion's roar ;
 The emerald weeds glide softly o'er their bones,
 And wash them gently mid the rounded stones.
 No epitaph have they to tell their tale,
 Their birthplace, age, and story, all are lost,
 Yet rest they deeply, as within the vale
 Those sheltered bodies by the smooth slates crossed,
 And countless tribes of men lie on the hills,
 And human blood runs in the crystal rills.

The air is full of men, who once enjoyed
 The healthy element, nor looked beyond, —
 Many, who all their mortal strength employed
 In human kindness, of their brothers fond, —
 And many more, who counteracted fate,
 And battled in the strife of common hate.
 Profoundest sleep enwraps them all around,
 Sages and sire, the child and manhood strong,
 Shed not one tear, expend no sorrowing sound,
 Tune thy clear voice to no funereal song,
 For, oh ! Death stands to welcome thee and me,
 And life hath in its breath a steeper mystery.

I hear a bell, that tolls an empty note,
The mourning anthem, and the sobbing prayer ;
A grave fresh-opened, where the friends devote
To mouldering darkness a still corse, once fair
And beautiful as morning's silver light,
And stars which throw their clear fire on the night.
She is not here, who smiled within these eyes,
Warmer than spring's first sunbeam through the pale
And tearful air, — resist these flatteries ; —
O, lay her silently alone, and in this vale
Shall the sweet winds sing better dirge for her,
And the fine, early flowers her death-clothes minister.

O, Death! thou art the palace of our hopes,
The storehouse of our joys, great labor's end ;
Thou art the bronzed key, which swiftly opes
The coffers of the past ; and thou shalt send
Such trophies to our hearts, as sunny days,
When life upon its golden harp-string plays.
And when a nation mourns a silent voice,
That long entranced its ear with melody,
How thou must in thy inmost soul rejoice,
To wrap such treasure in thy boundless sea !
And thou wert dignified, if but one soul
Had been enfolded in thy twilight stole.

Triumphal arches circle o'er thy deep,
Dazzling with jewels, radiant with content ;
In thy vast arms the sons of genius sleep,
The carvings of thy spheral monument,
Bearing no recollection of dim time,
Within thy green and most perennial prime.
And might I sound a thought of thy decree, —
How lapsed the dreary earth in fragrant pleasure,
And hummed along o'er life's contracted sea,
Like the swift petrel, mimicking the waves' measure ; —
But though I long, the sounds will never come,
For, in thy majesty, my lesser voice is dumb.

Thou art not tender of thy precious fame,
 But comest, like the clouds, soft-stealing on ;
 Thou soundest in a careless key the name
 Of him, who to thy boundless treasury is won ;
 And yet he quickly cometh ; for to die
 Is ever gentlest, to both low and high.
 Thou, therefore, hast humanity's respect ;
 They build thee tombs upon the green hill-side,
 And will not suffer thee the least neglect,
 And tend thee with a desolate, sad pride ;
 For thou art strong, O Death, though sweetly so,
 And in thy lovely gentleness sleeps woe.

O, what are we, who swim upon this tide,
 Which we call life, yet to thy kingdom come ?
 Look not upon us till we chasten pride,
 And preparation make for thy high home ;
 And, might we ask, make measurely approach,
 And not upon these few, smooth hours encroach.
I come — I come — think not I turn away !
 Fold round me thy gray robe ! I stand to feel
 The setting of my last, frail, earthly day ;
 I will not pluck it off, but calmly kneel, —
 For I am great as thou art, though not thou,
 And thought, as with thee, dwells upon my brow.

Ah ! might I ask thee, spirit, first to tend
 Upon those dear ones whom my heart has found,
 And supplicate thee, that I might them lend
 A light in their last hours, and to the ground
 Consign them still. Yet think me not *too* weak ;
 Come to me *now*, and thou shalt find me meek.
 Then let us live in fellowship with thee,
 And turn our red cheeks to thy kisses pale,
 And listen to thy song as minstrelsy,
 And still revere thee, till our heart's throbs fail,
 Sinking within thy arms, as sinks the sun
 Beyond the farthest hills, when his day's work is done.

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF DR. FOLLEN.*

THERE are two classes of men that have a wide and reformatory influence on the world ; who write out their thoughts and sentiments, not in words only, but in things. The one consists of men of great intellectual power, but no special goodness of heart. They see, in the “dry light” of the understanding, what is false, what wrong, what ludicrous in man’s affairs, and expose it to be rejected, to be abhorred, or to be laughed at. Their eye is keen and far-reaching in the actual ; but their insight is not the deepest, nor does the sphere of their reason include all things of human concern. Of these men, you do not ask, What was their character? how did they *live* in their day and their place? but only, What did they *think* of this thing and of that? Their lives may have been bad, their motives, both for silence and for speech, may have been ignoble and selfish, and their whole life, but a long attempt to build up for themselves a fortune and a name, — but that does not mar their influence, except in the narrow sphere of their personal life. The good they do lives after them ; the evil sleeps with their buried bones. The world looks on them as half-men ; expects from them no wholeness of action, but takes their good gift, and first forgives and then forgets their moral obliquity, or defects. It is often painful to contemplate such men. The brightness of their intellect leads us to wish for a corresponding beauty on their moral side. If a man’s wisdom does not show itself in his works ; if his Light does not become his Life, making his pathway radiant — why our moral anticipation is disappointed, and we turn away in sadness. Men of a giant’s mind and a pigmy’s heart ; men capable of spanning the Heavens, of fathoming the depths of all human science, of mounting with vigorous and untiring pinions above the roar of the crowd and the prejudice of the schools, and continuing their flight before the admiring eyes of lesser men, till distance and loftiness swallows them up ; men, who bring back from their adventurous voyagings new discoveries for

* The Works of Charles Follen, with a Memoir of his Life, in five volumes. Boston : Hilliard, Gray & Co. 1841.

human wonder, new truths for daily use — men too, that with all this wondrous endowment of intellect are yet capable of vanity, selfish ambition, and the thousand little arts which make up the accomplished worldling, — such men are a sore puzzle to the young and enthusiastic moralist. “What,” he says, “is God unjust? Shall the man, whose eye is ever on himself, keen as the Eagle’s, to look for his own profit, yet dull as the Blindworm’s or the Beetle’s to the shadows of wrong in his own bosom, — shall he be gifted with this faculty to pierce the mystic curtains of nature, and see clearly in his ignoble life, where the saint groped for the wall, and fell, not seeing?” Such is the fact, often as he may attempt to disguise it. The world, past and present, furnishes us with proofs that cannot be winked out of sight. Men capable of noble and reformatory thought, who lack the accomplishment of goodness and a moral life — we need not pause to point out men of this character, both present and departed; that would be an ungrateful work; one not needed to be done.

The other class is made up of men of moral powers. Their mental ability may be small or great, but their goodness is the most striking, and the fundamental thing. They may not look over a large field, nor be conversant with all the nooks and crevices of this wondrous world, where science each day brings some new miracle to light, — but in the sphere of morals they see as no others. Fast as Thought comes to them it turns into action; what was at first but Light, elementary and cold, is soon transformed into life, which multiplies itself and its blessings. These men look with a single eye to the everlasting Right. To them God’s Law is a Law to be kept, come present weal, or present woe. They ask not, What shall accrue to me — or praise or blame? But contentedly they do the work of Righteousness their hands find to do, and this with all their might. They live faster than they see — for with a true moral man, the Spontaneous runs before the Reflective, as John outran Peter in seeking the risen Son of Man. When these men have but humble minds, they are worthy of deep homage from all mankind. In solitude and in silence, seen by no eye but the All-seeing, they plant with many and hopeful prayers the seed that is one day to spread wide its branches, laden with all manner of fruit, its

very leaves for the healing of the nations. How often has it happened that some woman, uncouth, not well bred, and with but little of mind, has kindled in some boy's bosom a love of Right, a sense of the sweetness of Charity, of the beauty of Religion, which grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength, and at last towered forth, strong and flame-like, in the moral heroism of a man whom Heaven employs to stir the world, and help God's kingdom come! It was only a Raven which the boys, resting at noon-day beside the brook Cherith, saw slowly flying towards the mountain. But he bore in his beak food for the fainting prophet — the last of the faithful.

When this moral power is found with great intellectual gifts, as it sometimes is, then have we the fairest form of humanity; the mind of a giant, and an angel's heart. These act, each on each. The quickening sentiment fires the thought; this gives the strength back again to the feelings. The eye is single; the whole body is full of light. The intellect of such an one attracts admiration; his moral excellence enforces love. He teaches by his words of wisdom; by his works of goodness. Happy is the age that beholds a conjunction so rare and auspicious, as that of eminent genius and moral excellence as eminent. A single man of that stamp gives character to the age; a new epoch is begun. Men are forced to call themselves after his name, and that may be said of him which was said of Elias the Prophet, "After his death, his body prophesied." But such are the rarest sons of God.

Dr. Follen belonged to the class of men that act on the world chiefly by their MORAL power. Certainly it was that which was most conspicuous in him; in his countenance; his writings; his life. Some live for Study; their books, both what they read and what they write, are their life; and others for Action. They write their soul out in works — their name may perish; their usefulness remains, and widens, and deepens, till time and the human race shall cease to be. Dr. Follen belonged to the class then, of men of MORAL ACTION. In saying this, we do not mean to imply, that there was little of intellectual force — only that the moral power cast it into the shade; not that he could not have been eminent in the empire of abstract thought, but only that he chose the broad realm of benevolent action.

Others, better fitted for the task, and with more space and time at command, will doubtless judge his writings from the intellectual point of view, and mankind will pass the irreversible decree on his recorded thoughts, and bid them live or die. We shall confine ourselves to the first volume of his works, containing a biography, written by his wife, and only attempt a delineation of the moral life and works of the man.

The main points of his history are briefly summed up. Charles Theodore Follen was born on the 4th of September, 1796, at Romrod, in the western part of Germany; became obnoxious to the government at an early age; fled to Switzerland for an asylum in 1820; came to America, as the only civilized land that offered him life and liberty in 1824, and ceased to be mortal in the beginning of 1840.

There is a rare unity in his life, such as we scarce remember to have noticed in any modern biography. It is a moral-heroic drama, in one Act, though the scene shifts from the college to the camp; from the thundering storm of a meeting of Reformers to the Christian pulpit, and the Sunday school, where children are taught of the Great Reformer of the world. Dr. Follen's work began in early life; while yet a stripling at college we see the same qualities, working for the same end, as in the very last scenes of his life. His pious love of freedom; his abhorrence of all that had the savor of oppression about it; his disinterested zeal for mankind; his unconcern for himself, so long as God saw him at his post and his work — these began early; they continued till the last. His whole life was a warfare against Sin, that had slain and taken possession of what belongs to mankind. But we must speak of the details of his history more minutely.

He was the son of a counsellor at Law, and judge in Hesse Darmstadt. When a child he was serious and earnest beyond his years. He received his education at the Seminary and University of Giessen, devoting himself to the study of the Law. His enthusiasm against the French kindled with the uprising of his Father-land, and in 1813, we find him a soldier in the army of Patriots. The return of Peace, the next year, restored him to his studies at the University. At the age of twelve, says his

biographer, he had conceived thoughts of a Christian society far different from all that is now actual on the earth, and while at the University, "consecrated himself to the work of a reformer, by a perfect subjection of himself to the law of justice and universal brotherhood, as taught by Jesus." His attempts to reform his fellow students brought him into trouble, and rendered him an object of suspicion to the government. At the age of twenty he began to lecture, in a private capacity we suppose, on "various parts of Jurisprudence," at the University of Giessen. At this period doubts respecting Religion came over him. He met the enemy face to face; studied the writings of Sceptics, Pantheists, and Infidels, and found the books written against Christianity, next to the Gospel itself, were the most efficient promoters of his belief in its divine truth. This fearless examination of all that had been said against Religion, showed him that it rested on a rock which neither its foes nor its friends could ever shake. He never afterwards feared that the most valuable of all man's treasures could be blown away by a few mouthfuls of wind. Did a man, who knew religion *by heart*, ever fear that it would perish?

In 1818, some towns in Hesse engaged this youth, in his twenty-second year, to help them in escaping an artful design of their government to oppress them. His noble attempt succeeded. Of course "the influential persons" whose object he defeated, and the government whose illegal designs he exposed, were offended at him. He became the object of a bitter and unrelenting persecution. His hopes blighted in his native kingdom, he accepted an invitation to the University of Jena. Here he commenced a course of lectures on the Pandects, before a respectable audience, though it was thought extraordinary for so young a man to undertake a branch so difficult. Here also his reformatory and liberal principles stood in the way of his promotion. He was tried as an accomplice of George Sand, in the murder of Kotzebue — a tool of despotism — ; was acquitted, but forbidden to lecture in Jena. He returned to Giessen; suspected by the government; treated with coolness by some of his "friends," for they thought his cause without hope, and "left him to strive alone in his hour of trial and suffering." The excellence of his

character was pleaded as proof of his innocence of ill. "So much the worse," said one opposer, who knew what he was about, "I should like him better if he had a few vices." The government, thinking him the handle of the axe, which they knew lay, ready and sharpened, at the root of the tree, intended to imprison him. He escaped by flight to Strasburg, thence to Paris, and became acquainted with Lafayette. But all foreigners were soon ordered to quit France, for this was in 1820, and the same spirit ruled in Paris as in Giessen. A lady invited him to Switzerland. Here he was invited to become a professor in the Cantonal School of the Grisons, one of the higher seminaries of education. Here again his liberal spirit raised up enemies. But at this time it was the church, not the state, that took offence at his freedom. In his lectures on history, he ascribed the Christian revelation to the efficacy of two great principles, namely, the doctrine of one God, and that all men ought to love one another, and strive after godlike perfection. Some were inspired to lead men to this great aim. The clergy were alarmed, and declared that he denied the Godhead of Jesus, total depravity, and original sin. Dr. Follen's resignation of his office was the result of this clerical alarm. However, he was soon appointed as a public lecturer at the University of Basle, where he taught natural, civil, and ecclesiastical law, and philosophy in its application to religion, morals, legislation, and the fine arts. But even here, "where the free Switzer yet bestrides alone his chainless mountains," he was not secure, while in the Canton of the Grisons, the Congress of Troppau demanded that he should be given up. While at Basle, in 1824, the government of Basle received three notes from the governments of Austria, Prussia, and Russia, demanding that he should be given up to the tribunal of inquisition. The result of all was, that he fled from Basle—hid under the boot of a chaise—to Paris, and thence to America, where he arrived in December, 1824. His subsequent story may be briefly hinted at. He was successively teacher of Ethics and Ecclesiastical History at the Divinity School, and Teacher of German in the University at Cambridge, a preacher of the Gospel at Boston, New-York, Lexington, and other places; and as a philanthropist, engaging in the benevolent works of the day.

Dr. Follen was eminently a Christian man. By this we do not mean that he had learned by rote a few traditional doctrines, whose foundation he never dared examine, and condemned all such as could not accept them; not, that he loved to say there was no salvation out of the Procrustes-bed of his own church; not, that he accepted the popular standard of conventional morals, cursing all that fell below, and damning such as were above, that standard. We know this is too often a true description of the sectarian or popular Christian: a man with more Memory than Thought; more Belief than Life; more Fear than Love. With Dr. Follen, Christianity took a turn a little different. To serve God with the whole *mind*, was not, necessarily, to think as Anselm and Augustine in religious matters, but to think truly and uprightly; to serve Him with the whole *heart* and *soul* was to live a life of active goodness and holiness of heart. He was not one of the many who have days to be Christians, and days to be men of the world; but, a Christian once, was a Christian always. We do not mean to say he had no stains of human imperfection, weakness, and evil. Doubtless he had such. The prurient eye may read traces of such on this monument, where conjugal love solaces its bereavement by tracing, with affectionate pen, the tale of his life, his trials, his temptations, and his endurance.

In a moral character so rich as this of Dr. Follen, it is difficult, perhaps, to select a point of sufficient prominence, by which to distinguish the man, and about which to group the lesser elements of his being. But what strikes us as chief, is his love of FREEDOM. He felt MAN was superior to all the circumstances, prosperous or adverse, which could be gathered around him. Therefore, he saw the weakness of men beneath the trappings of a monarch's court, and did not fear to lift up his juvenile voice for human rights and everlasting truth; therefore, he saw the greatness of men under the squalid garments of the beggar or the slave, and never despaired of raising them to the estate of a man, but toiled and prayed for this great end. This love of Freedom was conspicuous in his youth, breathing in the "Great Song;" and shone more and more, as years gave him the meditative mind. It appears in all his writings; in all his life. At an early age, he

joined the army, to fight for freedom and his Fatherland, in the tented field; the chief cause he engaged in as a lawyer was the cause of Right against Oppression. For this he was an exile in a strange land, and in that land he but continued in manhood the work begun in youth. This love of freedom appeared in his sermons, where, some think, it does not often appear. So, one day, after preaching, a friend, "who had a kind heart, but an arbitrary character," took him by the button, and said, "Your sermon, sir, was very sensible; but you spoil your discourses with your views about freedom. We are all wearied with hearing the same thing from you. You always have something about freedom in whatever you say to us. I am sick of hearing about freedom; we have too much freedom. We are all sick of it; don't let us hear any more such sermons from you." — Vol. I. p. 250.

He saw the great stain that defiles the government of the Union — the stain of slavery. With his characteristic zeal, he espoused the cause of the oppressed and down-trodden African. His attention was first called to the subject by accident. As he returned from preaching, one rainy day, he overtook a negro, apparently not well able to bear the storm. He took him into the chaise. The negro talked of Slavery; of Mr. Walker's "incendiary publication;" of the suspicious death of Mr. Walker. This awakened the attention of Dr. Follen to the subject. He soon visited Mr. Garrison, whose efforts in the cause of Abolition have been so justly celebrated. "He found him in a little upper chamber, where were his writing-desk, his types, and his printing-press; his parlor by day, his sleeping-room by night; where, known only by a few other faithful spirits, he denied himself all but the bare necessities of life, that he might give himself up, heart and hand, to the despised cause of the negro slave."

Here he did not find many of the more conspicuous men of the land to join him. There is a time when every great cause, that is one day to move the millions, rests on the hands and in the hearts of a few men; noble hearts, and strong hands; heroes of the soul, whom God raises up to go on the forlorn hope of humanity, and shed their life where others shall one day wave the banner of triumph, and, walking dry-shod, sing pæans of victory, though often

unmindful of those by whom the day was won. In 1833, Dr. Follen writes to Dr. Bowring, and says, he has "been seven years in the land, and found but two eminent men, Dr. Channing and Clement C. Biddle, who will not connive at slavery for any purpose!" Dr. Bowring's reply is worthy to be pondered: "I am not surprised at the way you speak of the slavery question. It is indeed the *opprobrium* of the United States. There is no escape from the palpable, the prominent, the pestiferous fact, that human beings are bought and sold by men, who call themselves Republicans and Christians. It is thrown in our teeth, it is slapped in our faces, it is branded on our souls, when we talk of your country, and hold up your institutions to admiration and imitation. You must indeed labor day and night, at sun-rising and sun-setting, at home and abroad, with the influential above, with the influential below you." — p. 338.

In the days of peril which came over the anti-slavery cause, Dr. Follen did not shrink from fidelity to his principles. He faced the evil like a man, neither courage nor calmness forsaking him. We would gladly, for our country's sake, tear out many pages of the book that records his life; for they are pages of shame to the free State we live in; but what is done cannot be undone by silence.* But there was one as true in this matter as himself. His wife writes thus: "There were some of my friends, who thought that I should feel very badly at seeing my husband one of this little company of insulted men; but, as he stood there, [before a committee of the Legislature,] battling for freedom of speech in this free land, surrounded by the rich, and the powerful, and the favorites of the world, and condemned by them all for it, I would not have had him exchange positions with any one of them. The unruffled calmness of his soul took possession of mine." Page 401. This is not the only instance of the same spirit in her. Before this, she had bid him above all things to be true to his convictions. One day, he said to his wife, "I have been thinking of joining the Anti-Slavery Society; what do you think of it?" "That you ought to follow the light of your own mind," was the reply; "why should

* See, especially, pages 387-403, not to name other places.

you hesitate?" "I know that it will be greatly in the way of my worldly interests." "Very like," says the wife. "I feel," he replied, "as if I ought to join them." "Then why not do it?" "It is a serious thing to relinquish my worldly prospects altogether. If I join the Anti-Slavery Society, I shall certainly lose all chance of a permanent place in college, or perhaps any where else. If it were only for myself, I should not be troubled about it; but to involve you and Charles in the evils of real poverty, — I shrink from that." "You have," replied the same adviser, "sacrificed your country, your home, and all that makes home dear, for the sake of freedom and humanity; do not think that we are not able to make the slight sacrifices, which we may be called on to make in this cause."

"He knew," says the biographer, "that there are evils belonging to all associations; he never vindicated nor approved of abusive language in the Abolitionists, any more than in their opposers; but, when a young friend raised this objection to joining the Anti-Slavery Society, he replied to him, 'I did not feel at liberty to stand aloof from a Society, whose only object was the abolition of slavery.'" — pp. 340, 341.

Were his fears ill-grounded? To be true, one must *always* pay the price. "A clergyman made a most vehement attack upon Dr. Follen [though only in words] for his devotion to the cause of Abolition. It was in the street." One Thanksgiving-day, while preaching at New York, in part of his sermon he spoke of the subject of slavery: "Before he had concluded the first sentence of his remarks, two gentlemen rose and went out of the church, looking very angry. Many others showed signs of displeasure and alarm, and his words evidently excited a strong sensation through the whole society." Dr. Follen himself writes as follows about the matter: "It is somewhat doubtful now whether they will settle me here permanently. I feel sure that, if I had known the consequences, I should have changed nothing, either in matter or manner. So we feel easy, come what may." He himself attributed his failure with that society to his expression of the obnoxious opinions about slavery. But we will speak no more of this theme.

While a minister at New York, he labored to convert

men from Infidelity, — to apply religion to daily life. He rejoiced in having that city for the sphere of his action, where misery, vice, and irreligion are supposed to act with a deeper intensity of violence than elsewhere in the land. His heart was in his calling. His biographer speaks of his ministerial character and conduct: "When he saw a crowd of human beings assembled around him, he did not look upon them as rich or poor, weak or powerful, wise or simple, gentlemen or ladies, but literally and simply as immortal spirits, absent from their true home, and seeking the way back to their Fatherland. He thought none so pure that he might not fall; none so degraded that he might not rise; and he always preached with the feeling that the salvation of souls might be the consequence of the truths he should declare. He sought to make the house of the minister common ground for Humanity, where the rich and the poor might meet together, as representatives of the Common Image of Him that is the Maker of them all. So he invited the whole society to meet him Wednesday evenings."

"We made no preparation, except to light our rooms, and gave no entertainment, except a glass of water to those who desired it. It was understood that all should come in their usual dress; that those who were so disposed might wear their bonnets, and that from seven till eleven o'clock in the evening, all should come and go as they pleased.

"These social parties were eminently successful; in fair weather our room was always full, and, even when it was stormy, there were some who did not fail to come. We had the pleasure of introducing to each other many, who had found the divisions of the pews impassable barriers to a friendly acquaintance, and who have since become true and warm friends. The rich in worldly goods, they who were gifted with the heavenly dowry of genius, the artisan and the artist, the flattered favorites of the world, and its poor forgotten pilgrims, the homebound conservative, the republican stranger, whose home was the world, and the exiled philanthropist, the child and his proud grandparent, the learned and the unlearned, the grave and the gay, all met at our house, and passed a few free and happy hours in an unrestrained and friendly intercourse, recognising the bond of brotherhood which exists between the members of God's human family. Few things ever gave Dr. Follen so true a pleasure as these meetings, not merely on account of his own actual enjoyment of them, but as they established the fact, that

such social meetings were practicable, and that the vanity, and expense, and precious time, that are lavished upon show parties are not necessary, in order to obtain all the higher purposes of social intercourse; and as a proof, that people have a purer and better taste than they have credit for. It was also a high gratification to his republican heart, to see that it was possible to do away some of those arbitrary distinctions in society, which prevent the highest progress and improvement of all. One of these Wednesday evenings a lady was present, who belonged to a family, that, if such a term could be used without absurdity in this country, might be called patrician, but who had herself a patent of nobility from Him, who is the giver of all things. I said to her, "That gentleman, who has just sung the Scotch song so well, is a hair-dresser; his wife, who, as well as himself, is from Scotland, and who has been talking very intelligently of Mr. Combe's lectures, which she attended in her own country, is a dress-maker. That highly intelligent woman, who has held a most interesting correspondence with my husband upon some theological questions, is a watch-maker's wife. That saintly old lady is the wife of a man who makes India-rubber shoes, &c., and that very gentlemanly and agreeable man is a tailor." "I hope," she replied, "that the time will come when such things will not be mentioned as extraordinary." When I repeated this to my husband, after the company were gone, "That is beautiful," he said, with his face radiant with joy. He never forgot it; and when we last went to New York, he said, "We must go and see that truly republican lady." Dr. Follen often said that our freedom was a fact, rather than a principle, and that nowhere was opinion so tyrannical, as in this boasted land of liberty. He resolved, in his ministry in New York, to be truly faithful to his own principles. He took his market-basket daily to market, and brought home our dinner himself. He practised the strictest economy, that he might have something to give to the poor. Mr. Arnold, and Mr. Channing, who had been the ministers to the poor, had both left the city. Provisions were dear, and the sufferings of the poor were severe; Dr. Follen volunteered his services, and devoted all his leisure to this difficult and painful, though interesting duty. His labors were very arduous; the poor Germans, when they knew he was their countryman, besieged our door; and, during the inclement part of the season, it was seldom that we took any meal without some poor sufferer waiting till it was finished, that he might tell his sad story, and receive his portion of our frugal repast. Dr. Follen's labors among the poor would have been a sufficient employment without his duties in his parish, and preaching on Sunday, and he was often so exhausted, that I

feared he would lose his health entirely; but he felt such a deep interest, such an inspiring joy, in these occupations, that he never complained of the weariness of his body." — Vol. I., pp. 459–462.

His love of freedom, and his practical exhibition of this love in searching for the grounds of religion, gave him an interest in the eyes of Infidels — men whom worldliness or the popular theology had led to despise Religion itself. In the course of Sermons he preached on Infidelity, he did not use scorn and contempt; though these, it is well known, are the consecrated weapons too often used by the Pulpit in this warfare.

"He reviewed, during this course of lectures, all the most celebrated writers and theories of infidelity; the French Encyclopedists, Hobbes, Hume, Tom Paine, and Fanny Wright. He vituperated none, he sneered at none, he treated them all with respect. He took Paine's 'Age of Reason' into the pulpit, and read an eloquent passage from it, proving that he believed in God and in the immortality of the soul, and simply stated, that in the same pages were to be found the grossest indecencies. He pointed out the inconsistencies of unbelievers, the false grounds of their arguments, and showed that, in spite of themselves, they could not get rid of a belief in immortality. He then showed, that fair and free inquiry would lead to faith. Christianity, rightly understood, instead of checking free inquiry, invites it, and opens to it an infinite sphere.

"Christianity is," he said, "the most efficient skepticism, when directed against imposition and blind credulity. Christianity is the deepest science, the most sublime philosophy, adapted to the capacity of a little child, yet transcending the wisdom of the wisest." He dwelt most eloquently upon the importance to the cause of religion, that *believers should have a deep and well-grounded faith themselves, before they attempted to convert others.* "Those who reject Christianity because of its supposed inconsistency with nature, experience, and reason, can be convinced of their error only by those who have embraced it, because of its perfect agreement with the demands of reason, the teachings of experience, and the deepest wants of human nature. The atheist in his pride is more imperfect than the most rude and confined worshipper of Deity; for the former wants entirely that deepest and greatest effort of the mind, of which the other possesses at least a degree. The principles of man's immortality being acknowledged in the New Testament ought not to be considered a check to our inquiry, whether this doctrine has any other foundation beside that evidence. God has given us

this infinite desire of extending our knowledge as far as possible; and if we have not made this use of our endowments, we do not feel assured that there are no reasons for doubting. Many think that calling in question the truths of the doctrines of the New Testament is a kind of irreverence; but to me it seems, on the contrary, that the true foundation of our abiding belief in its truth is, that its fundamental doctrines may at all times be put to the test of fair reasoning, that its principles are not a mere matter of fact and history, but of free investigation and conviction. The Bible gives us only means of arriving at truth, not truth itself. I believe in the Bible because the Bible believes in me. I find the law and the prophets in my own soul." — Vol. I., pp. 447-449.

We know not the result of these lectures. The effect of a sermon no man can tell. He, who preaches as a man to men, casts a seed into the river of human life, and knows not on what shore it shall be cast up, or whether the waters close, cold as ever, over his living word, and quench its fiery life. But can it be that a good word is ever spoken in vain? Who will believe it? The last time Dr. Follen preached at New-York,

"He spoke affectionately, as a brother would speak to brethren whom his heart yearned to bless, and whom he was to leave for ever. After service he remained in the desk purposely, to avoid meeting any one, for his heart was too full to speak any more. When he came down to meet me, thinking all others were gone, a man and his wife came forward, who had been waiting for him. The man took his hand, and said, "You have, Sir, during your ministry here, changed an unhappy atheist to a happy, believing Christian. I am grieved to think that I shall worship no more with you in this church; but you have given me the hope that I may yet worship with you in a higher, a heavenly temple." Tears ran fast down his and his wife's cheeks as he uttered these words, and pressed Dr. Follen's hand and departed. "That," said my husband, "is reward enough for all my toils and disappointments." — Vol. I., p. 484.

He did not fail or fear to acknowledge goodness and moral purpose in a philanthropist, though lacking the strength and beauty of Religion. The remarks he made on Mr. Darusmond, "the husband of Frances Wright," full of sadness as they are, may well be pondered by the "rigid righteous."

"There is that noble old man spending his thoughts, his time, and his money, for what he considers the highest good of

his fellow men, with a youthful devotedness and enthusiasm of benevolence, carrying in his heart the evidences of his immortality, and yet tenacious of the belief, that he and his beautiful child, and all that he loves best in the world, and all his generous and exalted purposes and hopes, are but a part of the dust he treads on. What a lesson does his magnanimous love for his fellow-beings teach to the multitudes of cold, calculating men and women we see, who take the name of him who was the first and greatest of all philanthropists, and who call him an infidel, and are eager to condemn him." — Vol. I., p. 473.

There are some things in this book on which we do not feel competent to decide, and therefore shall hold our peace; — many others on which we would gladly dwell, did time and space permit. But there is one trait of his character on which we would dwell; that is, his HOPEFUL RESIGNATION. His disappointments, whatever was their cause, did not sour his temper, nor make him less sanguine for the future, nor less confident of his own conviction of Right. He did not complain in adversity; and when persecuted for righteousness' sake, took it patiently, and went on his way rejoicing. We do not say that traces of indignation could not be found in the fair chronicle of this biography — indignation that is not Christian, as we think. But let a candid — yes, an uncandid reader search for these traces, and he will marvel that they are so rare. A friend said he was "a Christian up to the arms, the heart Christian, the arms somewhat violent, and the head directed to the outward world."

When disappointed,

"He turned directly to some present duty, or he talked with his friends of the future, which he still trusted had some unlooked-for good in store for him. His near friends were in the habit of rallying him upon his sanguine anticipations, and this, even after their failure, might have produced some sensitiveness upon the subject; but how sweetly did he join in the laugh at his own confiding credulity, that led him to measure the good he expected from others, not by the history of his own experience, but by the overflowing bounty of his own heart. One instance of this I cannot resist relating. One New Year's day I observed him, in the morning, putting away some books that he usually kept on his study table, and apparently making room for something. I asked him what he was preparing for. 'I am making room on my table for our New Year's presents,' he replied. I smiled. 'I see,' he said, 'that you do not expect any,

but I do.' I was right ; we had not a single New Year's gift, but his unfeigned merriment at his ungrounded hopes, and the many hearty laughs, which the remembrance of his mistake, when like disappointments in more important affairs befel us, proved that he possessed that, which made such things of little importance. No one thought less of the intrinsic value, or rather of the market price, of a gift from a friend, than he ; and no one that I ever knew thought more of the active love that prompted such testimonials of affection ; he was truly child-like in these things.

"We practised, necessarily, this winter, the strictest economy. Through mud, and cold, and storms, Dr. Follen walked out seven miles to the church where he was engaged to preach. Far from uttering a complaint at the cold, or fatigue, or inconvenience, which he occasionally had to endure, he always returned home with a smile upon his face, that seemed to say, 'I have been about my Father's business.' Never did he once say, I wish I had a chaise ; and when I urged him in bad weather to take one, he always answered, 'I like walking better ; having no horse to take care of, I have my mind free, and I often compose my sermons by the way.'" — Vol. I., pp. 500, 501.

"Dr. Follen occasionally, at these times, but not often, alluded to the fact, that his whole life, as it regarded worldly success, had been a series of failures, never with any bitterness, seldom with anything like despondency. 'Had I been willing,' he has said, 'to lower my standard of right, the world would have been with me, and I might have obtained its favor. I have been faithful to principle under all circumstances, and I had rather fail so, than succeed in another way ; besides, I shall do something yet ; I am not discouraged, and we are happy in spite of all things.' He was, however, very weary of the continual changes we had made, and more especially of a continual change of place ; he longed for a more permanent local home." — Vol. I., p. 541.

One winter he attempted a course of lectures in Boston, on Switzerland. But few came to hear it : not enough to defray the expenses.

"On one day only I saw him stop from his writing, and rest his head between his hands for a long time upon his paper. 'What is the matter ?' I asked. 'I find it very hard to write with spirit under such circumstances,' he replied. We always returned to Lexington on the evening of the lecture. It was a long way, the road was heavy, and the weather was cold ; and it was dark and often very late when we got home. Usually he was so full of lively conversation, that it seemed neither long nor

dull ; but one night he was very silent. 'Why,' I asked, 'are you so silent to-night?' 'I do feel this disappointment,' he replied; 'it shows me how little I have to hope from public favor in Boston.' 'Perhaps,' I said, 'you have made a mistake in your subject. People now-a-days prefer speculations to facts; let us consider this merely as a mode, not very expensive, of seeing our friends once a week; it is not, after all, a costly pleasure. Your history of Switzerland will be written, and will be a valuable possession.' 'That is right,' he replied; 'it shall be so; henceforward we will look at it only as a pleasant visit to our friends; it is a good thing for me to have this course of lectures written, they will yet be of use to me, and it is pleasant to see our friends once a week.' — Vol. I., p. 552.

But we must bring our paper to an end. Yet, not without noticing his love of the Beautiful. "Nature was a perpetual joy to him."

"His love of the beautiful was intense, in its most humble as well as sublime manifestations. I have seen him gaze at the wings of an insect till, I am sure, he must have committed all its exquisite coloring and curious workmanship to memory. One Sunday, when he had walked far into the country to preach, he was requested to address the children of the Sunday School. He gave them an account of a blue dragon-fly that he had seen on his way. He described it, with the clear blue sky shining through its thin gauzy wings, and its airy form reflected in the still pure water over which it hovered, looking doubtful whether to stay here or return to the heavens from whence it apparently came. He sought, by interesting the children in its beauty, to awaken feelings of admiration and love towards all the creatures that God has created." — Vol. I. pp., 534, 535.

We must come to the last scenes of his life. He left New York to go to Lexington and preach the dedication sermon in the new church, built there after a plan of his own; the church he hoped should be the scene of his future labors. He had prepared a part of the discourse to be delivered on the occasion. He read this to his wife, and added:

"I shall explain to the people the meaning and use of symbols in general, and then explain the meaning of those carved on the pulpit.' These were of his own designing, and were a candlestick, a communion cup, a crown of thorns, a wreath of stars, and, in the centre, a cross. 'I shall not write this part of my sermon,' said he, 'but I will tell you what I shall say, and that will make it easier when I shall speak to the people. I shall tell them,

that the candlestick is a symbol of the light which should emanate from the Christian pulpit, and from the life of every individual Christian. The crown of thorns is a representation of the trials and sufferings which the faithful Christian has to endure for conscience' sake. The cup signifies that spiritual communion, which we should share with all our brethren of mankind, and that readiness to drink the bitter cup of suffering for their sake, and for conscience' sake, which He manifested, who offered it to his disciples before he was betrayed. The cross is a type of Him who gave his life for us all, and whose example we must stand ready to follow, even though it lead to death. The circle of stars represents the wreath of eternal glory and happiness, which awaits the faithful soul in the presence of God.'" — Vol. I., pp. 578, 579.

The simple words of his biographer best describe his departure :

" He arranged his papers against his return. He was going to take his lectures on German literature with him, but I urged him to leave them with me, to be put in my trunk, where they would be kept in better order. He made a little memorandum of what he had to do when he returned. One article was to get the 'Selections from Fenelon' reprinted; the next, to inquire about a poor German, who was an exile, and a sufferer for freedom's sake. The last was to get a New Year's gift for a poor little girl, whom he had taken to live with us. Just as I left the door at Lexington, I told this child, that if she was a good girl, I would bring her a New Year's gift from New York. Dr. Follen overheard me; I never spoke of it to him. My illness and anxiety had put it out of my head, but he remembered it. As he put his sermon in his pocket, he said, 'I shall not go to bed, but devote the night to my sermon; I want to make something of it that is worth hearing.' He gave Charles some money, and told him to go presently and get some grapes for me at a shop where he had found some very fine ones. 'They are good for your mother,' he said, 'and you must keep her supplied till my return.' 'Be of good courage till you see me again,' he said to me as he took leave of me. 'Be a good boy, and obey your mother till I come back again,' were his words to Charles, as he took him in his arms, and kissed him." — Vol. I., pp. 580, 581.

The partner of his joys; the prime cheerer of his sorrows, has built up a beautiful monument to his character. How beautifully she has done her work; with what suppression of anguish for shattered hopes, and buds of promise never opening on earth, we have not words to tell. But the calmness, with which the tale is told; the absence of pane-

gyric ; the sublime trust in the great principles of Religion, apparent from end to end of this heart-touching record of trials borne and ended,— these show that she likewise drank at that fountain, whence he derived his strength and his joy. We would gladly say more ; but delicacy forbids us to dwell on the mortal. Let us pass again to him who has put off this earthly shroud.

This record of life is to us a most hopeful book. It shows a man true to truth ; an upright man, whom Fame and Fortune could not bribe ; whom the menace of Monarchs and the oppressions of Poverty could never swerve from the path of Duty. Disappointment attended his steps, but never conquered his Spirit, nor abated his Hope. He had the consolations of Religion ; that gave him strength, which neither the Monarchs, nor Poverty, nor Disappointment, nor the neglect of the world, nor the attacks of men narrow-minded and chained down to bigotry, could ever take from him. How beautifully he bears his trials. In the balance of adversity God weighs choice spirits. In their hour of trial he gives them meat to eat, which the world knows not of. But Dr. Follen did not stand alone. Not to name others, there was one brave soul, in a Pulpit, whose counsel and sympathy gave new warmth to his heart, new energy to his resolution ; one like himself, whom Fear could not make afraid. They rest from their labors. The good they have done shall live after them ; the kind words they spoke, the pure lives they lived, shall go up as a testimonial to Him that liveth for ever ; their example kindles the fire in earnest hearts on earth, a light that never dies. Dr. Follen was fortunate in his life. Talents God gave him, and an occasion to use them ; Defeat gave him courage, not dismay. Deep, rich blessings fell on him,

“ Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send ;
 He gave to misery all he had, — a tear ;
 He gained from Heaven, — ’t was all he wished, — a Friend.”

Some men will look on his life, and say, as the skeptic in the Bible, “ How dieth the Wise ? as the Fool ; one event happeneth to them all ; for there is no remembrance of the Wise more than of the Fool forever. Why should I be more wise ? ” Let a modern poet answer, in his Complaint and Reply.

"COMPLAINT.

"How seldom, friend, a good, great man inherits
Honor or wealth, with all his worth and pains;
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains."

"REPLY.

"For shame, dear friend! renounce this canting strain,
What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?
Place? titles? salary? or gilded chain?
Or throne of corses which his sword hath slain?
Greatness and goodness are not *means*, but *ends*!
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? Three treasures, Love and Light
And CALM THOUGHTS, regular as infant's breath!
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night, —
HIMSELF, his MAKER, and the Angel DEATH."

We cannot but apply the words of Milton, weeping over his "loved Lycidas":

"Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor:
So sinks the day-star in the ocean's bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.
So Lycidas, sunk low but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walked the waves,
Where other groves and other streams along, —
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
He hears the unexpressive nuptial song.
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love,
There entertain him all the saints above
In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing and singing in their gay muse,
And wipe the tears forever from his eyes."*

P.

* The following lines of Grotius are not misapplied:

*Felix et ille quisquis et ambitu liber
Nec vana captans lucra, nec leves plausus,
Cælestiores excitatus ad curas,
In Astra tendit et Deum studet nosse.
Cui charitate temperata Libertus
Certat manere dissidentibus concors;
Piaque purus æquitate affectus
Damnatus aliis ipse neminem damnat;
Modestiaque limitem premens, donat
Nunc Verba Vero, nunc Silentium Paci.*

Grotii Poemata; Lug. Bat. 1637, p. 306.

THE PROMETHEUS BOUND.

[We present our readers with a new and careful translation of the tragedy of *Æschylus*, in which fidelity to the text, and to the best text, is what is mainly attempted. We are the more readily drawn to this task, by the increasing value which this great old allegory is acquiring in universal literature, as a mystical picture of human life, and the most excellent work in that kind that exists in Greek poetry. Coleridge said of this play, that "it was more properly tragedy itself, in the plenitude of the idea, than a particular tragic poem."]

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

KRATOS and BIA, (*Strength and Force.*)

HEPHAÏSTUS, (*Vulcan.*)

PROMETHEUS.

CHORUS OF OCEAN NYMPHS.

OCEANUS.

IO, *Daughter of Inachus.*

HERMES.

KRATOS and BIA, HEPHAÏSTUS, PROMETHEUS.

KR. WE are come to the far-bounding plain of earth,
To the Scythian way, to the unapproached solitude.
Hephaïstus, orders must have thy attention,
Which the father has enjoined on thee, this bold one
To the high-hanging rocks to bind,
In indissoluble fetters of adamantine bonds.
For thy flower, the splendor of fire useful in all arts,
Stealing, he bestowed on mortals; and for such
A crime 't is fit he should give satisfaction to the gods;
That he may learn the tyranny of Zeus
To love, and cease from his man-loving ways.

HEPH. Kratos and Bia, your charge from Zeus
Already has its end, and nothing further in the way;
But I cannot endure to bind
A kindred god by force to a bleak precipice, —
Yet absolutely there 's necessity that I have courage for these
things;
For it is hard the father's words to banish.
High-plotting son of the right-counselling Themis,
Unwilling thee unwilling in brazen fetters hard to be loosed
I am about to nail to this inhuman hill,
Where neither voice [you 'll hear,] nor form of any mortal
See, but scorched by the sun's clear flame,
Will change your color's bloom; and to you glad

The various-robed night will conceal the light,
 And sun disperse the morning frost again ;
 And always the burden of the present ill
 Will wear you ; for he that will relieve you has not yet been
 born.

Such fruits you 've reaped from your man-loving ways,
 For a god, not shrinking from the wrath of gods,
 You have bestowed honors on mortals more than just,
 For which this pleasureless rock you 'll sentinel,
 Standing erect, sleepless, not bending a knee ;
 And many sighs and lamentations to no purpose
 Will you utter ; for the mind of Zeus is hard to be changed ;
 And he is wholly rugged who may newly rule.

KR. Well, why dost thou delay and pity in vain ?
 Why not hate the god most hostile to gods,
 Who has betrayed thy prize to mortals ?

HEPH. The affinity indeed is appalling and the familiarity.

KR. I agree, but to disobey the Father's words
 How is it possible ? Fear you not this more ?

HEPH. Aye you are always without pity, and full of confidence.

KR. For 't is no remedy to bewail this one ;
 Cherish not vainly troubles which avail nought.

HEPH. O much hated handicraft !

KR. Why hatest it ? for in simple truth, for these misfortunes
 Which are present now Art 's not to blame.

HEPH. Yet I would 't had fallen to another's lot.

KR. All things were done but to rule the gods,
 For none is free but Zeus.

HEPH. I knew it, and have nought to say against these things.

KR. Will you not haste then to put the bonds about him,
 That the Father may not observe you loitering ?

HEPH. Already at hand the shackles you may see.

KR. Taking them, about his hands with firm strength
 Strike with the hammer, and nail him to the rocks.

HEPH. 'T is done, and not in vain this work.

KR. Strike harder, tighten, no where relax,
 For he is skilful to find out ways e'en from the impracticable.

HEPH. Aye but this arm is fixed inextricably.

KR. And this now clasp securely ; that
 He may learn he is a duller schemer than is Zeus.

HEPH. Except him would none justly blame me.

KR. Now with an adamantine wedge's stubborn fang
Through the breasts nail strongly.

HEPH. Alas! alas! Prometheus, I groan for thy afflictions.

KR. And do you hesitate, for Zeus' enemies
Do you groan? Beware lest one day you yourself will pity.

HEPH. You see a spectacle hard for eyes to behold.

KR. I see him meeting his deserts;
But round his sides put straps.

HEPH. To do this is necessity, insist not much.

KR. Surely I will insist and urge beside,
Go downward, and the thighs surround with force.

HEPH. Already it is done, the work, with no long labor.

KR. Strongly now drive the fetters, through and through,
For the critic of the works is difficult.

HEPH. Like your form your tongue speaks.

KR. Be thou softened, but for my stubbornness
Of temper and harshness reproach me not.

HEPH. Let us withdraw, for he has a net about his limbs.

KR. There now insult, and the shares of gods
Plundering on ephemerals bestow; what thee
Can mortals in these ills relieve?
Falsely thee the divinities Prometheus
Call; for you yourself need one *foreseeing*
In what manner you will escape this fortune.

PROMETHEUS, *alone.*

O divine ether, and ye swift-winged winds,
Fountains of rivers, and countless smilings
Of the ocean waves, and earth, mother of all,
And thou all-seeing orb of the sun I call.
Behold me what a god I suffer at the hands of gods.
See by what outrages
Tormented the myriad-year'd
Time I shall endure; such the new
Ruler of the blessed has contrived for me,
Unseemly bonds.
Alas! alas! the present and the coming
Woe I groan; where ever of these sufferings
Must an end appear.
But what say I? I know beforehand all,
Exactly what will be, nor to me strange
Will any evil come. The destined fate
As ensily as possible it behoves to bear, knowing
Necessity's is a resistless strength.
But neither to be silent, nor unsilent about this

Lot is possible for me ; for a gift to mortals
 Giving, I wretched have been yoked to these necessities ;
 Within a hollow reed by stealth I carry off fire's
 Stolen source, which seemed the teacher
 Of all art to mortals, and a great resource.
 For such crimes penalty I pay,
 Under the sky, riveted in chains.
 Ah ! ah ! alas ! alas !
 What echo, what odor has flown to me obscure,
 Of god, or mortal, or else mingled, —
 Came it to this terminal hill
 A witness of my sufferings, or wishing what ?
 Behold bound me an unhappy god,
 The enemy of Zeus, fallen under
 The ill will of all the gods, as many as
 Enter into the hall of Zeus,
 Through too great love of mortals.
 Alas ! alas ! what fluttering do I hear
 Of birds near ? for the air rustles
 With the soft rippling of wings.
 Everything to me is fearful which creeps this way.

PROMETHEUS and CHORUS

- CH.** Fear nothing ; for friendly this band
 Of wings with swift contention
 Drew to this hill, hardly
 Persuading the paternal mind.
 The swift-carrying breezes sent me ;
 For the echo of beaten steel pierced the recesses
 Of the caves, and struck out from me reserved modesty ;
 And I rushed unsandalled in a winged chariot.
- PR.** Alas ! alas ! alas ! alas !
 Offspring of the fruitful Tethys,
 And of him rolling around all
 The earth with sleepless stream children,
 Of father Ocean ; behold, look on me,
 By what bonds embraced,
 On this cliff's topmost rocks
 I shall maintain unenvied watch.
- CH.** I see, Prometheus ; but to my eyes a fearful
 Mist has come surcharged
 With tears, looking upon thy body
 Shrunk to the rocks
 By these mischiefs of adamantine bonds ;
 Indeed new helmsmen rule Olympus ;
 And with new laws Zeus strengthens himself, annulling the old,
 And the before great now makes unknown.
- PR.** Would that under earth, and below Hades
 Receptacle of dead, to impassible
 Tartarus, he had sent me, to bonds indissoluble

Cruelly conducting, that neither god,
 Nor any other had rejoiced at this.
 But now the sport of winds, unhappy one,
 A source of pleasure to my foes I suffer.

- CH. Who so hard-hearted
 Of the gods, to whom these things are pleasant?
 Who does not sympathize with thy
 Misfortunes, excepting Zeus? for he in wrath always
 Fixing his stubborn mind,
 Afflicts the heavenly race;
 Nor will he cease, until his heart is sated;
 Or with some palm some one may take the power hard to be
 taken.
- PR. Surely yet, though in strong
 Fetters I am now maltreated,
 The ruler of the blessed will have need of me,
 To show the new conspiracy, by which
 He's robbed of sceptre and of honors,
 And not at all me with persuasion's honey-tongued
 Charms will he appease, nor ever
 Shrinking from his firm threats, will I
 Declare this, till from cruel
 Bonds he may release, and to do justice
 For this outrage be willing.
- CH. You are bold; and to bitter
 Woes do nothing yield,
 But too freely speak.
 But my mind piercing fear disturbs;
 For I'm concerned about thy fortunes,
 Where at length arriving you may see
 An end of these afflictions. For manners
 Inaccessible, and a heart hard to be dissuaded has the son of
 Kronos.
- PR. I know, that — Zeus is stern and having
 Justice to himself. But after all
 Gentle-minded
 He will one day be, when thus he's crushed,
 And his stubborn wrath allaying,
 Into agreement with me and friendliness
 Earnest to me earnest he at length will come.
- CH. The whole account disclose and tell us plainly,
 In what crime taking you Zeus
 Thus disgracefully and bitterly insults;
 Inform us, if you are nowise hurt by the recital.
- PR. Painful indeed it is to me to tell these things,
 And a pain to be silent, and every way unfortunate.
 When first the divinities began their strife,
 And discord 'mong themselves arose,
 Some wishing to cast out Kronos from his seat,

That Zeus might reign, forsooth, others the contrary
 Striving, that Zeus might never rule the gods ;
 Then I the best advising, to persuade
 The Titans, sons of Uranus and Chthon,
 Unable was ; but crafty stratagems
 Despising with rude minds,
 They thought without trouble to rule by force ;
 But to me my mother not once only, Themis,
 And Gaea, of many names one form,
 How the future should be accomplished had foretold,
 That not by power, nor by strength
 Would it be necessary, but by craft the victors should prevail.
 Such I in words expounding,
 They deigned not to regard at all.
 The best course therefore of those occurring then
 Appeared to be, taking my mother to me,
 Of my own accord to side with Zeus glad to receive me ;
 And by my counsels Tartarus' black-pitted
 Depth conceals the ancient Kronos,
 With his allies. In such things by me
 The tyrant of the gods having been helped,
 With base rewards like these repays me,
 For there is somehow in kingship
 This disease, not to trust its friends.
 What then you ask, for what cause
 He afflicts me, this will I now explain.
 As soon as on his father's throne
 He sat, he straightway to the gods distributes honors,
 Some to one and to another some, and arranged
 The government ; but of unhappy mortals account
 Had none ; but blotting out the race
 Entire, wished to create another new.
 And these things none opposed but I,
 But I adventured ; I rescued mortals
 From going destroyed to Hades.
 Therefore indeed with such afflictions am I bent,
 To suffer grievous, and piteous to behold,
 And holding mortals up to pity, myself am not
 Thought worthy to obtain it ; but without pity
 Am I thus corrected, a spectacle inglorious to Zeus.

CH. Of iron heart and made of stone,
 Whoe'er, Prometheus, with thy sufferings
 Does not grieve ; for I should not have wished to see
 These things, and having seen them I am grieved at heart.

PR. Indeed to friends I 'm piteous to behold.

CH. Did you in no respect go beyond this ?

PR. True, mortals I made cease foreseeing fate.

CH. Having found what remedy for this ail ?

PR. Blind hopes in them I made to dwell.

- CH. A great advantage this you gave to men.
- PR. Beside these, too, I bestowed on them fire.
- CH. And have mortals flamy fire?
- PR. From which indeed they will learn many arts.
- CH. Upon such charges then does Zeus
Maltreat you, and nowhere relax from ills?
Is there no term of suffering lying before thee?
- PR. Nay, none at all, but when to him it may seem good.
- CH. And how will it seem good? What hope? See you not that
You have erred? But how you've erred, for me to tell
Not pleasant, and to you a pain. But these things
Let us omit, and seek you some release from sufferings.
- PR. Easy, whoever out of trouble holds his
Foot, to admonish and remind those faring
Ill. But all these things I knew,
Willing, willing I erred, I'll not deny;
Mortals assisting I myself found trouble.
Not indeed with penalties like these thought I
That I should pine on lofty rocks,
Gaining this drear unneighbored hill.
But bewail not my present woes,
But alighting, the fortunes creeping on
Hear ye, that ye may learn all to the end.
Obey me, obey, sympathize
With him now suffering. Thus indeed affliction
Wandering round, sits now by one, then by another.
- CH. Not to unwilling ears do you urge
This, Prometheus.
And now with light foot the swift-rushing
Seat leaving, and the pure ether,
Path of birds, to this peaked
Ground I come; for thy misfortunes
I wish fully to hear.

PROMETHEUS, CHORUS, and OCEANUS.

- OC. I come to the end of a long way
Travelling to thee, Prometheus,
By my will without bits directing
This wing-swift bird;
For at thy fortunes know I grieve.
And, I think, affinity thus
Impels me, but apart from birth,
There's not to whom a higher rank
I would assign than thee.
And you will know these things as true, and not in vain
To flatter with the tongue is in me. Come, therefore,
Show how it is necessary to assist you;

For never will you say, than Ocean
There 's a firmer friend to thee.

- Pa.** Alas! what now? And you then of my sufferings
Come spectator? How didst thou dare, leaving
The stream which bears thy name, and rock-roofed
Caves self-built, to the iron-mother
Earth to go? To behold my fate
Hast come, and to compassionate my ills?
Behold a spectacle, this, the friend of Zeus,
Having with him stablished his tyranny,
With what afflictions by himself I'm bent.
- Oc.** I see, Prometheus, and would admonish
Thee the best, although of varied craft.
Know thyself, and fit thy manners
New; for new also the king among the gods.
But if thus rude and whetted words
Thou wilt hurl out, quickly may Zeus, though sitting
Far above, hear thee, so that thy present wrath
Of troubles child's play will seem to be.
But, O wretched one, dismiss the indignation which thou hast,
And seek deliverance from these woes.
Like an old man, perhaps, I seem to thee to say these things;
Such, however, are the wages
Of the too lofty speaking tongue, Prometheus,
But thou art not yet humble, nor dost yield to ills,
And beside the present wish to receive others still.
But thou wouldst not, with my counsel,
Against the pricks extend your limbs, seeing that
A stern monarch, irresponsible reigns.
And now I go, and will endeavor,
If I can, to release thee from these sufferings.
But be thou quiet, nor too rudely speak.
Knows't thou not well, with thy superior wisdom, that
On a vain tongue punishment is inflicted?
- Pa.** I congratulate thee that thou art without blame,
Having shared and dared all with me,
And now leave off, and let it not concern thee.
For altogether thou wilt not persuade him, for he's not easily
persuaded,
But take heed yourself lest you be injured by the way.
- Oc.** Far better thou art to advise those near
Than thyself; by deed and not by word I judge.
But me hastening by no means mayest thou detain,
For I boast, I boast, this favor will Zeus
Grant me, from these sufferings to release thee.
- Pa.** So far I praise thee, and will never cease;
For zeal you nothing lack. But
Strive not; for in vain, nought helping
Me, thou 'lt strive, if aught to strive you wish.
But be thou quiet, holding thyself aloof,

For I would not, though I'm unfortunate, that on this account

Evils should come to many.

- Oc. Surely not, for me too the fortunes of thy brother
Atlas grieve, who towards the evening-places
Stands, the pillar of heaven and earth
Upon his shoulders bearing, a load not easy to be borne.
And the earth-born inhabitant of the Cilician
Caves, seeing, I pitied, the savage monster
With a hundred heads, by force o'ercome,
Typhon impetuous, who stood 'gainst all the gods,
With frightful jaws hissing out slaughter;
And from his eyes flashed a gorgonian light,
Utterly to destroy by force the sovereignty of Zeus;
But there came to him Zeus' sleepless bolt,
Descending thunder, breathing flame,
Which struck him out from lofty
Boastings. For struck to his very heart,
His strength was scorched and thundered out.
And now a useless and extended carcass
Lies he near a narrow passage of the sea,
Pressed down under the roots of Ætna.
And on the topmost summit seated, Hephaistus
Hammers the ignited mass, whence will burst out at length
Rivers of fire, devouring with wild jaws
Fair-fruited Sicily's smooth fields;
Such rage will Typhon make boil over
With hot discharges of insatiable fire-breathing tempest,
Though by the bolt of Zeus burnt to a coal.
- Pa. Thou art not inexperienced, nor dost want
My counsel; secure thyself as thou know'st how;
And I against the present fortune will bear up,
Until the thought of Zeus may cease from wrath.
- Oc. Know'st thou not this, Prometheus, that
Words are healers of distempered wrath?
- Pa. If any seasonably soothe the heart,
And swelling passion check not rudely.
- Oc. In the consulting and the daring
What harm seest thou existing? Teach me.
- Pa. Trouble superfluous, and light-minded folly.
- Oc. Be this my ail then, since it is
Most profitable being wise not to seem wise.
- Pa. This will seem to be my error.
- Oc. Plainly homeward thy words remand me.
- Pa. Aye, let not grief for me into hostility cast thee
- Oc. To the new occupant of the all-powerful seats?

- PR. Beware lest ever his heart be angered.
 OC. Thy fate, Prometheus, is my teacher.
 PR. Go thou, depart, preserve the present mind.
 OC. To me rushing this word you utter.
 For the smooth path of the air sweeps with his wings
 The four-legged bird ; and gladly would
 In the stalls at home bend a knee.

PROMETHEUS and CHORUS.

- CH. I mourn for thee thy ruinous
 Fate, Prometheus,
 And tear-distilling from my tender
 Eyes a stream has wet
 My cheeks with flowing springs ;
 For these, unenvied, Zeus
 By his own laws enforcing,
 Haughty above the gods
 That were displays his sceptre.
 And every region now
 With groans resounds,
 Mourning the illustrious
 And ancient honor
 Of thee and of thy kindred ;
 As many mortals as the habitable seat
 Of sacred Asia pasture,
 With thy lamentable
 Woes have sympathy.
 And of the Colchian land, virgin
 Inhabitants, in fight undaunted,
 And Scythia's multitude, who the last
 Place of earth, about
 Mæotis lake possess,
 And Arabia's martial flower,
 And who the high-hung citadels
 Of Caucasus inhabit near,
 A hostile army, raging
 With sharp-prowed spears.
 Only one other god before, in sufferings
 Subdued by injuries
 Of adamantine bonds, I've seen, Titanian
 Atlas, who always with superior strength
 The huge and heavenly globe
 On his back bears ;
 And with a roar the sea waves
 Dashing, groans the deep,
 And the dark depth of Hades murmurs underneath
 The earth, and fountains of pure-running rivers
 Heave a pitying sigh.
- PR. Think not indeed through weakness or through pride
 That I am silent ; for with the consciousness I gnaw my heart,
 Seeing myself thus basely used.

And yet to these new gods their shares
 Who else than I wholly distributed?
 But of these things I am silent; for I should tell you
 What you know; the sufferings of mortals too
 You've heard, how I made intelligent
 And possessed of sense them ignorant before.
 But I will speak, not bearing any grudge to men,
 But showing in what I gave the good intention;
 At first, indeed, seeing they saw in vain,
 And hearing heard not; but like the forms
 Of dreams, for that long time, rashly confounded
 All, nor brick-woven dwellings
 Knew they, placed in the sun, nor wood-work;
 But digging down they dwelt, like puny
 Ants, in sunless nooks of caves.
 And there was nought to them, neither of winter sign,
 Nor of flower-giving spring, nor fruitful
 Summer, that was sure; but without knowledge
 Did they all, till I taught them the risings
 Of the stars, and goings down, hard to determine.
 And numbers, chief of inventions,
 I found out for them, and the assemblages of letters,
 And memory, Muse-mother, doer of all things,
 And first I joined in pairs wild animals
 Obedient to the yoke; and that they might be
 Alternate workers with the bodies of men
 In the severest toils, has harnessed the rein-loving horses
 To the car, the ornament of over-wealthy luxury.
 And none else than I invented the sea-wandering
 Flaxen-winged vehicles of sailors.
 Such inventions I wretched having found out
 For men, myself have not the ingenuity by which
 From the now present ill I may escape.

CH. You suffer unseemly ill, deranged in mind
 You err; and as some bad physician, falling
 Sick you are dejected, and cannot find
 By what remedies you may be healed.

PR. Hearing the rest from me more will you wonder,
 What arts and what expedients I planned.
 That which was greatest, if any might fall sick,
 There was alleviation none, neither to eat,
 Nor to anoint, nor drink, but for the want
 Of medicines they were reduced to skeletons, till to them
 I showed the mingling of mild remedies,
 By which all ails they drive away.
 And many modes of prophecy I settled,
 And distinguished first of dreams what a real
 Vision is required to be, and omens hard to be determined
 I made known to them; and tokens by the way,
 And flight of crooked-taloned birds I accurately
 Defined, which lucky are,
 And unlucky, and what mode of life

Have each, and to one another what
 Hostilities, attachments, and assemblings ;
 The entrails' smoothness, and what color having
 They would be to the divinities acceptable,
 Of the gall and liver the various symmetry,
 And the limbs concealed in fat ; and the long
 Flank burning, to an art hard to be guessed
 I showed the way to mortals ; and flammeous signs
 Explained, before obscure.
 Such indeed these ; and under ground
 Concealed the helps to men,
 Brass, iron, silver, gold, who
 Would affirm that he discovered before me ?
 None, I well know, not wishing in vain to boast.
 But learn all in one word,
All arts from mortals to Prometheus.

CH. Assist not mortals now unseasonably,
 And neglect yourself unfortunate ; for I
 Am of good hope, that from these bonds
 Released, you will yet have no less power than Zeus.

PR. Never thus has Fate the Accomplisher
 Decreed to fulfil these things, but by a myriad ills
 And woes subdued, thus bonds I flee ;
 For art 's far weaker than necessity.

CH. Who then is helmsman of necessity ?

PR. The Fates three-formed, and the remembering Furies.

CH. Than these then is Zeus weaker ?

PR. Aye, he could not escape what has been fated.

CH. But what to Zeus is fated, except always to rule ?

PR. This thou wilt not learn ; seek not to know.

CH. Surely some awful thing it is which you withhold.

PR. Remember other words, for this by no means
 Is it time to tell, but to be concealed
 As much as possible ; for keeping this do I
 Escape unseemly bonds and woes.

CH. Never may the all-ruling
 Zeus put into my mind
 Force antagonist to him.
 Nor let me cease drawing near
 The gods with holy sacrifices
 Of slain oxen, by Father Ocean's
 Ceaseless passage,
 Nor offend with words,
 But in me this remain,
 And ne'er be melted out.
 'T is something sweet with bold

Hopes the long life to
 Extend, in bright
 Cheerfulness the cherishing spirit.
 But I shudder, thee beholding
 By a myriad sufferings tormented. * * *
 For not fearing Zeus,
 In thy private mind thou dost regard
 Mortals too much, Prometheus.
 Come, though a thankless
 Favor, friend, say where is any strength,
 From ephemerals any help? Saw you not
 The powerless inefficiency,
 Dream-like, in which the blind * * *
 Race of mortals are entangled?
 Never counsels of mortals
 May transgress the harmony of Zeus.
 I learned these things looking on
 Thy destructive fate, Prometheus.
 For different to me did this strain come,
 And that which round thy baths
 And couch I hymned,
 With the design of marriage, when my father's child
 With bridal gifts persuading, thou didst lead
 Hesione the partner of thy bed.

PROMETHEUS, CHORUS, and Io.

Io What earth, what race, what being shall I say is this
 I see in bridles of rock
 Exposed? By what crime's
 Penalty dost thou perish? Show, to what part
 Of earth I miserable have wandered.
 Ah! ah! alas! alas!
 Again some fly doth sting me wretched,
 Image of earth-born Argus, cover it earth;
 I fear the myriad-eyed herdsman beholding;
 For he goes having a treacherous eye,
 Whom not e'en dead the earth conceals.
 But me, wretched from the Infernals passing,
 He pursues, and drives fasting along the sea-side
 Sand, while low resounds a wax-compacted reed,
 Uttering sleep-giving law; alas! alas! O gods!
 Where, gods! where lead me far-wandering courses?
 In what sin, O son of Kronos,
 In what sin ever having taken,
 To these afflictions hast thou yoked me? alas! alas!
 With fly-driven fear a wretched
 Phrenzied one dost thus afflict?
 With fire burn, or with earth cover, or
 To sea monsters give for food, nor
 Envy me my prayers, king.
 Enough much-wandered wanderings

Have exercised me, nor can I learn where
I shall escape from sufferings.

CR. Hear'st thou the address of the cow-horned virgin?

PR. And how not hear the fly-whirled virgin,
Daughter of Inachus, who Zeus' heart warmed
With love, and now the courses over long,
By Here hated, forcedly performs?

IO. Whence utterest thou my father's name,
Tell me, miserable, who thou art,
That to me, O suffering one, me born to suffer,
Thus true things dost address?
The god-sent all thou 'st named,
Which wastes me stinging
With maddening goads, alas! alas!
With foodless and unseemly leaps
Rushing headlong, I came,
By wrathful plots subdued.
Who of the wretched, who, alas! alas! suffers like me?
But to me clearly show
What me awaits to suffer,
What not necessary; what remedy of ill,
Teach, if indeed thou know'st, speak out,
Tell the ill-wandering virgin.

PR. I'll clearly tell thee all you wish to learn.
Not weaving in enigmas, but in simple speech,
As it is just to open the mouth to friends.
Thou seest the giver of fire to men, Prometheus.

IO. O thou who didst appear a common help to mortals,
Wretched Prometheus, to atone for what do you endure this?

PR. I have scarce ceased my sufferings lamenting.

IO. Would you not grant this favor to me?

PR. Say what you ask; for you'd learn all from me.

IO. Say who has bound thee to the cliff.

PR. The will indeed of Zeus, Hephaistus' hand.

IO. And penalty for what crimes dost thou pay?

PR. Thus much only can I show thee.

IO. But beside this, declare what time will be
To me unfortunate the limit of my wandering.

PR. Not to learn is better for thee than to learn these things.

IO. Conceal not from me what I am to suffer.

PR. Indeed, I grudge thee not this favor.

IO. Why then dost thou delay to tell the whole?

- PR. There's no unwillingness, but I hesitate to vex thy mind.
 IO. Care not for me more than is pleasant to me.
 PR. Since you are earnest, it behoves to speak; hear then.
 CH. Not yet indeed; but a share of pleasure also give to me.
 First we'll learn the malady of this one,
 Herself relating her destructive fortunes,
 And the remainder of her trials let her learn from thee.
- PR. 'T is thy part, Io, to do these a favor,
 As well for every other reason, and as they are sisters of thy
 father.
 Since to weep and to lament misfortunes,
 There where one will get a tear
 From those attending, is worthy the delay.
10. I know not that I need distrust you,
 But in plain speech you shall learn
 All that you ask for; and yet e'en telling I lament
 The god-sent tempest, and dissolution
 Of my form — whence to me miserable it came.
 For always visions in the night moving about
 My virgin chambers, enticed me
 With smooth words; "O greatly happy virgin,
 Why be a virgin long? is permitted to obtain
 The greatest marriage. For Zeus with love's dart
 Has been warmed by thee, and wishes to unite
 In love; but do thou, O child, spurn not the couch
 Of Zeus, but go out to Lerna's deep
 Morass, and stables of thy father's herds,
 That the divine eye may cease from desire."
 With such dreams every night
 Was I unfortunate distressed, till I dared tell
 My father of the night-wandering visions.
 And he to Pytho and Dodona frequent
 Prophets sent, that he might learn what it was necessary
 He should say or do, to do agreeably to the gods.
 And they came bringing ambiguous
 Oracles, darkly and indistinctly uttered.
 But finally a plain report came to Inachus,
 Clearly enjoining him and telling,
 Out of my home and country to expel me,
 Discharged to wander to the earth's last bounds,
 And if he was not willing, from Zeus would come
 A fiery thunderbolt, which would annihilate all his race.
 Induced by such predictions of the Loxian,
 Against his will he drove me out,
 And shut me from the houses; but Zeus' rein
 Compelled him by force to do these things.
 Immediately my form and mind were
 Changed, and horned, as you behold, stung
 By a sharp-mouthed fly, with frantic leaping
 Rushed I to Cenchrea's palatable stream,
 And Lerna's source; but a herdsman born-of-earth

Of violent temper, Argus, accompanied, with numerous
 Eyes my steps observing.
 But unexpectedly a sudden fate
 Robbed him of life; and I, fly-stung,
 By lash divine am driven from land to land.
 You hear what has been done; and if you have to say aught,
 What's left of labors, speak; nor pitying me
 Comfort with false words; for an ill
 The worst of all, I say, are made-up words.

- CH. Ah! ah! enough, alas!
 Ne'er, ne'er did I presume such cruel words
 Would reach my ears, nor thus unsightly,
 And intolerable hurts, sufferings, fears with a two-edged
 Goad would chill my soul;
 Alas! alas! fate! fate!
 I shudder, seeing the state of Io.
- PR. Before hand sigh'st thou, and art full of fears,
 Hold till the rest also thou learn'st.
- CH. Tell, teach; for to the sick 't is sweet
 To know the remaining pain beforehand clearly.
- PR. Your former wish ye got from me
 With ease; for first ye asked to learn from her
 Relating her own trials;
 The rest now hear, what sufferings 't is necessary
 This young woman should endure from Here.
 But do thou, offspring of Inachus, my words
 Cast in thy mind, that thou may'st learn the boundaries of the
 way.

First, indeed, hence toward the rising of the sun
 Turning thyself, travel uncultivated lands,
 And to the Scythian nomads thou wilt come, who woven roofs
 On high inhabit, on well-wheeled carts.
 With far-casting bows equipped;
 Whom go not near, but to the sea-resounding cliffs
 Bending thy feet, pass from the region.
 On the left hand the iron-working
 Chalybes inhabit, whom thou must needs beware,
 For they are rude and inaccessible to strangers.
 And thou wilt come to the Hybristes river, not ill named,
 Which pass not, for not easy is 't to pass,
 Before you get to Caucasus itself, highest
 Of mountains, where the stream spurts out its tide
 From the very temples; and passing over
 The star-neighbored summits, 't is necessary to go,
 The southern way where thou wilt come to the man-hating
 Army of the Amazons, who Themiscyra one day
 Will inhabit, by the Thermodon, where 's
 Salmidessia, rough jaw of the sea,
 Inhospitable to sailors, step-mother of ships;
 They will conduct thee on thy way, and very cheerfully.
 And to the Cimmerian isthmus thou wilt come,

Just on the narrow portals of a lake, which leaving
 It behoves thee with stout heart to pass the Mæotic straits;
 And there will be to mortals ever a great fame
 Of thy passage, and Bosphorus from thy name
 'T will be called. And leaving Europe's plain
 The continent of Asia thou wilt reach. — Seemeth to thee, for-
 sooth,

The tyrant of the gods in everything to be
 Thus violent? For he a god with this mortal
 Wishing to unite, drove her to these wanderings.
 A bitter wooer didst thou find, O virgin,
 For thy marriage. For the words you now have heard
 Think not yet to be the prelude.

IO. Ah! me! me! alas! alas!

PR. Again dost shriek and heave a sigh? What
 Wilt thou do when the remaining ills thou learn'st?

CH. And hast thou any further suffering to tell her?

PR. Aye, a tempestuous sea of baleful woe.

IO. What profit then for me to live, and not in haste
 To cast myself from this rough rock,
 That rushing down upon the plain I may be released
 From every trouble? For better once for all to die,
 Than all my days to suffer evilly.

PR. Unhappily my trials would'st thou hear,
 To whom to die has not been fated;
 For this would be release from sufferings;
 But now there is no end of ills lying
 Before me, until Zeus falls from sovereignty.

IO. And is Zeus ever to fall from power?

PR. Thou would'st be pleased, I think, to see this accident.

IO. How should I not, who suffer ill from Zeus?

PR. That these things then are so, be thou assured.

IO. By what one will the tyrants' power be robbed?

PR. Himself, by his own senseless counsels.

IO. In what way show, if there's no harm.

PR. He will make such a marriage as one day he'll repent.

IO. Of god or mortal? If to be spoken, tell.

PR. What matter which? For these things are not to be told.

IO. By a wife will he be driven from the throne?

PR. Aye, she will bring forth a son superior to his father.

IO. Is there no refuge for him from this fate?

- PR.** None, surely, till I may be released from bonds.
IO. Who then is to release thee, Zeus unwilling?
PR. He must be some one of thy descendants.
IO. How sayest thou — that my child will deliver thee from ills?
PR. Third of thy race after ten other births.
IO. This oracle is not yet easy to be guessed.
PR. But do not seek to understand thy sufferings.
IO. First proffering gain to me, do not then withhold it.
PR. I 'll grant thee one of two relations.
IO. What two propose, and give to me my choice.
PR. I give ; choose whether thy remaining troubles
 I shall tell thee clearly, or him that will release me.
CH. Consent to do her the one favor,
 Me the other, nor deem us undeserving of thy words ;
 To her indeed tell what remains of wandering,
 And to me, who will release ; for I desire this.
PR. Since ye are earnest, I will not resist
 To tell the whole, as much as ye ask for.
 To thee first, lo, vexatious wandering I will tell,
 Which engrave on the remembering tablets of the mind.
 When thou hast passed the flood boundary of continents,
 Towards the flaming orient sun-travelled * * *
 Passing through the tumult of the sea, until you reach
 The gorgonean plains of Cisthene, where
 The Phorcides dwell, old virgins,
 Three, swan-shaped, having a common eye,
 One-toothed, whom neither the sun looks on
 With his beams, nor nightly moon ever.
 And near, their winged sisters three,
 Dragon-scaled Gorgons, odious to men,
 Whom no mortal beholding, will have breath ;
 Such danger do I tell thee,
 But hear another odious sight ;
 Beware the gryphons, sharp-mouthed
 Dogs of Zeus, which bark not, and the one-eyed Arimaspians
 Host, going on horse-back, who dwell about
 The golden-flowing flood of Pluto's channel ;
 These go not near. But to a distant land
 Thou 'lt come, a dusky race, who near the fountains
 Of the sun inhabit, where is the Æthiopian river.
 Creep down the banks of this, until thou com'st
 To a descent, where from Byblinian mounts
 The Nile sends down its sacred palatable stream.
 This will conduct thee to the triangled land
 Nilean, where, lo, 't is decreed
 Thou and thy progeny shall form the distant colony

If aught of this is unintelligible to thee, and hard to be found
out,

Repeat thy questions, and learn clearly ;
For more leisure than I want is granted me.

CH. If to her aught remaining or omitted
Thou hast to tell of her pernicious wandering,
Speak ; but if thou hast said all, give us
The favor which we ask, for surely thou remember'st.

PR. The whole term of her travelling has she heard.
But that she may know that not in vain she hears me,
I'll tell what before coming hither she endured,
Giving this as proof of my relations.
The great multitude of words I will omit,
And proceed unto the very limit of thy wanderings.
When then you came to the Molossian ground,
And near the high-ridged Dodona, where
Oracle and seat is of Thesprotian Zeus,
And prodigy incredible, the speaking oaks,
By whom you clearly, and nought enigmatically,
Were called the illustrious wife of Zeus
About to be, if aught of these things soothes thee ;
Thence, driven by the fly, you came
The seaside way to the great gulf of Rhea,
From which by courses retrograde you are now tempest-tossed.
But for time to come the sea gulf,
Clearly know, will be called Ionian,
Memorial of thy passage to all mortals.
Proofs to thee are these of my intelligence,
That it sees somewhat more than the apparent.
But the rest to you and her in common I will tell,
Having come upon the very track of former words.
There is a city Canopus, last of the land,
By Nile's very mouth and bank ;
There at length Zeus makes thee sane,
Stroking with gentle hand, and touching only.
And, named from Zeus' begetting,
Thou wilt bear dark Epaphus, who will reap
As much land as broad-flowing Nile doth water ;
And fifth from him, a band of fifty children
Again to Argos shall unwilling come,
Of female sex, avoiding kindred marriage
Of their cousins ; but they, with minds inflamed,
Hawks by doves not far left behind,
Will come pursuing marriages
Not to be pursued, but heaven will take vengeance on their
bodies ;
For them Pelasgia shall receive by Mars
Subdued with woman's hand with night-watching boldness.
For each wife shall take her husband's life,
Staining a two-edged dagger in his throat.
Such 'gainst my foes may Cypris come. —
But one of the daughters shall love soften

Not to slay her bed-fellow, but she will waver
 In her mind ; and one of two things will prefer,
 To hear herself called timid, rather than stained with blood ;
 She shall in Argos bear a royal race. —
 Of a long speech is need this clearly to discuss.
 From this seed, however, shall be born a brave,
 Famed for his bow, who will release me
 From these sufferings. Such oracle my ancient
 Mother told me, Titanian Themis ;
 But how and by what means, this needs long speech
 To tell, and nothing, learning, wilt thou gain.

Io. Ah me ! ah wretched me !
 Spasms again and brain-struck
 Madness burn me within, and a fly's dart
 Stings me — not wrought by fire.
 My heart with fear knocks at my breast,
 And my eyes whirl round and round,
 And from my course I'm borne by madness'
 Furious breath, unable to control my tongue ;
 While confused words dash idly
 'Gainst the waves of horrid woe.

Ch. Wise, wise indeed was he,
 Who first in mind
 This weighed, and with the tongue expressed,
 To marry according to one's degree is best by far ;
 Nor being a laborer with the hands,
 To woo those who are by wealth corrupted,
 Nor those by birth made great.
 Never, never me
 Fates * * *
 May you behold the sharer of Zeus' couch.
 Nor may I be brought near to any husband among those from
 heaven,
 For I fear, seeing the virginhood of Io,
 Not content with man, through marriage vexed
 With these distressful wanderings by Here.
 But for myself, since an equal marriage is without fear,
 I am not concerned lest the love of the almighty
 Gods cast its inevitable eye on me.
 Without war indeed this war, producing
 Troubles ; nor do I know what would become of me ;
 For I see not how I should escape the subtlety of Zeus.

Pr. Surely shall Zeus, though haughty now,
 Yet be humble, such marriage
 He prepares to make, which from sovereignty
 And the throne will cast him down obscure ; and father Kronos'
 Curse will then be all fulfilled,
 Which falling from the ancient seats he imprecated.
 And refuge from such ills none of the gods
 But I can show him clearly.
 I know these things, and in what manner. Now therefore
 Being bold, let him sit trusting to lofty

Sounds, and brandishing with both hands his fire-breathing
 weapon,
 For nought will these avail him, not
 To fall disgracefully intolerable falls;
 Such wrestler does he now prepare,
 Himself against himself, a prodigy most hard to be withstood ;
 Who, indeed, will invent a better flame than lightning,
 And a loud sound surpassing thunder ;
 And shiver the trident, Neptune's weapon,
 The marine earth-shaking ail.
 Stumbling upon this ill he 'll learn
 How different to govern and to serve.

CH. Aye, as you hope you vent this against Zeus.

PR. What will be done, and also what I hope, I say.

CH. And are we to expect that any will rule Zeus ?

PR. Even than these more grievous ills he 'll have.

CH. How fear'st thou not, hurling such words ?

PR. What should I fear, to whom to die has not been fated ?

CH. But suffering more grievous still than this he may inflict.

PR. Then let him do it ; all is expected by me.

CH. Those reverencing Adrastia are wise.

PR. Revere, pray, flatter each successive ruler.
 Me less than nothing Zeus concerns.
 Let him do, let him prevail this short time
 As he will, for long he will not rule the gods —
 But I see here, indeed, Zeus' runner,
 The new tyrant's drudge ;
 Doubtless he brings some new message.

PROMETHEUS, CHORUS, and HERMES.

HER. To thee, the sophist, the bitterly bitter,
 The sinner against gods, the giver of honors
 To ephemerals, the thief of fire, I speak ;
 The father commands thee to tell the marriage
 Which you boast, by which he falls from power ;
 And that too not enigmatically,
 But each particular declare ; nor cause me
 Double journeys, Prometheus ; for thou see'st that
 Zeus is not appeased by such.

PR. Solemn-mouthed and full of wisdom
 Is thy speech, as of the servant of the gods.
 Ye newly rule, and think forsooth
 To dwell in griefless citadels ; have I not seen
 Two tyrants fallen from these ?
 And third I shall behold him ruling now,

Basest and speediest. Do I seem to thee
 To fear and shrink from the new gods?
 Nay, much and wholly I fall short of this.
 The way thou cam'st go through the dust again;
 For thou wilt learn nought which thou ask'st of me.

HER. Aye, by such insolence before
 You brought yourself into these woes.

PR. Plainly know, I would not change.
 My ill fortune for thy servitude,
 For better, I think, to serve this rock
 Than be the faithful messenger of Father Zeus.
 Thus to insult the insulting it is fit.

HER. Thou seem'st to enjoy thy present state.

PR. I enjoy? Enjoying thus my enemies
 Would I see; and thee 'mong them I count.

HER. Dost thou blame me for aught of thy misfortunes?

PR. In plain words, all gods I hate,
 As many as well treated wrong me unjustly.

HER. I hear thee raving, no slight ail.

PR. Aye, I should ail, if ail one's foes to hate.

HER. If prosperous, thou couldst not be borne.

PR. Ah me!

HER. This word Zeus does not know.

PR. But time growing old teaches all things.

HER. And still thou know'st not yet how to be prudent.

PR. For I should not converse with thee a servant.

HER. Thou seem'st to say nought which the father wishes.

PR. And yet his debtor I'd requite the favor.

HER. Thou mock'st me verily as if I were a child.

PR. And art thou not a child, and simpler still than this,
 If thou expectest to learn aught from me?
 There is not outrage nor expedient, by which
 Zeus will induce me to declare these things,
 Before he loose these grievous bonds.
 Let there be hurled then flaming fire,
 And with white-winged snaws, and thunders
 Of the earth, let him confound and mingle all.
 For none of these will bend me till I tell
 By whom 't is necessary he should fall from sovereignty.

HER. Consider now if these things seem helpful.

PR. Long since these were considered and resolved.

HER. Venture, O vain one, venture, at length,
In view of present sufferings to be wise.

PR. In vain you vex me, as a wave, exhorting.
Ne'er let it come into thy mind, that, I, fearing
Zeus' anger, shall become woman-minded,
And beg him, greatly hated,
With womanish upturnings of the hands,
To loose me from these bonds. I am far from it.

HER. Though saying much I seem in vain to speak;
For thou art nothing softened nor appeased
By prayers; but champing at the bit like a new-yoked
Colt, thou strugglest and contend'st against the reins.
But thou art violent with feeble wisdom.
For stubbornness to him who is not wise,
Itself alone, is less than nothing strong.
But consider, if thou art not persuaded by my words,
What storm and triple surge of ills
Will come upon thee not to be avoided; for first this rugged
Cliff with thunder and lightning flame
The Father 'll rend, and hide
Thy body, and a strong arm will bury thee.
When thou hast spent a long length of time,
Thou wilt come back to light; and Zeus'
Winged dog, a blood-thirsty eagle, ravenously
Shall tear the great rag of thy body,
Creeping an uninvited guest all day,
And banquet on thy liver black by eating.
Of such suffering expect not any end,
Before some god appear
Succeeding to thy labors, and wish to go to rayless
Hades, and the dark depths of Tartarus.
Therefore deliberate; since this is not made
Boasting, but in earnest spoken;
For to speak falsely does not know the mouth
Of Zeus, but every word he does. So
Look about thee, and consider, nor ever think
Obstinacy better than prudence.

CH. To us indeed Hermes appears to say not unseasonable things,
For he directs thee, leaving off
Self-will, to seek prudent counsel.
Obey; for, it is base to err, for a wise man.

PR. To me foreknowing these messages
He has uttered, but for a foe to suffer ill
From foes, is nought unseemly.
Therefore 'gainst me let there be hurled
Fires' double-pointed curl, and air
Be provoked with thunder, and a tumult
Of wild winds; and earth from its foundations
Let a wind rock, and its very roots,
And with a rough surge mingle

The sea waves with the passages
Of the heavenly stars, and to black
Tartarus let him quite cast down my
Body, by necessity's strong eddies ;
Yet after all he will not kill me.

HER. Such words and counsels you may hear
From the brain-struck.
For what lacks he of being mad ?
And if prosperous, what does he cease from madness ?
Do you, therefore, who sympathize
With this one's suffering,
From these places quick withdraw somewhere,
Lest the harsh bellowing thunder
Stupify your minds.

CH. Say something else, and exhort me
To some purpose ; for surely
Thou hast intolerably abused this word.
How direct me to perform a baseness ?
I wish to suffer with him whate'er is necessary,
For I have learned to hate betrayers ;
Nor is the pest
Which I abominate more than this.

HER. Remember then what I fore-tell ;
Nor by calamity pursued
Blame fortune, nor e'er say
That Zeus into unforeseen
Ill has cast you ; surely not, but yourselves
You yourselves ; for knowing,
And not suddenly nor clandestinely,
You 'll be entangled through your folly
In an impassible net of woe.

PR. Surely indeed, and no more in word,
Earth is shaken ;
And a hoarse sound of thunder
Bellows near ; and wreathes of lightning
Flash out fiercely blazing, and whirlwinds dust
Whirl up ; and leap the blasts
Of all winds, 'gainst one another
Blowing in opposite array ;
And air with sea is mingled ;
Such impulse against me from Zeus
Producing fear, doth plainly come.
O revered Mother, O Ether
Revolving common light to all,
You see me, how unjust things I endure !

H. D. T.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE death of Dr. Channing at Bennington in Vermont, on the 2d October, is an event of great note to the whole country. The great loss of the community is mitigated by the new interest which intellectual power always acquires by the death of the possessor. Dr. Channing was a man of so much rectitude, and such power to express his sense of right, that his value to this country, of which he was a kind of public *Conscience*, can hardly be overestimated. Not only his merits, but his limitations also, which made all his virtues and talents intelligible and available for the correction and elevation of society, made our Cato dear, and his loss not to be repaired. His interest in the times, and the fidelity and independence, with which, for so many years, he had exercised that censorship on commercial, political, and literary morals, which was the spontaneous dictate of his character, had earned for him an accumulated capital of veneration, which caused his opinion to be waited for in each emergency, as that of the wisest and most upright of judges. We shall probably soon have an opportunity to give an extended account of his character and genius. In most parts of this country notice has been taken of this event, and in London also. Beside the published discourses of Messrs. Gannett, Hedge, Clarke, Parker, Pierpont, and Bellows, Mr. Bancroft made Dr. Channing's genius the topic of a just tribute in a lecture before the Diffusion Society at the Masonic Temple. We regret that the city has not yet felt the propriety of paying a public honor to the memory of one of the truest and noblest of its citizens.

The French papers have announced the death of Baron De-gerando, author of an excellent History of Philosophy, but more generally known in this country by his work on Self-Education.

From Germany, we have received letters rich in details on the Universities and Professors, and a copy of Schelling's Introductory Lecture at Berlin. We translate, below, the entire lecture, although its interest, to our disappointment, is that of position and not of thought. Yet it will have value for those who have watched the progress of German philosophy since Kant, whether with that earnest expectation which awaits the perfect development of human thought on the highest themes, or with that *what next?* kind of curiosity which loves to see the mill of human ingenuity going, and cares little whether the product be an *Identitäts-Philosophie* or a spinning-jenny. One good thing we note, *Das Heil der Deutschen ist in der Wissenschaft.*

HEIDELBERG, Oct. 20, 1842.

I have taken up my abode for the winter here in Heidelberg. I will spare you the story of my journey hither, of the sunsets and the sea, of Rouen churches and Belgian cathedrals, and of the pictures of Rubens. I shall tell you nothing of the Rhine (which, apart from its castles and history, will compare well with the Hudson)—nothing of the antiquities of Aix la Chapelle and Cologne, and shall pass without stopping by Rolandseck, Ehrenbreitstein, the Rheinfels, Bishop Hatto's Tower, and Johannisberg. Of Heidelberg, I will give you presently some details. There is a general desire, now noticeable in many continental cities, of restoring and finishing the principal churches and other buildings of architectural pretensions. At Rouen, this fact came under my observation; and again at Antwerp and Brussels; but especially at Cologne. The cathedral there has for centuries been something between a fragment and a ruin. It is now to be restored and completed. Thirty years is, I believe, the lowest computation of the time requisite therefor, and the sum of money needed, enormous. But it is not doubted that the spirit now awakened in both Protestants and Catholics will ensure its contribution. And then Germany will have a church to compare with anything in Italy; the St. Peters of Gothic architecture will be completed. The King of Prussia is the leader in this business. It is understood to be a political movement on his part. His Rhenish provinces, which are strong holds of the Catholic religion, were quite disaffected to his father, the late king, for several reasons; particularly for his perseverance in opposing the Catholic clergy on the subject of marriages between Papists and Protestants. The present king adheres to the policy of his father on this question; but of course has not the personal unpopularity which the introducer of the policy could not escape. And now he has apparently won the hearts of his Catholic subjects by this interest shown in the completion of the cathedral of Cologne; the original plans have been carefully preserved, and will be exactly followed. If, when completed, it shall possess all the beauty of which the engraving gives promise, it will be well worth a pilgrimage to Cologne to see. Pity that its interior should be defiled with the nonsense of the skulls of the three kings, the bones of St. Matthew, &c. &c.

At Bonn, a few miles above Cologne, I went to see A. W. Schlegel. He is a striking-looking old gentleman of seventy-five, quite gray, but not bent by age, nor weakened in his mental powers. He still lectures in the University on subjects connected with the arts, and, as he told me, has just published a volume of his miscellaneous pieces, heretofore printed in different journals. The collection is in the French language. He further

said that he was soon to publish an enlarged and improved edition of his *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature*. He was pleased that W. and I should come to see him. He kept us about an hour, making many inquiries respecting Americans whom he knew, as the Everetts and Mr. Ticknor, and mentioning with evident delight the republication of his writings in America. In the preface to his new book, he declares his consciousness that even beyond the Atlantic his name is still a living thing.

But now, of Schelling and his doings at Berlin. I send you his introductory lecture, delivered nearly a year ago on his advent here, which caused so extraordinary a sensation after his silence of twenty-five years. During the winter semestre he was attended by about three hundred auditors, and listened to with great admiration. His lectures were given in the capacity of a member of the Berlin Academy, between November 15th and March 18th. A torch-light procession of the students, who had listened to him, came in front of his residence on the evening when he concluded his lectures; and he addressed them as follows. (You are indebted to W. for the translation.)

“ I accept with joy and gratitude this open testimony of your recognition of my labors. We have passed four months together in deep and hearty interchange of thought. That I am known by you is a source of pleasure to me; and you too, who five months ago were strangers to me, — what has won for me, your favor, your confidence, your sympathy? It is true, gentlemen, I have exerted myself to impart somewhat to you, that will endure longer than the swiftly fleeting relation between teacher and hearer—to give you particularly a philosophy, which can not only maintain itself within the narrow precincts of a school, among a scanty circle of disciples, but can bear the chill air of life, and show itself in the broad eye of day. But hearts are not won by the mere subject-matter of discourse. What, then, has personally attracted you to me? This alone; that I sought to acquaint you with the loftiest things in all their truth and peculiarity; that I have not given you, instead of the bread that you desired, a stone, with the assurance that *that* was bread, that I have not concealed my aversion to every system of instruction that only trains to falsehood, my displeasure at that coolly-planned distortion, so sadly attractive, which aims at the same moral and spiritual deformity—and that too, in youthful minds, whose finest ornaments are honor, rectitude, and genuine sentiments. Gentlemen, this same uprightness, this rectitude, this love of truth, which at your age is most highly prized, you have recognised, and will still farther recognise in me. The spiritual communion which has existed between us during this winter, will not be broken now; the germ which I have planted in you, will not—I know it from repeated experience—will not rest. It will of itself grow and expand, and burst every fetter that would restrain it.

“ In this I confide, upon this I ground the hope, that even when I am no longer with you, you will say, he did not come to us in vain! Let me too respond: wherever I have taught, the youth have met me with

confidence, with love, but the last have become in my heart the first ; as we observe that offspring born in later years are ever dearest to the parents. Accept again my warmest thanks for this open proof of your good wishes and sympathy, and for the present season once more a heartfelt adieu."

On the 22d March an address of thanks, printed on parchment, containing many signatures, and among them Neander's and Twisten's, was presented to Schelling. It ran as follows : —

" Address of thanks to his Excellency the Privy Counsellor, &c., Von Schelling. *Dignum laudi virum velat musa mori.* In the morning of your life you were already chosen to be the herald of a better time. Now, in the evening of that life so full of significance, you are called to introduce a new era of science. Yes, beloved Teacher ! you have been spared to a great mission by Him, who conducts to their predestinated goal both the fates of men, and the history of science. You it was, who withheld from us none of the fruits of your many years of silent reflection, that you might indicate the path to a positive philosophy, bringing Idea and Life, Faith and Science (Glauben and Wissen) into harmony. May you, honored teacher, yet long enjoy the results of your researches, and in the service of Truth, and of Him who is the Source of all Truth, may you here proclaim, with wonted energy, to your latest days, words of light and gladness. This is the sincere wish and the free homage of the undersigned, who, having gathered round you from the various spheres of common life, hung upon your words, and followed with eager interest the train of your reflections, through the night of the past to the faint morning-red of the future."

During the summer semestre, Schelling lectured on the Philosophy of Mythology to an audience of about sixty. The smallness of this number, compared with the audience of the previous half year, occasioned many expressions of triumph, I gather in various ways, on the part of the Hegelians. They declared that Von Schelling's visit to Berlin had been only an experiment on the part of the King of Prussia, and that it had signally failed. The friends of Schelling, indeed, might say with reason, that " an outflush of foolish young enthusiasm," which would naturally and desirably die away, had perhaps attended the first appearance of the veteran philosopher in Berlin ; and that circumstance, coupled with the fact, that the Philosophy of Mythology is not so generally attractive a subject as a philosophical system, which undertakes to reconcile Revelation with Reason, would fully explain the falling off in his audience in the hot weather of the summer, when the Prussian capital is neither a desirable nor a fashionable residence. But such considerations did not prevent the Hegelians from the most confident prophecies, that Schelling would, on his return to Munich in the autumn, omit to ask leave of absence from the duties of his Professorship there, for the ensuing year, and settle down into the inaction of previous years, and so, as to name, fame, and influence, quite die out. I have just learned that their prophecies have already come to nought.

Schelling returned to Munich; and has now resigned his Professorship there; it is generally supposed, after an ineffectual attempt to obtain leave of absence for another year. He now goes to Berlin as his home for the rest of his life; but, I believe, does not take the style of a Professor in the University there, but in the capacity of a member of the Academy of Sciences receives a salary of 2000 Thalers a year, and the considerable addition thereto arising from lecture-fees. He is said to be on the eve of publishing four volumes; I., On the History of Philosophy since Descartes. II., On Positive Philosophy. III., On the Philosophy of Mythology. IV., On the Philosophy of Religion. His lectures on Natural Philosophy he will not publish himself; but leave to the care of his literary executor. I am told that old-Schellingism and new-Schellingism are quite different things.

Tieck, whose apoplectic fit you may have heard of, is better, and likely perfectly to recover. But as he is now in his seventieth year the literary world can expect little more from him. The papers left by Hegel are in the course of preparation for the press. They are nearly or quite illegible, with corrections, erasures, and interlineations, innumerable; quite as inscrutable as his system, say such scoffers as have set eyes upon them. We shall doubtless now have a complete and uniform edition of the works. Of Count Platen I have as yet learned little. Munich was his home; and he has now been dead for some years. The best edition of his writings is Cotta's; a double-columned octavo, of some 500 pages. The first part of Schlosser's third volume on the History of the Eighteenth Century is published, and the second part is soon to appear.

Complaints are frequently heard in all parts of Germany, that the various governments, and of late the King of Prussia in particular, restrict the teachers in the several Universities, turning out those who teach doctrines in theology, philosophy, or politics, opposed to those of the court. The pure old-fashioned rationalism has been well nigh hunted out of the Theological Schools; at Giessen alone, which Hengstenberg calls a Hell, it has sway; and Credner says what he pleases. In Tübingen it is tolerated in the person of Baur. Hegel's followers, if they wish to keep their places in the Universities, must teach, as many of them do, that Hegelism rightly understood is the same thing as the Christian doctrine rightly understood. The Hegelian opponents of Christianity, among whom Bruno-Bauer is by many good men here in Heidelberg reckoned, and the symbolists of the same philosophical school, are not allowed to teach in any University, I believe. The removal of Bruno-Bauer was viewed with great dismay by many of the confessedly Christian Hegelians, and by the liberty party generally. Marheineke published a pamphlet

against the proceeding; but many of the liberty party, Hegelians even, were so little pleased with the book of Bruno-Bauer, that they were unwilling to make common cause with him. But a crisis, it is generally allowed, must soon come. And the liberals say that a good case alone is wanting for them to stand forth, and assert for the teachers the right of speaking what they think true, without fear or favor.

22d. As for Heidelberg, it is four weeks to-day since I came into the place. We have taken a suite of rooms, which several Americans have occupied before us, in the house of a family who speak English. I have made the acquaintance of Schlosser to whom Mr. Bancroft gave me a letter, and have met him repeatedly. He is a very obliging old gentleman of somewhat more than sixty years, with a fine countenance and perfectly white hair, and all the fire and enthusiasm of a young man. It was amusing to hear him denounce Tholuck and his party, as devilish and infernal hypocrites, who made the religious dispositions of the people the means of reconciling them to despotism. To Professor Park of Andover, who called on him a little earlier, he used similar language. I shall hear him lecture this winter. He has the largest class of all the professors here, excepting Von Vangerow and Mittermaier. The first lectures on the *Pandects* to an audience of one hundred and fifty; Mittermaier, on Criminal Law, on Commercial and Maritime Law, &c. to one hundred and twenty; and Schlosser to sixty or seventy on recent History. Von Vangerow, a very young and handsome man, is, since the death of Thibaut and the elevation of Von Savigny to a seat in the Prussian Cabinet, the most celebrated lecturer on Roman Law in Germany.

Professor Schlosser introduced us to old Paulus. Eighty-two years have not blunted the acuteness of his intellect, if they have somewhat impaired his memory. We found him hard at work, pen in hand, and the characters on the paper were firmly drawn. It struck us oddly that the name of Dr. Channing, to whom allusion was made in the conversation, was new to him. But the ignorance of scholars and of professors respecting America is boundless. A noticeable person here is a young lecturer on philosophy, named Roeth. He lectures this winter on the crisis resulting to the philosophical works from the opposition of the systems of Schelling and Hegel. He may fairly represent that newest German school, which undertakes to receive both the *a posteriori* element of the English philosophers, and the *a priori* element of the Germans, giving to each its proper place, and which school, as I learn, is daily gaining ground.

Thus far, I have chanced to find but little admiration for Goethe. The statement that he is read in America, is received

with coldness. But when the fact is mentioned, that the letters of Bettine and Gunderode have admirers beyond the Atlantic, many persons are forward to express their indignation, as if they felt a personal responsibility for whatever came from the German press. Some young people, whom I know, are sufficiently enthusiastic in their regard for Goethe. But for Schiller all profess unbounded reverence and admiration; and Jean Paul is spoken of much in the same way except that the praise is sometimes qualified by criticisms on his style. Of English authors they know little here of Wordsworth, nothing of Carlyle, whilst Bulwer and James are found in every parlor. Of Shakspeare you shall hear not uncommonly passages repeated in conversation; and Byron and Scott are familiar names. Cooper seems to be the only American who is really read here, but they do not know that he is an American.

A beautiful memorial of one Ernst Fries, a landscape painter, who died some ten years ago, has just been completed here. His pictures were few in number, but among them were two or three of great merit. The people of Heidelberg, and the friends he had made in his artist-travels, joined in a subscription, and built a fine road from the castle to a higher summit, on which once stood a Roman fort. It winds round the hill in such a manner as to afford the finest views of the valley and town below, and nearly in the middle an inscription is cut in the living rock. This way is called the Friesenweg.

HEIDELBERG, Nov. 11th.

The death of Gesenius will undoubtedly have been known in America a fortnight before this arrives. It took place Sunday, Oct. 23d; the disease was cancer of the stomach. His great Lexicon or Thesaurus of the Hebrew Language wants still a part for its completion. Five of the six have been already published. It is hoped that Professor Rödiger will supply the remainder. The appointment of his successor is watched with jealous eyes; and the King of Prussia must expect a new flood of abuse, if he takes a pietist or a Schellingian. Gesenius was the Professor who made Halle so attractive to theological students; his Auditoriums were of from three to four hundred. Clemens Brentano, the brother of Bettine, and the publisher, in conjunction with Von Arnim, of the Child's Wonder Horn, also has quite recently died.

I spoke in my last of the new edition of Hegel as now publishing; it is complete. Marheineke, Schulze, Gens, Von Henning, Hotho, Michelet, and Förster, were the editors. It fills 18 volumes, 8vo., and was published 1832-41. It is made up as follows: Vol. I., Philosophical Discussions. II., Phenomenology of Spirit. III., IV., V., Logic. VI., VII., Encyclopædia. VIII., Philosophy of Law. IX., Philosophy of History. X.,

Æsthetics. XI., XII., *Philosophy of Religion.* XIII., XIV., XV., *History of Philosophy.* XVI., XVII., *Miscellanies.* XVIII., *Philosophical Propædeutics.* The 12th and last volume of a complete and uniform edition of Kant's works has just been published at Leipzig. The first complete and uniform edition of Zuinglius's writings has lately made its appearance in Zurich. Six new volumes have between 1837 and 1842 been added to the 12 vol. ed. of Schiller's Works. They contain a Life which has the sanction of the family of Schiller, and selections from his MSS. Two new volumes of correspondence have been added to the common edition of Johann Von Müller's Works. A new, complete, and cheap edition of Von Chamisso's writings is just published. Varnhagen Von Ense has published the second volume of the new series of his *Denkwürdigkeiten.* Hammer-Purgstall, (Von Hammer,) has commenced the publication of a work on the Mongolians in Persia; which is a page of the history of the 13th and 14th centuries which is worth some study, it seems. The first volume has already appeared; a second will probably complete the work. Wachsmuth has published a brief history of the French Revolution, in the *Library of Modern History* projected by Heeren and Ukert. Neander has published a new edition of his *Church History*, and dedicated it to Schelling. Ranke's *History of Germany during the time of the Reformation* is in the course of publication, but not yet completed. Von Raumer has just published the volume of his *Historical Taschenbuch, or Annual, for 1843.* A complete and uniform edition of Creuzer's publications is in progress. Gervinus has completed his *History of the Poetic National Literature of the Germans* in five volumes, 8vo., and also published a *Handbuch* on the same in one volume. I met him at Schlosser's table. His history is worth telling. A few years ago, for he is still a young man, he was a grocer's apprentice in Darmstadt. Since then he has raised himself to a Professorship at Göttingen, which he left, rather than submit to the requirements of the present King of Hanover. In his retirement here in Heidelberg, he has written this book, which has already given him a fame throughout Germany. It is considered the best specimen of literary history which Germany has yet produced. Hoffmann of Fallersleben, the Breslau Professor, sometimes styled the Beranger of Germany, who published a year ago some volumes of original poetry, entitled "*Political Poems*" and "*Poems not Political,*" is extremely popular at present for having incurred the displeasure of the Prussian government by the first of these. Last summer he was forbidden to lecture by the government; and this autumn the savans, who had a great meeting at Stras-

bourg, made him one of their vice presidents, to show him that they liked him the better, rather than the worse, for what he had done.

The following books are promised. A complete edition of Mendelsohn's writings. A work on Mythology by Wolfgang Menzel. The first number appears on the first of January. A new and improved edition of Grimm's German Mythology. A new History of Ancient Philosophy, by Dr. Roeth, the learned and promising privat-docent I mentioned in my last. It is to be in four volumes; the two first come out at Easter. Umbreit, who has just published his second and last volume on the Prophecies of Isaiah, announces a Commentary on Jeremiah.

The savans of Germany held a great meeting at Strasbourg during the last week in September. Mainz was the scene of a meeting of the scientific men during the third week of the same month. And the philologists met at Ulm, in the last days of September and beginning of October.

VALHALLA.

The King of Bavaria has just opened the Valhalla with much pomp and circumstance. This is designed as a sort of Temple of Fame for Germany. It is to contain the busts of all the Teutonic race who have distinguished, or may distinguish, themselves in arms or in arts. Arminius and Blucher, Nibelung Bards and Minnesingers, Schiller and Goethe, poets, heroes, kings, statesmen, artists, musicians, composers, historians, and sages, are all admitted on a common footing. If no genuine bust can be obtained, a fancy piece is substituted. Even if the name of the author of any great work in literature or art is unknown, this does not invalidate his claim to admission. Thus, the architect of the Cologne cathedral lives here in a fancied effigy, though even his name has died out from the records and memory of men. In the Hall of Expectation, a sort of Antechamber, are placed the busts of the living *spiritual nobility* of Germany, as it were on probation. This Valhalla is the realization of a youthful dream of the present King of Bavaria, a monarch who unites in his character a French love of *spectacles*, with a real admiration of art, and love of artists. The building stands nearly in the centre of Germany, on an eminence three hundred feet above the Danube. Donaustauf, near Ratisbon, is the town nearest to it. It is a Doric temple, of white limestone, of the proportions of the Parthenon. Leo Von Kleuze was the architect. Schwanthaler has furnished alto relievos for the pediments. One of them represents the victory of the Cheruscii over the Romans; the other the efforts of the Germans against

the French in the War of Liberation. The same distinguished artist has completed a colossal statue of Germania, and symbolical figures of the principal German States.

There are three questions on which all Germany seems to be alive. 1st, The question between Catholicism and Protestantism, in which the Cologne intermarriage troubles form no slight feature. Görres and Neander take part in this discussion. 2d, The question between Schelling and Hegel, in which Schelling himself and Marheineke are the chief *figurantes*. 3d, The liberty of teaching. The publications on this subject hinge generally on the removal of Bruno-Bauer from his privat-docentship at Bonn. On these subjects pamphlets and newspaper articles are of frequent appearance. Caricatures, rivalling in stupidity and indecency anything of American growth, are fast becoming the order of the day. And, what is the strangest of all, engravings without letter-press have lately, in Prussia, been made free from censorship. As for the second question; suppose Hegelism triumphant, then Marheineke must fight out a battle with Strauss. Strauss, too, is now backed by many who will soon find him too conservative. For he, I believe, wishes to build up a Christian faith and practice on his Dogmatics. But Feuerbach will probably resist such a procedure as rigorously as he now resists Schelling or Marheineke. Strauss is now backed by Ruge, the editor of the *Deutsche Jahr Bücher*, Feuerbach, and Bruno-Bauer. Beside these, Mosen, Gutzkow, and Laube, support him by their writings for the stage; and Hoffman, Pratz, Dingelstadt, and Herwigh, by their verses. He himself is living at Heilbronn, in Wurtemberg, which city stands on the Neckar, a few hours ride above Heidelberg. Common report says that he has just married an opera-singer.

HEIDELBERG, Nov. 22.

American books and affairs are noticed more and more in the German journals; such matters, for instance, as Longfellow's recent visit to Europe, — with a sketch of his life, and complimentary notice of his writings; Dr. Channing's death; Morton's *Crania Americana*; Bancroft's third volume, &c. Dr. Robinson, Prescott, and Sparks, are duly appreciated; one finds the names of Judge Story, Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Wheaton, the Everetts, and Ticknor, in all the *Conversations Lexicons*; and in Wolff and Schutz's "*British Museum*," a fair proportion of American authors; among others, Allston, Braynard, Brooks, Bryant, Clark, Miss Davidson, Doane, Frisbie, Gould, Irving, Halleck, Percival, Peabody, Pierpont, Sedgwick, Sigourney, Willis, Woodworth, Flint, and Bird. Irving's *Sketch Book* is reprinted here with German notes, to be used in schools where

English is taught; and I see in my tailor's shop a fine engraving of a scene in one of Cooper's Indian novels, by a German artist. The Irvings, Cooper, Paulding, and Hoffmann, are translated; and many of Cooper's books are reprinted in the English. Yet the people generally know nothing about the Americans. Their idea of one ranges indefinitely between an Indian and a Negro; and in the bookstores and print-shops you surprise the tradesmen by informing them that the Americans speak English; sometimes, even, you may meet a Professor who thinks that only the educated portion of the Americans speak English, while the farmers and mechanics use a mixed dialect of Pequod, Choctaw, and Irroquois.

Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast" has been translated; and some of Longfellow's poems, by Freiligrath. Also a translation of Allston's "Monaldi," and of Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella," are promised. The following new works may be mentioned. A volume supplementary to the common edition of Goethe's works, containing "Odysseus and Nausikaa;" a supplementary volume of Lessing, containing "Dramen und dramatischen Fragmenten;" the third and last volume of Bruno-Bauer's "Kritik der Evangelischen Geschichte der Synoptiker und des Johannes." Laube, one of the most celebrated *young* Germans, advertises a novel as nearly ready, to be called "Die Gräfin Chateaubriand;" Alexander Jung, another, has published "Vorlesungen über die moderne Literature der Deutschen;" the plays of Julius Mosen, also of *young* Germany, have lately been published, the last of which, "Bernhard Von Weimar," has, within a short time, been repeatedly enacted at Dresden, with great applause. Georg Herwegh, a young poet of the same school, is quite famous here at present. The leading Review of this class seems to be the "Deutscher Jahrbücher;" the leading magazines, the "Telegraph," published at Hamburg, and the "Morgenblatt für gebildete Leser," published by Cotta, at Stuttgart.

Edward Ferrand, (Schulz) of Berlin, the poet, of whom Chamisso said that "he played only on one string, but on that like Paganini," has recently died.

[We omit many interesting details on the German Universities, furnished by our correspondent, especially on the University of Berlin, and make haste to present to our readers the Introductory Lecture of Schelling.]

SCHELLING'S INTRODUCTORY LECTURE IN BERLIN,

15TH NOV., 1841.

GENTLEMEN,

I FEEL the whole significance of this moment. I know what I am taking upon me. How can I disguise from myself, or how can I wish to conceal from you, what is uttered and declared by my very appearance in this place? Assuredly, gentlemen, were I not convinced that I render an important service to philosophy, nay, a more important one than I have ever yet rendered, by my presence here, I should not now stand before you. This, then, is my own conviction; but I am far from expecting, still less can I think of demanding, that this should be the general opinion regarding me. This, only, do I hope to obtain, that no one may look with evil eye on my present position; that I may have free indulgence of time and place for that explicit answer to the question, *Dic cur hic?* which I am about to give in the whole series of the following lectures. For I, too, have given place to others, and have thrown no stumbling-block in the way of any who strove for the same goal in science with myself. If I have attained to anything, in this department, that deserves to be offered here, and to claim the attention of such an assembly as I now see before me, the way to that attainment was open to all, and no one can say that I have prevented him by a too forward haste.

It is now forty years, since I succeeded in turning over a new leaf in the history of philosophy. One page of it has been filled up, and I would willingly have left it to another to state the *facit*, the result of the same, and then to turn over anew, and begin the following page.

When I declare, that I feel the whole weight and difficulty of the task I have undertaken, and yet have not declined it, I express, it is true, the consciousness of a decided call to this work. But I have not imposed this call upon myself. It has come to me without any forth-putting on my part; and, now that it *has* come, I may not deny nor slight it. I have not proposed myself as a teacher of the time. If I am one, the time has made me so, and I can take no credit to myself in the matter; for, what I have done for philosophy, I have done in consequence of a necessity imposed upon me by my inner nature.

Circumstances compel me, on this occasion, to speak of myself; but I am far from the vanity of self-commendation. The man who, after performing his part in philosophy, thought proper to retire and leave free scope for the experiments of

others; who, himself retired from the scene of action, suffered in silence every judgment that was passed upon him, nor was moved to break that silence by the undue advantage which was taken of it, nor even by falsifications of the history of modern philosophy; who, in possession of a philosophy—not one of those which explain nothing, but rich in earnestly-desired and urgently-demanded solutions—extending the boundaries of human consciousness, quietly allowed men to say that his day was gone by; who now breaks this silence, so entire and complete, only because he is called to do so by unquestionable duty, because indubitably assured that the time has come to speak a decisive word;—this man, gentlemen, has shown, at least, that he is capable of self-denial, that forward conceit is not his infirmity, that he has a higher aim than transient opinion, a cheap and fleeting renown.

I know well, that, to some, I shall be a burden. I had been brought under, I was construed, it was known precisely what was in me. Now they are to begin with me anew, and to see that, after all, there was something in me which had not been understood.

According to the natural order of things, a younger man, and one more equal to the task, should occupy this place instead of me. Let him come! I shall rejoice to make room for him. How often have I not envied the fair talents of a younger growth, which I have, every where, seen perplexing themselves with means and forms, of which I knew that they could lead to nothing—that there was nothing to be gained by them! How willingly would I have taken them to myself! how gladly have helped those who would know nothing of me! But, now that I could no longer avoid the conviction that I must give my own hand to the work, if ever that was to be perfected, which I considered as necessary, as demanded by the time, by the whole course of philosophy hitherto; and that I had been spared for this very work; now that I was solicited to labor, as teacher, in this metropolis, where every word of deeper import is uttered for all Germany, and is even carried beyond the limits of Germany; where, alone, it was possible to act with decisive effect, where, at least, the fate of German philosophy must be decided;—now, in this important moment, since God has spared my life thus far, not to be wanting to that philosophy which has been the guardian-spirit of my days, I have felt to be a duty which might not be put by, and only this thought, — this clear conviction, has determined me. I will not deny, indeed, that there were other motives. To serve, though for a short period, a king, exalted not less by the qualities of his mind and heart than by the splendor of his throne: — whom I had venerated long before the royal purple

adorned him : — the land and people whose moral and political supremacy every true German has, from his infancy, been accustomed to honor, and has learned to honor anew in the ever-memorable events of these latter years ; the city which is first named when the seats of Science, and of still advancing culture in Germany, are the subject of discourse ; which, indeed, like a mighty deep, is not easily moved by every breath, and has sometimes exerted a retarding influence, (I refer to the time when the philosophy of Kant had found response in every quarter of Germany, except the capital of his native land,) but which seizes and promotes with its might whatever it has once recognised as worthy : — and then the circle of scientific men, — the chief ornaments of this city, — among whom are many known to me as early friends, and others long revered, men with whom I should always have esteemed it a pleasure to live and work ; finally, the youth of this place, known by the zeal with which they obey the call of Science, undaunted by difficulty, rejoicing in their career, outstripping their teachers wherever a worthy goal is set before them ; — these, gentlemen, were attractions of great, of almost irresistible power. But, powerful as they were, they must have yielded to other considerations, so obvious that I need not name them. Not till I was forced to recognise, in the unsought invitation which came to me, a command which I could not and dared not resist, under penalty of failing to fulfil my true and highest life-calling, did I resolve to come. And, so resolved, I now appear among you, with the conviction, that, if ever I have accomplished anything, be it much or little, in the service of Philosophy, I shall render her a more important service now, if I can succeed in conducting her out of the undeniable difficulties, in which she finds herself, into the free, unfettered, on all sides unembarrassed movement, of which she is now deprived. For these difficulties, with which Philosophy has to contend, are obvious, and may not be concealed.

At no time has philosophy encountered so mighty a reaction from the side of life, as at this moment ; — a proof that it has penetrated to those life-questions, in relation to which, indifference is neither lawful nor possible to any. While philosophy abides in its first rudiments, or the earlier stages of its progress, it concerns none but those who make philosophic inquiry the business of life. Others await it at the end of its course. For the world, it becomes important only through its results.

It argues great inexperience, however, to suppose that the world is prepared to adopt any conclusion which philosophy may see fit to impose upon it, as the legitimate deduction of strict scientific investigation. Were this the case, it must, in some instances, accept a doctrine essentially immoral, or one

by which the foundations of morality are removed. But no one expects this of the world, and no philosopher has yet been found, who presumed this facility. The world would not accept, as a sufficient answer in such cases, "You do not understand the principles, — the technical and complicated process of demonstration." Without regard to these, it would maintain, that a philosophy, which led to such results, must needs be wrong in its first principles. What Roman moralists have maintained with respect to the useful, — *Nihil utile nisi quod honestum*, — it would urge as equally applicable to the true. And that which every one acknowledges, in relation to morals, must be equally true of all other convictions, which constitute the security of human life, — especially, therefore, of religious belief. Now, this is the precise position of philosophy at present. It affirms itself religious in its conclusions, while the world denies that it is so, and regards, particularly, its deductions of Christian dogmas as mere illusions. Such is even the confession of many of its faithful or unfaithful disciples. Whether it be so or not, is, for the present, indifferent; enough, that a suspicion of this sort has been awakened, — that such is the general opinion.

But life is always right in the end. And so the very existence of philosophy is endangered on this side. Already, there are those, who profess to quarrel with a particular philosophy, but, in fact, mean all philosophy, and who say, in their hearts, Philosophy in general shall be no more. This is a matter in which I, too, am concerned; for the first impulse to this philosophy — which, on account of its religious bearing, is now looked upon with such evil eye — is supposed to have proceeded from me. In this predicament, how shall I act? Assuredly, I shall attack no philosophy on the side of its last results. No philosophic mind, capable of judging with respect to first principles, will adopt this course. Besides, it is sufficiently well known, that I have all along declared myself dissatisfied, and far from agreeing, with the elements of that philosophy. Accordingly, it may be supposed that I shall make it my chief business to controvert a system, whose results have created such a prejudice against philosophical speculations. Gentlemen, I shall do no such thing. If I were capable only of this, I should not be here. I do not think so meanly of my calling. I willingly commit to others this melancholy task. Melancholy I call it, for it is always sad to witness even the spontaneous dissolution of that which has been put together with uncommon energy. The intellectual and moral world is so divided within itself, so inclined to anarchy, that one may well be glad, whenever a point of union is found, though it be only for a moment. Still sadder is it, to destroy aught, if one has nothing with

which to replace it. To him who knows only to blame, it is justly said, "Do better." Equally just was the saying of that man, whom I sincerely regret to find here no longer, among the living, who, with praiseworthy frankness, declared, "Men must have a system, and a system can be refuted only by a system. As long as that which stands is opposed by nothing stable in the way of substitute, let it stand."*

I agree with him in what he says with respect to system. Single truths will no longer suffice. It is now well understood, that, in this way, nothing can be rightly known. He is right, moreover, in expressing his astonishment at the report, that the author of the *Identitäts-Philosophie* had sought an asylum in history, in a "faith not penetrated by science;"—an asylum to which his new philosophy was made subservient. But I, too, on the other hand, may be allowed to wonder that a man, otherwise so sagacious, before expressing his astonishment, did not take the trouble to ascertain whether the report in question was founded in fact. Had he lived, he would have learned, from the course of these lectures, how wide of the truth was the impression he had received.

Let it be understood, then, that what is usually called polemics is not the aim of these lectures. If anything of this kind appear, it will be only collaterally. It is true, I cannot make the course as instructive as I wish, without, at the same time, referring to the past, and indicating the progress of preceding developments. But I shall labor, not so much to show wherein this man or that man has failed, as to make it apparent wherein we have all failed, and what we all have wanted, in order to effect an actual entrance into the promised land of philosophy. If one has erred more than another, he has dared more. If he has missed the goal, he has struck out a path which his predecessors had not closed to him.

I am not come to exalt myself above another, but to fulfil my calling to the end.

The cognition of truth with a full conviction, is so great a good, that what is usually called reputation, (*Existimatio*), the opinion of men, and all the vanity of the world, is not to be weighed against it.

I wish not to inflict wounds, but to heal the wounds which German Science has received in a long and honorable conflict; not spitefully to expose the injuries sustained, but to cause, if possible, that they shall be forgotten. I wish not to irritate, but to reconcile; to enter, if possible, as a messenger of peace, a world so much and so variously divided. I am not here to destroy, but to build up; to establish a stronghold, where phi-

* *Gans*, Preface to Hegel's Philosophy of Jurisprudence.

osophy may henceforth dwell secure. I will build on the foundations laid by earlier efforts. Nothing shall be lost, through fault of mine, that genuine science has gained since Kant. How can I, in particular, renounce the philosophy which I formerly founded—the discovery of my youth? Not to replace it with another philosophy, but to supply its deficiencies with a new science, hitherto supposed impossible, in order to reestablish it on its true foundations,—to give it back the consistency which it has lost by transgressing its bounds,—by attempting to make a whole of that which could only be a fragment of a higher whole;—this is the problem and the aim.

It is a great thing that philosophy, in these days, has become a universal concern. The very opposition which I have mentioned,—the general excitement which I perceived on my appearance here,—shows that philosophy has ceased to be an affair of the schools, and has become the business of the nation. The history of German philosophy is, from the beginning, inwrought with the history of the German people. In that day when it accomplished the great act of disenfranchisement, in the Reformation, it vowed not to rest till whatever is loftiest, which, till then, had been blindly acknowledged, should be received into a free cognition, pervaded by Reason, and there find its true place. In a time of deepest debasement, philosophy held the German erect. Over the ruins of a glory that had perished, men of power held aloft the banner of German science, around which were gathered the best of our Youth. In the schools of philosophy,—who, in this connection, remembers not Fichte, Schleiermacher?—many found in philosophical contests the resolution, the courage, the self-possession, which, in far other battle-fields, were afterward put to the test. Also, in later times, philosophy has been the German's heritage and praise. And shall this long and glorious movement end with shameful wreck? with the overthrow of all great convictions, and consequently of philosophy itself? Never! Because I am a German,—because I have borne upon my heart, and sympathized with, all the woes and sorrows of Germany, with all her weal and her success,—therefore am I here. For the salvation of the Germans is Science.

With such sentiments I have come hither; with no other weapon but Truth, claiming no other protection but that which Truth possesses in her own strength, desiring no other right for myself than that which I freely concede to all—the right of free inquiry, and an unfettered communication of the found. So disposed, I enter your midst. I come with all earnestness of mind and heart. I am in earnest; may they be so who hear me! I greet you with love; with love receive me! The

teacher may do much ; but he can do nothing without the scholar. I am nothing without you ; nothing, unless you meet me promptly with receptivity, with zeal, on your part. Herewith I devote myself to the calling I have undertaken. I shall live for you, I shall work for you, and not be weary, while a breath remains in me, and while He permits, without whose consent not a hair can fall from our heads, much less a deep-felt word, a genuine product of the inner man, a light-thought of our minds, for truth and freedom striving, be lost.

RECORD OF THE MONTHS.

Life of Jean Paul Frederic Richter, Compiled from various Sources, Together with his Auto-biography. Translated from the German. Boston : Charles C. Little and James Brown. 1842.

GERMAN literature is richer and abler in every other department than the historical. Not that this field has been wholly neglected ; but, comparatively speaking, it has been cultivated with little success. The German histories are mostly philosophies of history, and interest us rather by their speculations, than by their narrative. There are exceptions, we grant. Müller's history of Switzerland and Schiller's of the defection of the Netherlands, and the Thirty Years War, are very remarkable ones ; and there are several others. But such is not the prevailing character of German historical composition. The Germans are more given to speculate than to narrate. Their very novels, Lafontaine's, Lamotte-Fouqué's Jean Paul's, Tieck's, are not so much stories as they are theories of life.

This defect in the German library is most remarkable, and most to be lamented, as it regards distinguished individuals, who have become important to us through their works, and who, in consequence of this defect, are suffered to pass without any further record. Biography, memoir, the whole literature of personalities, in which the French and the English are so fluent, seems uncongenial with the German mind. Is it their inveterate tendency, to generalize individual traits into formal characteristics, which sinks the individual in the class ? Or is it the habit of seeking in all things the indwelling principle, in all phenomena the noumenon, in all persons the idea personified, which leads them to overlook and slight the accidental and merely extensive in the life of man ? The point is worth considering. We have

no time for it now, but we should like to consider it in some future number, time and mood permitting.

Meanwhile, this idealistic tendency of the Germans has served to throw around their great men, a mystery exceedingly unsatisfactory to English readers, who insist on following the great man off the stage, into his study, his drawing room, his nursery, his very kitchen; and who never think they are acquainted with him till they know something of his family, his furniture and his table-talk. On all these points, the literary history of Germany is, for the most part, profoundly silent. Her philosophers have found no Boswell, her poets no Johnson.

The latter defect has been supplied, in the case of Schiller, by Carlyle's excellent biography; and the author or authoress (if she will permit us so far to invade her privacy) of the work before us, has performed a similar office for the antipode of Schiller the rare, the *einzig* Jean Paul.

An acquaintance of twenty years' standing with this, our favorite author, had prepared us to welcome a work of which he was the subject. Accordingly we seized with some eagerness on these two volumes, and we have read them with a satisfaction equal to that with which we received their first announcement from the press. We can speak of them frankly, as a worthy tribute to a great name. The first condition of a good biography is, that the biographer comprehend his subject; and this condition has, we think, been fully satisfied in the present instance. The author has surveyed her hero from a point, sufficiently within the sphere of his own spirit, and at the same time, sufficiently removed from indiscriminate adoration, to insure a correct estimate of his proportions. Equal justice has been done to the nature of the man and to his position. She has placed herself in *rappor*t with that great soul, and traced to psychological idioms, inborn and inbred, the prevailing Jean-Paulisms of his life and works. At the same time, she has diligently considered the influence of contemporary minds and external condition; and made her look not less valuable as a contribution to the literary history of Germany, than it is, as a biography of Jean Paul.

We should like to extract largely, but must content ourselves with the author's closing remarks.

"The reader may be surprised that I have uniformly called Jean Paul a poet; but if the definition of poet be, 'one that gives expression to what others feel;' one, who interprets *that* in the heart, which, like the inarticulate lisp of the child, cannot be made known for want of adequate expression, then he as truly deserves the name of poet, as if every line he has written were measured, and rhymed with another line. His great heart beat with the united pulses of all human hearts. He is the truest interpreter of joy and sorrow, love and

grief; and all those hidden feelings that are revealed by the poet, as the sunbeam penetrates the mine, and shows its hidden treasures.

"Finally, no poet's inward life is more distinctly made known than Jean Paul's, in his works. In his elevated characters; in his *Gustavus*, his *Albano*, his *Dehore*. Like a solitary sage he looked out from his hermitage upon the ever-swelling and rushing waves of the literature and politics of that remarkable period in which he lived. Unmoved by its passions, still and calm, he was like a holy prophet of its issue. Glowing for freedom, truth, and the happiness of man, yet never failing in the clearness of his understanding, or the firmness of his will. Full of scorn and hatred of all servility and all tyranny, yet ever free from the folly and madness of enthusiasm. With impartiality and justice he weighed the advantages of this world in the same scales in which he had placed the hopes of another.

"I have seen a cast of the Alps, a few feet square, in which mountain and valley, river and lake, are represented in their true position and just proportions. The avalanche, the cataract, and the shepherd's little hut are there; nothing is added, though much is left out; but ah, how inadequate to represent those giant palaces of nature, those glorious masses of light and color, rising in the blue depths of ether, close neighbors to the stars. Such a representation the present biography must bear to the real Jean Paul. May it induce those who have the power, to become acquainted with him in his works."—Vol. II, pp. 322, 323.

We have had no opportunity of comparing with their originals, the translations from the German; but they bear internal evidence of correctness. The errors we have noticed are mostly errors of the press, and these, we regret to say, are very frequent.

An Essay on Transcendentalism. Boston: Crocker and Rugles. 1842. 12mo. pp. 104.

WHEREFORE should the author of this little tract have withheld his name from the public eye on this occasion? He is evidently not in his writing novice. He is not of mean talent, and he is not unconscious of the fact. He is clear, instructive, poetic, warm, *religious*, in his statements. The subject is worthy, the style is worthy; but it seems the public is not yet worthy of the author's confidence. There is certainly somewhat apologetic in the tone of the work; and no man can unblushingly utter an apology to an audience, when he is quite aware that the apology, if any need be offered at all, should come from the audience. The prologue to a serious drama, as well as harlequin, may sometimes be masked.

If the world were in as good and pleasant a humor with the transcendentalist, as the transcendentalist is with the world, he would not need thus hide his modest face. It would be happier, too,

for the world, if it were so good-humored. The loss of happiness is on that side, not on that of the unaccepted individual. With the loss of so much happiness, the self-wise world is also deprived of as much intelligence, and an equality of exalted and pure occupation. The cunning folks of this generation keep always some bugbear word, wherewith to frighten the growing young children of affection to bed,—to the bed of sensuousness,—and, of this scornful *dictionary* "Transcendentalism" is now the chosen current epithet. There is some sign of progress, however, in the attribution of a name, sneeringly or persecutingly as it may be bestowed. The world will shortly begin to suspect that it may mean something; that there is possibly some reality behind the name; and this little book may aid the search of the sincere soul, though it offers but a plan "in little" of the wide field. In nine brief essays, or rather notices or notes, most assuredly, the subject cannot be exhausted. Explained even it can scarcely be, unless the observing mind is already more prepared than merely recipient.

In what point of this boundless prairie of human investigation shall the inquiry be commenced? Many associates you require not; many you will not have. Not the place, not the mode, but the spirit in which we work, is the important question. Are we to apologize? No. Are we to dispute? No. Are we to condemn? No. Neither are we to fear, to trim, to conform, for the purpose of gathering a multitude, or of pleasing one when gathered.

It may be easier to make way with the public, to gain its favor, and to appear to effect an approximation, or to fill up the void of ignorance, of unconsciousness, by the adoption of terms which it understands, or thinks it understands. But, in this procedure, there is delusion on both sides. The traveller who has never seen a railway would have no nearer comprehension of it, if the directors were to call the terminus a booking-office, and the several stations by the old name of inns. Transcendental facts, then, it must be honestly avowed, cannot be comprehended by souls on the nether side of existence. But the willing may be helped. If, in accommodation to popular speech, you descend from the antecedent unity, through the eternal, indivisible trine, and say that "man has a triple nature, animal, rational, spiritual,"—your auditor will ask you who or what the man is who *has* or possesses this triple nature? Is he it, or something different from it? Does he possess this triple nature as a distinct existence, apart from himself, the soul, the will,—from that unitive point which is his essential self? Better to let the original perplexity remain, informing us that there is more yet to be solved and known, than delude ourselves with a false explanation.

In his love for simplicity, clearness, and despatch, man is liable to fall into some serious errors. Despotism is simpler, clearer, and quicker, than deliberative justice. Our popular metaphysical systems are, it must be confessed, eminently despotic, but their justice has yet to be questioned.

Antecedent to all utterances, transcendent of all time, space, and motion, primal to spirit, originative of soul, creative to body; everlasting, eternal, illimitable; indescribable in any terms, these we use or other, — is the One, the Underived, the Unit — GOD.

Of the unutterable, only negative words can be used, which declare their inadequacy while they are used. No research can seek out the unsearchable. The inscribed figure cannot produce itself beyond the sphere which bounds it. The forms which lie next it may, however, be spoken of.

MAN, then, cannot with so much verisimilitude be said to have a triple nature, as that he is a triune being. Man is not only a triune being, but he is a tri-triune being. Let ridicule make of the affirmative whatsoever it may, the faithful student finds that not only can he agree with our retiring author, that man is animal, rational, spiritual, but can assert that he is, in each of these subordinate spheres of being, a coordinate triunity. Man truly is united or oned, or one with the indivisible triune, Love, Wisdom, Power; in Spirit, as the divisible yet undivided Love, Wisdom, Power; in Soul, as affection, understanding, force; in Body, as heart, head, hands.

We repeat —

	*			
The eternal triune	LOVE	WISDOM	POWER	
Man . . .	{ Spirit Love	Wisdom	Power	
	{ Soul Affection	Understanding	Force	
	{ Body Heart	Head	Hands	
The material triune	Depth	Length	Breadth	

Thus wide, at least, or wider if you will, is the Creator and the creation. Confining himself, however, to the two lower grades in our being, the mental philosopher, the metaphysician, has never raised his contemplation to aught above the soul. Most inquirers have, like Locke, limited themselves, and, as far as they speculatively could, all humanity, to the bounds of intellect, asserting, with him, that "the understanding is the highest faculty of the soul." All who have ventured affirmations from the higher level have been saluted with epithets intended to be condemnatory, such as "fanatic," "mystic," "theosopher," and now, it seems, "transcendentalist."

The soul, as we have above depicted it, is the sphere of idealities, both sympathetic and intellectual. This is the psychical ground, or nature, where occur the sectionalities and divisionalities in which metaphysicians agree to disagree. But man cannot be satisfied in remaining here. The soul cannot be filled by self-contemplation. The soul hungereth and thirsteth after something else, something higher and better than itself, yet like unto itself, or rather that unto which it is like. Your moral philosopher, your metaphysician in ordinary, disdains giving any advice, assistance, or direction, towards this higher supply. It thus devolves on the "fanatic," the "zealot," the "transcendentalist," to exercise this loveful mission.

The metaphysician entertains only the power and understanding of the soul, and these he treats for the greater part as derived from nature, through or by means of the body. The moralist does, indeed, widen his observations so as to include the psychic affections, but he is still only an experimental philosopher, and founds, or pretends to found, all his axioms on experiment, chiefly external, though he does not always wholly exclude the internal.

The sensible race of philosophers is, however, a large one. They are the popular class. They feel themselves to be too strong in numbers to be put down, and, at the same time, they join their well-compacted forces to those of the unphilosophical, and make a combined effort to suppress any exposition of being which transcends their contemplation. The sensible philosophers—that is to say, they who confine their philosophy to what they acquire, or seem to acquire, through their senses—are, in fact, the visionaries, while they labor to cast this opprobrium upon more steadfast minds. They believe, they say, only what they *see*. They are therefore merely *speculators*. They have no faith, no reliance on being. What is tangible to the hands, visible to the eyes, that they feel, that they see, that they know.

But the combination of a whole world of sensuous minds against one transcendental soul will not move him. He is not an opponent to them. He sees all they see; he admits all *their* facts on their ground, but this admission leaves untouched, unimpeached, that other and higher class of facts, and that reality in being, which the mere moral philosopher declares he knows not of, and the existence of which he stoutly denies.

Not only does the sphere of action differ in these two parties, but the point of origin is very different in each. The external observer, of course, contemplates all from an exoteric point, and such psychic life as he admits he builds on a physical basis.

The internal realizer dates all from the esoteric centre, and construes every fact affirmatively and synthetically. Concerning the merits of these two schools they themselves may differ interminably.

Frequently and urgently as the esoteric man may declare of real existence, of substance-being, the exoteric man will be able to perceive only a difference in mode, and will of course stand up for the clarity of his own. There is, however, nothing more certain to the transcendentalist, than the fact, that there is something more in all this than a verbal difference. Whenever it is brought against him as an accusation of dwelling in a mere peculiarity in words, a feeling more sacred than self-complacency accepts it, as an acknowledgment of short-coming in him who wills to be an opponent, for of opposition the transcendentalist is guiltless. Position only, and not opposition, is predicable of him. The universality in him finds a place for all philosophies, all opinions, all views. Transcending them, it does not exclude, but it includes them. His claim to a close relation with the universal, with the unity, would be poorly established if he must needs find obstacles in aught that exists. The true artist, he in whom art is vitally, instinctly, creatively, finds no hindrances in surrounding matter. The utmost he declares is of facilities, that they are greater or less.

Transcendentalism is not "hostile to old systems," though it would supersede them by better life. It does not attempt "to show that the old philosophy is altogether false and hollow, the old systems of metaphysics to be absurd, our moral code unjust, our religion but empty show and idle ceremony, that the old forms of government have no foundation in reason." (p. 27). It does *not* "propose to reform the world;" although that supposition being current, it may "be unpopular and fiercely attacked." (p. 28)

No! The true transcendentalist has higher, nobler, lovelier work, than that of warring with the past, or abusing the present. His best employment is not that of reforming a deformed world, though it sin to the quick of self-condemnation. It belongs not to him to put forth a system, a mere new system, subject to all the worthless vicissitudes of systems in being "imperfectly developed, misunderstood, and misrepresented." His only occupation is to affirm BEING. Of, from, and in being, he constantly asserts being. His mission is not an attack on erroneous systems, and depraved men. He is an instrument, a medium of being to being. The Being in him utters to Being in other souls. As far as he is found in the regions of opposition, he is not a transcendentalist, but a metaphysician, a wrangler. As the practical philosopher transcends action and matter by ob-

servation and knowledge, so the transcendentalist transcends observation and knowledge by being. Both *doing* and *knowing*, works and faith are transcended, not annihilated nor opposed, by *being*.

Transcendentalism is not a mere system opposed to other or to antiquated systems; but it signifies that Love-Spirit, that Life-Power, which uses all systems now presented, and develops new systems as they are required. Its ascent, or transcendent, would be poor and worthless if it did not surmount all systems, which are but modulations in the department of human knowledge, and never can amount to realities in human being. If doctrine it must be designated, this is then the transcendental doctrine: it is the substantive, indwelling Spirit in the soul, the real conscience, the religious nature, the source of the inner light, the veritable true, good, and beautiful, not as perception, as contemplation, but as substance, as being.

Letters of Schiller, selected from his private Correspondence prior to his Marriage. Translated by J. L. WEISSE. Boston: S. N. Dickinson, Printer, 62 Washington street. 1841.

WE are desirous to attract attention to this little volume, as few persons seem to have observed its appearance, and it is of a character to bring pleasure to almost any reader.

A brief yet sufficient account of its contents is given in the introduction.

"These Letters will be interesting to the admirers of Schiller, as showing him in his youth, struggling with the adverse circumstances that surrounded him, and displaying without disguise the true workings of his heart. They are written to persons from whom he had no reserve. Perhaps a higher opinion of his genius might be derived from his more finished works; but from none could we learn so well to know intimately the great poet, as when we see him, as here in the spring-time of his ardent feelings, among those nearest and dearest to him. The Letters close with his marriage, and the ideas scattered through them have a youthful freshness that more than compensates for any want of reflection they may display, and a charm peculiarly attractive to any one who loves to search into the hidden recesses of a great soul."

It is easy to admire and love Schiller; no man need sacrifice his self-love to do so. His character had no intricate windings, no hidden vales, or caves, whether of beauty or terror. It was simple, powerful, affectionate, heroic, fit for the life of a citizen or patriotic bard.

Still, though he never gives us a clue into the world of mysteries, of causes, he is always clear and interesting. It is very

pleasant to turn over another page of his history, and see his thoughts presented to us in his usual frank and direct fashion. It is refreshing in a world of half feelings, of tedious subterfuges, to greet one like Schiller, whom any man may feel at liberty to love. He might be our next-door neighbor; we could go and see him when we pleased, we should not fear to intrude; he would tell us if we were not wanted.

But heroes, though they may be eloquent, are not practical. Schiller was not. The inspiration of his works is in their lofty sentiment and aspiration; the subtle, fashioning spirit of poetry was unknown to him. It is pleasant to see how simple and citizen-like his views of life were. On the subject of marriage it is perhaps a little surprising that the bard of Max and Thekla was not more ideal, even at the earliest age. The charm of these two fair beings, indeed, is in their pure, and unspotted innocence. Still the spell of a preëxistent harmony seems upon them, and we cannot well conceive of Thekla's finding *another Max*. But Schiller, with his views, might have married any amiable woman, and gone about the world, like many another respectable person, seeking not a love, but a wife.

It is surprising, too, to see him write with a sort of shame of an attachment from which he had recovered. One would expect from a character like Schiller's, the steadfast strength to feel that its past stages, however extravagant and imperfect, had been necessary to its growth, and by giving it vent, had raised him above the passion he now could criticise.

Of friendship his views read more nobly. I know not that we can find any passage that deserves better to be laid to heart than the following, where in few words are shown the union of pride, modesty, and tenderness, natural to a great, but also *human*, being.

"Your last letter has placed an imperishable memento of you in my heart. You are the noble man, whom I have so long wanted, and who is wanting to possess me with all my weaknesses and blighted virtues; for he will bear with the former, and honor the latter with tears. I am not what I certainly might have become. I might perhaps have been great, but fate struggled too early against me. You esteem and love me for that which I might perhaps have become under better stars, and you respect in me the intention that Providence has thwarted."

This is the trust of soul to soul which goes deepest. But he understood other stages or sorts of friendship, as shown in the very next letter, to another person.

"I find the ways of Heaven strange in this; eight years we were obliged to be together and were indifferent; now we are separated, and have become important to each other. Which of us two could then, even in prospect, have divined the hidden threads, that should once and

forever draw us so firmly together? — but perhaps even this mutual estrangement was the work of a wiser Providence, that we should know each other first, when we were worthy to be known. Both of us, yet unformed, would have too soon observed too many weaknesses in one another, and might never have become warmed to each other. Esteem is the only unfailling bond of friendship, and this we had both of us to earn. In every way we have now arrived at this end, and find ourselves here with delight. You have taken the first step, and I blush before you. I have always understood less how to acquire friends, than when acquired, to retain.”

The effect of his enforced and outward toils on Schiller, are more visible here than in letters of a later date. With him, as with others, came uses from uncongenial labor, infusing salt and steel, hardening the fibre, and assaying the ore of his thoughts, by repression and delay. Materials, too, that he would not of himself have collected, when once beneath his eye, became a new thread for his web. But though some of this is well, too much may perfect the character but stifle the genius. The hand that has to hold the plough too long, becomes too stiff and clumsy for the lyre or pen. Those who cannot give up their natural dower, who want to accomplish the task nature assigned them, and steal from the night what the day refuses, pay with their lives for their soul, truly the price of blood, and so did Schiller. His character was too fervent and earnest to take things easily, or skim over the surface of any mode of life, and so he suffered, and died early. But we do not mourn for him as for many others, for the tree had borne some of its proper fruit, if not as much as it might under more favorable circumstances. It is impossible to set a bound to what he might have accomplished, had his great and steady impulses been seconded by firmer health, and length of days, yet, in the eighteen volumes of his works, and in his letters, we possess more than we shall easily learn how to prize.

Fables of La Fontaine. Translated from the French. By ELIZUR WRIGHT, Jr. 2 vols. 12mo. Boston: Tappan and Dennett. 1842.

WE have found these volumes very pleasant reading. The translation appears to be executed with great wit and sprightliness, and, for the most part, a happy employment of the English idioms. Occasionally a verse of unusual vigor occurs; as when, in the fable of “The Oak and the Reed,” the Oak brags, —

“The while, my towering form
Dares with the mountain top
The solar blaze to stop,
And wrestle with the storm.”

We are reminded, in this connexion, of an excellent old English version of "The Lark and the Reapers," which we lately met with, which proves how inexhaustible are these slight themes. When the lark has quieted the fears of her young, who inform her that the farmer has applied to his friends for aid, —

"Then up she clam the clowdes
 With such a lusty saye,
 That it rejoyste her younglinges heartes
 As in their neast they laye ;

 And much they did commende
 Their mother's lofty gate,
 And thought it long til time had brought
 Themselves to such estate."

The conclusion of the same fable in the present version is lively enough. When at length the farmer and his boys resolve to reap the field themselves, —

"All, fluttering, soaring, often grounding,
 Decamped without a trumpet sounding."

These volumes, we think, are sure of a lasting popularity with the young, and will no doubt make acceptable Christmas and New Year's presents.

Confessions of St. Augustine. Boston: E. P. Peabody.

WE heartily welcome this reprint from the recent London edition, which was a revision, by the Oxford divines, of an old English translation. It is a rare addition to our religious library. The great Augustine, — one of the truest, richest, subtlest, eloquentest of authors, comes now in this American dress, to stand on the same shelf with his far-famed disciples, with A-Kempis, Herbert, Taylor, Scougal, and Fenelon. The Confessions have also a high interest as one of the honestest autobiographies ever written. In this view it takes even rank with Montaigne's Essays, with Luther's Table Talk, the Life of John Bunyan, with Rousseau's Confessions, and the Life of Dr. Franklin. In opening the book at random, we have fallen on his reflections on the death of his early friend.

"O madness, which knowest not how to love men like men! I fretted, sighed, wept, was distracted, had neither rest nor counsel. For I bore about a shattered and bleeding soul, impatient of being borne by me, yet where to repose it I found not. All things looked ghastly; yea, the very light; whatsoever was not what he was, was revolting and hateful, except groaning and tears. In those alone found I a little refreshment. I fled out of my country; for so should mine eyes look less for him where they were not wont to see him. And thus from Thagaste I came to Carthage. Times lose no time; nor do they roll idly by; through our senses they work strange operations on the mind. Behold, they went and came day by day, and by coming and going introduced into my mind other imaginations and other remembrances;

and little by little patched me up again with my old kind of delights unto which that my sorrow gave way. And yet there succeeded not indeed other griefs, yet the causes of other griefs. For whence had that former grief so easily reached my inmost soul but that I had poured out my soul upon the dust in loving one, that must die, as if he would never die. For what restored and refreshed me chiefly, was the solaces of other friends with whom I did love what instead of thee I loved: and this was a great fable and protracted lie, by whose adulterous stimulus our soul, which lay itching in our ears, was defiled. But that fable would not die to me so oft as any of my friends died. There were other things which in them did more take my mind; to talk and jest together; to do kind offices by turns; to read together honied books; to play the fool or be earnest together; to dissent at times without discontent, as a man might with his ownself; and even with the seldomness of those dissentings, to season our more frequent consentings; sometimes to teach, and sometimes learn; long for the absent with impatience, and welcome the coming with joy." — Book 4.

A Discourse on Popular Lectures, pronounced before the Literary Societies of the University of Vermont, Aug. 3, 1842. By CALVIN PEASE. Burlington: C. Goodrich.

The Connexion of Taste and Morals; Two Lectures. By MARK HOPKINS, D. D. Second Edition. Boston: Tappan and Dennet.

Observations on the Presidential Veto; Together with a Plan for a Change of the Constitution relative to this Power. Boston: J. Munroe & Co. pp. 78.

The Beggar of the Pont des Arts; translated from the German. Boston: James Munroe & Co.; and

The Career of Puffer Hopkins. By CORNELIUS MATHEWS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1842.

A BOOK of the school of Dickens, and "designed by the author to be national in its features." As we are obliged to keep our novels uncut against the rainy days, we have not yet looked far enough into these stories to have an opinion to offer.

Poems on Slavery. By H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE thinnest of all Mr. Longfellow's thin books; spirited and polished, like its forerunners; but the topic would warrant a deeper tone.

Lowell Offering for December.

WE are happy to learn that our modest and far-famed contemporary has a large and increasing subscription.

WE are indebted to English correspondents for some valuable gifts, whose safe arrival is all that we can now acknowledge, though some of them will yet have from us a considered record, as significant facts in literary and spiritual history. From J. A. Heraud, Esq. we have received three volumes of the *Monthly Magazine* for 1839, 1840, and 1841. From Hugh Doherty, Esq. the *London Phalanx*, Volume I. 1041-2, folio. *Introduction to English Grammar, on Universal Principles.* By Hugh Doherty. *Life of Charles Fourier.* By Hugh Doherty. *Le Nouveau Monde Industriel*, 2 vols. 12mo. Bruxelles, 1840. From Charles Bray, Esq. *The Philosophy of Necessity.* By Charles Bray. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1841. The second volume of this work contains a valuable appendix, exhibiting the history of the successive social experiments of St. Simon, Fourier, Owen, and others, in Europe and America. From other friends we have received *An Inquiry Concerning the Origin of Christianity.* By Charles C. Hennell. Second Edition. London, 1841. *Christian Theism.* By C. C. Hennell. 1 vol. 8vo. *Theology of the Old Testament*, translated from the German of George Lorenz Bauer.

 GOETHE AND SWEDENBORG.

A CORRESPONDENT has called our attention to the following passage in Swedenborg's *Arcana*, as containing an anticipation of Goethe's Theory of Color. The Goethean idea, it will be remembered, is that there is but one primary, namely, white light, and the negative darkness, and that color is the mixture of these two. In the *Arcana Coelestia*, sect. 1042, Swedenborg writes: "In order to the existence of color, there must needs be some substance darkish and brightish, or black and white, on which, when the rays of light from the sun fall, according to the various temperature of the dark and bright, or black and white, from the modification of the influent rays of light, there exist colors, some of which take more or less from the darkish and black, some more or less from the brightish and white, and hence arises their diversity."

 ERRATUM.

In the *Dial* for October, p. 213. l. 32, for [Confessions of the Moderator,] read [Confessions of a witness to the Moderator.]

THE DIAL.

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No. IV.

A. BRONSON ALCOTT'S WORKS.*

WHEN criticism best attains its end, it is an adjunct to authorship of no trifling pertinency. The true author, — the really original writer, — the first discoverer, — essentially stands above his age. His value to the world consists in his superiority to it. By as much as he more nobly speaks out of the new, is he the instrument for the reanimation and progression of the old. To the same extent also is he liable to be misunderstood, misrepresented, slighted, or rejected.

At this juncture the interpreter's function legitimately commences. It is the true critic's endeavor to bridge the waters which separate the prophet from the people, to compass the distance which divides the *understanding* in the auditor from the *intuition* in the utterer. The inspired oracle never indulges in a vain expression.

All the sayings of Genius are oracular; all the actions of Originality are inspired. The destiny of the genuinely inspired soul is always to be doubted, or despised, or persecuted in its own day and nation. Not born for years or localities only, but for all times and places, it must await as wide a welcome. We see that this skepticism, or unfriendliness, is necessarily manifested by the very law of

* Conversations with Children on the Gospels; conducted and edited by A. Bronson Alcott. 2 vols. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1836-7. Record of a School; Exemplifying the General Principles of Spiritual Culture. pp. 208. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1835. Second Edition, 1836.

Spiritual Culture; or Thoughts for the Consideration of Parents and Teachers. Boston: J. Dowe. 1841.

originality itself ; and just in a degree coequal to the extent or depth of the originality. The greatest, the divinest genius is persecuted to death, even unto ignominious death ; a moderate degree of inspiration is merely hunted through the world ; a lighter share of originality is allowed to waste itself in neglected poverty and soul-chilling solitude. For it is not, we surmise, *always* true that the measure of the world's acceptance of genius is the index to the profundity of that generic love. Had it been so, the world ere now would have been in a more loveful position than self-confessedly it is. Loveful utterances in the deepest tone, loveful actions in the gentlest manner, have been spoken and enacted in the world's theatre, and the records of them still remain, kindly appealing to humanity for a response. Yet it comes not. Or, at the utmost, as in the mimic theatre, the spectators vehemently applaud each virtuous representation as it passes before their eyes, but as instantly forget it. Influences pass over humanity as the wind over the young trees ; but the evanescent air is not the abiding sap. Manifestations of genius have not generally induced men to seek a closer union with the genetic power. We lack even imitative amendment.

Scarcely, therefore, can it be granted that the want of success, which so frequently characterizes the career of genius, is attributable either to any deficiency of love or want of exponential ability on its side. Something, nay much, depends on the construction of the receptive vessel. The finest wine must be inevitably spilt, if poured upon a solid marble sphere ; not even nectar itself could be retained in a sieve ; and let us recollect that genius is ever too ready to pour forth its offerings, to consider critically the state or nature of the receiving mind. The mind supposed to be recipient will be found not seldom to be repellent, and even when frankly disposed to receive, often finds the task too difficult at once to comprehend that which emanates from the progressed being. The sun steadily shines on, though by its beams the swamp exhales miasma as the peach deliciously ripens.

Undoubtedly the self-complacent auditor may construct a fensive axiom, or what is familiarly designated a truism, and pronounce that *if* genius had love *enough*, it never could appeal to us in vain ; with love enough, the most

strong-hearted must be moved. This is of course a tenable position. With two such excellent diplomatic "peacemaking" words in one sentence as "if" and "enough," no doubt can be raised against the veracity of the aphorism. But in our estimation that code of morals does not rank very high, which would establish a divine origin by proof drawn from the results of the action. It is needful to act, to act morally, genetically, generatively, before results can be, and *all* the results can never be known to the individual. Confirmation may possibly, in some points, be gathered from observance of consequences, but it is rare that anything beyond matter for useful and modificative reflection can be gleaned from that field.

No; it is sadly, sorrowfully true, that there are rocks so adamantine, brutes so untamable, that not even Orpheus himself, in his most celestial mood, can subdue them by the softest notes from his enchanting lyre. Our reproaches, therefore, shall not fall upon the love-inspired teacher because the taught are not more highly adtempered than we find them. Indeed, we will reproach none, not even ourselves; for the interpreter, albeit his position is more temporary and local, has his proper time and place.

There is a converse notion, however, rather too commonly adopted by active minds, wishful enough of good in their respective ways, but not yet sufficiently stable to be replenished with the needful talent; and our duty leads us to declare its idiotism. The bustling interloper, the mechanical rhymester, or the verbal handicraftsman, finding no reception in the world corresponding to his self-approbative desires, is wont to assume the position of neglected or persecuted genius, because men of genius have, as we also affirm, time out of mind, been public victims. A playwright is not a Shakspeare, merely because in common with the gifted bard he knows "a little Latin, and less Greek." A religious zealot, even respectable as he may be in morals, and we say it with genuine, heartfelt respect for all zeal, has not always the inspired right to assume the crown of martyrdom, merely because he is opposed in the world. Not all are Christ's who fall under man's disapprobation. Oddity is not a sure certificate of worth, though the worthy must of course be singular where ills abound. The unauthorized authors, the uninspired teachers, are in

fact themselves the persecutors; and to their ears let the truth be whispered, that while the false prophet endeavors to raise a public clamor concerning his supposed oppressions, true genius silently suffers.

When with honesty, integrity, and clearness, the critical interpreter's work is performed, the public are not a little assisted to a just appreciation of generic ideas of a really novel character, that is to say, coming out of the new spirit. In every department of literature and art, there is much debris to be turned over to discover the solitary jewel; much dusty winnowing is needful for the separation of the true germinative grains. No extent of labor is however too great, if the above named conditions are complied with.

These observations appear to be called for, as introductory and explanatory of our present purpose. In some degree appropriate to any mental production, they are peculiarly applicable to the case before us. The fate of nations, as of individuals, is ever to look abroad for that which they might find at home. Articles of food, dress, ornament; new cloth, new patterns, new ideas, are to be imported by ship, instead of being wrought from our native soil or soul. That, which is brought from a distance by great labor, is, for no better reason, highly esteemed, while the spontaneous home product is unused. By the same law, the native prophet is unhonored; the domestic author is neglected.

Goethe, in his father land, after many industrious years of exposition, earns a moderate respect, while in England his mystic profundity is appreciated, and in America he is placed on the pinnacle of renown.

Carlyle, in his native England coldly and slowly admitted to the ranks of genius, in America is kindly regarded as one of the brightest stars in the literary horizon.

And, not to mention others, Alcott, almost utterly neglected by contemporaries, must seek his truer appreciation beyond the great waters; and in the quietest nook in Old England behold the first substantial admission of his claim to be considered the exponent of a divinely inspired idea. New England, failing in honor to her children, and having no newer and more youthful country to accept and reflect their merits, may receive the award of the old land.

The first really spontaneous, vital, and actual welcome,

which Bronson Alcott's mission has enjoyed in its full meaning and intent, appears to have been in the bosoms of those friends, who established the School called after his name at Ham in the county of Surrey, a few miles only from the huge metropolis of England. At Ham, "umbrageous Ham," as the poets truly designate it, which lies between the heights of classic Richmond with its extensive stately park, and the gentle silvery Thames, these sincere projectors carried out a living example of Alcott's idea of human culture, in some practical particulars exceeding the experience of the original, but in intrinsic merit confessedly falling short of those permanent moral and intellectual results, which singularize this recorded effort at the Boston Masonic Temple. This choice of a beautiful locality we mention, because it may be received as an emblem of the fidelity and unmercenary purpose of these earnest promoters of human welfare. But the heart to appreciate, the head to perceive the means, and the hands to execute a new and noble sentiment are not commonly united in one individual. There is, moreover, that useful quality of perseverance not always present, that day by day, hour by hour steadiness and care, meeting each event as it occurs, without which no abiding work of art can be produced. Heartfelt admiration is too ready to conclude that the highly finished statue, whose beauty is perceived at a glance, was as momentarily produced. So smoothly do the thoughts and versification of the poet glide on through his argument, that the enchanted reader questions not that it was as briefly written as it is read. It is so easy, who could not do it? This is the perfection of executive art. The pencils, the colors, the easel are removed. The blurred manuscripts, over which the author toiled so many days and nights, in polishing the Carrara marble of his verse into smooth turns and agreeable attitudes, are withdrawn from sight, and the pleasing result unclouded remains. This is the difference between genius and the generator; between God and man. The *idea* is unquestionably impregnated by the divine mind on the human soul at a *flash*; at an instant of time whose duration is too short to be capable of measurement; and it may therefore be more truly said to be conceived in eternity than in time. But the outworking of the idea is a temporal work;

and assiduity is constantly an attribute in true genius. The seed, buried in the dark earth, germinates, under the favorable conditions of spring, at some inappreciable point in time. Of the radiant sun at noon, while we say it is, it is not. Thus of every deific manifestation. But to man is awarded another course. Through the law of industry he is to elaborate those divinely generated conceptions, to whose inbirth time is not attributable.

The God-born idea is not an impulsion, but an inspiration; not a personal pleasure, but a univereal happiness. It is not a fluctuative influence, as is frequently fancied, which comes sometimes and then departs. It is not a momentary stimulus, which urges us this morning to write a book, to build a church, or to visit the sick; and this afternoon leaves us tired or disgusted with the effort. Quite the contrary. It is a permanent, abiding, substantial pressure, which allows not the youthful artist to dissipate the holy mornings of spring in dreams of deeds he never will realize, but continually energizes his soul to action. Impulse is more dangerous than steady inaction. Dull unpretension never will mislead; but the impulsive and influential, the sometimes good, the wavering, are on all occasions, both to themselves and their susceptible neighbors, sources of disappointment and unhappiness.

Cordial therefore as was the joy with which the idea of a deep and true spirit-culture was hailed on this occasion, the satisfactory results, were not throughout obtained, in default of efficient human instruments.* Those who re-

* The following letter from the late Mr. Greaves to Mr. Alcott confirms our remarks, and well deserves insertion in this place.

49 Burton Street, Burton Crescent, }
London, 16th September, 1837. }

DEAR SIR,

Believing the Spirit has so far established its nature in you, as to make you willingly to co-operate with itself in Love-operations, I am induced, without apology, to address you as a friend and companion in the hidden path of Love's most powerful revelations. "The Record of a School" having fallen into my hands, through Miss Harriet Martineau, I have perused it with deep interest; and the object of my present address to you, (occasioned by this work,) is to obtain a more intimate acquaintance with one, in our Sister Land, who is so divinely and uni-

ceived most truly were personally too aged and too unexecutive ; and the appointed executive, though occasionally enraptured with the thought, was too desultory and impulsive to realize so grand a scheme. But even with this

versally developed. Permit me, therefore, dear Sir, in simple affection, to put a few questions to you, which, if answered, will give me possession of that information respecting you and your work, which I think will be useful to the present and to future generations of men. Also a mutual service may be rendered to ourselves, by assisting to evolve our own being more completely ; thereby making us more efficient instruments for Love's use, in carrying forward the work which it has begun within us. The Unity himself must have his divine purposes to accomplish in and by us, or he would not have prepared us as far as he has. I am, therefore, willing to withhold nothing, but to receive and transmit all he is pleased to make me *be*, and thus, at length, to become an harmonious being. This he can readily work, in the accomplishment of his primitive purposes. Should you think that a personal intercourse of a few weeks would facilitate the universal work, I would willingly undertake the voyage to America for that purpose. There is so decided and general a similarity in the sentiments and natures addressed in the account of your teaching, that a contact of spirits so alike developed would, no doubt, prove productive of still further development. Your school appears to work deeper than any we have in England ; and its inner essential character interests me. If an American Bookseller will send over any of your books to his correspondents here, I shall be happy to receive and pay for them.

In the year 1817, some strong interior visitations came over me, which withdrew me from the world, in a considerable degree, and I was enabled to yield myself up to Love's own manner of acting, regardless of all consequences. Soon after this time, I met with an account of the Spirit's work in and by the late venerable Pestalozzi, which so interested me, that I proceeded at once to visit him in Switzerland ; and remained with him, in holy fellowship, four years. After that I was working, with considerable success, amongst the various students in that country, when the prejudices of the self-made wise and powerful men became jealous of my influence, and I was advised to return to England, which I did ; and have been working, in various ways of usefulness ever since, from the deep centre, to the circumference ; and am now engaged in writing my conscientious experiences, as well as I can represent them in words, and in teaching all such as come within my sphere of action. Receptive beings, however, have as yet been but limited, and

large drawback there yet remained so striking and prominent an approach to good men's hopes, that, notwithstanding the supposition of introducing impossible novelties, the number of individuals moved by the example is sufficient

those, who permanently *retain*, have been still less; yet, at present, there appears a greater degree of awakening to the central love-sensibility, than before. I see many more symptoms of the harvest time approaching in this country. There is, at present, an obvious appearance of the Love-seed beginning to germinate.

Such of the following questions, as you may think calculated to throw any light upon what you are doing, I shall be obliged if you will answer, with any other information you may feel disposed to supply, for the universal good.

1. Do your instructions entirely follow the universal ideas; and are they connected with any peculiar sect of religion?
2. Are you, yourself, satisfied with the results that appear?
3. Have you had many difficulties to overcome?
4. How early do you begin to act upon children?
5. Is a day school or a boarding school best to carry out your views?
6. Have you found any one able to assist you?
7. Can mutual instruction avail anything?
8. Does the moral influence decidedly dominate over the intellectual in the children?
9. Are the Parents willing to let you have the children?
10. What religious sect works most favorably with you?
11. What sect works most against you?
12. Do the children that have come from other schools show any preference to yours?
13. To what age would you keep the children?
14. Do you think that your mode of instruction could be easily nationalized?
15. Is your mode of teaching compared with other modes, or is it estimated with relation to the end sought?
16. Do the children soon begin to perceive the power of the end that you have led them to?
17. Are inner tranquillity and inner thoughtfulness results of the primary purpose?
18. Do you find that the exercise of the inferior faculties neutralizes what you have done?
19. Can you make all branches of instruction relate to the primary purpose?
20. Do the Girls make greater progress under you than the Boys, and are they more grateful for the results?
21. How do you rank music, singing, and dancing, as means?

to encourage any, who are so doubtful as to require the confirmation of associate approbation. Enough of good was done to prove the path to the best. The gates of Eden were temptingly in view, though the ultimate abode was not entered.

22. Has sound a more universal influence than sight ?

23. Are the poor children more easily acted upon than the rich ?

24. Do the children feel at a loss, when they are removed to another school ?

25. Can you act with more effect upon strange children than upon your own ?

26. Is the spirit of inquiry considerably deepened, and does it take an eternal, instead of a temporal direction ?

27. How many scholars would you undertake to instruct in the manner you are acting ?

28. Do you consider the mode in which you have fitted up your school room as very beneficial ?

29. Is it used for ordinary purposes, or only for instructions ?

The child has two orders of faculties, which are to be educated, essential and semiessential, or in other words, roots and branches.

Radical faculties belong to the interior world, and the branchial to the exterior.

To produce a central effect on the child, the radical faculties must be first developed ; to represent this effect, the branchial faculties must be developed.

The radical faculties belong entirely to Love, the branchial to knowledge and industry.

It is imperative upon us to follow the determination of the radical faculties, and to modify the branchial always in obedience to the radical.

It is the child, or the Love-Spirit in the child, that we must obey, and not suffer the Parents or any one else to divert us from it.

Good is not to be determined by man's wishes, but Good must originate and determine the wish.

The Preceptor must watch attentively for every new exhibition of the child's radical faculties, and obey them as divine laws.

We must in every movement consider that it is the Infinite perfecting the finite.

All that is unnecessary in the external must be kept from the child.

The Preceptor's duty is, as far as possible, to remove every hinderance out of the child's way.

Not many years have revolved since scholastic modes had sunk to so low and miserable a point, that almost simultaneously a Pestalozzi, a Neff, and an Oberlin, were enabled to shed around them no small lustre, to acquire in

The closer he keeps the child to the Spirit, the less it will want of us, or any one else.

The child has an inward, sacred, and unchangeable nature; which nature is the Temple of Love. This nature only demands what it will give, if properly attended to, viz. Unfettered Liberty.

The Love Germs can alone germinate with Love. Light and Life are but conditions of Love. Divine capacities are made by Love alone.

Love education is primarily a passive one; and, secondarily, an active one. To educate the radical faculties is altogether a new idea with Teachers at present.

The parental end must be made much more prominent than it has been.

The conceptive powers want much more purification than the perceptive, and it is only as we purify the conceptive that we shall get the perceptive clear.

It is the essential conceptive powers that tinge all the consequences of the exterior conceptive powers.

We have double conceptions, and double perceptions; we are throughout double beings; and claim the universal morality, as well as the personal.

We must now educate the universal moral faculties, as before we have only educated the personal moral faculties.

It is in the universal moral faculties that the laws reside; until these laws are developed, we remain lawless beings.

The personal moral faculties cannot stand without the aid of the universal moral faculties, any more than the branches can grow without the roots.

Education, to be decidedly religious, should reach man's universal faculties, those faculties which contain the laws that connect man with his maker.

These reflections seem to me to be worthy of consideration. Should any of them strike you as worth while to make an observation upon, I shall be happy to hear it. Suggestions are always valuable, as they offer to the mind the liberty of free activity. The work we are engaged in is too extensive and important, to lose any opportunity of gaining information.

The earlier I receive your reply, the better.

I am, dear Sir, yours, faithfully.

J. P. GREAVES.

their respective circles a more than transient fame, by their practical attempt to raise our public disciplines one or two degrees out of the wretched depths into which they had fallen. Few perhaps of their ideas were new. Expositions or dreams of them existed in books; indistinctly in the records of the ancient philosophical fathers; prophetically in the hopes of modern moralists. But the peculiar claims of these men consisted in their bringing to practice, in the most humble and familiar manner, modes of treating human nature, which from long obsolescence had grown out of all memory. Youth of all ages, conditions, and pursuits had so long been given over to harsh feelings and the deadly doctrine of acquisitive knowledge, that the combined ideas of a loveliness of teacher, and the living source of truth in the taught, came upon the world as a wholly original discovery, involving the projector in all the difficulties and opposition with which genius is generally encountered. The world's gratitude has not, however, withheld the just tribute to these faithful innovators. But while personally to such men, and universally to their practical ideas, they now render due homage, the progressive minds of this age will not fail to perceive, that this movement was but preparative to a deeper and more important change. It was not a trifling task to persuade the pedant to lock up the ferule in his desk, and appeal for power to the love in his own bosom. This was a strange mode, he thought, of quelling a juvenile rebellion. Nor was it to him less heretical to think of folding his printed book for a moment, and essaying the experiment of developing *from* the pupils a clearer exposition of the law of number, or form, or of thought, than he could ever transfuse *into* them by means of the best book ever penned. The experiment, however, was tried, and wherever it was faithfully attempted success was certain.

And sufficient good has appeared to all unbiassed observers, to shake to its foundation the old and oppressive dogmatic discipline. Even in the most conservatorial recesses coercion and dictation begin to abate somewhat of their fury, making way for the developing principle, which must in turn yield to that inmost treatment now presented. The method of Instruction when conjoined with the doctrine, that the human mind is comparable to a fair blank sheet of paper, had arrived at its lowest degradation. The notion,

that the human soul is but a capacity, more or less extensive for the reception of impressions to be made upon it by surrounding objects through the external senses, seems to be the darkest, the most deathlike predicament in which humanity could be entrammelled. When Bacon, with manly and original vigor, encountered the school verbiage, into which discipline had fallen from those realities which the Aristotelian forms once represented, it is quite certain he could not have anticipated a mistake on the part of his pretended followers, equal to that into which the school men had erred. They had indeed forgotten the superior half, the *dimidium scientiæ* of their great and brilliant prototype.

The worse result of this error is its very general diffusion. The notion and the language of it pervades all ranks, much to the unmanning of humanity. Even now it is maintained that external objects strike the mind. When driven from this absurdity by the evident truth that the mind must be the actor, the first mover, and act through the senses *upon* the object; it is re-urged that the object acts upon the retina of the eye, making an impression there, and, through it, upon the mind. If this be followed up by showing that the object never can be the subject or actor; that the objective case is not the nominative case; the charge comes forth of verbal and unworthy distinctions with which the practical man will not trouble himself. We may appeal to the current language employed in every-day life, through the mouth and through the pen, for proof to what an extent this depressing idea prevails of man being passive to surrounding objects. It has in fact grown up into a sort of philosophy. The potency, the creative influence of circumstances is constantly pleaded, as the cause and excuse for a state of existence we are too idle or too indifferent to amend. No scholastic jargon, or idols of the mind, as Bacon called them, which his *Novum Organum* dethroned, could have exceeded in direful force the prevalence of this circumstantial philosophy.

Sincerity is the youthful attribute. Deference to things which exist, to persons placed in authority over youth, either by natural laws or social custom, is much more common than is supposed. When they discover at every turn their native vivacity repressed, and their spontaneity checked, by the most solemn assurances and uniform prac-

tice which could possibly be realized for a false theory, it would be wonderful indeed if they skepticized upon the subject. This being also the tenet of our most progressive outward philosophers, it has the charm of apparent advancement which youth demands. It thus has an interior as well as an exterior popularity, through which few minds, it seems, have power enough to break away into higher, clearer regions.

To borrow an illustration from the binder, the business of instruction is similar to that of gilding and lettering the backs of the books; putting ornaments on the edges and outsides of the leaves; while the process of development treats humanity as something more than a mere capacity to receive. It treats each individual as a book containing sentiments of its eternal author; not indeed born with expressions of ideas in forms, such as have been before employed; but a book which, when opened, when permitted to open, in daily intercourse with outward things, leaf by leaf, will unfold itself in modes and expressions ever new and beautiful. By treating the mind as a subservient passive blank, we go far to make it so. Dark prophecies are not unfrequently realized by the malicious efforts of the prognosticator. We must have faith for better success. Not only is the human soul comparable to a book in respect to the fact, that there is a progressive opening for an inner idea, occultly present previous to the development, but also in this, that the human soul is capable of a conscious union with the thread that passes through its inmost being, and binds all its leaves together. There is this *intensive* education, so generally remitted to the later incidents in human life, as well as the *extensive* and discursive education, which school development comprehends. In but one man does it seem to have been the pervading, the life-thought, the ever-present idea. Granting that Pestalozzi had an intuition of this inmost fact, and that much of *his own* proceeding had in view its realization in his pupils; yet from its obscurity in him, or the unpreparedness of the public mind, it was not declared in that lucid manner in which it now is announced. His interrogative mode too was so much more appropriate to the unfolding of a quick intellect than of a gentle heart, that we can scarcely attribute to him the design of directing the soul

to that one needful knowledge without which man is not man, life is not life.

Each of these principles has a mode. Instruction delivers its dogmas, Education interrogates, Spirit-culture is by conversation; conversation not in its narrow sense of idle talk, but in deep communion by tongue, pen, action, companionship, and every modification of living behavior, including that of its apparent opposite, even silence itself. Instruction may be Pythagorean; Education, Socratic; but Spirit-culture is Christ-like. Being the latter, it is also the two former, as far as they are consistent with pure intellectual affirmations, and spontaneous love.

Conversation, communion, connexion of heart with heart, the laying open of unsophisticated mind to unsophisticated mind, under the ever prevailing conviction of the Spirit's omnipresence, are the modes and the principle of Alcott's annunciation to mankind. Throughout and throughout he would have the One Omnipresent recognized in actual operations, even as in the title to the chapters in his published work. Without embarrassing the subject with the question, whether all improvement is bounded by this discovery, and whether so great a consummation remained for so humble an individual, one placed just under our own eyes, whom it is no rarity to see and hear, whom we are in daily familiarity with, we may be allowed to remark, that we think the world justly owes itself an inquiry and an effort to realize this idea to the fullest. On all sides we find the admission, that something further is to come. We have not arrived at the happy point. Our young men, saturated with antique lore in theological seminaries, are scarcely to be enumerated amongst the wholesome specimens of human intelligence or religious love. Our young women, though free from the toils of Latin and Greek, and given over a little to the idea of development, are yet far from the millennial state, which a parent desires, or a husband would cherish. The best practice of the best theories, hitherto promulgated, leaves room enough for the invitation of some further proposition; and such we have now presented to us.

True conversation seems not yet to be understood. The value of it therefore cannot be duly prized. Its holy freedom, equidistant from hot licentiousness on the one hand,

and cold formality on the other, presents constantly to the living generous mind a sphere for inquiry and expression, boundless as the soul itself. This true communion permits all proper modes to be employed, without a rigid or exclusive adherence to any particular one. There may be a time for Quaker silence, for Episcopalian monotony, or for Unitarian rhetoric. Instruction requires its pupils to be passive to the lecture or the strictly defined task. Development calls for answers limited to its initiatory questions; while Conversation goes beyond these two, not by annihilating them, not by disusing or condemning them, but by mingling them, as occasion may demand, in that process which equally permits the pupil to interrogate or to make a statement of his own flowing thought. It opens every channel to the inexhaustible sluices of the mind. It demands no dogged, slavish obedience, it imposes no depressing formula, it weighs not down the being with an iron discipline, that when removed is found to be the spring to riot and debauchery; but leaving to the artless spontaneity of pure infancy the free expression of itself, attains the highest end in education, so far as human means can serve it. This expression of itself, or, in preferable terms, the free, full, and natural expression of the Spirit through humanity, is the high destiny in our earthly existence. More than this cannot be promised or praised of any piece of human organization. The tendency in all our systems to become stereotypé moulds, for the fixing of the new generation according to the pattern of the old, is still an argument for the trial of new plans. But every system was doubtless good in its own day, and in its original author's hands. Grant "us youth" the same privilege ungrudgingly, which was conceded or assumed by our ancestors. The virtuous institutions of to-day will become corrupt within ten short years. The reformer himself needs to be reformed in his ideas, as soon as he has obtained his ideal reform. We must not freeze the gushing stream so near its source, but let it sparkle in the summer sun. Let us have the last deep thought fresh from the infant soul, and if it be inconsistent with its previous utterance, so let it be. Is it true, is it honest, is it faithful, are questions which the teacher may ask; not is it consistent with my views or system. Consistency is an attribute of the rusty

weather-vane, and is not to enforce a compliance by youthful joy to hoary sadness.

In every such attempt as this to better humanity, the cry of alarm is raised, that our sons and daughters may indeed become poetic, but they will stand forth in the world useless and neglected. And in addition to this apprehension, the description we have submitted may have excited the idea, that a state of complete lawlessness must ensue, that humanity would again become wild, a cunning wilderness throughout, in which selfishness alone could reign.

Parents perhaps must be permitted without contradiction to pronounce upon the degree of selfishness, which entered into the procreation of their offspring. This spontaneous kind of education certainly gives a greater degree of liberty to the being, such as he is, than any other. But it does so in a godlike faith, in something more than faith, in a religious certainty in the teacher's own bosom, that if he himself be freed, if he be true, honest, and faithful, he shall not in vain appeal to the free-making spirit in the little one. And, whether as parent or friend, none other than the free should venture upon the tender and hallowed ground of Spirit. No one can in fact enter these holy precincts, except so far as he is in real liberty. The rudeness of anger, the vileness of selfishness, the haste of doctrinism, close the young bud of as the human soul, the hand of man causes the tender leaf of the sensitive plant to be curled up. Its native cry is, touch not me. The soul is sealed against such violent assaults, and not always are the natural parents fitted to become the best spiritual ones. On the contrary, the probability is that the quality or organ, too prominent in the parent, shall be that one which is uppermost in the offspring also; so that when they begin to be active to each other nothing but a perpetual clashing must ensue. And this must continue until we have a diviner generation.

Numerous are the beautiful sentiments which we have heard in behalf of the unbroken connexion between mother and child. True in a practical sense they would undoubtedly be, as in idea they are beautiful, were but the mothers as practically true and beautiful. Until then we are bound to admit that a temporary sphere, superior to the parental home, may sometimes be discovered. There

are minds born with an intuition for this art, this highest of the fine arts, and of these, Pestalozzi and Alcott are distinguished masters. In the former there was a strong *desire* to throw the activity upon the child; in the latter there is more *success*. There is sometimes an urgency in the developing system, especially on the part of those who adopt it imitatively, which in the deeper mode is resolved into quiet patience. The thought may be enshrined in the soul, the feeling may to-day be most intense, but we must wait for the season of expression.

To aim at brilliant immediate results, is as fatal as to enforce apparent consistency. Humanity needs above all things a larger faith. It is the heavenly privilege to hope against rational expectation. In childhood we shall find the largest confession of faith. This we should encourage to the freest expression without, and to the fondest cherishing within. We encourage it most, we cherish infant purity in every aspect, in the highest degree, when we neither check it nor hasten it. When Rousseau said, "Education is that art in which we must lose time in order to gain it," he might, had he been faithful himself to the Spirit, have given a deeper turn to his thought, and have announced, that education is a process in which we may use time in order to gain eternity. A higher reality than time, or brilliant show, is to be gained in education, which by Alcott is designated Spirit-culture.

We foresee several objections which will be raised against these principles; or in preferable language we may say, we perceive several classes of objectors as likely to arise. In the estimation of one class there will be too much abstraction; that is to say, too frequent an allusion from facts in the outward world to those in the inner world. In the opinion of another class, there will not be religion enough; that is to say, there will not be allusion enough, direct and unallegorized, to the interior life. Some parents will conclude there is too strong a tendency to definition, while others determine that every subject is treated in a vague manner, and that their children on quitting such a school would in themselves be vain and pedantic, and for themselves as well as their neighbors, ignorant and useless beings. It will be said, that while they may possibly pick

up a few words, they will be singularly destitute of knowledge.

Such contradictory estimates must be allowed in part to neutralize each other. Parents, as well as observers generally, can only judge from their own position, and that unfortunately is not the position of childhood. At least the parent might grant as much liberty of thought and action to one, who devotes sincerely and purely an entire life to the education of children, as he does to the baker, who provides the bread. The teacher must daily endure more dictation than the physician, or even the shoemaker, has inflicted on him during his whole career. But this extreme parental criticism arises from the most sacred feelings. Undoubtedly. So also do the improved modes of the teacher. If they do not, the parent should not confide his offspring to him.

The ends proposed in education are so very various, that it is scarcely possible to address all minds at once. Although, in general terms, the ultimate or final end is the happiness of their children, yet the intermediate or educative ends are almost as various as the parents. Nay, even the two parents in one family are not always agreed upon the subject. If the desire be to see the boy qualified to become a man of business, every moment devoted to art or moral culture will be deemed so much time and thought surreptitiously abstracted from the true end. If the girl be designed for an artist, the pencil must be perpetually in hand. But what has the true teacher to do with these projects? They have little concern with the soul's legitimate wants. Thoughtless or selfish as may have been the child's generation, there is yet a power in it which shall better instruct the teacher what is the peculiar end in its earthly existence, than the ambitious aspiration in the parents. This is a point to be determined between the teacher and child, rather than between the parent and teacher.

The objections of the exoteric mind we would meet by observing, that too much haste is shown in drawing conclusions. The schoolmaster is not so fortunate as the shoemaker, for his work is never finished, and he is sure to be checked, criticised, and stopped in the process. A vast proficiency may appear in a short time by a display of the imitative powers. But the demand in the child's nature is to

have its creative powers developed. A clever trading teacher can send home the boy's book filled with writing, drawing, and arithmetic of an apparently excellent character; while the child shall really know very little of the laws of form or number. On the other hand, the pupil, in whom the powers or laws shall really be better developed, may be yet unable to make so good-looking an outward display. No trifling or ordinary observing powers are competent to forming a judgment on the state of a young person's soul, or on the processes which are going on within it. The examination of a school must be carried deeper than counting the scholars, measuring the length of the desks, or examining the ventilation. The abiding interest manifested by many talented parents in their frequent attendance at Mr. Alcott's school, as recorded in these excellent works, is a cheering proof that this valuable process was not altogether unappreciated, and is also a specimen of what school examination should be. It is a trite remark, that no one really knows what the action "to learn" is, until he begins to teach. At least we might, then, require of parents that they should put themselves into a like position, as nearly as possible, with their children, before they pronounce on the merits of the school. Children and parents should, in fact, be taught together; and it is only in default of willingness on the part of the latter to learn that which can only be learnt in the deepest life-experiences, that renders other aid necessary. Talent is not the deficiency, for the needful talent would arise in the process, but the unselfish will is not yet present. And it does seem hardly suitable that self-will, though enshrined in the parental bosom, should interpose between the soul which is given up to human good and its outworking. For such is the condition of the teacher, or he is an impostor, and is not for one moment to be trusted with babies and their hornbook. If the parent does not choose this position, rather, then, permit the child to determine the value of the process and its end.

Most thinkers have now arrived at the perception, that there is a double process in teaching; namely, a developing action, which serves to bring out in order and harmony all the innate powers, capacities, and organs; and an instructive operation, which lays gradually before the child,

in a manner suited to the several stages in its development, the accumulated records of past events. When the first mentioned of these ideas was in recent times anew proposed to the world, the outcry was, "Oh, you will make the children wiser than their fathers." But these grey-beard sneers prevailed not. Silence ensued, if not conviction. Tolerance, if not liberty, was won for the human race. But dumb toleration probably yet hides remains of the old feeling. When spirit-culture is spoken of in some circles, there are still discoverable symptoms of condemnation, as of a needless novelty, a vain refinement. "Why pester the children continually, and on every subject, with this allusion to Spirit? I do not very well understand what you would be at; but if I can see any meaning at all in it, we hear enough about it from the minister on the seventh day, and I would prefer you should send home my children sharper and well informed in arithmetic, geography, and the like, to leading them into this abstruse matter. I have got on very well without it, and so can they. I like all sorts of improvement very well, but in this, I think, you go needlessly beyond the mark." Such is the sentiment which, in colloquial language like this, we shall not travel far without hearing. Neither shall we have occasion to travel far for the true solution. It is within us.

Before the soul, or human spirit, can be satisfied, can be made happy, it must know whereof itself is. The knowledge of earth, and plants, and animals, and arts, and trade, fills not the soul with satisfying supplies. With matter and material things there is no possibility of our failing to become acquainted; but even the harmonious relationships of these remain an inexplicable oracle without a spirit-intellection. There are these two sides to mental education, the side of Spirit, and the side of Nature. The former is internal to the soul, the latter external. Nature is not necessarily material, for there are the natural affections and feelings, the loves and hopes in man, which are not material; neither are they Spirit; they are natural. In order to the attainment of true and perfect humanity, in order to tend that way, it is needful that education should take the side of Spirit. Would the chymist know the secret in his experiment, he must study the law

or element in his solvent, and not seek it in the thing solved, or in the crucible which contains it. The mental crucible is the object of study; the solvent is the soul; the power in the solvent is the Spirit. No satisfactory solution of any material, or mental phenomena, can be attained without the conscious inpresence of Spirit. True, the Spirit is always present; the omnipresent is always omnipresent; and the teacher can make neither more nor less of that eternal fact. Such is the reply of the outward mind; on which it may be submitted, that it does make an immense difference. It makes all possible difference for human good or ill, for misery or happiness, whether the human soul is or is not, as continually, perpetually, and in all things as consciously sensible of the Spirit-presence, as in reality and in fact it is present. It is a sad mistake to determine that this vital fact can be overknown. Superabundantly spoken of, no doubt, it sometimes may be, but even that can hardly occur. For if the soul be not yet born into that inmost life, constant allusion by act, by bearing, by word, may surely be persevered in; and if the word, the idea, the fact be true to any auditor, no deterioration can occur by direct and frequent allusion. Familiarity with truth engenders no contempt. This course is no more than always takes place in every sphere in life. The language is echo to the being. The legislator in his hall, the merchant on the exchange, has his allusion to his supposed good, and, inferior as it is, no contempt or ridicule is by that means brought upon it. Artistic phraseology is strange to the trader's ears, because he lives not the artistic life, not because the phraseology is improper. Spirit language is strange to men, not on account of its irrelevancy to existence, but because they live a material life. It were better assuredly that men should be elevated to a higher life, than that language, and modes of treating the human soul, and aspirations for spirit-culture should descend to them!

In the ordinary interpretation of the term, we do not pretend to review these works. If we have in any degree opened in the reader's mind an idea of that spirit and system, which these books, like all others, can but faintly record, we have attained a satisfactory result. We are glad to find the sentiments, which the best men in all ages of

the world have held, confirmed in modern times by so pure a life, so intelligent an understanding, and so eloquent a speech as Mr. Alcott's. Instead of reproaching him for the introduction of doctrines too subtle for healthy appreciation by the young mind, the world might be reproached for so long withholding the rights of infancy from its neglected cravings.

The following beautiful passages are the best exposition we can offer of Mr. Alcott's intuition on the three grand points of Conversation, the Teacher, and Spirit-culture; the means, the actor, and the end.

"In conversation all the instincts and faculties of our being are touched. They find full and fair scope. It tempts forth all the powers. Man faces his fellow man. He holds a living intercourse. He feels the quickening life and light. The social affections are addressed; and these bring all the faculties in train. Speech comes unbidden. Nature lends her images. Imagination sends abroad her winged words. We see thought as it springs from the soul, and in the very process of growth and utterance. Reason plays under the mellow light of fancy. The Genius of the Soul is waked, and eloquence sits on her tuneful lip. Wisdom finds an organ worthy her serene utterances. Ideas stand in beauty and majesty before the soul.

"And Genius has ever sought this organ of utterance. It has given us full testimony in its favor. Socrates—a name that Christians can see coupled with that of their Divine Sage—descanted thus on the profound themes in which he delighted. The market-place; the workshop; the public streets; were his favorite haunts of instruction. And the divine Plato has added his testimony, also, in those enduring works, wherein he sought to embalm for posterity, both the wisdom of his master and the genius that was his own. Rich text-books these for the study of philosophic genius; next in finish and beauty to the specimens of Jesus as recorded by John.

"It is by such organs that Human Nature is to be unfolded into fulness. Yet for this, teachers must be men inspired with great and living Ideas. Such alone can pierce the customs and conventions that obscure the Soul's vision, and release her from the slavery of the corporeal life. And such are ever sent at the call of Humanity. Some God, instinct with the Idea that is to regenerate his age, appears in his time, as a flaming Herald, and sends abroad the Idea, which it is the mission of the age to organize in institutions, and quicken into manners. Such mould the Genius of the time. They revive in Humanity the lost Idea of its destiny, and reveal its fearful endowments. They vindi-

cate the divinity of man's nature, and foreshadow on the coming Time the conquests that await it. An Age pre-exists in them; and History is but the manifestation and issue of their Wisdom and Will. They are the Prophets of the Future.

“At this day, men need some revelation of Genius, to arouse them to a sense of their nature; for the Divine Idea of a Man seems to have died out of our consciousness. Encumbered by the gluts of the appetites, sunk in the corporeal senses, men know not the divine life that stirs within them, yet hidden and enchained. They do not revere their own being. And when the phenomenon of Genius appears, they marvel at its advent. Some Nature struggling with vicissitude tempts forth the Idea of Spirit from within, and unlooses the Promethean God to roam free over the earth. He possesses his Idea and brings it as a blessed gift to his race. With awe-struck visage, the tribes of semi-unfolded beings survey it from below, deeming it a partial or preternatural gift of the Divinity, into whose life and being they are forbidden, by a decree of the Eternal, from entering; whose laws they must obey, yet cannot apprehend. They dream not, that this phenomenon is but the complement of their common nature; and that in this admiration and obedience, which they proffer, is both the promise and the pledge of the same powers in themselves; that this is but their fellow-creature in the flesh. And the mystery remains sealed till it is seen, that this is but the unfolding of Being in its fulness; working free of every incumbrance, by possessing itself.

“For Genius is but the free and harmonious play of all the faculties of a human being. It is a Man possessing his Idea and working with it. It is the Whole Man—the central Will—working worthily, subordinating all else to itself; and reaching its end by the simplest and readiest means. It is Being rising superior to things and events, and transfiguring these into the Image of its own Spiritual Ideal. It is the Spirit working in its own way, through its own organs and instruments, and on its own materials. It is the Inspiration of all the faculties of a Man by a life conformed to his Idea. It is not indebted to others for its manifestation. It draws its life from within. It is self-subsistent. It feeds on Holiness; lives in the open vision of Truth; enrobes itself in the light of Beauty; and bathes its powers in the fount of Temperance. It aspires after the Perfect. It loves Freedom. It dwells in Unity. All men have it, yet it does not appear in all men. It is obscured by ignorance; quenched by evil; discipline does not reach it; nor opportunity cherish it. Yet there it is—an original, indestructible element of every spirit; and sooner or later, in this corporeal, or in the spiritual era—at some period of the Soul's development—it shall be tempted forth, and assert its claims in the life of the Spirit.

It is the province of education to wake it, and discipline it into the perfection which is its end, and for which it ever thirsts. Yet Genius alone can wake it. Genius alone inspire it. It comes not at the incantation of mere talent. It respects itself. It is strange to all save its kind. It shrinks from vulgar gaze, and lives in its own world. None but the eye of Genius can discern it, and it obeys the call of none else."

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"To work worthily, man must aspire worthily. His theory of human attainment must be lofty. It must ever be lifting him above the low plain of custom and convention, in which the senses confine him, into the high mount of vision, and of renovating ideas. To a divine nature, the sun ever rises over the mountains of hope, and brings promises on its wings; nor does he linger around the dark and depressing valley of distrust and of fear. The magnificent bow of promise ever gilds his purpose, and he pursues his way steadily, and in faith to the end. For Faith is the soul of all improvement. It is the Will of an Idea. It is an Idea seeking to embody and reproduce itself. It is the All-Proceeding Word going forth, as in the beginning of things, to incarnate itself, and become flesh and blood to the senses. Without this faith an Idea works no good. It is this which animates and quickens it into life. And this must come from living men.

"And such Faith is the possession of all who apprehend Ideas. And Genius alone can inspire. To nurse the young spirit as it puts forth its pinions in the fair and hopeful morning of life, it must be placed under the kindly and sympathizing agency of Genius—heaven-inspired and hallowed—or there is no certainty that its aspirations will not die away in the routine of formal tuition, or spend themselves in the animal propensities that coexist with it. Teachers must be men of genius. They must be inspired. The Divine Idea of a Man must have been unfolded from their being, and be a living presence. Philosophers, and Sages, and Seers—the only real men—must come, as of old, to the holy vocation of unfolding humanity. Pythagoras, Socrates, and Plato, and the Diviner Jesus, must be raised up to us, to breathe their wisdom and will into the genius of our era, to recast our institutions, remould our manners, and regenerate our men. Philosophy and Religion, descending from the regions of cloudy speculation, must thus become denizens of our common earth, known among us as friends, and uttering their saving truths through the mouths of our little ones. Thus shall our being be unfolded. Thus the Idea of a man be reinstated in our consciousness. And thus shall Man grow up, as the tree of the primeval woods, luxuriant, vigorous—armed at all points, to brave the winds and the storms

of the finite and the mutable—bearing his Fruit in due season.

“To fulfil its end, Instruction must be an Inspiration. The true Teacher must inspire in order to unfold. He must know that instruction is something more than mere impression on the understanding. He must feel it to be a kindling influence; that, in himself alone, is the quickening, informing energy; that the life and growth of his charge pre-exist in him. He is to hallow and refine as he tempts forth the soul. He is to inform the understanding; by chastening the appetites, allaying the passions, softening the affections, vivifying the imagination, illuminating the reason, giving pliancy and force to the will; for a true understanding is the issue of these powers, working freely and in harmony with the Genius of the soul, conformed to the law of Duty. He is to put all the springs of Being in motion. And to do this, he must be the personation and exemplar of what he would unfold in his charge. Wisdom, Truth, Holiness, must have pre-existence in him, or they will not appear in his pupils. These influence alone in the concrete. They must be made flesh and blood in him, to re-appear to the senses, and subordinate all to their own force; and this too, without violating any Law, spiritual, intellectual, corporeal—but in obedience to the highest Agency, co-working with God. Under the melting force of Genius, thus employed, Mind shall become fluid, and he shall mould it into Types of Heavenly Beauty. Its agency is that of mind leaping to meet mind; not of force acting on opposing force. The Soul is touched by the live coal of his lips. A kindling influence goes forth to inspire; making the mind think; the heart feel; the pulse throb with his own. He arouses every faculty. He awakens the Godlike. He images the fair and full features of a Man. And thus doth he drive at will the drowsy Brute, that the eternal hath yoked to the chariot of Life, to urge man across the Finite!

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“Our plans of influence, to be successful, must become more practical. We must be more faithful. We must deal less in abstractions; depend less on precepts and rules. We must fit the soul for duty by the practice of duty. We must watch and enforce. Like unsleeping Providence, we must accompany the young into the scenes of temptation and trial, and aid them in the needful hour. Duty must sally forth an attending Presence into the actual world, and organize to itself a living body. It must learn the art of uses. It must incorporate itself with Nature. To its sentiments we must give a Heart. Its Ideas we must arm with Hands. For it ever longs to become flesh and blood. The Son of God delights to take the Son of Man as a co-mate, and to bring flesh and blood even to the very gates of

the Spiritual Kingdom. It would make the word Flesh, that it shall be seen and handled and felt.

“The Culture, that is alone worthy of Man, and which unfolds his Being into the Image of its fulness, casts its agencies over all things. It uses Nature and Life as means for the Soul’s growth and renewal. It never deserts its charge, but follows it into all the relations of Duty. At the table it seats itself, and fills the cup for the Soul; caters for it; decides when it has enough; and heeds not the clamor of appetite and desire. It lifts the body from the drowsy couch; opens the eyes upon the rising sun; tempts it forth to breathe the invigorating air; plunges it into the purifying bath; and thus whets all its functions for the duties of the coming day. And when toil and amusement have brought weariness over it, and the drowsed senses claim rest and renewal, it remands it to the restoring couch again, to feed it on dreams. Nor does it desert the Soul in seasons of labor, of amusement, of study. To the place of occupation it attends it, guides the corporeal members with skill and faithfulness; prompts the mind to diligence; the heart to gentleness and love; directs to the virtuous associate; the pure place of recreation; the innocent pastime. It protects the eye from the foul image; the vicious act; the ear from the vulgar or profane word; the hand from theft; the tongue from guile; —urges to cheerfulness and purity; to forbearance and meekness; to self-subjection and self-sacrifice; order and decorum; and points, amid all the relations of duty, to the Law of Temperance, of Genius, of Holiness, which God hath established in the depths of the Spirit, and guarded by the unsleeping sentinel of Conscience, from violation and defilement. It renews the Soul day by day.” —*Spiritual Culture*, pp. 87–105.

The mind, which applies to these sentiments the noblest interpretation, will see through the New England idiom, which is occasionally perhaps rather egoistic to ears educated in an older routine; and recognise throughout the working of the same spirit which has animated the good in all ages.

Any one, who has attended a public meeting, and has afterwards read a printed report of it in the newspapers, will have experienced the insufficiency of any recital in imparting a semblance of the life and creative energy in the original. How then shall free, though orderly conversations be adequately reported? Conversations moreover with children full of animated thoughts, and upon the deepest subjects within their power. Yet some of these spirit-communings are so happy, and so happily recorded,

that we cannot forbear quoting one of them, that parents and teachers may see the entire possibility of applying these high principles of moral culture to actual practice.

CONVERSATION XXXIII.

SPIRITUAL WORSHIP.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

Conversation of Jesus with the Samaritan Woman, from the Sacred Text, — Immortality. — Emblem of Holiness. — Idolatry. — Spiritual Worship. — Sincerity. — Idea of Prayer. — Actual Prayer. — Responsive Prayer. — Ritual of Worship. — Prayer of Faith. — Forgiveness. — Dramatic Prayer. — Devotion to the Holy. — Idea of Universal Adoration and Praise. — Reverence of the Godlike in Conscience — Reverence of Humanity. — Reverence of the Invisible — Admiration of Nature. — Spiritual Awe. — Supremacy of Spirit over Nature. — Worldliness. — Release from the Flesh. — Instinct of Adoration in Infancy. — Subject.

Mr. Alcott read the remainder of the

CONVERSATION OF JESUS WITH THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.

JOHN iv. 16-30.

- Worship. 16. Jesus saith unto her, Go, call thy husband and come hither.
 17. The woman answered and said, I have no husband. Jesus said unto her, Thou hast well said, I have no husband:
 18. For thou hast had five husbands; and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband; in that saidst thou truly.
 19. The woman saith unto him, Sir, I perceive that thou art a prophet.
 20. Our fathers worshipped in this mountain; and ye say, that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship.
 21. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, believe me, the hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father.
 22. Ye worship ye know not what: we know what we worship: for salvation is of the Jews.
 23. But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship him.
 24. God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.
 25. The woman saith unto him, I know that Messias cometh, which is called Christ: when he is come, he will tell us all things.
 26. Jesus saith unto her, I that speak unto thee am he.
 27. And upon this came his disciples, and marvelled that he talked with the woman: yet no man said, What seekest thou? or, Why talkest thou with her?
 28. The woman then left her waterpot, and went her way into the city, and saith to the men,
 29. Come, see a man, which told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ?
 30. Then they went out of the city, and came unto him.

(Before he had time to ask the usual question.)

Immortality SAMUEL T. (*spoke*) I was most interested in this verse: "He that drinks of this water shall thirst again, but he that drinks of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst." He means by this, that those who heard what he taught, and did it, should live always, should never die, their spirits should never die.

MR. ALCOTT. Can spirit die?

SAMUEL T. For a spirit to die is to leave off being good.

Emblem of
Holiness.

EDWARD J. I was interested in the words, "For the water I shall give him will be in him a well of water." I think it means, that when people are good and getting better, it is like water springing up always. They have more and more goodness.

SAMUEL R. Water is an emblem of Holiness.

MR. ALCOTT. Water means Spirit pure and unspoiled.

EDWARD J. It is holy spirit.

Idolatry.

ELLEN. I was most interested in these words, "Ye worship ye know not what." The Samaritans worshipped idols, and there was no meaning to that.

MR. ALCOTT. What do you mean by their worshipping idols?

ELLEN. They cared about things more than God.

MR. ALCOTT. What kind of false worship do you think Jesus was thinking about, when he said, "Woman, the hour is coming and now is, when neither in this mountain —"?

ELLEN. Oh! She thought the place of worship was more important than the worship itself.

MR. ALCOTT. Well! how did Jesus answer that thought?

ELLEN. He told her what she ought to worship, which was more important than where.

MR. ALCOTT. Some of you perhaps have made this mistake, and thought that we only worshipped God in churches and on Sundays. How is it — who has thought so?

(Several held up hands, smiling.)

Who knew that we could worship God any where?

(Others held up hands.)

Spiritual
Worship.

What other worship is there beside that in the Church?

EDWARD J. The worship in our hearts.

MR. ALCOTT. How is that carried on?

EDWARD J. By being good.

NATHAN. We worship God by growing better.

AUGUSTINE. We worship God when we repent of doing wrong.

Sincerity.
JOSIAH. I was most interested in this verse, "God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." It means that to feel our prayers is more important than to say the words.

LEMUEL. And when we pray and pray sincerely.

MR. ALCOTT. What is praying sincerely?

LEMUEL. Praying the truth.

MR. ALCOTT. What is to be done in praying the truth? When you think of prayer, do you think of a position of the body — of words?

LEMUEL. (*Earnestly.*) I think of something else, but I cannot express it.

MR. ALCOTT. Josiah is holding up his hand; can he express it?

IDEA OF PRAYER. JOSIAH (*burst out,*) To pray, Mr. Alcott, is to be good, really; you know it is better to be bad before people, and to be good to God alone, because then we are good for goodness' sake, and not to be seen, and not for people's sake. Well, so it is with prayer. There must be nothing outward about prayer; but we must have some words, sometimes; sometimes we need not. If we don't feel the prayer, it is worse than never to say a word of prayer. It is wrong not to pray, but it is more wrong to speak prayer and not pray. We had better do nothing about it, Mr. Alcott! we must say words in a prayer, and we must feel the words we say, and we must do what belongs to the words.

ACTUAL PRAYER. MR. ALCOTT. Oh! there must be doing, must there?

JOSIAH. Oh! yes, Mr. Alcott! doing is the most important part. We must ask God for help, and at the same time try to do the thing we are to be helped about. If a boy should be good all day, and have no temptation, it would not be very much; there would be no improvement; but if he had temptation, he could pray and feel the prayer, and try to overcome it, and would overcome it; and then there would be a real prayer and a real improvement. That would be something. Temptation is always necessary to a real prayer, I think. I don't believe there is ever any real prayer before there is a temptation; because we may think and feel and say our prayer; but there cannot be any doing, without there is something to be done.

MR. ALCOTT. Well, Josiah, that will do now. Shall some one else speak?

JOSIAH. Oh, Mr. Alcott, I have not half done.

RESPONSIVE PRAYER. EDWARD J. Mr. Alcott, what is the use of responding in church?

MR. ALCOTT. Cannot you tell?

EDWARD J. No; I never knew

JOSIAH. Oh! Mr. Alcott!

MR. ALCOTT. Well, Josiah, do you know?

JOSIAH. Why, Edward! is it not just like a mother's telling her child the words? The child wants to pray; it don't know how to express its real thoughts, as we often say to Mr. Alcott here; and the mother says words, and the child repeats after her the words.

EDWARD J. Yes; but I don't see what good it does.

JOSIAH. What! if the mother says the words, and the child repeats them and feels them — really wants the things that are prayed for — can't you see that it does some good?

EDWARD J. It teaches the word-prayer — it is not the real prayer.

JOSIAH. Yet it must be the real prayer, and the real prayer must have some words.

Ritual of
Worship. But, Mr. Alcott, I think it would be a great deal better, if, at church, every body prayed for themselves. I don't see why one person should pray for all the rest. Why could not the minister pray for himself, and the people pray for themselves; and why should not all communicate their thoughts? Why should only one speak? Why should not all be preachers? Every body could say something; at least, every body could say their own prayers, for they know what they want. Every person knows the temptations they have, and people are tempted to do different things. Mr. Alcott! I think Sunday ought to come oftener.

MR. ALCOTT. Our hearts can make all time Sunday.

JOSIAH. Why then nothing could be done! There must be week-days, I know — some week-days; I said, Sunday oftener.

MR. ALCOTT. But you wanted the prayers to be doing prayers.

Prayer of Faith. Now some of the rest may tell me, how you could pray doing prayers.

GEORGE K. Place is of no consequence. I think prayer is in our hearts. Christian prayed in the cave of Giant Despair. We can pray any where, because we can have faith any where.

MR. ALCOTT. Faith, then, is necessary?

GEORGE K. Yes; for it is faith that makes the prayer.

MR. ALCOTT. Suppose an instance of prayer in yourself.

GEORGE K. I can pray going to bed or getting up.

MR. ALCOTT. You are thinking of time, — place, — words.

GEORGE K. And feelings and thoughts.

MR. ALCOTT. And action?

GEORGE K. Yes; action comes after.

JOHN B. When we have been doing wrong and are sorry, we pray to God to take away the evil.

MR. ALCOTT. What evil, the punishment?

Forgiveness. **JOHN B.** No; we want the forgiveness.

MR. ALCOTT. What is for-give-ness, is it any thing given?

LEMUEL. Goodness, Holiness.

JOHN B. And the evil is taken away.

MR. ALCOTT. Is there any action in all this?

JOHN B. Why yes! there is thought and feeling.

MR. ALCOTT. But it takes the body also to act; what do the hands do?

JOHN B. There is no prayer in the hands!

MR. ALCOTT. You have taken something that belongs to another; you pray to be forgiven; you wish not to do so again; you are sorry. Is there any thing to do?

JOHN B. If you injure any body, and can repair it, you must, and you will, if you have prayed sincerely; but that is not the prayer.

MR. ALCOTT. Would the prayer be complete without it?

JOHN B. No.

ANDREW. Prayer is in the Spirit.

MR. ALCOTT. Does the Body help the Spirit?

ANDREW. It don't help the prayer.

MR. ALCOTT. Don't the lips move?

Dramatic Prayer.

ANDREW. But have the lips any thing to do with the prayer?

MR. ALCOTT. Yes; they may. The whole nature may act together; the body pray; and I want you to tell an instance of a prayer in which are thoughts, feelings, action; which involves the whole nature, body and all. There may be prayer in the palms of our hands.

ANDREW. Why, if I had hurt any body, and was sorry and prayed to be forgiven, I suppose I should look round for some medicine and try to make it well.

(Mr. Alcott here spoke of the connexion of the mind with the body, in order to make his meaning clearer.)

SAMUEL R. If I had a bad habit and should ask God for help to break it; and then should try so as really to break it—that would be a prayer.

CHARLES. Suppose I saw a poor beggar-boy hurt, or sick, and all bleeding; and I had very nice clothes, and was afraid to soil them, or from any such cause should pass him by, and by and bye I should look back and see another boy helping him, and should be really sorry and pray to be forgiven—that would be a real prayer; but if I had done the kindness at the time of it, that would have been a deeper prayer.

AUGUSTINE. When any body has done wrong, and does not repent for a good while, but at last repents and prays to be forgiven, it may be too late to do any thing about it; yet that might be a real prayer.

MR. ALCOTT. Imagine a real doing prayer in your life.

LUCIA. Suppose, as I was going home from school, some friend of mine should get angry with me, and throw a stone at me; I could pray not to be tempted to do, the same, to throw a stone at her, and would not.

MR. ALCOTT. And would the not doing any thing in that case be a prayer and an action? Keeping your body still would be the body's part of it.

LUCIA. Yes.

ELLEN. I heard a woman say, once, that she could pray best

when she was at work; that when she was scouring floor she would ask God to cleanse her mind.

Devotion to the Holy. MR. ALCOTT. I will now vary my question. Is there any prayer in Patience?

ALL. A great deal.

MR. ALCOTT. In Impatience?

ALL. No; not any.

MR. ALCOTT. In Doubt?

GEORGE K. No; but in Faith.

MR. ALCOTT. In Laziness?

ALL (*but Josiah.*) No; no kind of prayer.

JOSIAH. I should think that Laziness was the prayer of the body, Mr. Alcott.

MR. ALCOTT. Yes; it seems so. The body tries to be still more body; it tries to get down into the clay; it tries to sink; but the spirit is always trying to lift it up and make it do something.

EDWARD J. Lazy people sometimes have passions that make them act.

MR. ALCOTT. Yes; they act downwards.

Is there any prayer in disobedience?

ALL. No.

MR. ALCOTT. Is there any in submission?

In forbearing when injured?

In suffering for a good object?

In self-sacrifice?

ALL. (*Eagerly to each question.*) Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes.

(*Mr. Alcott here made some very interesting remarks on loving God with all our heart, soul, mind, &c., and the Idea of Devotion it expressed. Josiah wanted to speak constantly, but Mr. Alcott checked him, that the others might have opportunity, though the latter wished to yield to Josiah.*)

Idea of Universal Adoration and Praise. JOSIAH (*burst out,*) Mr. Alcott! you know Mrs. Barbauld says in her hymns, Every thing is prayer; every action is prayer; all nature prays; the bird prays in singing; the tree prays in growing; men pray; men can pray more; we feel; we have more—more than nature; we can know and do right; Conscience prays; all our powers pray; action prays. Once we said here, that there was a "Christ in the bottom of our Spirits" when we try to be good; then we pray in Christ; and that is the whole.*

MR. ALCOTT. Yes, Josiah, that is the whole. That is Universal Prayer—the adoration of the Universe to its Author!

* This improvisation is preserved in its words. Josiah, it may be named, was under seven years of age, and the other children were chiefly between the ages of six and twelve years.

Reverence of
the Gift-like in
Conscience.

CHARLES. I was most interested in this verse—
“The day is coming, and now is, when men shall
worship the Father,” &c. I think that this means
that people are about to learn what to worship, and where.

MR. ALCOTT. Have you learned this to-day?

CHARLES. Yes; I have learnt some new things, I believe.,

MR. ALCOTT. What are you to worship?

CHARLES. Goodness.

MR. ALCOTT. Where is it?

CHARLES. Within.

MR. ALCOTT. Within what?

CHARLES. Conscience, or God.

MR. ALCOTT. Are you to worship Conscience?

CHARLES. Yes.

MR. ALCOTT. Is it any where but in yourself?

CHARLES. Yes; it is in Nature.

MR. ALCOTT. Is it in other people?

Reverence of
Humanity.

CHARLES. Yes; there is more or less of it in other
people, unless they have taken it out.

MR. ALCOTT. Can it be entirely taken out?

CHARLES. Goodness always lingers in Conscience.

MR. ALCOTT. Is Conscience any where but in Human
Nature?

CHARLES. It is in the Supernatural.

Reverence of
the Invisible.

MR. ALCOTT. You said at first that there was
something in outward Nature, which we should wor-
ship.

CHARLES. No; I don't think we should worship any thing
but the Invisible.

MR. ALCOTT. What is the Invisible?

CHARLES. It is the Supernatural.

JOHN B. It is the Inward — the Spiritual.

But I don't see why we should not worship the sun a little as
well —

MR. ALCOTT. As well as the Sunmaker? But there
are sun-worshippers.

JOHN B. Yes; a little; for the sun gives us light
and heat.

MR. ALCOTT. What is the difference between your feeling
when you think of the sun, or the ocean, (*he described some
grand scenes,*) and when you think of Conscience acting in such
cases as — (*he gave some striking instances of moral power.*) Is
there not a difference?

(*They raised their hands.*)

What is the name of the feeling with which you look at
Nature?

SEVERAL. Admiration.

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MR. ALCOTT. But when Conscience governs our weak body, is it not a Supernatural Force? Do you not feel the awe of the inferior before a superior nature? And is not that worship? The sun cannot produce it.

JOSIAH. Spirit worships Spirit. Clay worships Spirit. Clay worships Clay.

MR. ALCOTT. Wait a moment, Josiah. I wish to talk with the others; let me ask them this question; — Do you feel that Conscience is stronger than the mountain, deeper and more powerful than the ocean? Can you say to yourself, I can remove this mountain?

JOSIAH (*burst out*.) Yes, Mr. Alcott! I do not mean that with my body I can lift up a mountain — with my hand; but I can feel; and I know that my Conscience is greater than the mountain, for it can feel and do; and the mountain cannot. There is the mountain, there! It was made and that is all. But my Conscience can grow. It is the same kind of Spirit as made the mountain be, in the first place. I do not know what it may be and do. The Body is a mountain, and the Spirit says, be moved, and it is moved into another place.

MR. ALCOTT, we think too much about Clay. We should think of Spirit. I think we should love Spirit, not Clay. I should think a mother now would love her baby's Spirit; and suppose it should die, that is only the Spirit bursting away out of the Body. It is alive; it is perfectly happy; I really do not know why people mourn when their friends die. I should think it would be matter of rejoicing. For instance, now, if we should go out into the street and find a box, an old dusty box, and should put into it some very fine pearls, and bye and bye the box should grow old and break, why, we should not even think about the box; but if the pearls were safe, we should think of them and nothing else. So it is with the Soul and Body. I cannot see why people mourn for bodies.

MR. ALCOTT. Yes, Josiah; that is all true, and we are glad to hear it. Shall some one else now speak beside you?

JOSIAH. Oh, Mr. Alcott! then I will stay in the recess and talk.

MR. ALCOTT. When a little infant opens its eyes upon this world, and sees things out of itself, and has the feeling of admiration, is there in that feeling the beginning of worship?

JOSIAH. No, Mr. Alcott; a little baby does not worship. It opens its eyes on the outward world, and sees things, and perhaps wonders what they are; but it don't know any thing about them or itself. It don't know the uses of any thing; there is no worship in it.

MR. ALCOTT. But in this feeling of wonder and admiration which it has, is there not the beginning of worship that will at last find its object ?

JOSIAH. No; there is not even the beginning of worship. It must have some temptation, I think, before it can know the thing to worship.

MR. ALCOTT. But is there not a feeling that comes up from within, to answer to the things that come to the eyes and ears ?

JOSIAH. But feeling is not worship, Mr. Alcott.

MR. ALCOTT. Can there be worship without feeling ?

JOSIAH. No; but there can be feeling without worship. For instance, if I prick my hand with a pin, I feel, to be sure, but I do not worship.

MR. ALCOTT. That is bodily feeling. But what I mean is, that the little infant finds its power to worship in the feeling which is first only admiration of what is without.

JOSIAH. No, no; I know what surprise is, and I know what admiration is; and perhaps the little creature feels that. But she does not know enough to know that she has Conscience, or that there is temptation. My little sister feels, and she knows some things; but she does not worship.*

MR. ALCOTT. Now I wish you all to think. What have ^{subject.} we been talking about to-day ?

CHARLES. Spiritual Worship.

MR. ALCOTT. And what have we concluded it to be ?

CHARLES. The Worship of Spirit in Conscience.

One of the most frequent objections raised against the principle of an interior development is, that the answers are not really those of the children, but of the teacher. And in proof of this, parents have adduced the fact, that they never could succeed in eliciting such expressions from their own children, as these printed conversations report. The latter is quite true; but it does not prove the former assumption. A truly spiritual mind is requisite to the justly putting a spiritual question; and this is not attained by imitation, nor by education wholly, but by genius chiefly, by generation, by the Spirit's presence. In the few leisure moments of a mercantile man, there can be none of that large and deep preparation which preceded these remarka-

* Here I was obliged to pause, as I was altogether fatigued with keeping my pen in long and uncommonly constant requisition. I was enabled to preserve the words better than usual, because Josiah had so much of the conversation, whose enunciation is slow, and whose fine choice of language and steadiness of mind, makes him easy to follow and remember. — Recorder.

ble results, of which we readily concede such a parent may rationally doubt. The anxieties of domestic life, whether rich or poor, also preclude the mother from coming into that serene and high relationship to her little ones, without which no approach to spirit-culture can be effected. Scepticism is unavoidable until the doubter is in a position to try the experiment, and such position is unattainable while he doubts.

But supposing it were a fact, that the responses are not spontaneous but mere echoes of the teacher's mind, it is not a small achievement to have discovered a mode of tuition which, while it is highly agreeable to the student, succeeds so well in making him acquainted with the deepest facts of all existence. Could it not, then, still more easily open to him the superficial facts, to attain which years and years of dull laborious college life are painfully occupied? If the laws in moral consciousness can there be presented to children; assuredly the reported facts in history and language should not be suffered to be any longer a grievous burden to our young men.

The Record we estimate as a very valuable book for teachers, and *therefore* find it difficult to make any extract which shall do justice to the work. Nor is it needful in this case, as the book is within the reach of all. The talented Recorder informs us that

"This book makes no high pretensions. It is an address to parents, who are often heard to express their want of such principles, and such a plan, as it is even in the author's power to afford. It will perhaps be more useful than if it were a more elaborate performance; for many will take up the record of an actual school, and endeavor to understand its principles and plans, who would shrink from undertaking to master a work, professing to exhaust a subject, which has its roots and its issues in eternity; as this great subject of education certainly has." — *Preface to Record of a School, 1st Edition.*

A transcript of one of the quarterly cards will, however, help to some idea of the comprehensive extent of the tuition, and it offers a field worthy the diligent study of all teachers.



QUARTER CARD OF DISCIPLINE AND STUDIES IN MR. ALCOCK'S SCHOOL FOR THE WINTER TERM CURRENT 1871.

THE TUITION AND DISCIPLINE ARE ADDRESSED IN DUE PROPORTION TO THE THREEFOLD NATURE OF MAN.

THE SPIRITUAL FACULTY.

THE IMAGINATIVE FACULTY.

THE RATIONAL FACULTY.

MEANS OF ITS DIRECT CULTURE.
 Learning to Sacred Readings on Sunday Morning.
 Conversations on the GOSPELS.
 Keeping Journals.
 Self-Analysis and Self-Discipline.
 Conversations on Study and Behavior.
 Government of the School.

MEANS OF ITS DIRECT CULTURE.
 Spelling and Reading.
 Penning Geographic Maps.
 Writing Journals, Epistles, and Paraphrases.
 Illustrating Words.
 Conversations and Amusements.

MEANS OF ITS DIRECT CULTURE.
 Dishing Words.
 Analyzing Speech.
 Self-Analysis.
 Demonstrations in Arithmetic.
 Reasonings on Conduct and Discipline.
 Review of Conduct and Study.

The Subjects of Study and Means of Discipline are disposed through the Week in the following general Order.

TIME.	SUNDAY	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.
IX	SACRED READINGS, with CONVERSATIONS on the TEXT, (BEFORE CHURCH) with	WRITING JOURNALS and Studying Lessons.	WRITING JOURNALS and Studying Lessons.	WRITING JOURNALS and Studying Lessons.	WRITING JOURNALS and Studying Lessons.	WRITING JOURNALS and Studying Lessons.	WRITING JOURNALS and Studying Lessons.
X	READINGS with CONVERSATIONS	SPELLING with ILLUSTRATIVE CONVERSATIONS on the MEANING AND USE WORDS.	RECITATIONS in GEOGRAPHY, with CONVERSATIONS and ILLUSTRATIONS.	ANALYZING SPEECH WRITTEN AND VOCAL CONVERSATIONS on the PRINCIPLES OF GRAMMAR.	ARITHMETIC with DEMONSTRATIONS on WRITTEN MENTAL.	CONVERSATIONS on the BEHAVIOR and IMPROVEMENT.	CONVERSATIONS on the BEHAVIOR and IMPROVEMENT.
XI	TEXT, (BEFORE CHURCH) with	ILLUSTRATIONS on the MEANING AND USE WORDS.	CONVERSATIONS and ILLUSTRATIONS.	CONVERSATIONS on the MEANS of SPIRITUAL GROWTH.	CONVERSATIONS on the PRINCIPLES OF GRAMMAR.	CONVERSATIONS on the BEHAVIOR and IMPROVEMENT.	CONVERSATIONS on the BEHAVIOR and IMPROVEMENT.
X	READINGS and CONVERSATIONS	READING from CLASS-BOOKS.	WRITING PARAPHRASES.	CONVERSATIONS on NATURE.	WRITING EPISTLES.	READING from CLASS-BOOKS.	REVIEW of Studies and Conduct.
III	CONVERSATIONS at HOME.	STUDYING LATIN LESSONS with Recitations.	STUDYING FRENCH LESSON with Recitations.	RECREATIONS and DUTIES At Home.	STUDYING LATIN with Recitations.	STUDYING FRENCH with Recitations.	RECREATIONS and DUTIES At Home.
IV	CONVERSATIONS	STUDYING LATIN LESSONS with Recitations.	STUDYING FRENCH LESSON with Recitations.	RECREATIONS and DUTIES At Home.	STUDYING LATIN with Recitations.	STUDYING FRENCH with Recitations.	RECREATIONS and DUTIES At Home.

INTERMISSION FOR REFRESHMENT AND RECREATION.

RECREATION ON THE COMMON OR IN THE ANTE ROOM.

** Conversations on SPIRITUAL CULTURE on Friday Evening of each week, at the School Room No. 7, in the Temple; commencing at 7 o'clock.
 Teachers of Classes in Sunday Schools, parents, and others interested in Spiritual Culture, are respectfully invited to attend.
 Children of both sexes, between the ages of four and fourteen, are admitted to the exercises of the School.

We cannot avoid the conclusion, that Boston withheld her patronage from Mr. Alcott by reason of her failure to inquire into the merits of the case, and not because she had duly and fully investigated and calmly judged. None but a willing eye can appreciate. A love-insight in the observer is needful in order to understand the labors and motives of a love-inspired man. Shakspeare is to be judged by the Shakspeare standard, not by Homer's works. Milton must be studied in the Miltonic idea. This æsthetic law applies to the criticism of actual works. Let spirit-culture be viewed from the spirit-ground, and then the spectator may freely speak. On that ground we affirm, Boston should not have permitted such a son to have wanted her home-protection and support for one moment. Should the opportunity again be afforded, we hope it will be even in a broader and deeper manner, when the idea being presented in great integrity will be better understood and more favorably received.

C. I.

CANOVA.

Natura, onde legge ebbe ogni cosa,
Chi pietra, e moto in un congiunti vede,
Per un instante si riman pensosa!

Pindemonte on the Hebe of Canova.

I WELL remember when I first saw the work which called forth this graceful flattery. We saw very little sculpture here, and there was a longing for those serene creations, which correspond, both from the material used and the laws of the art, to the highest state of the mind. For the arts are no luxury, no mere ornament and stimulus to a civic and complicated existence, as the worldling and the ascetic alike delight in representing them to be, but the herbarium in which are preserved the fairest flowers of man's existence, the magic mirror by whose aid all its phases are interpreted, the circle into which the various spirits of the elements may be invoked and made to reveal the secret they elsewhere manifest only in large revolutions of time; and what philosophy, with careful steps and anx-

ious ear, has long sought in vain, is oftentimes revealed at once by a flash from this torch.

With thoughts like these, not clearly understood, but firmly rooted in the mind, was read an advertisement of "some of Canova's principal works, copied by his pupils." Canova! The name was famous. He was the pride of modern Italy, the prince of modern art, and now we were to see enough of the expressions of his thought to know how God, nature, and man stood related in the mind of this man. He had studied these in their eternal affinities, and written the result on stone. How much we should learn of the past, how stand assured in the present, how feel the wings grow for the future!

With such feelings we entered the cold and dingy room, far better prepared surely, than the chosen people, when they saw the prophet descend from the Mount of vision, with the record of the moral law also inscribed on stone. For they were led, but we were seekers. But, alas! alas! what dread downfall from this height of expectation! The Hebe, so extolled above, was the first object that met the eye. Hebe! Was this the ever-blooming joy that graced the golden tables?

Then there were the Dancers, there the Magdalen, Gods and Goddesses, Geniuses, with torches reversed, and other bright ideals of our thought, all so graceful, so beautifully draped and so—French it seemed to us, our own street figures infinitely refined—can this be all? Does not the artist, even, read any secret in his time beyond the love of approbation, the shades of sentiment, and the cultivation of the physique, not for health, but to charm the eyes of other men? We did not wish to see the old Greek majesty; what *that* says we knew. The coarsest plaster cast had shown us what they knew of the fulness of strength, fulness of repose, equipoise of faculties desirable for man. But was there nothing for us? No high meaning to the dark mysteries of our day, no form of peculiar beauty hid beneath its beggarly disguises?

Time has not changed this view of the works of Canova, but, after the first chill of disappointment was over, when we no longer expected to find a genius, a poet in the artist, we have learnt to value him as a man of taste, and to understand why he filled such a niche in the history of his

time. And what we partly knew before, has now been made more clear by Missirini's life of him, which has only of late fallen in our way, though published as early as 1824.

As the book has not, we believe, been translated, a notice of leading facts in the life, and version of passages in which Canova expressed his thoughts may be acceptable to the few, who have time to spare from rooting up tares in the field of polemics or politics, and can believe there is use in looking at the flowers of this heavenly garden through the fence which forbids Yankee hands their darling privilege to touch, at least, if they may not take.

Canova, as we have said, was not a genius, he did not work from the centre, he saw not into his own time, cast no light upon the future. As a man of taste, he refined the methods of his art, reformed it from abuses, well understood its more definite objects, and as far as talent and high culture could, fulfilled them. If not himself a great artist, he was, by his words and works, an able commentator on great artists. And intermediate powers of this kind must be held in honor, like ambassadors between nations, that might otherwise remain insular and poor.

As a character, he was religious in modesty, reverence, and fidelity. Life was truly to him a matter of growth, and action only so far valuable as expressive of this fact. It is therefore a pleasure to look on the chronicle of marble, where the meaning of his days is engraved. A monotony of conception, indeed, makes this a brief study, though the names alone of his works fill eighteen pages of Missirini's book. In labor, he was more indefatigable, probably, than if he had lived a deeper life; his was all one scene of outward labor, and meditation of its means, from childhood to advanced age; he never felt the needs common to higher natures, of leaving the mind at times fallow, that it may be prepared for a richer harvest; he never waited in powerless submission, for the uprise of the tide of soul. His works show this want of depth, and his views of art no less; but both have great merits as far as they go, — his works in their execution, his views as to accurate perceptions of the range of art, and the use of means.

It is intended to make farther use of the remarks of Canova in another way. But it will not forestall but rather

prepare for the relation in which they will there be placed to present them here. Not all are given but only that portion most important in the eyes of the translator.

These sayings of Canova were written down from his lips by his friend and biographer, Missirini, who seems an Italian in sensibility, and an Englishman in quiet self-respect. He has obviously given us, not only the thought but the turn of expression; there is in the original a penetrating gentleness, and artist-like grace which give a charm to very slight intimations. This fineness of tone, if not represented in its perfection by the English idiom, will not, I hope, be quite lost, for it is more instructive than the thoughts in detail. The same purity of manner, which so well expresses the habit of intercourse with the purest material and noblest of arts, gave dignity to Mr Greenough's late memorial to Congress on the subject of his Washington; and the need there displayed of stating anew to this country rules of taste, which have passed into maxims elsewhere, is reason enough why such remarks, as these of Canova, should be offered to the careful attention of persons, who wish to fit themselves for intelligent enjoyment of the beautiful arts.

When Missirini, struck by the excellence of what he wrote down from the familiar discourse of the master, urged him to publish his thoughts in print, he always declined, saying, "opinions, precepts, rules are well enough in their place, but example is far more valuable. It is my profession to work as well as I can, not to lecture; nor would I, for treasures, take upon myself the task of arguing with irritable pedants."

He said also that he did not confide in his own judgment as to the value of his observations; he knew only that they were "dictated by the intimate feeling of art, by meditation bent constantly upon it, and, finally, the mistress experience," that he had no pretensions which justified his imposing his opinion on others, but could only offer it for the private judgment of each hearer.

Let the reader then receive the following remarks as they were made, as familiar talk of the artist with the friends who loved him, and, if awake to such sympathies or with a mind exercised on such topics, he will scarcely fail to derive instruction and pleasure from the gentle flow

of earnest thought, and the air of delicacy and retirement in the mind of the thinker. We are with him in the still cool air of the studio, blocks of marble lie around, grand in their yet undisclosed secret, and the forms of nymphs and heroes inform the walls with their almost perfected beauty. The profound interpretations of a poetic soul, weaving into new forms the symbols of nature, and revealing her secret by divine re-creation, will not there be felt; the thoughts of this sculptor are only new readings of the text, faithful glosses in the margin, but as such, in themselves refined, and for us, in a high degree, refining and suggestive. Genius must congratulate herself on so faithful a disciple, though he be not a son, but a minister only of her royal house; and Art, having poured forth her gifts, must be grateful to one who knew so well how to prize, select, and dispose them.

OBSERVATIONS OF CANOVA, RECORDED BY MISSIRINI.

I.

Even because Canova had so at heart the interests of the arts, it grieved him to see such a multitude of young men devoting themselves to this service; for he said, they cannot, for the most part, fail to be poor and unhappy. Italy and the world are filled to satiety with works of art, and what employment can all these disciples find?—But the worst is that they will foster brute mediocrity, for excellence was never the portion of many, and through excellence alone can any good be effected. The academies should accept all to try the capacity of each, but when they have ascertained that a pupil has no extraordinary powers for art, then dismiss him, that he may, as a citizen, apply himself to some useful calling; for I fear that this multitude who are not fit for the upward path will drag down with them those who are better, and where they have begun to do ill, will run into every folly; for the arts, turned into the downward direction, find no stay, but are soon precipitated into total ruin.

II.

I do not call a work fine, merely because I find no faults in it. The most sublime works are not faultless; they are so

great because, beside the beauty which satisfies the intellect, they have the beauty of inspiration which assails the senses and triumphs over the heart; they have within themselves the affection, within themselves the life, and make us weep, rejoice, or be troubled at their will; and this is the true beauty.

III.

I am always studying the shortest and simplest way to reach my object, as the blow which comes most direct strikes with most force, whence I would not wish to be delayed by vain ornaments and distractions.

IV.

Imitate nature alone, not any particular master. If you go to the master, let it be that he may point out to you how you may see and copy nature, as she was by him seen and copied; study nature through his eyes, and choose rather the ancient, the Greek masters, for they more than any others had a free field for seeing and copying nature and knew better than any others how to do it.

But if you wish to imitate a master, especially in painting, do with him as with nature; that is to say, as in nature you choose the fairest features, so in the master choose out his better parts, and leave those in which he has shown his human imperfections. Too often the worst parts of a famous master are imitated as much as any.

V.

Do you seek in nature some beautiful part, and fail to find it, be not discouraged, continue long enough the search, and you will see it in some form at last; for all is to be found in nature, provided you know how to look for it.

But if you wish to be saved many and tedious researches, and proceed straight forward, I will teach you this way.

Become first of all skilful in your art, that is, know drawing, anatomy, and dignity, feel grace, understand and enjoy beauty, be moved by your own conceptions, possess, in short, all the requisites of art in an eminent degree, and you will find yourself in the secure way I mean.—And beware that you take no other.—Then, if you find in nature

some trait of admirable grace and beauty, it will suffice ; for you will know how to bring all other parts into harmony with this, and thus produce beautiful and perfect wholes.

But this, you say, is difficult. Well do I know it is difficult, and therefore I admonish you to give yourself with all your force to study; for when you are great in art, you will know no more of difficulties.

VI.

In daily life, I have always seen graceful men gain the advantage over severe men ; for grace is an omnipotence, conquering hearts. Be sure it is the same in art ; acquire grace, and you will be happy ; but take heed that, as the man who in society affects grace and has it not is disgraced, so the artist, who too sedulously seeks it, instead of pleasing annoys us. Hold thyself in the just medium. And this I say to you only in case you feel within yourself the native capacity for this graceful being ; for, if you are cold as to this amiable dominion, seek it not ; your case is desperate. Follow then art in its rigor, for severity has also its honor.

And the same temperance as in grace I would advise as to expression ; that you be always self-poised and composed, showing moderation and serenity of mind. All violence is deformity. This temperance gave the palm to Raphael above all the imitators of beauty.

VII.

Sculpture is only one of various dialects, through which the eloquence of art expresses nature. It is a heroic dialect, like tragedy among the poetic dialects, and, as the terrible is the first element of the tragic, so is the nude first element in the dialect of sculpture. And, as the terrible should in the tragic epopea be expressed with the utmost dignity, so the nude should in statuary be signified in the fairest and noblest forms.

Here art and letters agree as to the treatment of their subjects.

While invention and disposition keep close to nature and reason in elocution and execution, it is permitted and

required to leave the vulgar ways of custom and seek an expression, great, sublime, composed of what is best both in nature and idea.

VIII.

Money is in no way more legitimately gained than through the fine arts, because men can do without these objects, and are never forced by necessity to buy them. They are articles of luxury, and should leave no doubt of a free love in the buyer. Therefore, however great may be the price set upon a work of art, it can never be extravagant.

Rules and measurements, he observed to an artist, when just, are immutable for the artist who is not perfectly sure of himself, but a master sometimes shows the height of his intelligence by departing from them. For a great artist enjoys the liberty accorded by Aristotle, who says that, in some cases we should prefer a false vraisemblance to an displeasing truth.

The Niobe, for instance, is in wet drapery and so are many other antique figures. This is not true; but if the artist had adhered to truth, he would have been traitor to his art by foolishly encumbering the forms; thus he preferred a falsity, which brought him a beautiful verisimilitude, since, through the wet and adhesive drapery, the artist could show the forms in the full excellence of art.

Even so, to mark the strength of Hercules, the Greek gave him a bull neck, to make the Apollo more light and majestic, altered the natural proportions.

This boldness does not show ignorance which transgresses rules, but science to discern the effect, and choose the point of view, which is born of philosophy in the judgment of the artist.

IX.

Observe how important it is that sculpture should be eminently beautiful, as most generally it must triumph by a single figure, convince and move by a single word; woe to it if this figure, this word, be not excellent!

X.

You ought to know anatomy well, said he to some pupils, but not to make others observe this, for, if it is true

that art should imitate nature, let us follow nature in this ; for she does not draw attention to the anatomy, but covers it admirably, by a well-contrived veil of flesh and skin, presenting to the eyes only a gentle surface, which modulates and curves itself with ease over every projection.

XI.

Pity that nymph cannot speak, said an Englishman, or that Hebe should not spring forward ; could but the miracle be worked here, as it was for Pygmalion, we should be perfectly content. You deceive yourself, said he ; this would not give you pleasure. I do not expect by my works to deceive any one ; it is obvious that they are marble, and mute and motionless ; it suffices me if it be acknowledged that if I have in part conquered the material by my art and made an approach to truth. It is sufficient that being seen to be of stone, the obstacles should excuse the defects. I aspire to no illusion.

Few artists have known how to explain their thoughts in writing. If they had, there would have been many more feuds among them, and more time lost. Artists who wrote were always mediocre. It is necessary to work not write. Woe also to those literati who constitute themselves judges of art ; their absurdities will avenge those whom they misjudge.

XII.

They criticise the faults in my works, nor do I complain ; such are inseparable from the works of a human being ; but what does grieve me is, that they do not find there beauties enough to make them forget the faults. Yet, should fragments of my works be dug up and shown as antiques, these same persons, perhaps, would declare them excellent. Antiquity is privileged ! Men are herein unjust, that they see only the beauties of the ancient, only the faults of the modern artist. But I recollect to have read the same complaint in Tacitus !

XIII.

He was unwearied in retouching his works, saying, I seek in my material a certain spiritual element, which may

serve it as a soul; imitation of forms is death to me. I would aid myself with intellect, and ennoble those forms by inspiration, that they might wear at least the semblance of life, — but it may not be.

XIV.

As to the Greeks, let us study their works to learn their methods. Let us seek the way they took, to be at the same time so select and so true.

Speaking of what gives to works of the hand the beauty of the soul, if you examine, said he, the works of the ancients, I see that these workmen strove to put soul and spirit into looks and attitudes, rather than into vestments; but, if you look at modern works, you will find the life rather in the vestments than in the person. Thus with the ancients the clothes serve and are silent, but, in modern works, they become arrogant, and the figures remain imprisoned in the cold of the marble. This inverse way, I think, has been a principal cause of the degradation of art.

XV.

I do not like to make portraits, but prefer exercising my art in a larger way. When you have made a portrait with the best wisdom of an artist, comes the lover of the person and says, “You are far handsomer than that, I should not know it was meant for you;” here the true artist is oftentimes pulled to pieces, and one far beneath him commended.

Neither do I wish patiently to copy all the minutæ of a countenance. Resemblance should be derived from the large and important parts, from choice of the leading traits. Now I believe excellence of this kind is to be attained by seeing these parts in the historic method, and from the best point of view, so that the image may be at once like and grandiose, and may seem both true and beautiful, though the subject in nature may not be beautiful. And if it is true that the arts are the ministers to beauty, it is a crucifixion to distort them to copy vulgar subjects.

XVI.

Seeing that certain young painters had attained the style of the earliest masters, he said, it is well that these

young men should begin in that simple and innocent style, which was the path taken by the greatest artists. But I hope they will know how to add to simplicity nobleness, and reach at last a boldness controlled by reason, inspired by genius, embellished by taste. For had art kept always within these limits of infancy, we should have had no Raphael, no Michel Angelo.

XVII.

Finding certain painters discouraged because art was represented to them as somewhat superhuman, he cheered them, saying; it makes young men too timid to persuade them, as they say Mengs did his pupils, that art is a mystery, and that none can be an artist, unless first he has been raised into Paradise, and sublimated by the most subtle ideas.

This celestial doctrine may be of use, perhaps, as to statuary; but as to painting, the excellent Venetian artists did wonders with a surprising naturalness, and with such ease that they seemed in sport.

Subtleties produce sophists only. Our old painters refined only in their works, contending only for the imitation of the true, the beautiful, of nature and human affections, and thus they produced classic works.

Good sense, an excellence which the Lord God has bestowed on but few, is all the metaphysics of our art, as I believe it may be of all things. This saying was ever in his mouth.*

XVIII.

A respectable cavalier, seeing Canova's Venus, fancied he must have had a divinely beautiful person for his model, and begged that he would show him one of these celestial forms. Accordingly, a day was appointed, the nobleman came full of eagerness, but finding a person rather coarse than beautiful, was greatly surprised. The sculptor, who was intimate with him, said, smiling, perfect beauty would

* He does not seem to have clearly seen that the good sense of genius is the equipoise of perfected faculties, and should be distinguished by the thinker from the good sense of common men, which expresses only the experience of past ages.

never be seen by the bodily eye, if unaided by the eyes of the soul, sharpened by the fair precepts of art, in which case we do not see the model as it is, but as it ought to be, and it will suffice to gain from the model an intimation of what is good. The study of the antique helps to sharpen and steady these eyes of the intellect, as do the study of select forms in nature, in the same way as the ancients, reasoning, culture of the tastes, and the heart.

When you shall thus have directed the visual virtue of the mind, set yourself to work, you will then overcome all difficulties, and produce beautiful works upon subjects which are not beautiful. This is what I would wish to do, and it pains me the more not to reach the goal, as I know well where it stands, but the eyes of the mind have not with me force enough to conquer matter, and thus I remain mortal as I am.

XIX.

About those masters who urge their pupils to adopt some particular style, graceful or terrible, rigid or fleshy ; principles, he said, are the same for all, because they are the fruit of common sense, but the peculiar disposition allots to each one in execution his distinctive character, and here the pupil should be left quite free. Just that temper of mind which mother nature has placed in the bosom ought to influence the work ; nature should not be forced, neither must we fail to do her behests, since that is like prolonging or shortening the limbs for the bed of the famous tyrant. And if you urge nature into a path against her will, she will be sure to drive you back against your will.

XX.

As to execution, majestic lineaments alone are not sufficient for the grand style, since they may have a dryness in their majesty.

The majestic parts, happily concorded with the medium and the little to a broad and sublime whole, constitute the grand style.

XXI.

As to the old dispute, whether a preference is to be given to painting or sculpture, he showed pity and disdain for the idlers who lost in such contention the precious time that they might have given to work, and added, all this heat springs from the true point at issue never having been defined; that is to say, if we are thinking of invention, perhaps painting is more difficult, because more complicated than sculpture; even as music and perspective are more difficult as to invention than sculpture. Yet once ascertain the rules of music and perspective, and they become easy of execution, because they depend on fixed rules; which having once learned, the performer may proceed in safety without fatigue, and without any great intellect. Thus we see mere youths learn music by rule, and very ordinary artists perfectly acquainted with perspective, so as to produce striking effect; yet none will allow the best scene painter as high rank as a very weak historical painter. The merit rests with the invention of the rules. Find then first the rules and regular disciplines of the painter, then compare his work with that of the sculptor, and see which is the most difficult.

'T is certain that, all the rules of painting being known, the art has been made much easier. I know not that we can say as much for sculpture: we, indeed, see children amuse themselves with plaster, and making little figures, but they stand still at these beginnings.

XXII.

In one respect he thought painting had the advantage over sculpture, and this is in the folds of drapery. It is true, he said, that folks must always accommodate themselves to the motions of the person painted, especially to the form of the muscles, and the reason why they are so free and graceful in the works of Raphael, and of the ancient masters, is because they show distinctly the forms beneath them. This consideration is of equal importance to the painter and sculptor. But while the painter needs only to adapt his draperies to certain parts in his picture, because they are to be looked at only from a single point of view, and if they look well in front, it is no matter how they fall

behind, the sculptor is obliged to arrange them with equal judgment behind and on every side. See how much the sculptor has to do, since he not only must adjust them with elegance to the movements of the person, but must show clearly where they begin, how they are extended, and where they ought to finish.

Let no one fancy that folds should all be of the same character. As the design of the human form varies with the character of each person, so ought the folds to vary according to the various characters of stuffs and of persons.

The treatment of folds presents difficulties even to the greatest sculptors, because it is not with them as with the nude, where the data and principles are fixed in nature, and a careful study of these ensures success. But folds, oftentimes, depend on the occasion, or some accidental circumstance, and always on the taste, which differs with each man.

This study has no fixed rules ; often the finest arrangement of folds comes from a happy combination seen on some person where it was the effect of accident. The best rule is to observe the momentary changes in the vestments of all persons whom we meet. Thus the life of the artist is a continued study ; since he will often draw the highest benefit from observations made, while walking in the streets for his amusement.

XXIII.

Talking one day about following out the rules with exactness, he said it was well to do so, since this prevented arbitrary and capricious proceedings ; keeping the artist awake to his duty, but that nevertheless if he followed these rules in a servile spirit, the desired effect is not obtained, and, without effect, there cannot be the illusion so essential to art. A principal study among the ancients was how to obtain this effect, and to this they would sacrifice rules ; this was no oversight, but highest wisdom ; since if, by an exact observation of what has been prescribed, the desired effect is not obtained, the artist misses his aim, and blasphemes the rules.

I do not intend this counsel for the young, for they should not desire to emancipate themselves from the discipline of art, and with them the attempt to do so would be

a fatal error ; but I speak thus to the great masters with whom such infractions display the best knowledge of art, of experience, of philosophy.

The Colossi of Monte Cavallo, seen near at hand, have eyes exaggerated, and somewhat distorted, and the mouth does not follow exactly the line of the eye, and it is this very thing which in the distance gives them so much expression. The Sibyls of Buonarrotti which are of supreme excellence in painting, seen near, have frightful masses of shadow ; the upper lip of a different impasto from the rest ; yet, seen from the proper point of view, they are divine works. This it is to profess the skill of a master, but which is not to be attained, except by vast studies, and the practice given by great works.

XXIV.

Speaking of a young sculptor who had great disposition for art, but was hindered by a love of amusement, I pity, said he, those young men who think to make pleasures of all sorts harmonize with art. Art alone must reign in all the thoughts of the sculptor ; for this alone must he live, to this alone devote his every care. Otherwise the intellect is dissipated, the body exhausted, and the sculptor has more need of his physical forces than any other artist. How can he who is wearied out with late hours, with music, and dancing, with suppers, come early in the morning to work in the studio, with that ardor which is needed ? They grow indolent, and, with slothfulness, come indifference to glory and content with mediocrity.

XXV.

Enthusiasm is as much needed for the artist as the poet ; yet, to restrain the fire of those who delight overmuch in fanciful and luxurious inventions, he would add, he who abandons himself to this alone, will produce nothing worthy. Enthusiasm must be united to two other grand qualities, else it differs little from delirium ; only when regulated by reason, and adapted to execution is it triumphant.

Three powers are to be satisfied in the spectator ; the imagination, the reason, and the heart. Enthusiasm alone can, at best, only excite the imagination, which is the

least noble, since madmen have it in great fulness. The reason can be satisfied only with what is conformable to reason, and the heart, with the expressive execution which convinces the senses.

XXVI.

Let the sculptor fix his attention on the head ; fine heads are rare, were so even among the ancients ;—traverse the great museum of the Vatican, and you will observe a poverty as to this eminent part of the person.

In working, he finished the head first, saying, to work less ill I want to find pleasure in it, and what pleasure could I have in working on a person, whose physiognomy did not stir my blood ; how endure to converse with it three or four months. I should do all against my heart ; the first requisite is that I should be pleased, nay, charmed with my subject ; then I shall work on it with loving care, for we are naturally inclined to show courtesy to the beautiful rather than the ugly. Beauty awakens a spontaneous, impetuous affection, though ugliness may be borne with through education, through reflection. But see two boys crying, one beautiful, the other ugly ; it is the beautiful one you will find yourself impelled to console. I seek first an invention as good as may be, so that this may inspire and give me courage for the rest, and, seeing it beautiful, or beautiful to my mind, for I dare not speak positively as to its being so, I say within myself, the beautiful countenance ought to have all the other parts correspond with it, it ought to be in an attitude, dressed in robes worthy of its beauty ; thus that first ray lights me to the rest. And this appears to me the true philosophy, founded on the human heart.

XXVII.

Hearing exaggerated praise of certain artists, who have sought out violent motions for their subjects ; I do not love, said he, these vehement motions, which are contrary to the sober and composed medium in which abides the beauty of all the imitative arts ; to me also they seem easy, though the vulgar suppose them difficult, and I should rather exhibit that ease which artists know to be difficult.

Sculpture is only marble, until it has motion and life ; now let us set ourselves to work, and see if it is not more difficult to impart soul to a part gently moved, and in quiet, than to one moved for an act that aids it to the semblance of life.

XXVIII.

He was at work one day on the foot of a dancing nymph, and showed indefatigable patience in retouching it. Why do you give so much labor to these minutæ ? said a friend to him. Already this statue is a divine image. Do you expect those who are enchanted with its beauty to pause and examine these trifles ? Diligence, he replied, is what gives honor to our work. I labor here upon the nails. Among the things which are ordinarily neglected in art are the human nails, and yet the ancients took great pains to express them well ; in the Venus de Medici they are admirably well done. Not without deep wisdom is that proverbial expression of the ancients, " perfect even to the nails," to signify a complete work.

The ears too are often merely indicated, not finished out in detail ; yet the shape of the ear has great influence on the human countenance, and we see them carefully executed in the best sculptures.

XXIX.

How is it that you can be so calm beneath bitter censure ? The Artist replied, I ought to be more grateful to my critics, than to those who praise me, even though the critics are sarcastic and unjust. It is easy to be lulled to sleep in art ; praise conduces to this drowsiness, while censure keeps the artist awake, and fills him with a holy fear, so that he dares not abandon himself to license, to mannerism ; it makes him eager to produce always better works. Plutarch says the unkind observation of enemies keeps us on our guard against errors, Antisthenes, that to plough a strait furrow, it needs to have true friends or violent enemies ; since the enemy sees much which is concealed by affection from the friend.

XXX.

Take a great illustrious revenge on your calumniators, by seeking to do better, constrain them to silence by your excellence ; this is the true road to triumph. If you take the other, if you plead your cause, justify yourself, or make reprisals, you open for yourself a store of woes, and you lose the tranquillity which you require for your works, and the time, in disputing, which should have been consecrated to labor.

XXXI.

As I have shown in these memoirs, the virtue of Canova as a man was not unworthy his excellence as an artist. Artists, he said, are called *Virtuosi* ; how then can they dare contradict by their actions the noble meaning of their art ? The arts in themselves are divine ; they are an emanation from the Supreme Beauty ; they are one of the supports of Religion. If the artist has once fixed his mind on such great objects, I do not know how he can by his life disgrace this magnificent trust.

Beside, purity of heart, virginity of mind, have great influence on the artist, both as to dignity of conception, and means of execution. Artists paint themselves in their works. The courtesy, grace, benignity, disinterestedness, the enlarged and noble soul of Raphael, shine out marvellously in his works.

A portrait, said to be that of Correggio, was brought to Canova, when he wished to make his bust, but, as he saw there a coarse mind, with coarse features, he said, it cannot be that the painter of the graces could have worn such a semblance. And he was right ; it was not the true portrait of Correggio. Seeing afterwards the true portrait, lo ! said he, here is the one who could paint beautiful things.

XXXII.

To one of the young men of his studio, who took offence at all nudity, who was scandalized at being set to work on the forms of men, if they were beautiful, and of women would not touch even the arms ; he, disgusted by this absurd scrupulousness, I too abhor immodest

works as I do sin, for an artist must in no way stain his honor; nor can vice ever be beautiful. Yet, since the nude is the language of art, it ought to be represented, but in a pure spirit. If you know not how to do this, if you have so base a mind as to bring the perversities of your own corruption into the discipline of the gentle arts, take some other path. Nudity is divine; bodies are the works of God himself; if he had not wished that any part should be as it is, he would not have made it so; all was at his will, of his omnipotence: we need not be ashamed to copy what he has made, but always in purity and with that veil of modesty, which indeed nature did not need in the innocence of first creation; but does so now in her perverted estate.

Licentiousness is not shown in the nudity of a form, but in the expression which a vicious artist knows how to throw into it; I think rather that the unveiled form, shown in purity, adorned with exquisite beauty, takes from us all mortal perturbations, and transports us to the primal state of blessed innocence; and still more that it comes to us as a thing spiritual, intellectual; exalting the mind to the contemplation of divine things, which, as they cannot be manifested to the senses in their spiritual being, only through the excellence of forms can be indicated, and kindle us by their eternal beauty, and draw us from the perishable things of earth.

Where is the being so depraved who seeing forms of admirable beauty in Greek art, would feel corrupt desires, and not rather find himself ennobled and refined by the sight, and abashed in its presence at his own imperfection? This is why a perfect beauty is named ideal, because it is wholly a thing of the soul and not of the sense.

Corrupt inclinations alone can lead to impure wishes at sight of a naked statue of exquisite beauty and of chaste expression; nor ought it to be believed, that the ancients, who revered virtue as a divinity, would so degrade the dignity of the mind as to indulge brutal desires, while they adored unveiled beauty.

XXXIII.

There is no heart so hard that it can resist grace, tempered by dignity.

XXXIV.

In reference to an artist of great aspiration but small success, because for many years he had pounded as in a mortar at art, without coming to any happy issue, he said, steadfast perseverance must bring some improvement: but, if nature has not herself launched us in the way we choose, perseverance alone will not avail.

If a young man does not dart forward with admirable progress, in the first three or four years, always provided he has the right principles, little, generally speaking, can be hoped from him afterwards. With time, he may, indeed, acquire more freedom in treatment, more knowledge of material, more learning, but not more originality, nor more development of genius.

The figure of Clemency, in the Ganganelli Mausoleum, was one of my earliest works, and I know not that, in the thirty years that intervene, I have learned to do better. I grieve to see my powers so circumscribed, and would wish to raise myself to a higher mark, but I do not succeed.

XXXV.

He entertained so modest an opinion of himself that he repeated often, such an one praises me, but am I certain that I deserve it? I do not accept this praise, lest I perhaps usurp what does not belong to me; beside, I am always expecting that some boy will come forward, who shall put me quite in the shade.

XXXVI.

Speaking of the artist's obligation to express the affections of the mind, he said, our great ancient artists were admirable in what relates to the affections; with the progress of years reason has gained, but the heart has lost; this is perhaps the cause of the prevalent indifference to works of art; they address themselves so much to the reason, that the senses are not moved, the heart remains cold, nor is excited to emotion, even by the most commended works.

XXXVII.

The artist, said he, laboring on the form, ought to fill it with modulations, which shall all be contained within the

just limits of the outline of the whole; to this rule he added another drawn from observation of natural beauty, and of numerical proportions; that is, to work on all parts, regulating them constantly by the ternary correspondence. I mean, that each part, however small, must be composed of three parts; a greater, a lesser, and a least, so that they should coincide variously and insensibly to form that one part. This rule, he said, had led him to the resemblance of flesh, and to a truth in every part. This applies also to the arrangement of hair, the divisions of drapery; we must be guided in the execution of all by the scale of an invisible geometry.

XXXVIII.

Canova had applied a profound study to the comment made by Metastasio on the Poetics of Aristotle, and said he had learned more from this, than from all the masters of art.

As poetic diction should be pure, lucid, elegant, dignified, even so the statuary should not make use of a coarse and porous stone, but of the finest and hardest marble. The poet ought to have a rich, elevated, and enchanting style, and the sculptor the same, if they would not fail of the highest truth.

Those are the rabble and the dregs amid painters, who, thinking the better to imitate nature, introduce into pictures on illustrious subjects the style of the taverns, and renounce the dignity of art, that is to say, its divine part, the ideal.

The sculptor must dispense entirely with ignoble, brutal forms, with him satyrs, Sileni, old people, and servants, if used, must each be ennobled by the beauty possible to its kind.

XXXIX.

Aristotle gives the degrees of imitation as three; better, worse, and like, I mean imitations of objects which are better or worse than or like ourselves. He thought this might well be applied to art, for being minister of virtue, of beauty, and the ideal it should always elevate its subject; those are scarcely endurable who represent it just as it is; those

abominable who deform and degrade it, that is to say, make it worse.

XL.

From another opinion of Aristotle, that works of imitation please from the intimate feeling of complacence, which all have in their clear sightedness when they separate the true from the false even in imitation; he inferred that those artists are unwise who wish rather to make manifest all parts of their subject, than cause them to be divined. Those sculptors work against themselves, who, as it were, publish the anatomy, doing thus an injury to the self-love of the observer, who wishes to please himself with divining things, rather than see them inevitably.

XLI.

Aristotle says all men have an irresistible desire for imitation.

Canova judged this maxim to be founded in human nature, and justified by experience; hence he inferred, that there neither is nor can be a people without art; they may have it in an imperfect shape, but they will have it; thus artists have the great advantage of working on a foundation innate in nature, and are always sure to please, which is not the case with men of science, with philologists, to whose disciplines men have not so great a general tendency.

XLII.

Reading in the same that the poet is not obliged to observe historical fidelity, for the object of the historian is not to imitate, but only faithfully to recount events as they happened, and that of the poet to relate them as they might with verisimilitude have happened; he said, this is the law which, above every other, explains the beauty which is called ideal in art; since representing subjects not as they are, but as they ought to be, perfecting them and imparting to them that degree of nobleness, grace, excellence, of which they are capable, is to discern all their finest relations, and, by harmonizing these, form a type in our mind from the materials afforded by nature, and afterward verify it by the expression in art. Thus if the object of the im-

itation be, as is implied in the foregoing statement, to create a perfect type, those, who are satisfied with a common or vulgar model, fail of their object and their art, and should rather be called the disgrace of art, than artists. But those who are worthy its sublime disciplines, the true artists, are above the followers of other callings, however arduous, since others have permanent rules, independent of composition, which demands not only judgment, as all things do, but taste, inspiration, memory, and even creative energy.

XLIII.

As Cicero teaches that to produce emotion is the triumph of the orator, so, he said, is the introduction of passion into his works the triumph of the artist, and in this regard he was pleased with the other admonition that the inventor, while ordering his scene, ought to imagine himself in the event and passions he wishes to represent, even so far as to act them out by gesture; it being very true that he who would move others must first be moved himself.

So when he was modelling, you might have seen that he was invested with the passions of his subject by the changes of his countenance, by tears, joyousness, and agitation all over his body.

XLIV.

As execution is to works of art what elocution is to poetry, he said, even as the latter should be clear and noble, and in style the best and best arranged which be used, so art should choose the finest faces, the noblest forms, the most graceful drapery; the manner at once most easy and most dignified, most distinguished and most natural.

XLV.

He availed himself of criticisms from the multitude, for, said he, a work should please not only the learned, but the vulgar; that is to say, all men according to their capacity should find there what may move, delight, and instruct them, as with the immortal poem of Tasso, which attracts the gondolier no less than the philosopher.

Thus he thought it well to exhibit his compositions before they were entirely finished; because, though the peo-

ple cannot judge as to mastery in art, it can feel grace, approve truth, be penetrated by the effect, enchanted by beauty. The people is, ordinarily, less corrupt than any other judge; it is not biassed by rivalry in genius, nor bigotry of schools, nor confusion of useless, false, ill understood, and ill applied precepts; it does not wish to display erudition, nor malice against the moderns, masked by idolatry for the ancients, nor any other of the baneful affections of the human heart, such as are fomented, oftentimes produced by learning, which is not ruled and purified by wisdom. Apropos to this he told the story from Lucian, that when Phidias was making his Jupiter for the Eleans, happening to be behind the door, he heard the people talking about it; some found fault with this, some with that; when they were gone, Phidias retouched the parts in question, according to the opinion of the majority, for he did not hold lightly the opinion of so many people; thinking the many must see farther than one alone, even if that one be a Phidias.

XLVI.

Finally, said Canova, above all theory and attempt of human subtilty at division and metaphysics in matters of art, I esteem that remark in the same comment on Aristotle, that good judgment is the best rule, without which the best precepts are useless, or even pernicious.

Of all which opinions of Canova, I am the earnest champion; for with him I have read a hundred times those comments on Aristotle, and have felt for myself the application, which he made of them to art, and have registered them in my memory, to write them afterwards in leaves, which, perhaps, will not perish.

Thus far Missirini, affectionate and faithful, if not bold and strong as the old Vasari! Such should be the friend of genius, manly to esteem, womanly to sympathize in, its life.

Reserving for another occasion the notice of various traits, which illustrate the position of Canova as an artist, we must hasten to an outline of his life, which is beautiful

through its simplicity and steadfastness of aim, amid many conflicting interests, at an epoch of great agitation and temptation.

He was born at Possagno, a little town in the Venetian territory, 1757 and died at Venice, 1822. It illustrates the generosity of the world-spirit in our age, that, not content with giving us Bonaparte and Byron, Beethoven and Goethe, it should finish out and raise to conspicuous station a representative of a class so wholly different, and, at first glance, it might seem, so unlikely to be contemporary with the three former. The Goethean constellation, indeed, disallowed no life, and with all its aversion to "halfness" was propitious to limited natures like Canova, and no way so ardent for the artist, as not to appreciate the artisan.— For Canova, though in good measure the artist, was in highest perfection the artisan.

Though his life had no connexion with the great tendencies of his time, yet it has on that very account a certain grace and sweetness. Chosen as the sculptor of the Imperial Court, and highly favored by the Pope, he knew how to take his own path, and answer, in his own way, to all requisitions. His life was that of a gentleman and student; still and retired in the midst of convulsion, full and sweet in the midst of dread and anguish, it comes with a gentle and refreshing dignity to our thoughts. From princes and potentates he wished nothing but employment, and the honors they added had no importance in his eyes, though they were received with that courtesy and delicate propriety which marked all his acts, whether towards the high or low in the ranks of this world. To write in marble the best thoughts of his mind; to remain a faithful son and intelligent lover of his native country, to keep days devoted to the worship of beauty, unspotted as the material in which he expressed it, to lavish on his kindred by birth or spirit all the outward rewards of his labor, choosing for himself frugality of body, plenteousness of soul,—such was the plan of Canova's life; one from which he could not be turned aside, by any lure of ambition, or the sophistry of others about his duties. He never could be induced to assume responsibilities, for which he did not feel himself inwardly prepared; though, when duly called to face a

crisis, he showed self-possession, independence, and firmness.

It was by his intercourse with Napoleon, that his character was most tried, and here his attitude is very noble and attractive. He never defies the Emperor, but is equally sincere, energetic, and adroit in defending the rights he had at heart. It is pleasant to see the influence on Bonaparte, who, always imperious and sarcastic when braved in a vain or meddlesome temper, does full justice to that of Canova. Though he could not induce the sculptor to enter his service, either by marks of favor or glittering hopes, he was not angry, but on the contrary, attended to his recommendation by redressing the wrongs of Venice, and lending generous aid to the cause of art at Rome. In this, as in other instances, Napoleon showed that where he met a man of calm and high strain, he knew how to respect him; that if men were usually to him either tools or foes, it was not his fault only.—The Dialogues between Napoleon and Canova are well worth translation, but would occupy too much space here. They show, like other records of the time, the want of strict human affinity between the conquering mind and those it met. Even when they can stand their ground, he seems to see them, seize their leading traits, but never make a concord with them. He never answers to Canova's thought, and it is impossible to judge whether the oft repeated argument, that the works of art, which had been taken from Italy, could never be seen to the same purpose elsewhere, because no longer connected with the objects and influences that taught how to look at them, made any impression on his mind. If it had, he might with advantage have followed up the thought in its universal significance.

But wherever he turned his life, it was like the fire to burn, and not like the light to illustrate and bless.

This was one fine era in Canova's existence. One no less so was when, after the abdication of Bonaparte, the Allied Powers took possession of Paris. Then when partial restitution might be expected of the spoils which had been torn from the nations, by the now vanquished Lion, Rome redemanded the treasures of art, whose loss she had bemoaned in the very dust, the Niobe of nations, doubly bereft, since not only the temple of Jupiter Stator was over-

thrown, and his golden Victories dispersed among kingdoms, once her provinces, but the Apollo, emblem of the creative genius which had replaced the heroism of her youth, had been ravished from her. And she sent him, who of her children she deemed most favored by the God, to redemand him and his associate splendors.

The French would not do themselves the honor of a free acquiescence in this most just demand; the other powers were unwilling to interfere, with the exception of England, who, moved scarce less by respect for the envoy, than sense of the justice of the demand, interposed with such decision, that the Prince of Art was permitted to resume his inheritance. The Duke of Wellington, with a martial frankness and high sense of right, which nobly became him, declared his opinion, afterward published in the *Journal des Debats*, "that the allied powers should not yield to the wishes of the French King in this matter. That so to do would be *impolitic*, since they would thus lose the opportunity of giving France a great moral lesson."

Such views of policy might, indeed, convince that the victory of Waterloo came by ministry of Heaven. Had but the Holy Allies kept this thought holy!

England not only assisted Canova with an armed force to take away the objects he desired, but supplied a large sum to restore them to their native soil, and replace them on their former pedestals.

There is something in the conduct of this affair more like the splendid courtesy of chivalrous times, than the filching and pinching common both in court and city at this present time. The generosity of England, the delicacy of Canova, who took upon himself to leave with the French monarch many masterpieces, mindful rather of his feelings, and respect for his position, than of his injustice, (though this injustice was especially unpardonable, since having been long despoiled himself of all he called his own, readiness to restore their dues to others might have been expected at this crisis, even from a Bourbon,) the letters of the Pope and Cardinal Gonsalvi, overflowing no less with gratitude than affection, the Pope thanking Canova for having not only fulfilled his intentions but "understood his heart," (in the delicacy shown towards France,) the recognition on all sides of the honors due to the artist, the splen-

did rewards bestowed by the Papal court, which Canova employed wholly for the aid and encouragement of poor or young artists, all this reminds us rather of Fairy Queens, with boundless bounty for the worthy, boundless honor for the honorable, and self-denial alike admirable in rich and poor, rather than modern snuff-box times of St. James or the Tuilleries.

The third and last fair fact in Canova's life was the erection of the temple at Possagno, of which an account is given in the following extract, from the journal of a traveller:—

“ At sunset, I found myself on the summit of a ridge of rocks ; it was the last of the Alps. Before my feet stretched out the Venetian territory. Between the plain and the peak from which I contemplated it was a beautiful oval valley, leaning on one side against the Alps, on the other elevated like a terrace above the plain, and protected against the sea breeze by a rampart of fertile hills. Directly below me lay a village scattered over the declivity in picturesque disorder. This poor hamlet is crowned with a vast and beautiful temple of marble, perfectly new, shining in virgin whiteness, and seated proudly on the mountain ridge. It had to me an air of personal existence. It seemed to contemplate Italy, unrolled before it like a map, and to command it.

“ A man, who was cutting marble on the mountain side, told me that this church of pagan form was the work of Canova, and that the village below was Possagno, his birth place. Canova, added the mountaineer, was the son of a stone-cutter, a poor workman like me.

“ The valley of Possagno has the form of a cradle, and is in the proportion of the stature of the man who went out from it. It is worthy to have produced more than one genius ; it is conceivable that the height of intellect should be easily developed in a country so beautiful and beneath so pure a heaven. The transparency of the waters, the richness of the soil, the force of vegetation, the beauty of the race in that part of the Alps, and the magnificence of the distant views which the valley commands on all sides, seem made to nourish the highest faculties of the soul, and to excite to the noblest ambition. This kind of terrestrial paradise, where intellectual youth can expand into the fulness of spring ; this immense horizon, which seems to invite the steps and the thoughts of the future, are they not two principal conditions necessary to unfold a fair destiny ?

“The life of Canova was fertile and generous as his native soil. Sincere and simple as a true mountaineer, he loved always with a tender predilection the village and poor dwelling where he was born. He had it embellished very modestly, and came there in autumn to rest from the labors of the year. He took pleasure at these times in drawing the Herculean forms of the men, and the truly Grecian heads of the young girls. The inhabitants of Possagno say with pride, that the principal models of the rich collection of Canova’s works came from their valley. In fact you need only pass through it, to meet at each step the type of that cold beauty which characterizes the statuary of the empire. The principal charm of these peasant women is precisely one which marble could not reproduce, the freshness of coloring and transparency of the skin. To them might without exaggeration be applied the eternal metaphor of lilies and roses. Their liquid eyes have an uncertain tint, at once green and blue, like the stone called Aqua-marine. Canova delighted in the *morbidezza* of their heavy and abundant locks of fair hair. He used to comb them himself, before copying them, and to arrange their tresses, after the various styles of the Greek marbles.

“These girls generally possess that expression of sweetness and naïveté which, reproduced in fairer lineaments and more delicate forms, inspired Canova with his delightful head of Psyche. The men have a colossal head, prominent forehead, thick fair hair, eyes large, animated, and bold, and short square face. Without anything profound or delicate in their physiognomy, there is an expression of frankness and courage which reminds us of an ancient hunter.

“The temple of Canova is an exact copy of the Pantheon at Rome. The material is a beautiful marble, of a white ground, streaked with red,—but rather soft, and already marked by the frost.

“Canova caused the erection of this church with the benevolent object of presenting an attraction to strangers to visit Possagno, and thus giving a little commerce and prosperity to the poor inhabitants of the Mountain. It was his intention to make it a sort of museum for his works. Here were to be deposited the sacred subjects from his hand, and the upper galleries would have contained some of the profane subjects. He died, leaving his plan unfinished, and bequeathed a considerable sum for this object. But although his own brother, the Bishop of Canova, had it in charge to oversee the works, a sordid economy or signal bad faith presided over the execution of the last will of the Sculptor. With the exception of the marble *vaisseau*, which it was too late to speculate about, the necessary furnishings are all of the meanest kind. Instead of the twelve

colossal marble statues, which were to have occupied the twelve niches of the cupola, you see twelve grotesque giants, executed by a painter, who, they say, knew well enough how to do better, but travestied his work to avenge himself for the sordid shifts of his employers. But few specimens of Canova's work adorn the interior of the monument; a few bas-reliefs of small size, but of pure and elegant design, are incrustated in the walls of the chapels.—There are copies also in the Academy of the Fine Arts at Venice, with one of which I was particularly struck. In the same place is the group of Christ at the Tomb, which is certainly the coldest invention of Canova—the bronze cast of this group is in the temple at Possagno, as well as the tomb which encloses the remains of the Sculptor. It is a Grecian Sarcophagus,—very simple and beautiful, executed after his designs.

“Another group, of Christ at the threshold, painted in oil, decorates the chief altar. Canova, the most modest of Sculptors, had the ambition to be a painter also. — He retouched this picture from time to time during several years, — happily the only offspring of his old age, — which affection for his virtues and regard for his fame ought to induce his heirs to keep concealed from every eye.”

To this purpose he devoted the riches he had earned by his works. That he should, even with his celebrity and at the end of so laborious a life, possess a fortune adequate to so vast an enterprise was, and is, a matter of wonder, and only to be explained by the severe simplicity of his habits. With deep regret we learn that he died too soon to ensure the fulfilment of his plan. A wish so pure deserved that he should find a worthy executor.

To sum up decisively, if not fully, Canova shines before us in an unblemished purity of morals, tenderness and fidelity toward friends, generosity to rivals, gentleness to all men, a wise and modest estimate of himself, an unflinching adequacy to the occasion, adorned by fineness of breeding in all his acts and words.—He is no life-renewing fountain, but we will think of him with a well assured pleasure, as a green island of pure waters, and graceful trees in the midst of a dark and turbulent stream.

ANACREON.

“Nor has he ceased his charming song, but still that lyre,
Though he is dead, sleeps not in Hades.”

Simonides' Epigram on Anacreon.

WE lately met with an old volume from a London bookshop, containing the Greek Minor Poets, and it was a pleasure to read once more only the words,—Orpheus, — Linus, — Musæus— those faint poetic sounds and echoes of a name, dying away on the ears of us modern men; and those hardly more substantial sounds, Mimnermus— Ibycus— Alcæus— Stesichorus— Menander. They lived not in vain. We can converse with these bodiless fames, without reserve or personality.

We know of no studies so composing as those of the classical scholar. When we have sat down to them, life seems as still and serene as if it were very far off, and we believe it is not habitually seen from any common platform so truly and unexaggerated as in the light of literature. In serene hours we contemplate the tour of the Greek and Latin authors with more pleasure than the traveller does the fairest scenery of Greece or Italy. Where shall we find a more refined society? That highway down from Homer and Hesiod to Horace and Juvenal is more attractive than the Appian. Reading the classics, or conversing with those old Greeks and Latins in their surviving works, is like walking amid the stars and constellations, a high and by-way serene to travel. Indeed, the true scholar will be not a little of an astronomer in his habits. Distracting cares will not be allowed to obstruct the field of his vision, for the higher regions of literature, like astronomy, are above storm and darkness.

But passing by these rumors of bards, we have chosen to pause for a moment at Anacreon, the Teian poet, and present some specimens of him to our readers.*

* The following, with the odes to the Cicada and to Spring, in the ninth number of the Dial, pp. 23, 24, are, in the opinion of the translator, the best that have come down to us.

There is something strangely modern about him. He is very easily turned into English. Is it that our lyric poets have resounded only that lyre, which would sound only light subjects, and which Simonides tells us does not sleep in Hades? His odes are like gems of pure ivory. They possess an ethereal and evanescent beauty like summer evenings, ὃ χροῖσι σε ποιεῖν νόον ἄνθ' εἶ, *which you must understand with the flower of the mind*, — and show how slight a beauty could be expressed. You have to consider them, as the stars of lesser magnitude, with the side of the eye, and look aside from them to behold them. They charm us by the serenity and freedom from exaggeration and passion, and by a certain flower-like beauty, which does not propose itself, but must be approached and studied like a natural object. But, perhaps, their chief merit consists in the lightness and yet security of their tread;

“The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends when *they* do walk.”

True, our nerves are never strung by them; — it is too constantly the sound of the lyre, and never the note of the trumpet; but they are not gross, as has been presumed, but always elevated above the sensual.

ON HIS LYRE.

I wish to sing the Atridæ,
And Cadmus I wish to sing;
But my lyre sounds
Only love with its chords.
Lately I changed the strings
And all the lyre;
And I began to sing the labors
Of Hercules; but my lyre
Resounded loves.
Farewell, henceforth, for me,
Heroes! for my lyre
Sings only loves.

TO A SWALLOW.

THOU indeed, dear swallow,
 Yearly going and coming,
 In summer weavest thy nest,
 And in winter go'st disappearing
 Either to Nile or to Memphis.
 But Love always weaveth
 His nest in my heart. * * *

ON A SILVER CUP.

TURNING the silver,
 Vulcan, make for me,
 Not indeed a panoply,
 For what are battles to me ?
 But a hollow cup,
 As deep as thou canst.
 And make for me in it
 Neither stars, nor wagons,
 Nor sad Orion ;
 What are the Pleiades to me ?
 What the shining Bootes ?
 Make vines for me,
 And clusters of grapes in it,
 And of gold Love and Bathyllus
 Treading the grapes
 With the fair Lyæus

ON HIMSELF.

THOU sing'st the affairs of Thebes,
 And he the battles of Troy,
 But I of my own defeats.
 No horse have wasted me,
 Nor foot, nor ships ;
 But a new and different host,
 From eyes smiting me.

TO A DOVE.

LOVELY Dove,
Whence, whence dost thou fly?
Whence, running on air,
Dost thou waft and diffuse
So many sweet ointments?
Who art? What thy errand?
Anacreon sent me
'To a boy, to Bathyllus,
Who lately is ruler and tyrant of all.
Cythere has sold me
For one little song,
And I'm doing this service
For Anacreon.
And now, as you see,
I bear letters from him.
And he says that directly
He'll make me free,
But though he release me,
His slave I will tarry with him.
For why should I fly
Over mountains and fields,
And perch upon trees,
Eating some wild thing?
Now indeed I eat bread,
Plucking it from the hands
Of Anacreon himself;
And he gives me to drink
The wine which he tastes,
And drinking, I dance,
And shadow my master's
Face with my wings;
And, going to rest,
On the lyre itself do I sleep.
That is all; get thee gone.
Thou hast made me more talkative,
Man, than a crow.

ON LOVE.

LOVE walking swiftly
 With hyacinthine staff,
 Bade me to take a run with him ;
 And hastening through swift torrents,
 And woody places, and over precipices,
 A water-snake stung me.
 And my heart leaped up to
 My mouth, and I should have fainted ;
 But Love fanning my brows
 With his soft wings, said,
 Surely, thou art not able to love.

ON WOMEN.

NATURE has given horns
 To bulls, and hoofs to horses,
 Swiftness to hares,
 To lions yawning teeth,
 To fishes swimming,
 To birds flight,
 To men wisdom.
 For woman she had nothing beside ;
 What then does she give ? Beauty, —
 Instead of all shields,
 Instead of all spears ;
 And she conquers even iron
 And fire, who is beautiful.

ON LOVERS.

HORSES have the mark
 Of fire on their sides,
 And some have distinguished
 The Parthian men by their crests ;
 So I, seeing lovers,
 Know them at once,
 For they have a certain slight
 Brand on their hearts.

TO A SWALLOW.

WHAT dost thou wish me to do to thee —
What, thou loquacious swallow?
 Dost thou wish me taking thee
 Thy light pinions to clip?
 Or rather to pluck out
 Thy tongue from within,
 As that Tereus did?
Why with thy notes in the dawn
Hast thou plundered Bathyllus
 From my beautiful dreams?

TO A COLT.

THRACIAN colt, why at me
 Looking aslant with thy eyes,
 Dost thou cruelly flee,
 And think that I know nothing wise?
 Know I could well
 Put the bridle on thee,
 And holding the reins, turn
 Round the bounds of the course.
 But now thou browsest the meads,
 And gambolling lightly dost play,
 For thou hast no skilful horseman
 Mounted upon thy back.

CUPID WOUNDED.

LOVE once among roses
 Saw not
 A sleeping bee, but was stung;
 And being wounded in the finger
 Of his hand cried for pain.

Running as well as flying
 To the beautiful Venus,
 I am killed, mother, said he,
 I am killed, and I die.
 A little serpent has stung me,
 Winged, which they call
 A bee — the husbandmen.
 And she said, If the sting
 Of a bee afflicts you,
 How, think you, are they afflicted,
 Love, whom you smite ?

H. D. T.

WHAT IS BEAUTY ?

BY L. M. CHILD.

“Then had I all sorts of strange thoughts, which would hardly have agreed with sense. *It was as if the secret of Creation lay on my tongue ;* how God, by the power of his voice, had called every thing forth, and how music repeats in each breast this eternal will of LOVE and WISDOM.”
 —*Bettine.*

THE two creative principles of the universe are LOVE and WISDOM. Their union, and perfect proportion, constitutes BEAUTY.

In common modes of speech, this word is, obviously enough, applied to mere *forms* of Love and Truth, in which the perfect proportion is at once felt, rather than seen, and we instinctively name it harmony. But I am now striving to define the abstract and universal *Idea* ; and this I believe to be a harmonious proportion of the two great Creative Principles.

From a healthy union of Affection and Thought flows Energy. When we love to do that which we perceive it right to do, we cannot otherwise than embody it in earnest action. This is *moral* beauty.

When truth is perceived through the transparent medium of affection for it, it embodies itself in *intellectual*

beauty; and the productions of such states are spontaneously and universally acknowledged as beautiful. Hence, genius ever works with unconsciousness, and is a mystery to itself. The harmony is so complete, that thought does not attempt to analyze affection, or affection to question thought. Being *one*, they are unconscious of each other's presence. The spiritual life then flows in freely, and men call it divine mania, inspiration, intuition, genius.

Beauty of *recitation* is the adaptation of the tone to the word spoken. The word is obviously an embodiment of *thought*, and tone, of *affection*. There is the same subtle union, and mysterious significance, in the *expression* and the *proportions* of a statue.

Musicians say there are three primal notes, without which music cannot be; and there are three primal colors, without a due proportion of which painting wants harmony. Pictures by the old masters show a knowledge of this; or rather an intuition, that transcends knowledge.

An artist once suggested to me that the triple elements of *form* were the Circle, Straight-line and the Undulating. I at once saw that it must be so; because they represent the spiritual tri-une, of Love, and Wisdom, and Beauty. Space evidently relates to Love, and time to Truth; for love is *infinite*, and truth is *eternal*. The circle represents infinity, and the straight line eternity; the combination of both is a succession of curves — the line of *beauty*. This undulating line is, as it were, a map of the spiral; the spiral represented on a horizontal plane. None but the Omniscient can comprehend the full significance of the spiral; for it contains the universe—from the smallest pebble, to the throne of Jehovah. The ancients had glimpses of this, and therefore that line is so often found among the most sacred symbols in their temples. Forever revolving and ascending, it combines the circle, the straight line, and the curve. Are not these, like the three primal notes and colors, forms of Love, Wisdom, and Beauty, or Affection, Thought, and Energy? This eternal trinity creates and re-produces all things in its own image.

The perfect and constant harmony of Love and Truth constitutes the Divine Mind. The *separation* between them, with the power of occasional union, and glancing

revelations, from within and without, of a final, perfect, and eternal marriage, constitutes human nature, with all its marvellous spiritual phenomena. Its hopes and its aspirations are but a recognition of the Divine Union by which it was created, and a prophecy of the Divine Harmony toward which it tends.

Wherever the soul catches a glimpse, in *any* form, of a perfect union of Love and Truth, it rejoices in the radiant marriage-vesture, and names it Beauty. In all these forms, the soul sees the face of its Parent. It is reminded of its *home*, and drawn thither. Hence, next to the word "harmony," "a joyous perception of the infinite" is the most common definition of Beauty.

Beauty is *felt*, not seen by the understanding. Mere analysis never attains so high. It can dissect, but it cannot create beauty, or perceive it; because it is thought standing *alone*, and therefore in self-consciousness. A primal note is wanting, and its tune is ever defective. A primal color is gone, and its painting is deficient.

All evil is perverted good, and all falsehood is reversed truth. Therefore, the tri-une mystery, that pervades the universe, is embodied in shapes of evil, as well as of good. Hatred, Falsehood, and Force take an infinite variety of forms, as do Love, Truth, and Energy. If the proportion between falsified truth and perverted affection be harmonious, the product has power to charm. It has been truly said, "There is a sort of beauty in a wicked action, provided it be well done." Much of Byron's intellectual power has this origin. Milton's Devil wears it like a robe of fascination. The same law shows itself in ultimates, in the material world; hence the beauty of the tiger, the leopard, and other destructive animals.

ETHNICAL SCRIPTURES.

SAYINGS OF CONFUCIUS.

Chee says, if in the morning I hear about the right way, and in the evening die, I can be happy.

A man's life is properly connected with virtue. The life of the evil man is preserved by mere good fortune.

Coarse rice for food, water to drink, and the bended arm for a pillow — happiness may be enjoyed even in these. Without virtue, riches and honor seem to me like a passing cloud.

A wise and good man was Hooi. A piece of bamboo was his dish, a cocoa-nut his cup, his dwelling a miserable shed. Men could not sustain the sight of his wretchedness; but Hooi did not change the serenity of his mind. A wise and good man was Hooi.

Chee-koong said, Were they discontented? The sage replies, They sought and attained complete virtue; — how then could they be discontented?

Chee says, Yaou is the man who, in torn clothes or common apparel, sits with those dressed in furred robes without feeling shame.

To worship at a temple not your own is mere flattery.

Chee says, grieve not that men know not you; grieve that you are ignorant of men.

How can a man remain concealed! How can a man remain concealed!

Have no friend unlike yourself.

Chee-Yaou enquired respecting filial piety. Chee says, the filial piety of the present day is esteemed merely ability to nourish a parent. This care is extended to a dog or a horse. Every domestic animal can obtain food. Beside veneration, what is the difference?

Chee entered the great temple, frequently enquiring

about things. One said, who says that the son of the Chou man understands propriety? In the great temple he is constantly asking questions. Chee heard and replied—“This is propriety.”

Choy-ee slept in the afternoon. Chee says, rotten wood is unfit for carving: a dirty wall cannot receive a beautiful color. To Ee what advice can I give?

A man's transgression partakes of the nature of his company.

Having knowledge, to apply it; not having knowledge, to confess your ignorance; this is real knowledge.

Chee says, to sit in silence and recal past ideas, to study and feel no anxiety, to instruct men without weariness; — have I this ability within me?

In forming a mountain, were I to stop when one basket of earth is lacking, I actually stop; and in the same manner were I to add to the level ground though but one basket of earth daily, I really go forward.

A soldier of the kingdom of Ci lost his buckler; and having sought after it a long time in vain; he comforted himself with this reflection; ‘A soldier has lost his buckler, but a soldier of our camp will find it; he will use it.’

The wise man never hastens, neither in his studies nor his words; he is sometimes, as it were, mute; but when it concerns him to act and practise virtue, he, as I may say, precipitates all.

The truly wise man speaks little; he is little eloquent. I see not that eloquence can be of very great use to him.

Silence is absolutely necessary to the wise man. Great speeches, elaborate discourses, pieces of eloquence, ought to be a language unknown to him; his actions ought to be his language. As for me, I would never speak more. Heaven speaks; but what language does it use to preach to men, that there is a sovereign principle from which all things depend; a sovereign principle which makes them to act and move? Its motion is its language; it reduces the seasons to their time; it agitates nature; it makes it produce. This silence is eloquent.

GEORGE KEATS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DIAL.

Dear Sir,—When last at your house I mentioned to you that I had in my possession a copy of some interesting remarks upon Milton, hitherto unpublished, by John Keats the poet. According to your wish I have copied them for your periodical. But I wish, with your permission, to say here how they came into my possession; and in doing this I shall have an opportunity of giving the imperfect tribute of a few words of remembrance to a noble-minded man and a dear friend, now no more an inhabitant of this earth.

Several years ago I went to Louisville, Ky., to take charge of the Unitarian church in that city. I was told that among those who attended the church was a brother of the poet Keats, an English gentleman, who had resided for many years in Louisville as a merchant. His appearance, and the shape of his head arrested attention. The heavy bar of observation over his eyes indicated the strong perceptive faculties of a business man, while the striking height of the head, in the region assigned by phrenology to veneration, was a sign of nobility of sentiment, and the full development behind marked firmness and practical energy. All these traits were equally prominent in his character. He was one of the most intellectual men I ever knew. I never saw him when his mind was inactive. I never knew him to acquiesce in the thought of another. It was a necessity of his nature to have his own thought on every subject; and when he assented to your opinion, it was not acquiescence but agreement. Joined with this energy of intellect was a profound intellectual modesty. He perceived his deficiency in the higher reflective faculties, especially that of a philosophical method. But his keen insight enabled him fully to appreciate what he did not himself possess. Though the tendency of his intellect was wholly critical, it was without dogmatism and full of reverence for the creative faculties. He was thoroughly versed in English literature, especially that of the Elizabethan period a taste for which he had probably imbibed from his brother and his friends Leigh Hunt and others. This taste

he preserved for years in a region, where scarcely another could be found who had so much as heard the names of his favorite authors. The society of such a man was invaluable, if only as intellectual stimulus. It was strange to find, on the banks of the Ohio, one who had successfully devoted himself to active pursuits, and who yet retained so fine a sensibility for the rarest and most evanescent beauties of ancient song.

The intellectual man was that which you first saw in George Keats. It needed a longer acquaintance before you could perceive, beneath the veil of a high-bred English reserve, that profound sentiment of manly honor, that reverence for all Truth, Loftiness, and Purity, that ineffaceable desire for inward spiritual sympathy, which are the birth-right of all in whose veins flows the blood of a true poet. George Keats was the most manly and self-possessed of men — yet full of inward aspiration and conscious of spiritual needs. There was no hardness in his strong heart, no dogmatism in his energetic intellect, no pride in his self-reliance. Thus he was essentially a religious man. He shrunk from pietism, but revered piety.

The incidents of his life bore the mark of his character. His mind, stronger than circumstances, gave them its own stamp, instead of receiving theirs. George Keats, with his two younger brothers, Thomas and John, were left orphans at an early age. They were placed by their guardian at a private boarding school, where the impetuosity of the young poet frequently brought him into difficulties, where he needed the brotherly aid of George. John was very apt to get into a fight with boys much bigger than himself, and George, who seldom fought on his own account, very often got into a battle to protect his brother. These early adventures helped to bind their hearts in a very close and lasting affection.

After leaving school, George was taken into his guardian's counting room, where he stayed a little while, but left it, because he did not choose to submit to the domineering behavior of the younger partner. Yet he preferred to bear the accusation of being unreasonable, rather than to explain the cause which might have made difficulty. He lived at home, keeping house with his two brothers, and doing nothing for some time, waiting till he should be of age, and should receive his small inheritance. Many said

he was an idle fellow, who would never come to any good; but he felt within himself a conviction that he could make his way successfully through the world. His guardian, a wise old London merchant, shared this opinion, and always predicted that George would turn out well.

His first act on coming of age did not seem, to the worldly wise, to favor this view. He married a young lady, the daughter of a British Colonel, but without fortune, and came with her to America. They did not, however, act without reflection. George had only four or five thousand dollars, and knew that if he remained in London, he could not be married for years. Nor would he be able to support his wife in any of the Atlantic cities, in the society to which they had been accustomed. But by going at once to the West, they might live, without much society, to be sure, but yet with comfort, and the prospect of improving their condition. Therefore see this boy and girl, he twenty-one and she sixteen, leaving home and friends, and going to be happy in each other's love, in the wild regions beyond the Alleghanies. Happy is he whose first great step in life is the result not of outward influences, but of his own well considered purpose. Such a step seems to make him free for the rest of his days.

Journeys were not made in those days as they are now. Mr. Keats bought a carriage and horses in Philadelphia, with which he travelled to Pittsburgh, and then they descended the Ohio in a keel-boat, sending their horses on by land to Cincinnati. This voyage of six hundred miles down the river was full of romance to these young people. No steam-boat then disturbed, with its hoarse pantings, the sleep of those beautiful shores. Day after day, they floated tranquilly on, as through a succession of fairy lakes, sometimes in the shadow of the lofty and wooded bluff, sometimes by the side of wide-spread meadows, or beneath the graceful overhanging branches of the cotton-wood and sycamore. Sometimes, while the boat floated lazily along, the young people would go ashore and walk through the woods across a point, around which the river made a bend. All uncertain as their prospects were, they could easily, amid the luxuriance of nature, abandon themselves to the enjoyment of the hour.

Mr. Keats made a visit of some months to Henderson,

Ky., where he resided in the same house with Mr. Audubon, the naturalist. He was still undetermined what to do. One day, he was trying to chop a log, and Audubon, who had watched him for some time, at last said, — “I am sure you will do well in this country, Keats. A man who will persist, as you have been doing, in chopping that log, though it has taken you an hour to do what I could do in ten minutes, will certainly get along here.” Mr Keats said that he accepted the omen, and felt encouraged by it.

After investing the greatest part of his money in a boat, and losing the whole of it, he took charge of a flour mill, and worked night and day with such untiring energy, that he soon found himself making progress. After a while he left this business and engaged in the lumber trade, by which in the course of some years he accumulated a handsome fortune. In the course of this business he was obliged to make visits to the lumberers, which often led him into wild scenes and adventures. Once, when he was taking a journey on horseback, to visit some friends on the British Prairie, he approached the Wabash in the afternoon, at a time when the river had overflowed its banks. Following the horse path, for there was no carriage road, he came to a succession of little lakes, which he was obliged to ford. But when he reached the other side it was impossible to find the path again, and equally difficult to regain it by recrossing. The path here went through a cane-brake, and the cane grew so close together that the track could only be distinguished when you were actually upon it. What was to be done? There was no human being for miles around, and no one might pass that way for weeks. To stop or to go on seemed equally dangerous. But at last Mr. Keats discovered the following expedient, the only one perhaps, that could have saved him. The direction of the path he had been travelling was east and west. He turned and rode toward the south, until he was sure that he was to the South of the track. He then returned slowly to the North, carefully examining the ground as he passed along, until at last he found himself crossing the path, which he took, and reached the river in safety.

George Keats not only loved his brother John, but revered his genius, and enjoyed his poetry, believing him to belong to the front rank of English bards. Modern

criticism seems disposed to concur with this judgment. A genuine and discriminating appreciation of his brother's poetry always gave him great pleasure. He preserved and highly prized John's letters, and unpublished verses, the copy of Spenser filled with his works, which he had read when a boy, and which had been to him a very valuable source of poetic inspiration, and a Milton in which were preserved in a like manner John's marks and comments. From a fly-leaf of this book, I was permitted to copy the passages I now send you. I know not whether you will agree with me in their being among the most striking criticisms we possess upon this great author. That the love of the brothers was mutual, appears from the following lines from one of John's poems, inscribed "To my brother George."

"As to my sonnets, though none else should heed them,
I feel delighted, still, that you should read them.
Of late too, I have had much calm enjoyment,
Stretched on the grass at my best loved employment,
Of scribbling lines to you —"

Less than two years ago, in the prime of life and the midst of usefulness, George Keats passed into the spiritual world. The city of Louisville lost in him one of its most public-spirited and conscientious citizens. The Unitarian Society of that place lost one, who, though he had been confirmed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, was too honest not to leave the popular and fashionable church for an unpopular faith, which was more of a home to his mind. For myself, I have ever felt that it was quite worth my while to go and live in Louisville, if I had gained thereby nothing but the knowledge and friendship of such a man. I did not see him in his last days. I was already living in a distant region. But when he died, I felt that I had indeed lost a friend. We cannot hope to find many such in this world. We are fortunate if we find any. Yet I could not but believe that he had gone to find his brother again among

"The spirits and intelligences fair,
And angels waiting on the Almighty's chair."

The love for his brother, which continued through his life to be among the deepest affections of his soul, was a pledge of their reunion again in the spirit-land.

Perhaps I have spoken too much of one who was necessarily a stranger to most of your readers. But I could not bear that he should pass away and nothing be said to tell the world how much went with him. And the Dial, which he always read, and in whose aims he felt a deep interest, though not always approving its methods, seems not an improper place, nor this a wholly unsuitable occasion, for thus much to be said concerning **GEORGE KEATS**.

With much regard yours,

J. F. C.

Boston, March 13, 1843.

REMARKS ON JOHN MILTON, BY JOHN KEATS, WRITTEN IN THE FLY-LEAF OF PARADISE LOST.

The genius of Milton, more particularly in respect to its span in immensity, calculated him by a sort of birth-right for such an argument as the *Paradise Lost*. He had an exquisite passion for what is properly, in the sense of ease and pleasure, poetical luxury; and with that it appears to me he would fain have been content, if he could, so doing, preserve his self-respect and feel of duty performed; but there was working in him, as it were, that same sort of thing which operates in the great world to the end of a prophecy's being accomplished. Therefore he devoted himself rather to the ardors than the pleasures of song, solacing himself at intervals with cups of old wine; and those are, with some exceptions, the finest parts of the poem. With some exceptions; for the spirit of mounting and adventure can never be unfruitful nor unrewarded. Had he not broken through the clouds which envelope so deliciously the Elysian fields of verse, and committed himself to the Extreme, we should never have seen Satan as described,

“ But his face
Deep scars of thunder had entrenched.” &c.

There is a greatness which the *Paradise Lost* possesses over every other Poem, the magnitude of contrast, and that is softened by the contrast being ungrotesque to a

degree. Heaven moves on like music throughout. Hell is also peopled with angels; it also moves on like music, not grating and harsh, but like a grand accompaniment in the bass to Heaven.

There is always a great charm in the openings of great Poems, particularly where the action begins, as that of Dante's Hell. Of Hamlet, the first step must be heroic and full of power; and nothing can be more impressive and shaded than the commencement of the action here.

“Round he throws his baleful eyes
That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,
Mixed with obdurate pride and stedfast hate;
At once, as far as angels ken, he views
The dismal situation, waste and wild;
A dungeon horrible, on all sides round
As one great furnace, flamed; yet from those flames
No light; but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell; hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever burning sulphur unconsumed;
Such place eternal justice had prepared
For those rebellious, here their prison ordained
In utter darkness, and their portion set
As far removed from God, and light of heaven,
As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.
O how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns; and weltering by his side
One next himself in power and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and named
Beëlzebub.”

Par. Lost, Book I. ll. 56-81.

“To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven.”

Book I. l. 321.

There is a cool pleasure in the very sound of *vale*. The English word is of the happiest chance. Milton has put vales in Heaven and Hell with the very utter affection and yearning of a great Poet. It is a sort of

Delphic abstraction, a beautiful thing made more beautiful by being reflected and put in a mist. The next mention of vale is one of the most pathetic in the whole range of poetry.

“ Others more mild
Retreated in a silent valley, sing,
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds and hopeless fall
By doom of battle! and complain that fate
Free virtue should inthrall to force or chance.
Their song was partial; but the harmony
(What could it less when spirits immortal sing?)
Suspended hell, and took with ravishment
The thronging audience.”

Book II. l. 547.

How much of the charm is in the word *valley*.

The light and shade, the sort of black brightness, the ebon diamonding, the ethiopian immortality, the sorrow, the pain, the sad sweet melody, the Phalanges of spirits so depressed as to be “*uplifted beyond hope*,” the short mitigation of misery, the thousand melancholies and magnificencies of the following lines leave no room for anything to be said thereon but “so it is.”

“ That proud honor claimed
Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall,
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled
The imperial ensign, which, full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds;
At which the universal host upsent
A shout, that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air
With orient colors waving; with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appeared, and serried shields in thick array,
Of depth immeasurable; anon they move
In perfect phalanx, to the Dorian mood
Of flutes, and soft recorders; such as raised
To height of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle; and instead of rage

Deliberate valor breathed, firm and unmoved
 With dread of death to flight or foul retreat ;
 Nor wanting power to mitigate and suage
 With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
 Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain
 From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they
 Breathing united force, with fixed thought
 Moved on in silence to soft pipes, that charmed
 Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil ; and now
 Advanced in view, they stand, a horrid front
 Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
 Of warriors old with ordered spear and shield,
 Awaiting what command their mighty chief
 Had to impose."

Book I. ll. 534 - 567.

How noble and collected an indignation against Kings, line 595, Book 1st. His very wishing should have had power to pluck that feeble animal Charles from his bloody throne. The evil days had come to him ; he hit the new system of things a mighty mental blow ; the exertion must have had, or is yet to have some sequences.

The management of this poem is Apollonian. Satan first "throws round his baleful eyes," then awakes his legions, he consults, he sets forward on his voyage, and just as he is getting to the end of it we see the Great God and our first Parent, and that same Satan all brought in one vision ; we have the invocation to light before we mount to heaven, we breathe more freely, we feel the great author's consolations coming thick upon him at a time when he complains most, we are getting ripe for diversity, the immediate topic of the Poem opens with a grand Perspective of all concerned.

Book IV. A friend of mine says this book has the finest opening of any ; the point of time is gigantically critical, the wax is melted, the seal about to be applied, and Milton breaks out,

"O for that warning voice," &c.

There is, moreover, an opportunity for a grandeur of Tenderness. The opportunity is not lost. Nothing can be higher, nothing so more than Delphic.

There are two specimens of a very extraordinary beauty in the *Paradise Lost*; they are of a nature, so far as I have read, unexampled elsewhere; they are entirely distinct from the brief pathos of Dante, and they are not to be found even in Shakspeare. These are, according to the great prerogative of Poetry, better described in themselves than by a volume. The one is in line 266, Book IV.

“Not that fair field
Of Enna where Proserpine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gathered, which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world.”

The other is that ending “nor could the Muse defend her son.”

“But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard,
In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears
To rapture, till the savage clamor drowned
Both harp and voice; nor could the Muse defend
Her Son.”

These appear exclusively Miltonic, without the shadow of another mind ancient or modern.

Book VI. l. 58. *Reluctant* with its original and modern meaning combined and woven together, with all its shades of signification has a powerful effect.

Milton in many instances pursues his imagination to the utmost, he is “sagacious of his Quarry,” he sees beauty on the wing, pounces upon it, and gorges it to the producing his essential verse. “So from the root springs lighter the green stalk.”

But in no instance is this sort of perseverance more exemplified, than in what may be called his *stationing* or *statuary*. He is not content with simple description, he must station; thus here we not only see how the birds

“*With clang despised the ground,*” but we see them “*Under a cloud in prospect.*” So we see Adam “*Fair indeed and tall,*” “*under a plantain,*” and so we see Satan “*Disfigured*” “*on the Assyrian Mount.*”

TO A STRAY FOWL.

POOR bird! destined to lead thy life
 Far in the adventurous west,
 And here to be debarred to-night
 From thy accustomed nest ;
 Must thou fall back upon old instinct now —
 Well nigh extinct under man's fickle care ?
 Did heaven bestow its quenchless inner light
 So long ago, for thy small want to-night ?
 Why stand'st upon thy toes to crow so late ?
 The moon is deaf to thy low feathered fate ;
 Or dost thou think so to possess the night,
 And people the drear dark with thy brave sprite ?
 And now with anxious eye thou look'st about,
 While the relentless shade draws on its veil,
 For some sure shelter from approaching dews,
 And the insidious steps of nightly foes.
 I fear imprisonment has dulled thy wit,
 Or ingrained servitude extinguished it.
 But no — dim memory of the days of yore,
 By Brahmapootra and the Jumna's shore,
 Where thy proud race flew swiftly o'er the heath,
 And sought its food the jungle's shade beneath,
 Has taught thy wings to seek yon friendly trees,
 As erst by Indus' banks and far Ganges.

T.

ORPHICS.

I.

SMOKE.

LIGHT-winged smoke, Icarian bird,
 Melting thy pinions in thy upward flight,
 Lark without song, and messenger of dawn,
 Circling above the hamlets as thy nest ;
 Or else, departing dream, and shadowy form

Of midnight vision, gathering up thy skirts ;
 By night star-veiling, and by day
 Darkening the light and blotting out the sun ;
 Go thou my incense upward from this hearth,
 And ask the Gods to pardon this clear flame.

II.

HAZE.

Woof of the sun, ethereal gauze,
 Woven of nature's richest stuffs,
 Visible heat, air-water, and dry sea,
 Last conquest of the eye ;
 Toil of the day displayed, sun-dust,
 Aerial surf upon the shores of earth,
 Etherial estuary, frith of light,
 Breakers of air, billows of heat,
 Fine summer spray on inland seas ;
 Bird of the sun, transparent-winged,
 Owlet of noon, soft-pinioned,
 From heath or stubble rising without song ;
 Establish thy serenity o'er the fields.

T.

SONNETS.

I.

SWEET Love, I cannot show thee in this guise
 Of earthly words, how dear to me thou art,
 Nor once compare thy image in my eyes
 With thy dear self reposed within my heart.
 The love I bear to thee I truly prize
 Above all joys that offer in the mart
 Of the wide world, our wishes to suffice, —
 And yet I seek *thy* love ; for no desert
 That I can boast, but that my new love cries
 For love that to its own excess is meet,
 And searching widely through this dark world's space,

Hath found a love which hath its holy seat
 Within thy bosom's blissfulest embrace,
 And to awake this love is at thy feet,
 Whence will it not arise till thou accord this grace.

II.

Let not my love implore of thee in vain,
 For in its loneliness it dooms to wo,
 From whose deep depths I cannot rise again ;
 Let not thy love conspire to kill me so
 With my love, which will only share its reign
 With thine its sister ; rather may both go
 To that high altar, where no longer twain,
 In sweetest concord both together grow,
 Thence to ascend to the Eternal Love,
 And be absorbed and spread through all the life
 That breathes in purest holiest bliss above,
 Or that incites all mortals to the strife
 Of kindness, in this scene of mixed delight
 And griefs — of brightest day and darkest night.

w.

TO * * *

WE are centred deeper far
 Than the eye of any star ;
 Nor can rays of long sunlight
 Thread a pace of our delight.
 In thy form, I see the day
 Burning of a kingdom higher ;
 In thy silver network play
 Thoughts that to the Gods aspire ;
 In thy cheek I see the flame
 Of the studious taper burn ;
 And thy Grecian eye might tame

Natures ashed in antique urn.
 Yet with this lofty element
 Flows a stream of gentle kindness,
 And thou to life thy strength hast lent,
 And borne profoundest tenderness
 In thy Promethean sinewy arm,
 With mercy's love that would all angels charm.
 So trembling meek, so proudly strong,
 Thou dost to higher worlds belong
 Than where I sing this empty song.
 Yet I, a thing of mortal kind,
 Can kneel before thy pathless mind,
 And see in thee what my mates say
 Sank o'er Judea's hills one crimson day.
 Yet flames on high the keen Greek fire,
 And later ages rarefies,
 And even on my tuneless lyre
 A faint wan beam of radiance dies.
 And might I say what I have thought
 Of thee and those I love to-day,
 Then had the world an echo caught
 Of that intense impassioned lay
 Which sung in those thy being sings,
 And from the deepest ages rings.

c.

 TO ———

PLANETS bear thee in their hands,
 Azure skies have folded o'er thee.
 Thou art sung by angel bands,
 And the deep, cold, throbbing sea,
 Whispered in each sighing tree,
 In each meadow's melody.

Where the sprites outwatch the moon,
 And the ghostly night-breeze swells,
 And the brook prolongs a tune,
 Through the slumbering meadowed dells, —
 There thou weavest unknown spells
 To the ringing fairy bells.

In thy folded trance there hide
 Ceaseless measures of content,
 And thou art of form the bride —
 Shapely picture's element.

c.

THE FRIENDS.

OUR village grave-yard, — would I could relate
 To you all that I think of it, its trees,
 Its trailing grass, the hanging stones that say,
 This watch o'er human bones fatigues not us.
 My boyhood's fear unsatisfied, for then
 I thought a wandering wind some ghostly father,
 While the sweet rustle of the locust leaves
 Shot a thin crystal web of icy dread
 O'er the swift current of my wild heart's blood.
 One night the pastor's form among the tombs
 Chased the big drops across my unseamed brow ; —
 You smile, — believe me, lesser things than these
 Can win a boy's emotions.

 These graves — I see you mean, —
 Their history who knows better than I ?
 For in the busy street strikes on my ear
 Each sound, even inaudible voices
 Lengthen the long tale my memory tells.
 Now mark how reads th' inscription, " Here lie
 Two, who in life were parted, now together."
 I should remember this brief record well, —
 In faith, I penned it, for I have strange notes,

I love to pin in noticeable places,
And write what others only dare to think.
And yet these two, their lives were much the same
With all who crowd this narrow bridge of life;
I see but little difference truly;
The greatest yet is he who still lives on.
Alas! the day seemed big with mighty pains
That laid the first of these within this tomb.
There was within the air a murmuring sound,
For all the summer's life was fluttering o'er,
While the clear autumn conquered and was glad.
I bore a part of the coffin; — my feet
Scattered the shrouds of the green foliage; —
Yellow the flowers nature spread o'er the bier.
You read no names upon this monument,
I could not have them grav'd here, why should we
Name so patiently our friends; *we* know them.
Esther her name, and who so gay as she.
Twelve years had gently smoothed the sunny hair
That showered its golden mists adown her neck,
Twelve years — twelve little years laughed in those eyes
Where, when her mother spoke, the bright drops stood;
So glistened in the spring-depths of her love
That parent's image. Her face was joyous,
Yet below its joy, a larger import;
I can see her smile now, deep within deep,
And never thoughtless. What spirited grace
Danced in each bold emotion of her heart,
Unshadowed by a fear.

And who the next? —

She came to this still tomb, one summer's day;
New flowers were bursting from their unsunned bells,
Spring's choristers now fully grown sang loud,
Sweet was the wind, the heaven as blue
As that pure woman's eye we buried then.
Some thirty years had she the footway trod,
Yet frail and delicate she wandered on,
A violet amid the rude world's briars,

Till dropped an icicle within the flower,
 That tenderness could not essay to melt.
 Her name, — and it was Esther; this likeness
 You will trace between the two. The mother
 Of the young yet sleeping fawn was gathered
 To her side.

My hairs are gray —
 Yet those we buried then stood near to me.
 Their forms enchant these lonelier elder years,
 And add due sacredness to human life.
 That I was father to so fair a child,
 And that her mother smiled on me so long,
 I think of now as passing God's estate;
 I am enraptured that such lot was mine,
 That mine is others'. — Sleep on, unspotted ones,
 Ye are immortal now; your mirthsome hours
 Beat in my shrunken pulse, and in mine ears
 Sounds the rich music of your heavenly songs.

c

EUROPE AND EUROPEAN BOOKS.

THE American Academy, the Historical Society, and Harvard University, would do well to make the Cunard steamers the subject of examination in regard to their literary and ethical influence. These rapid sailers must be arraigned as the conspicuous agents in the immense and increasing intercourse between the old and the new continents. We go to school to Europe. We imbibe an European taste. Our education, so called, — our drilling at college, and our reading since, — has been European, and we write on the English culture and to an English public, in America and in Europe. This powerful star, it is thought, will soon culminate and descend, and the impending reduction of the transatlantic excess of influence on the American education is already a matter of easy and frequent computation. Our eyes will be turned westward,

and a new and stronger tone in literature will be the result. The Kentucky stump-oratory, the exploits of Boon and David Crockett, the journals of western pioneers, agriculturalists, and socialists, and the letters of Jack Downing, are genuine growths, which are sought with avidity in Europe, where our European-like books are of no value. It is easy to see that soon the centre of population and property of the English race, which long ago began its travels, and which is still on the eastern shore, will shortly hover midway over the Atlantic main, and then as certainly fall within the American coast, so that the writers of the English tongue shall write to the American and not to the island public, and then will the great Yankee be born.

But at present we have our culture from Europe and Europeans. Let us be content and thankful for these good gifts for a while yet. The collections of art, at Dresden, Paris, Rome, and the British Museum and libraries offer their splendid hospitalities to the American. And beyond this, amid the dense population of that continent, lifts itself ever and anon some eminent head, a prophet to his own people, and their interpreter to the people of other countries. The attraction of these individuals is not to be resisted by theoretic statements. It is true there is always something deceptive, self-deceptive, in our travel. We go to France, to Germany, to see men, and find but what we carry. A man is a man, one as good as another, many doors to one open court, and that open court as entirely accessible from our private door, or through John or Peter, as through Humboldt and Laplace. But we cannot speak to ourselves. We brood on our riches but remain dumb; that makes us unhappy; and we take ship and go man-hunting in order by putting ourselves *en rapport*, according to laws of personal magnetism, to acquire speech or expression. Seeing Herschel or Schelling, or Swede or Dane, satisfies the conditions, and we can express ourselves happily.

But Europe has lost weight lately. Our young men go thither in every ship, but not as in the golden days, when the same tour would show the traveller the noble heads of Scott, of Mackintosh, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Goethe, Cuvier, and Humboldt. We remember when arriving in Paris, we crossed the river on a brilliant morning, and at

the bookshop of Papinot, in the Rue de Sorbonne, at the gates of the University, purchased for two sous a Programme, which announced that every Monday we might attend the lecture of Dumas on Chemistry at noon; at a half hour later either Villemain or Ampère on French literature; at other hours, Guizot on Modern History; Cousin on the Philosophy of Ancient History; Fauriel on Foreign Literature; Prevost on Geology; Lacroix on the Differential Calculus; Jouffroy on the History of Modern Philosophy; Lacretelle on Ancient History; Desfontaines or Mirbel on Botany.

Hard by, at the Place du Panthéon, Dégérando, Royer Collard, and their colleagues were giving courses on Law, on the law of nations, the Pandects and commercial equity. For two magical sous more, we bought the Programme of the College Royal de France, on which we still read with admiring memory, that every Monday, Silvestre de Sacy lectures on the Persian language; at other hours, Lacroix on the Integral Mathematics; Jouffroy on Greek Philosophy; Biot on Physics; Lerminier on the History of Legislation; Elie de Beaumont on Natural History; Magendie on Medicine; Thénard on Chemistry; Binet on Astronomy; and so on, to the end of the week. On the same wonderful ticket, as if royal munificence had not yet sufficed, we learned that at the Museum of Natural History, at the Garden of Plants, three days in the week, Brongniart would teach Vegetable Physiology, and Gay-Lussac Chemistry, and Flourent Anatomy. With joy we read these splendid news in the Café Procope, and straightway joined the troop of students of all nations, kindreds, and tongues, whom this great institution drew together to listen to the first *savans* of the world without fee or reward. The professors are changed; but the liberal doors still stand open at this hour. This royal liberality, which seems to atone for so many possible abuses of power, could not exist without important consequences to the student on his return home.

The University of Gottingen has sunk from its high place by the loss of its brightest stars. The last was Heeren, whose learning was really useful, and who has made ingenious attempts at the solution of ancient historical problems. Ethiopia, Assyria, Carthage, and the Theban Desert

are still revealing secrets, latent for three millenniums, under the powerful night glass of the Teutonic scholars, who make astronomy, geology, chemistry, trade, statistics, medals, tributary to their inquisitions. In the last year also died Sismondi, who by his History of the Italian Republics reminded mankind of the prodigious wealth of life and event, which Time, devouring his children as fast as they are born, is giving to oblivion in Italy, the piazza and forum of History, and for a time made Italian subjects of the middle age popular for poets, and romancers, and by his kindling chronicles of Milan and Lombardy perhaps awoke the great genius of Manzoni. That history is full of events, yet, as Otilia writes in Goethe's novel, that she never can bring away from history anything but a few anecdotes, so the "Italian Republics" lies in the memory like a confused *melée*, a confused noise of slaughter, and rapine, and garments rolled in blood. The method, if method there be, is so slight and artificial, that it is quite overlaid and lost in the unvaried details of treachery and violence. Hallam's sketches of the same history were greatly more luminous and memorable, partly from the advantage of his design, which compelled him to draw outlines, and not bury the grand lines of destiny in municipal details. Italy furnished in that age no man of genius to its political arena, though many of talent, and this want degrades the history. We still remember with great pleasure, Mr. Hallam's fine sketch of the external history of the rise and establishment of the Papacy, which Mr. Ranke's voluminous researches, though they have great value for their individual portraits, have not superseded.

It was a brighter day than we have often known in our literary calendar, when within the twelvemonth a single London advertisement announced a new volume of poems by Wordsworth, poems by Tennyson, and a play by Henry Taylor. Wordsworth's nature or character has had all the time it needed, in order to make its mark, and supply the want of talent. We have learned how to read him. We have ceased to expect that which he cannot give. He has the merit of just moral perception, but not that of deft poetic execution. How would Milton curl his lip at such slipshod newspaper style! Many of his poems, as, for example, the Rylstone Doe, might be all improvised. Noth-

ing of Milton, nothing of Marvell, of Herbert, of Dryden, could be. These are such verses as in a just state of culture should be *vers de Société*, such as every gentleman could write, but none would think of printing or of claiming the poet's laurel on their merit. The Pindar, the Shakspeare, the Dante, whilst they have the just and open soul, have also the eye to see the dimmest star that glimmers in the Milky Way, the serratures of every leaf; the test objects of the microscope, and then the tongue to utter the same things in words that engrave them on all the ears of mankind. The poet demands all gifts and not one or two only.

The poet, like the electric rod, must reach from a point nearer to the sky than all surrounding objects down to the earth, and into the dark wet soil, or neither is of use. The poet must not only converse with pure thought, but he must demonstrate it almost to the senses. His words must be pictures, his verses must be spheres and cubes, to be seen and smelled and handled. His fable must be a good story, and its meaning must hold as pure truth. In the debates on the Copyright Bill, in the English Parliament, Mr. Serjeant Wakley, the coroner, quoted Wordsworth's poetry in derision, and asked the roaring House of Commons, what that meant, and whether a man should have a public reward for writing such stuff. Homer Horace, Milton, and Chaucer would defy the coroner. Whilst they have wisdom to the wise, he would see, that to the external, they have external meaning. Coleridge excellently said of poetry, that poetry must first be good sense, as a palace might well be magnificent, but first it must be a house.

Wordsworth is open to ridicule of this kind. And yet Wordsworth, though satisfied if he can suggest to a sympathetic mind his own mood, and though setting a private and exaggerated value on his compositions, though confounding his accidental with the universal consciousness, and taking the public to task for not admiring his poetry, — is really a superior master of the English language, and his poems evince a power of diction that is no more rivalled by his contemporaries, than is his poetic insight. But the capital merit of Wordsworth is, that he has done more for the sanity of this generation than any other writer. Early in life, at a crisis, it is said, in his private affairs, he made

his election between assuming and defending some legal rights with the chances of wealth and a position in the world — and the inward promptings of his heavenly genius ; he took his part ; he accepted the call to be a poet, and sat down, far from cities, with coarse clothing and plain fare to obey the heavenly vision. The choice he had made in his will, manifested itself in every line to be real. We have poets who write the poetry of society, of the patrician and conventional Europe, as Scott and Moore, and others who, like Byron or Bulwer, write the poetry of vice and disease. But Wordsworth threw himself into his place, made no reserves or stipulations ; man and writer were not to be divided. He sat at the foot of Helvellyn and on the margin of Winandermere, and took their lustrous mornings and their sublime midnights for his theme, and not Marlow, nor Massinger, not Horace, nor Milton, nor Dante. He once for all forsook the styles, and standards, and modes of thinking of London and Paris, and the books read there, and the aims pursued, and wrote Helvellyn and Winandermere and the dim spirits which these haunts harbored. There was not the least attempt to reconcile these with the spirit of fashion and selfishness, nor to show with great deference to the superior judgment of dukes and earls, that although London was the home for men of great parts, yet Westmoreland had these consolations for such as fate had condemned to the country life ; but with a complete satisfaction, he pitied and rebuked their false lives, and celebrated his own with the religion of a true priest. Hence the antagonism which was immediately felt between his poetry and the spirit of the age, that here not only criticism but conscience and will were parties ; the spirit of literature, and the modes of living, and the conventional theories of the conduct of life were called in question on wholly new grounds, not from Platonism, nor from Christianity, but from the lessons which the country muse taught a stout pedestrian climbing a mountain, and in following a river from its parent rill down to the sea. The Cannings and Jeffreys of the capital, the Court Journals and Literary Gazettes were not well pleased, and voted the poet a bore. But that which rose in him so high as to the lips, rose in many others as high as to the heart. What he said, they were prepared to hear and confirm. The influence was in

the air, and was wafted up and down into lone and into populous places, resisting the popular taste, modifying opinions which it did not change, and soon came to be felt in poetry, in criticism, in plans of life, and at last in legislation. In this country, it very early found a strong hold, and its effect may be traced on all the poetry both of England and America.

But notwithstanding all Wordsworth's grand merits, it was a great pleasure to know that Alfred Tennyson's two volumes were coming out in the same ship; it was a great pleasure to receive them. The elegance, the wit, and subtlety of this writer, his rich fancy, his power of language, his metrical skill, his independence on any living masters, his peculiar topics, his taste for the costly and gorgeous, discriminate the musky poet of gardens and conservatories of parks and palaces. Perhaps we felt the popular objection that he wants rude truth, he is too fine. In these boudoirs of damask and alabaster, one is farther off from stern nature and human life than in Lalla Rookh and "the Loves of the Angels." Amid swinging censers and perfumed lamps, amidst velvet and glory we long for rain and frost. Otto of roses is good, but wild air is better. A critical friend of ours affirms that the vice, which bereaved modern painters of their power, is the ambition to begin where their fathers ended; to equal the masters in their exquisite finish, instead of in their religious purpose. The painters are not willing to paint ill enough: they will not paint for their times, agitated by the spirit which agitates their country; so should their picture picture us and draw all men after them; but they copy the technics of their predecessors, and paint for their predecessors' public. It seems as if the same vice had worked in poetry. Tennyson's compositions are not so much poems as studies in poetry, or sketches after the styles of sundry old masters. He is not the husband who builds the homestead after his own necessity, from foundation stone to chimney-top and turret, but a tasteful bachelor who collects quaint stair cases and groined ceilings. We have no right to such superfineness. We must not make our bread of pure sugar. These delicacies and splendors are then legitimate when they are the excess of substantial and necessary expenditure. The best songs in English poetry are by that heavy, hard, pedantic poet, Ben Jonson.

Jonson is rude, and only on rare occasions gay. Tennyson is always fine; but Jonson's beauty is more grateful than Tennyson's. It is a natural manly grace of a robust workman. Ben's flowers are not in pots, at a city florist's, ranged on a flower-stand, but he is a countryman at a harvest-home, attending his ox-cart from the fields, loaded with potatoes and apples, with grapes and plums, with nuts and berries, and stuck with boughs of hemlock and sweet briar, with ferns and pond lilies which the children have gathered. But let us not quarrel with our benefactors. Perhaps Tennyson is too quaint and elegant. What then? It is long since we have as good a lyricist; it will be long before we have his superior. "Godiva" is a noble poem that will tell the legend a thousand years. The poem of all the poetry of the present age, for which we predict the longest term, is "Abou ben Adhem" of Leigh Hunt. Fortune will still have her part in every victory, and it is strange that one of the best poems should be written by a man who has hardly written any other. And "Godiva" is a parable which belongs to the same gospel. "Locksley Hall" and "the Two Voices" are meditative poems, which were slowly written to be slowly read. "The Talking Oak," though a little hurt by its wit and ingenuity, is beautiful, and the most poetic of the volume. "Ulysses" belongs to a high class of poetry, destined to be the highest, and to be more cultivated in the next generation. "Ænone" was a sketch of the same kind. One of the best specimens we have of the class is Wordsworth's "Laodamia," of which no special merit it can possess equals the total merit of having selected such a subject in such a spirit.

Next to the poetry the novels, which come to us in every ship from England, have an importance increased by the immense extension of their circulation through the new cheap press, which sends them to so many willing thousands. So much novel reading ought not to leave the readers quite unaffected, and undoubtedly gives some tinge of romance to the daily life of young merchants and maidens. We have heard it alleged, with some evidence, that the prominence given to intellectual power in Bulwer's romances had proved a main stimulus to mental culture in thousands of young men in England and America. The effect

on manners cannot be less sensible, and we can easily believe that the behavior of the ball room, and of the hotel has not failed to draw some addition of dignity and grace from the fair ideals, with which the imagination of a novelist has filled the heads of the most imitative class.

We are not very well versed in these books, yet we have read Mr. Bulwer enough to see that the story is rapid and interesting; he has really seen London society, and does not draw ignorant caricatures. He is not a genius, but his novels are marked with great energy, and with a courage of experiment which in each instance had its degree of success. The story of Zanoni was one of those world-fables which is so agreeable to the human imagination, that it is found in some form in the language of every country, and is always reappearing in literature. Many of the details of this novel preserve a poetic truth. We read Zanoni with pleasure, because magic is natural. It is implied in all superior culture that a complete man would need no auxiliaries to his personal presence. The eye and the word are certainly far subtler and stronger weapons than either money or knives. Whoever looked on the hero, would consent to his will, being certified that his aims were universal, not selfish; and he would be obeyed as naturally as the rain and the sunshine are. For this reason, children delight in fairy tales. Nature is described in them as the servant of man, which they feel ought to be true. But Zanoni pains us, and the author loses our respect, because he speedily betrays that he does not see the true limitations of the charm; because the power with which his hero is armed, is a toy, inasmuch as the power does not flow from its legitimate fountains in the mind; is a power for London; a divine power converted into a burglar's false key or a highwayman's pistol to rob and kill with.

But Mr. Bulwer's recent stories have given us, who do not read novels, occasion to think of this department of literature, supposed to be the natural fruit and expression of the age. We conceive that the obvious division of modern romance is into two kinds; first, the novels of *costume* or of *circumstance*, which is the old style, and vastly the most numerous. In this class, the hero, without any particular character, is in a very particular circumstance; he is greatly in want of a fortune or of a wife, and usually of both, and

the business of the piece is to provide him suitably. This is the problem to be solved in thousands of English romances, including the Porter novels and the more splendid examples of the Edgeworth and Scott romances.

It is curious how sleepy and foolish we are, that these tales will so take us. Again and again we have been caught in that old foolish trap; — then, as before, to feel indignant to have been duped and dragged after a foolish boy and girl, to see them at last married and portioned, and the reader instantly turned out of doors, like a beggar that has followed a gay procession into a castle. Had one noble thought opening the chambers of the intellect, one sentiment from the heart of God been spoken by them, the reader had been made a participator of their triumph; he too had been an invited and eternal guest; but this reward granted them is property, all-excluding property, a little cake baked for them to eat and for none other, nay, a preference and cosseting which is rude and insulting to all but the minion.

Excepting in the stories of Edgeworth and Scott, whose talent knew how to give to the book a thousand adventitious graces, the novels of costume are all one, and there is but one standard English novel, like the one orthodox sermon, which with slight variation is repeated every Sunday from so many pulpits.

But the other novel, of which *Wilhelm Meister* is the best specimen, the novel *of character*, treats the reader with more respect; a castle and a wife are not the indispensable conclusion, but the development of character being the problem, the reader is made a partaker of the whole prosperity. Every thing good in such a story remains with the reader, when the book is closed.

A noble book was *Wilhelm Meister*. It gave the hint of a cultivated society which we found nowhere else. It was founded on power to do what was necessary, each person finding it an indispensable qualification of membership, that he could do something useful, as in mechanics or agriculture or other indispensable art; then a probity, a justice, was to be its element, symbolized by the insisting that each property should be cleared of privilege, and should pay its full tax to the State. Then, a perception of beauty was the equally indispensable element of the association, by which

each was so dignified and all were so dignified ; then each was to obey his genius to the length of abandonment. They watched each candidate vigilantly, without his knowing that he was observed, and when he had given proof that he was a faithful man, then all doors, all houses, all relations were open to him ; high behavior fraternized with high behavior, without question of heraldry and the only power recognised is the force of character.

The novels of Fashion of D'Israeli, Mrs. Gore, Mr. Ward, belong to the class of novels of costume, because the aim is a purely external success.

Of the tales of fashionable life, by far the most agreeable and the most efficient, was Vivian Grey. Young men were and still are the readers and victims. Byron ruled for a time, but Vivian, with no tittle of Byron's genius, rules longer. One can distinguish at sight the Vivians in all companies. They would quiz their father, and mother, and lover, and friend. They discuss sun and planets, liberty and fate, love and death, over the soup. They never sleep, go nowhere, stay nowhere, eat nothing, and know nobody, but are up to anything, though it were the Genesis of nature, or the last Cataclasm, — Festus-like, Faust-like, Jove-like ; and could write an Iliad any rainy morning, if fame were not such a bore. Men, women, though the greatest and fairest, are stupid things ; but a rifle, and a mild pleasant gunpowder, a spaniel, and a cheroot, are themes for Olympus. I fear it was in part the influence of such pictures on living society, which made the style of manners, of which we have so many pictures, as, for example, in the following account of the English fashionist. "His highest triumph is to appear with the most wooden manners, as little polished as will suffice to avoid castigation, nay, to contrive even his civilities, so that they may appear as near as may be to affronts ; instead of a noble high-bred ease, to have the courage to offend against every restraint of decorum, to invert the relation in which our sex stand to women, so that they appear the attacking, and he the passive or defensive party."

We must here check our gossip in mid volley, and adjourn the rest of our critical chapter to a more convenient season.

A LEAF FROM "A VOYAGE TO PORTO RICO."

Monday, Dec. 8, Latitude 39° 30', Longitude 68° 30'.

AYE, old Ocean! heave, heave on! restless like meaner things, journeying from shore to shore; ever commercing with the skies; spreading thy lap to receive the storms which thine own exhalations bred in heaven; type of thy great Author, who takes but what he gave; — heave, heave on! Though strange to me and to my fellow travellers, the hens, who turn their little red-rimmed eyes inquiringly upon the green field not their own, "*nunc alieni imperii*," yet, I doubt not, thou hast thy kind side. The winds, the wind-borne birds, and ships the winged bird-like messengers of man, sweep familiarly across thy bosom. For me, I trust thee not, — not yet. Pardon, good sea, but "confidence is a plant of slow growth."

Jan. 23. A short voyage, whose very monotony was to me a variety, brought me on the evening of the 22d December to anchor, in the beautiful bay which makes the harbor of St. Johns, Porto Rico. The Moro or Castle shoots its white perpendicular rock a hundred feet or more up from the Ocean, and we pass so close under its walls, as to be able to measure their height pretty nearly, by seeing the royal heads of the ship about on a level with the battlements. On rounding this majestic fortress, you come in full view of the town, which slopes upward from the water. The city looked gloomy and tomb-like from the deck, the houses low, chiefly of dead wall, stained with dirty yellow white. On entering the gate, however, the city smelt like an orange, and I was astonished at the lively face put upon the whole, by the sight of the motley population all astir in their business or sport. Here stood a whiskered soldado on guard, and close by, his comrades stretched in a lazy group on the ground; a muleteer driving his patient animal with panniers laden with charcoal or grass; here sat negro women at their stalls, laden with plantains, eggplants, taiotas, and what not; everybody in the street, and everybody chattering. There are no wheeled carriages in St. Johns, and the horses are little meek creatures, about half the size of ours, so that the public streets, under this mild sky, are used for the same purposes as our parlors and kitchens.

Almost all social intercourse and many domestic operations, which we should be shocked at exposing to the public gaze, are here carried on in the street, and with a freedom that seems to say, You are welcome to look and listen. Multitudes of naked children are playing in the dirt, or crawling about the doors. Observe too that the rain is the only scavenger in St. Johns, — yet the air is usually sweet and cordial.

When my new friend, Mr. M., led me into his house, had I not known it to be the mansion of a wealthy merchant, and seen it to be like those near it, I might have taken it for the county jail, so strange to me were the heavy gateways, the long passages, and spacious brick-floored, rough-timbered chambers, which are so well suited to the climate, and which soon please the taste. This house, and generally those of the rich, are extensive buildings, running from one street to another, cut into square, lofty, rough-finished rooms and long passages, and enclosing a court yard, whilst servants seem to have lodges here and there in different quarters. The extent and details of the mansion have throughout an air of baronial state. All the floors and stairs are of brick or stone. The style of building is adapted to the warmth of the climate, and to security from vermin. For this reason, they use no carpets, nor any furniture which cannot be often moved; so that the interior of the houses, even of the wealthy, never wears the look of fixedness and comfort, which belong to northern homes. But from their balconies the gentry look out upon a country which looks to me like nothing but Allston's landscapes, so warm and softly shadowed, smooth waters, and dark-browed hills.

The climate puts every body into good humor, and the courtesy of the citizens, black, white, and dark-mixed, whether it lies in the Spanish they speak, which is the most complimentary of all tongues, or in their own breeding, is a sort of welcome for which you feel grateful. I am partial to the negroes. They do not look poor and blasted as in our cold region, but strut about the streets like kings and queens of the land. They carry bundles on their heads large enough to load a small truck withal, yet they bear themselves so loftily under their baggage, that I mean to have this kind of truckage introduced into our seminaries for young ladies, when I come home, as a callisthenic

exercise, to teach what so few ever learn, the accomplishment of a handsome walk. Then they talk with so lively an air, so much gesticulation and clatter, that a sober northerner finds his faculties somewhat taxed to meet the excitement of the conversation.

In the city there is no peace. We are kept awake half the night by a negro ball, with its endless *ya, ya*, whilst those evenings which lack this diversion are supplied with lesser melodies of guitar, or songs of children, begging guirlandas. We have just been throwing coppers to little girls, who sung at our door, in pretty Spanish, a ditty whose burden was something like

May you go to Heaven,
 May you go to Heaven,
 And, after, enjoy your kingdom there.

Of the beauty of the climate and country, I fear I cannot give a New England man a conception. Here have I been now a full month, and have not seen a stormy nor an unpleasant day. Except two or three, all have been delightful, with a steady sun and refreshing breezes. I go to bed with the same certainty of my fine morning, as of my waking or breakfast, and no plan of business or sport ever refers at all to the weather, and no mention of such a thing is made when friends meet, so that I soon left off my Yankee salutation, "A charming day, Sir." It is strange how the vegetation finds moisture enough to keep it good. It is all green and fresh, yet there has been no rainy day for two months, and the showers that have now and then dropped would be swallowed as nothing by our thirsty farms. The dews are very heavy, but they are dried in an hour or two. Nature in these latitudes seems to have a better constitution than with us: she does more and craves less.

Every morning I am up, like Bunker-hill monument, "to meet the sun in his coming." I bestride my poney, and we brush with hasty step the dews away. I ride to the tops of hills that overlook the country, and there feast my eyes with the carpet landscape rolled out beneath my feet. You see below you thousands of acres of cane-fields,

"And vast savannahs where the wandering eye,
 Unfixed, is in a verdant ocean lost,"

interrupted by no roads or fences. The prospect is enlivened at intervals by the small clusters of buildings which stand in the center of each plantation. The view reminds the New Englander of the meadows of the Connecticut, as seen from Mount Holyoke, at the close of summer. It is chiefly cocoas and palms, towering here and there on the plain like stately columns, that mark the scenery as tropical. The palm is the only tree I would steal for our own scenery. Much of the beauty and almost the whole of the peculiar character of the landscape comes from that single magnificent vegetable. There is a lustre in the atmosphere and a vigor in the vegetation beyond what nature attains in our latitudes. But there is also a drowsiness over all the landscape: there are no bright contrasts of colors; few insects are on the wing; the birds have no song, and we miss the brilliant variety and the high spirits of a northern summer. Many flowers cultivated in our gardens and greenhouses are among the most common weeds. Sensitive plants and prickly pear overrun the ground, and the *ipecacuanha* grows wild in profusion.

In the city I felt homesick, after the novelty was a little worn off. I tired of square houses open to the air in the middle; of oranges and sweetmeats; of negroes and negroesses; of Dons and Senoras; and felt like a prisoner within those massive walls, forever under the eye of a sentinel. So I came to Santa Barbara, a plantation of Mr. M.'s, and have, for the time being, a whole house to myself. The house looks like one of our northern barns, which somebody from whim had furnished with sideboard, tables, and chairs. But my barn is like Cinderella's pumpkin, which at a word was changed into a chariot and six. For I have only to open shutters and let down the sides of the building, which turn on hinges, and the beauty of the fields and the glory of the skies and mountains pour in, and my shed becomes a palace. Make Nature your friend and she will not fail you at your need, but wherever you go, the intimacy, like the masonic tie, will be acknowledged, and you will find in it comfort and support. The air, the fresh green, the flowers, the fruits, the goodly prospect, the silence, and again the sounds of rustic life, soothe and entertain me. I ride morning and evening, and these little pacing ponies are very good things: they scale hills and

pierce thickets, where it would not be easy to manage one of our stately beasts.

In a fine afternoon, in the midst of clouds and showers, I went to see an old negro who brings vegetables here for sale, and who lives by himself on the top of a hill in the corner of his master's plantation, being, as it were, an Emeritus, and no longer called on for work. We crept along a tunnel rather than an open road, through woods and bushes, with now and then a window on our side, from which we could see far off palmy plains, like painted pictures, until we gained the summit of the hill, and found the little peaked hut of the old man, as lone and romantic a hermitage as ever I fancied. It was such a place and person as Wordsworth loves to paint. One feels a strong interest that is almost pathetic, in a solitary being, white-haired, living so independent of everything but the pension great Nature allows him. Old Tita, so they call my new acquaintance, built his own house, roofed it with the jagua of the palm, and it sits perched upon the hill-top, like the nest of a bird. The woods are left uncut upon one side at a little distance from his door, while the other side is cleared and planted. Here he raises plantains, yams, potatoes, beans, ochre, and other vegetables in request on the plantations. He has a cross erected just outside his door, "so that when thunder roll, he no knock 'ee." No persuasion, I suppose, could induce him to exchange his cross for a lightning rod. His only companions, his dog and kitten, he seems to make much of. What struck me, standing on the threshold of his cot, was the contrast between his lowly condition and dwelling, and the grandeur of the spot, which some fine instinct led him to choose for his abode, looking down over all the neighboring hills, and over the intervening valleys and fields, to the distant mountains and the blue ocean. It was a prospect which made the gazer involuntarily feel high and stately.

DARK AGES.

WE should read history as little critically as we consider the landscape, and be more interested by the atmospheric tints, and various lights and shades which the intervening spaces create, than by its groundwork and composition. It is the morning now turned evening and seen in the west, — the same sun, but a new light and atmosphere. Its beauty is like the sunset; not a fresco painting on a wall, flat and bounded, but atmospheric and roving or free. In reality history fluctuates as the face of the landscape from morning to evening. What is of moment is its hue and color. Time hides no treasures; we want not its *then* but its *now*. We do not complain that the mountains in the horizon are blue and indistinct; they are the more like the heavens.

Of what moment are facts that can be lost, — which need to be commemorated? The monument of death will outlast the memory of the dead. The pyramids do not tell the tale that was confided to them; the living fact commemorates itself. Why look in the dark for light? Strictly speaking, the historical societies have not recovered one fact from oblivion, but are themselves instead of the fact that is lost. The researcher is more memorable than the researched. The crowd stood admiring the mist, and the dim outlines of the trees seen through it, when one of their number advanced to explore the phenomenon, and with fresh admiration, all eyes were turned on his dimly retreating figure. It is astonishing with how little coöperation of the societies, the past is remembered. Its story has indeed had a different muse than has been assigned it. There is a good instance of the manner in which all history began, in Alwákidi's Arabian Chronicle. "I was informed by *Ahmed Atmalin Aljorhami*, who had it from *Rephaa Ebn Kais Alamiri*, who had it from *Saiph Ebn Fabalah Alchatquarmi*, who had it from *Thabet Ebn Alkamah*, who said he was present at the action." These fathers of history were not anxious to preserve, but to learn the fact; and hence it was not forgotten. Critical acumen is exerted in vain to uncover the past; the *past* cannot be *presented*; we cannot know what we are not. But one veil hangs over past, present,

and future, and it is the province of the historian to find out not what was, but what is. Where a battle has been fought, you will find nothing but the bones of men and beasts; where a battle is being fought there are hearts beating. We will sit on a mound and muse, and not try to make these skeletons stand on their legs again. Does nature remember, think you, that they were men, or not rather that they are bones?

Ancient history has an air of antiquity; it should be more modern. It is written as if the spectator should be thinking of the backside of the picture on the wall, or as if the author expected the dead would be his readers, and wished to detail to them their own experience. Men seem anxious to accomplish an orderly retreat through the centuries, earnestly rebuilding the works behind, as they are battered down by the encroachments of time; but while they loiter, they and their works both fall a prey to the arch enemy. It has neither the venerableness of antiquity, nor the freshness of the modern. It does as if it would go to the beginning of things, which natural history might with reason assume to do; but consider the Universal History, and then tell us — when did burdock and plantain sprout first? It has been so written for the most part, that the times it describes are with remarkable propriety called *dark ages*. They are dark, as one has observed, because we are so in the dark about them. The sun rarely shines in history, what with the dust and confusion; and when we meet with any cheering fact which implies the presence of this luminary, we excerpt and modernize it. As when we read in the history of the Saxons, that Edwin of Northumbria “caused stakes to be fixed in the highways where he had seen a clear spring,” and “brazen dishes were chained to them, to refresh the weary sojourner, whose fatigues Edwin had himself experienced.” This is worth all Arthur’s twelve battles.

But it is fit the past should be dark; though the darkness is not so much a quality of the past, as of tradition. It is not a distance of time but a distance of relation, which makes thus dusky its memorials. What is near to the heart of this generation is fair and bright still. Greece lies outspread fair and sunshiny in floods of light, for there is the sun and day-light in her literature and art, Homer does not

allow us to forget that the sun shone — nor Phidias, nor the Parthenon. Yet no era has been wholly dark, nor will we too hastily submit to the historian, and congratulate ourselves on a blaze of light. If we could pierce the obscurity of those remote years we should find it light enough; only there is not our day. — Some creatures are made to see in the dark. — There has always been the same amount of light in the world. The new and missing stars, the comets and eclipses do not affect the general illumination, for only our glasses appreciate them. The eyes of the oldest fossil remains, they tell us, indicate that the same laws of light prevailed then as now. Always the laws of light are the same, but the modes and degrees of seeing vary. The gods are partial to no era, but steadily shines their light in the heavens, while the eye of the beholder is turned to stone. There was but the eye and the sun from the first. The ages have not added a new ray to the one, nor altered a fibre of the other.

T.

FRIENDSHIP.

FROM CHAUCER'S "ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE."

Love of friendship also there is
 Which maketh no man done amis,
 Of will knitté betwixt two,
 That woll not breake for wele ne wo,
 Which long is likely to contune,
 Whan will and goods been in commune.
 Grounded by God's ordinaunce,
 Hoolé without discordaunce,
 With hem holding commauncé
 Of all her good in charité,
 That there bé none exceptioun,
 Through chaunging of ententioun,
 That each help other at her nede,

And wisely hele both word and dede,
 True of meaning, devoid of slouth,
 For wit is nought without trowth :
 So that the tone dare all his thought
 Saine to his friend, and spare nought,
 As to himselfe without dreding
 To be discovered by wreiying,
 For glad is that conjunction
 Whan there is non suspicion,
 Whom they wold prove
 That true and perfite weren in love :
 For no man may be amiable,
 But if he be so firme and stable
 That fortune change him not ne blinde,
 But that his friend alway him finde
 Both poore and riché in o state :
 For if his friend through any gate
 Woll complaine of his poverté,
 He should not bide so long, till he
 Of his helping him require,
 For good deed done through praier
 Is sold and bought too deare iwis
 To herte that of great valour is.
 For herte fulfilled of gentlenesse
 Can evill demeane his distresse,
 And man that worthy is of name
 To asken often hath great shame.

A good man brenneth in his thought
 For shame when he asketh ought,
 He hath great thought, and dredeth aie
 For his disease when he shall praie
 His friend, least that he warned be
 Till that he preve his stabilitie :
 But when that he hath founden one
 That trustie is and true as stone,
 And assayed him at all,
 And found him stedfast as a wall,
 And of his friendship be certaine,

He shall him shew both joy and paine,
And all that he dare thinke or say,
Without shame, as he well may,
For how should he ashamed be
Of such one as I told thee ?
For whan he wote his secret thought,
The third shall know thereof right nought,
For twey in number is bet than three,
In everie counsaile and secree :
Repreve he dredeth never a dele,
Who that beset his wordes wele,
For everie wise man, out of drede,
Can keepe his tongue till he see nede.

And fooles cannot hold hir tongue,
A fooles bell is soone ronge ;
Yet shall a true friend doe more
To helpe his fellow of his sore,
And succour him whan he hath need,
In all that he may done indeed,
And gladder that he him pleaseth
Than his felowe that he easeth,
And if he doe not his request,
He shall as muche him molest
As his felowe, for that he
Maie not fulfill his voluté
Fully, as he hath required ;
If both the hertes love hath fired
Joye and woe they shall depart,
And take evenly each his part,
Halfe his annoy he shall have aie
And comferte what that he may,
And of this blisse part shall he,
If love woll departed be.

RECORD OF THE MONTHS.

The Neighbors : a Story of Every Day Life. By FREDERIKA BREMER. Translated by Mary Howitt.

No work of fiction that has appeared of late has met with so kindly a reception, on all hands, as this. In part this may be ascribed to our pleasure at getting a peep into the domestic life of a country hitherto little known to us, except in the broader, colder outline of history, but far more to the intrinsic merit of the work, its lively nature, wisdom, and gentle affectionate morality. The representation of character, if not deeply "motived" is faithful, and, though best in the range of such persons as Bear and his charming little wife, yet the bolder attempts in the sketches of *Ma chère mère*, Bruno, and Serena do not fail, if they do not entirely succeed. These persons are painted, not indeed as by one of their own rank, but as they may be seen from Fanny's point of view. The playfulness of the book seldom rises to wit, but is very light and pretty; the dew is on the grass, the insect on the wing, round the happy country home. The common sense is truly "the wisdom of nations," not the cold prudence of skepticism, but the net result of observations taken by healthy hearts and heads, educated in that golden mean which most harmoniously, if not most rapidly, unfolds the affections, the intellect, and the energies for active life.

The Last of the Barons. By Sir E. L. BULWER.

IN a very different temper from the Swedish novel is this new volume from Bulwer, even more melodramatic than his last. It has his usual merits of lively conception, and flexibility of talent; there is no better scene painter than Bulwer; no writer weaves his plot more skillfully. The incidents do not indeed grow necessarily out of the characters; only in the works of highest genius, only in Shakspeare, Cervantes, Goethe, do we find this merit; but they fit the characters very well, they allow free play to its gestures. We are sure to read the book through once, as sure never to touch it again.—It is sad to see this man, with such desire for a deeper, simpler life, and not without glimpses at its nature, yet never taking a path that could lead him one step nearer to it. Always he is beating the bushes for game that has fled, always is on the outskirts of truth. He began at the wrong end, and has never, with all his defiance of cant, clearly seen that "the misery of our age is that we must get rid of the false, to arrive at the true." The apprenticeship of Zanoni, the "large, fatherly heart" of Warwick are seen

with an eye to the bystander, never simply for his own sake. How tedious the man of talent becomes when he would philosophize, would moralize, when he would enforce by a thousand repetitions what he supposes some great leading thought about "humanity," "democracy," the "Man of the Age." O fashionable writer, burn your books, burn off the ambitious crust from your life; be still and lonely in yourself a little while, be a child, then, perhaps you may grow to be a man, and know how to write about "humanity." But you will never pierce that secret, from without, as you hope. At present, all your talents, your industry, your quick perceptions, and your pains, for these, it must be confessed, are real, only serve to make you a more striking illustration of the falsities of your time.

Music Explained. By FRANCIS JAMES FETIS.

THIS little book brings just what is wanted by many among us, an account of the technical terms of the art, the scope and capabilities of the different instruments, and different kinds of composition. For it is not music explained, for that were an impossibility, but the modes of expression in music, defined and discriminated one from the other. It will be of use to the many who, with a pleasure in hearing music that they cannot let go, are continually disappointed and puzzled, because ignorance, as to the means and resources of the art, has occasioned their forming expectations which cannot be realized, and prevents their appreciating the degree in which expression is attained.

Music has been, in a sense, popular here, during the winter; that is to say, musical entertainments have drawn large audiences, but the frequent rudeness of talking during the finest performance, has shown that no small part of the audience were regardless of the divine expressions of thought they thus insulted, no less than of the feelings of those who might have enjoyed them, but for the neighborhood of these intruders. It ought to be understood that half a dollar buys a seat, and the privilege of hearing, but not that of making the same useless to all around. Strange, strange, that it should be necessary to say such things! Das versteht sich: that is understood of itself, say the Germans.

The Academy concerts have not satisfied the expectations excited by the ability with which they were conducted the previous winter. They have indeed repeated several times the fifth symphony of Beethoven, which is always heard with renewed delight, and the second symphony, but the Pastoral, not at all, and have given us no new piece from this master. The Jupiter was given only once; we cannot guess why; hearing it

once, and coldly performed, as it seemed to be, it made no impression; but the course the academy has heretofore pursued, was to study and repeat fine compositions, till they were understood, both by the performers and hearers. This winter they have preferred to amuse the public with showy overtures, well enough in their way, but not adapted to raise or purify the taste of those who are so immediately pleased with them, or to gratify those who have any deep feeling of music. One concert was made up of overtures, which reminded us of Timon's feast, only substituting bottles of cider (we can't say Champagne) for the warm water which he had prepared to balk his hungry guests.

The Handel and Haydn society have given the Messiah, Mendelsohn's St. Paul, and Rossini's Stabat Mater, as well as is possible with such a lack of good solo singers. — The Stabat is a splendid and flowing composition, unworthy the theme, and unworthy the echoes that have answered to the sublime choruses of the Messiah, but full of life, of winged melody, and such excellencies as may be expected from Rossini. As Scott to Shakspeare is Rossini to Handel, so wide the gulf of difference, both as to depth of insight, and poetic power of representation; — but then again, wide as the distance between Bulwer and Scott is that between the imitators of Rossini and himself, the great green tree, blossoming full of vigor and joy, the fountain overflowing with enchanting, though superficial melody. It is Italy, it is Naples in its high coloring and profuse growths.

The younger Rakemann, who came to this country last autumn, has added a new and important page to our musical experiences. He has enjoyed the benefits of intercourse with the most wonderful pianists in this day of wonderful execution, and adds, to the great command of the instrument attainable by early and ardent study of their methods, a depth of feeling, range and force of expression far more admirable. He has a wide range, doing justice to delicate, to magnificent, or simple and solemn compositions. If it be possible that his genius be worthily developed in a country where is, as yet, no musical atmosphere, we hope he will remain to educate us for the enjoyment of his performance, and of the thoughts of his masters.

The Bible in Spain, or the Journeys, Adventures, and Imprisonments of an Englishman in an attempt to circulate the Scriptures in the Peninsula. By GEORGE BORROW. Author of "The Gipsies in Spain."

THIS is a charming book, full of free breezes, and mountain torrents, and pictures of romantic interest. Mr. Borrow is a self-sufficing man of free nature, his mind is always in the fresh air;

he is not unworthy to climb the sierras and rest beneath the cork trees where we have so often enjoyed the company of Don Quixote. And he has the merit, almost miraculous to-day, of leaving us almost always to draw our own inferences from what he gives us. We can wander on in peace, secure against being forced back upon ourselves, or forced sideways to himself. It is as good to read through this book of pictures, as to stay in a house hung with Gobelin tapestry. The Gipsies are introduced here with even more spirit than in his other book. He sketches men and nature with the same bold and clear, though careless touch. Cape Finisterre and the entrance into Galicia are as good parts as any to look at.

Paracelsus.

MR. Browning was known to us before, by a little book called "Pippa Passes," full of bold openings, motley with talent like this, and rich in touches of personal experience. A version of the thought of the day so much less penetrating than Faust and Festus cannot detain us long; yet we are pleased to see each man in his kind bearing witness, that neither sight nor thought will enable to attain that golden crown which is the reward of life, of profound experiences and gradual processes, the golden crown of wisdom. The artist nature is painted with great vigor in Aprile. The author has come nearer that, than to the philosophic nature. There is music in the love of Festus for his friend, especially in the last scene, the thought of his taking sides with him against the divine judgment is true as poesy.

The Sleep Waker. A Tale. Translated from the German of
HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE.

WE would call attention to this little tale, which is remarkably well translated. It is, in itself, very pleasing, and the natural affinities of character, as developed by means of the trance of animal magnetism, are treated with fineness of observation and sympathy. Nothing can be more graceful than the little scene in which the Rose is given, and the way in which it is made to bear on the conduct of the story. The sweet and sustained tone of the magnetized, the aloofness with which the soul regards the blemishes of its personal, temporal existence, are what may be divined by those who have ever seen so much as the smile which accompanies this sleep in the body, awaking into the spirit.

The Life and Times of Girolamo Savonarola; illustrating the progress of the Reformation in Italy, during the Fifteenth Century. By JOHN A. HERAUD. London: Whittaker & Co. 1843. 12mo. pp. 420.

HISTORICAL records, as ordinarily presented, may raise in us the idea, that great minds are only permitted occasionally to appear, and but now and then, at long distant periods, one starts forth suddenly as a solitary, flitting meteor, leaving the welkin dark again. But were it possible, which we may safely affirm it is not, for the historian correctly to report the facts as they occurred, so that the reader shall be as well instructed as if he had been present, the course of humanity would give evidence of a very different law. God's spiritual dominion on earth is as continuously occupied by stars, as the material firmament. There is an unintermitted stream of inspiration and progress; and it is because it is observed only in part, and reported disjointedly, that we are insensible of the fact. Behind Shakspeare may be discovered a nebula of dramatic authors, whose success built up his, and whose genius aided the fame which eclipses their own. Milton is but the crowning stone until a happier poet shall carry the apex of sacred song one course higher.

Thus of Savonarola. Luther's eminence overshadows his fame; and the public mind having done justice to *the idea* of church reform, few readers, and fewer worshippers, are interested in apportioning shares of merit to the several persons who promoted it. Historic justice is, however, as beautiful in literature as pecuniary payment is needful in commerce. We, therefore, accept with gladness this effort to rescue the comparatively unknown Savonarola from undue obscurity. He was one link in that chain of intense minds which binds age to age, and man to man, which gives fresh evidence of the universal brotherhood of humanity, and which fails not to instruct us of that inmost and ruling Love, whose common paternity generates that brotherhood. Successively student, lover, monk, poet, reformer, priest, politician, prophet, enthusiast, contemplator, legislator, victim, martyr, he was undeviatingly the friend of man, the affectionate expounder of truth, the persevering writer, and the faithful servant of the most high, as far as consciousness was granted to him.

Born in times (1452) when the corruptions of the Church were quite or nearly at their height, such an ardent and true being must needs enter on a career ultimately involving his fate. The forms of virtue, always most rigidly maintained by man as he forgets the spirit in them, are yet sufficiently vivid to develop in such a soul the divine feelings of which they were originally the result.

Passing, in his studies, through the subtleties of Aristotle, and the sublimities of Plato, to the divine intuitions in the New Testament Scriptures at a period when a sincere and faithful appeal to them was very rare, he became elevated to the position of the Italian Luther, antecedent in time to the German reformer, and as distinguished above him by more gentleness and nobler poetic tone. In practical tendency of being, the martyred Italian monk was no less eminent than the sturdy German student. The two qualities of divine love and moral action were united in him, without the intervention of a calculating rationality which not unfrequently deadens the holiest emotions. Hence his preference for the Dominican order. For the zeal he brought to that brotherhood could well employ the controversial learning they could teach him; and without an activity in "doing good" his soul could not be satisfied.

At the age of twenty-three years he abruptly quitted his paternal home at Ferrara, and entered the Dominican monastery at Bologna, as lay brother, where his talents and fervor were too justly appreciated to allow him the humble occupations he would have selected, and he was appointed to the highest offices for which nature and learning qualified him. His temperament, described as the "sanguine-choleric," rendered him equally susceptible of "hope and anger;" and such a nature, in connexion with an undefiled conscience and pure piety, aroused in him the highest indignation and energy, when he discovered that the brotherhood were as far estranged from holy principles and practices as the world he had quitted.

He hesitated long before he could accept the priestly office from hands so ill qualified to give it validity. Notwithstanding his poetic feelings, he was not a little opposed to the scientific music introduced into the Church, as he said, "by the devil to prevent mental devotion, and to delight the senses without producing spiritual fruits." He found no gospel commanding that we should keep in the church crosses of gold or silver, or other precious things, but he had found in the gospel, "I was an hungered and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink!" His tendencies were all favorable to a purely personal, rather than a ceremonial religion. And his then unprecedented study of the divine written oracle did not close his soul against the immediate presence of the same divine authority,—a fact doctrinally countenanced by every formal church only so long as its priesthood retains the exclusive power of interpreting the Spirit's voice. So far as Savonarola claimed the right of interpretation for himself, he may be considered as essentially a Protestant, and his memory has not remained unassailed on this ground. Contemplating all words

and outward things from inward life, the defections of priests and people were alike manifest to him. His writings generally partake strongly of this mystic character. Spread over nearly thirty years, they are numerous and varied, chiefly, however, consisting of poems, epistles, sermons, and scripture paraphrases in Italian and Latin, a complete catalogue of which Mr. Heraud has now furnished.

Seven years were passed by Savonarola in his lay noviciate, travelling from place to place by the direction of his order, and teaching from cloister to cloister; thus carrying out the reforming idea with which he was so strongly impressed. He remained unspoiled even in the priestly office; the degradation in the Church having the effect rather of exciting him to firmer speech, than of quelling the truth within him. "Would you have your son a wicked man," he was wont to say, "make him a priest; O, how much poison will he swallow!" On the subject of prayer, he writes, "Those who will always use vocal and not mental prayer, act as if they chose to take medicine perpetually, and never to be cured. If it happen, by the grace of God, that the soul unites itself with him in such love and contemplation, that vocal prayer cannot longer be continued without hindering this contemplation, the suppliant should omit the remainder of his vocal, and continue his mental orisons, the great object of prayer being attained by such converse with God." — p. 82.

Savonarola continued his literary instructions subsequent to his ordination, his talents rendering him popular, and his lectures successful. In private remonstrance he was no less happy, and instances of conversion by his means are recorded. The monastery having removed to Florence during a war, he was selected to preach; and, although at the outset he entirely failed in the new capacity, he became, by diligent study and deeper inward communion, no less renowned in the pulpit than at the lecture-table. He exposed vices in the highest persons, assailed the wickedness of the most powerful, even in the pulpit of the church itself denouncing the crimes of its rulers with so much sincerity, truth, and eloquence, that the people hailed him as a prophet. This popular attribution, the means by which his fame and influence were spread abroad, he did not so distinctly explain or deny, but that it could be ultimately used, as it was used, for his accusation and death. He seems, indeed, rather to have confirmed the notion; and one of his contemporaries reports, "began to enumerate some mysteries about an impending destruction, although he concealed them under cover of sacred scripture, that impure men might be prevented from perceiving them, fearing lest the holy thing should be given to the dogs. The sword of the Lord," he repeatedly exclaimed, "will soon and suddenly come upon the earth."

So long as no great or immediate danger threatened the authorities from such preaching, the talents and solemnity of the preacher ensured him respect and even promotion. He was chosen Prior of the Dominican monastery of San Marco at Florence, erected by Cosmo di Medici at great expense, and favored by a rich library. The great Lorenzo di Medici in vain endeavored to seduce him by acts of courtesy and munificence. He remained faithful to conscience, and even proceeded so far as to put himself in opposition to him, on account of the social evils resulting from aristocratic privileges which no benevolence can gloss.

“In person he was of middling stature, rather small than large, but erect and easy; fair, almost florid in complexion, with a high, bold forehead remarkably furrowed; his eyes were brilliant, and of such a blue as the ancients called *glauca*, shadowed by long, reddish, eye-lashes; his nose was prominent and aquiline, which added much to his beauty; his face was rather plump than thin; his cheeks somewhat rounded, and a full underlip gave sweetness to his countenance; the face was well placed, and every other part of his person proportioned and firmly knit, exhibiting in all his gestures and movements an air of gentleness and gracefulness. His hands were bony, and so little covered with flesh, that when held against the light they seemed almost transparent; his long spreading fingers ended in very pointed nails. His carriage was upright; his manners grave, equal, resolute, tempered by humble courtesy, polished and agreeable in every action.”— p. 141.

On the death of Lorenzo, political events succeeded, in which Savonarola bore an important part, and was enabled to carry some of his reformatory ideas into practice, at least as respected monasteries. Practical measures roused up enemies at Rome; accusations were brought against him, and after various vicissitudes he was cited to Rome for having predicted future events. Sickness and some apology to the Pope purchased his excuse, and on recovery he again entered the pulpit. The Pope, like Lorenzo, tried, without success, to attract him from his duty, by offer of a cardinalate, but he would have “no other red hat than that of martyrdom covered with his own blood.” In every successive sermon his principles were developed in opposition to the vices of authority. His preaching was suspended, he was again cited to Rome, and put upon his defence. He vindicated himself,— was again ordered to preach. Proceeding in his reforming career, he proposed a council of the Church, and brought himself into such antagonism with the papal authority, that he was excommunicated. Again he was permitted to preach, and penned warm remonstrances to the Pope. He attacked more unsparingly than ever the depravity of the clergy. He declares,

“The scandal begins at Rome, and goes through the whole; they are worse than Turks and Moors. Begin only with Rome, and you will find that they have won all their spiritual benefices by simony. Many seek them for their children and brothers, who enter them with inso-

lence and a thousand sins. Their covetousness is monstrous; they will do any thing for money. Their bells sound avarice, — call to nothing else but money and ease." — p. 322.

Conduct like this necessarily brought affairs to a crisis. He was committed to the merciless inquisition, and underwent the most cruel tortures, constantly refusing, in his restored moments, to sanction any doubtful expression like recantation, which might have escaped in the extremity of physical anguish, peculiarly painful in his case from mental sensibility and sanguine temperament.

Failing to obtain a genuine recantation, his persecutors fabricated one. His condemnation being determined on, sentence was pronounced, and with two of the fraternity, he was burnt to death in Florence, on the 22d of May, 1498.

These are the main incidents in a life which *could not fail*, under any circumstances, of being deeply influential, but whose fame has not until now acquired a place in English literature, although within the last six years no fewer than three elaborate biographies have appeared in Germany from the pens of Rudelbach, Maier, and Rapp. In the design of introducing to a further portion of the reading public a character so distinguished, we are indebted to Mr. Heraud for this work, the general reception of which, we hope, will induce further efforts in bringing out the spirit-chosen minds. The present volume, though in its pains-taking erudition it grows occasionally discursive, and in needless efforts to prove that the Roman Catholic Church is really the protestant establishment, becomes somewhat controversial, is yet a valuable addition to our standard literature. In his summary Mr. Heraud observes that,

"Religion with Savonarola was love, — commenced, continued, ended in love. He was of the seraphic, rather than cherubic, nature. He was ever kindled and consumed with the zeal and energy of the affections; he unavoidably exhibits the soaring and glowing fire of an erotic spirit. He began life with an affair of the heart, in which he was disappointed, and commenced poet by composing amorous lyrics, which perished with the destruction of his hopes, and their elevation to celestial attachment, — then, too, his muse became devout, but still the lyre was attuned to lays of love. Virtue, truthfully severe, and benevolently active, was then the beauty he turned to woo; and he pursued it, under all circumstances, even to suffering and death. Hence it was, that his precepts and example became so attractive and generative. Multitudes caught the magnetic influence, — the flame spread from heart to heart, — enthusiasm was communicated from soul to soul." — p. 337.

"In his last perplexity, Savonarola conducted himself nobly, — not retracting, as is pretended, though still distinguishing, — willing to submit to constituted right; yet protesting against misconstituted wrong, — obedient to authority, but resisting its abuse. Savonarola, though weak in body, strong in spirit, manifested a dignity which compels us to confess, that his imitation of Jesus of Nazareth was so perfect, as scarcely to want any of the attributes which accredit the messengers of divine truth, except that of miraculous power." — p. 338.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

HEIDELBERG, Jan. 5, 1843.

SCHELLING.

I do not learn that Schelling is to give a course of lectures in Berlin this winter. Pamphlets and articles upon the points of difference between him and Hegel continue to make their appearance, and to find readers; among others, one by J. H. Fichte "Ueber die Christliche und Antichristliche Speculation der Gegenwart." A pamphlet entitled "Schelling's Vorlesungen in Berlin, Darstellung und Kritik der Hauptpunkte derselben, mit besonderer Beziehung auf das Verhältniss zwischen Christenthum und Philosophie, von Dr. J. Frauenstädt." This last will give you as good an idea as any of the world-famous philosopher, as he is actually talked about, and his first course of lectures in Berlin. On the 10th of August last, he concluded his lectures on the Philosophy of Mythology, in words like the following; "I conclude these lectures with satisfaction and inmost content. I have found in you, my hearers, during the last half year, no casual or unknown throng. In the great majority of you, gentlemen, I could see friends whom I had won by my previous lectures, the confidants of my real thoughts, as well as of my peculiar methods of unfolding philosophical subjects. Thus much I could gather from the particular attention and uninterrupted interest with which you have attended these lectures; to which I have been so fortunate as to attract gentlemen of superior attainments in science, and whom I prize in the highest degree. And now, at their conclusion, I present you all with my heartiest thanks for such interest; and you will allow me to add an expression of the wish which I cannot help cherishing, that I may further enjoy so beautiful a relation. Farewell."

The first article of the second volume of the "Jahrbuch der Deutschen Universitäten" contains a vindication of Schelling against all and sundry by G. Heine, from which I translate the following paragraphs.

"What Schelling taught in 1800, he still teaches. Man is the end and aim of creation, the spirit which moves in all, that to which all tends. But Schelling, who takes the history in its particulars, and does not attempt a solution by generalization, acknowledges, at the same time, that at the end of the Creation, the rest, which should be the result of this motion, did not by any means obtain; on the contrary, he sees a new process start up, and to understand this, is his next task. It would be more convenient indeed to deny the fact of this unrest; for it appears so absurd that the world should topple together like a cardhouse, by the capricious blow of man's folly.' Yet such a fall has taken place, and therefore nothing but ignorance of History and Revelation, or caprice, can elude it. A conscientious inquirer will seek to explain it. It was in relation to His Son that God permitted this fall. Man had by his own fault fallen under the power of that principle which he ought to keep at rest and in subjection within him. But in this estrangement from God he is followed by the second of the three poten-

ces, as the unity of which God is God; and thereby is a struggle possible against that principle, whence results a new process. Without and before this struggle, there is no history; with it, comes the commencement of languages, nations, and religions. This new process does not take place in God, but in the consciousness of man; and it is a theogonic process in so far as by it God is replaced in the God-estranged. The historical fact of this process presents itself in Paganism; in which, accordingly, we find a real relation to real powers, an opposition, namely, for which the mediating or third *potence* is by its nature calculated. But the combatted principle must be abolished, not only in its operation, but in its ground and essence; and thereto this merely *natural potence* does not suffice. This can only effect the natural side of the principle. In order to affect its divine side, a divine *potence* is requisite. The *end* of this natural process is attained, when the intermediate *potence* has made itself master of the consciousness; as appears historically in the mysteries, which accordingly are the end of Mythology. There first where the same *potence* which at the end of creation was God in and with the Father, consequently *υἱὸς τοῦ Θεοῦ*, but which was afterwards let down from this divinity through men, and so became *υἱὸς τοῦ ἀνθρώπου*, — there first when this *potence* has become Lord *besides* God, is the reduction of this hostile principle, in its ground and essence possible. For when it resigns this dominion (which it holds not as a *ἀρπαγμὸν*, but as its rightful possession), this extradi-vine Divinity, this *μορφὴ Θεοῦ*, and ignoring all the thought of self, becomes obedient, obedient even to death, — then that excluding principle finds nothing which it can exclude, and can no more exist as the excluding and contrary, and of course is as to its essence abolished.

“It is Christ who has overcome this principle, while he was obedient even to death, and thereby proved himself a divine personality; that is, he actually became God; — no longer encompassed by the Father and restrained, but in free obedience and one with him, — as the doctrines of Christianity represent him. Christ has conquered the *ἀρχαίς*, and placed the human consciousness in freedom over against them. Accordingly, while the mythological religion is blind, slavish, and merely natural, the Christian religion, on the contrary, is the free religion of the spirit. But in order to abolish that blind relation, revelation must further, in the first place, operate as a real thing, as authoritative force externally repressing error. This necessity called for the Church. This realism is the rock on which it is built. But the foundation is not the edifice itself; and so this Petrine or Catholic church must be followed by the Pauline, — the separation from blind recognition, freedom therefore from every recognition. But no halt can be made at this negative point; the positive presses unceasingly forwards, and so the Pauline Church must give way to the Church of John, to all-embracing love. The living and true God, whom Luther by faith laid hold of as of a strong tower, and proceeding from which set minds free, must be brought into the consciousness, after it is extricated from blind recognition, and by this means carried beyond its present limits. The true living God must be brought into the freed consciousness, and not a false idol, be its name ever so splendid, — be it called Reason or whatever else. Then only is the Reformation consummated, concluded. I think I do not hazard too much in saying that I find in what Schelling has brought us, and of which I here give a quite inadequate abstract, a con-

firmation of the prophecy which Goethe uttered so early as 1811: 'I cannot entirely subscribe to his opinions,' said he with respect to Schelling, 'but it is clear to me that he is destined to introduce a new spiritual epoch in history.' Joyfully then do I greet in him the Consummator of the Reformation, the Prophet of the New Epoch."

HEGEL.

The Hegelians have heretofore been divided into numerous cliques, — Hegelians of the right, of the centre, of the left; of the extreme left and of the mountain, it may be, and I know not how many others; — but recently those of the right, the centre, and the left, have agreed to disagree peaceably on minor points, and work together for the assertion and defence of their common doctrines. In the negotiation of this treaty, Göschel represented the right, Marheineke and Gabler the centre, and Vatke and Michelet the left. The result is to be the establishment of a philosophical society of sixteen of the most eminent — and the publication of a Hegelian Journal under their superintendence. Meanwhile the *young* Hegelians, who have heretofore appeared as anxious as the others to quote chapter and verse in Hegel for their positions, have come boldly out, and declared that they shall not only feel bound to cite him in future, but shall occupy positions against which he made hostile demonstrations in his lectures. The most conspicuous of these are Ruge, the former Editor of the "Deutsche Jahrbücher," Strauss, Bruno Bauer, and Feuerbach.

GOETHE.

The publication of Goethe's Works has been completed by the addition of five new volumes. Volume 56th containing; Vermischte Gedichte; An Personen; Invectiven; Zahme Xenien; Nachträge zum Divan; Maximen und Reflexionen; Verschiedenes Einzelne; Reise der Söhne Megaprazons; Brief des Pastors an seinen Amtbruder; Zwei wichtige biblische Fragen. Vol. 57th; Das Lustspiel, Die Wette; Iphigenia in Prosa; Erwin und Elmire, und Claudine von Villa Bella in der frühesten Gestalt; Die ungleichen Hausgenossen; Zwei ältere Scenen aus dem Jahrmarktsfest zu Plundersweilern; Hanswurst's Hochzeit; Paralipomena zu Faust; Fragmente einer Trauödie, die Natürliche Tochter (schema der Fortsetzung); Pandora (desgleichen); Nauzikan. Vol. 58th; Die Metamorphose der Pflanzen; Beiträge zur Optik. Vol. 59th; Der Polemische Theil der Farbenlehre. Vol. 60th; Nachträge zur Farbenlehre, zur Mineralogie, und Geologie; Biographische Einzelheiten; Chronologie der Entstehung Goethe'scher Schriften. This is published by Cotta, and is the authorized and protected edition. It is accompanied by an engraving of a picture of Goethe, in his 27th year. Many of the pieces contained in this edition were published in a double-columned octavo edition about five years ago — so that the first two volumes may not be new to your readers.

A third volume of Eckermann's Conversations with Goethe is soon to appear, fragments of which have already got into the Journals.

Theodor Mundt put forth last year a new edition of Frederick Schlegel's History of Literature, to which he has added a second volume, bringing it down to the present time. The readers of Aristotle will

be interested to learn that Professor Spengel of Heidelberg proposes now to publish his researches in that direction, which, if as worthy of attention as the specimen he has given, will be a treasure to classical scholars. Drs. Liebig, Poggendorf, Wohler, and others are putting out a "Handwörterbuch der reinen und angewandten Chemie." — Seatsfield, the author of several works illustrative of American life, has lately issued the same under the title of "Lebensbilder aus der westlichen Hemisphäre." He has quite a reputation here, and according to his German admirers, deserves to be spoken of in the same breath with Irving and Cooper. — Dana's "Two Years before the Mast" has been translated into German by a sailor, and published at Bremen. The notices of it are quite commendatory. Longfellow's Preface to his translation of the "Children of the Lord's Supper," and Extracts from recent articles in the North American Review, have been translated in the Berlin "Magazin für die Literature des Auslandes." — Finally Schlosser has written a favorable notice of Bancroft's third volume, in the "Heidelberger Jahrbucher."

The papers report that Tieck will never entirely recover from the apoplectic stroke of last summer. He lives at Potsdam, and is occasionally visited by the king, his health not allowing him to go out.

Among the many good things for which the world is indebted to the present king of Prussia, not the least important is the mission of Dr. Lepsius to Egypt. The death of Champollion before he had published the results of his investigations, and the imperfect accounts of them by his friend and companion, Rosellini, have rendered another mission necessary. Dr. Lepsius is the author of a work entitled, "Ueber die Tyrrhenischen Pelasger in Etrurien, und ueber die Verbreitung des Italienischen Münzsystems von Etrurien aus," and though he is still a young man, is already distinguished as one of the first scholars in Germany in these departments. He is attended by a corps of artists to assist him in copying and sketching. It is proposed to give particular attention to the Temple of Vulcan and the Plain of the Pyramids at Memphis. Other objects will be the Holy City of Abydos; This in the Thebais; the Koseir road to the Red Sea; the whole Delta; the Labyrinth near Lake Moeris, and the curiosities in its vicinity, especially a remarkable obelisk there; a certain valley in the Lybian Mountains behind Thebes; Some Egyptian monuments in Arabia Petræa, in the Oases, and in Nubia. He will afterward visit Athens, the Old Pelasgic Argos, the Pyramid sites at Cenchræa, Anabathmoi, where Danaus landed, and Constantinople; where he will copy the as yet undeciphered obelisk of Thuthmosis III. As inscriptions and sculptures probably commemorative of the conquests of Sesostris-Ramses are to be seen near Cape Babelmandel, near Beyroot in Syria, in Ionia near Smyrna, and in Thrace, we suppose these will not be neglected. The expedition arrived in Egypt about the middle of September last, having gone by way of England and Malta; at which last place they found something to copy. They were well received by the Pasha, to whom they brought letters and presents from the king of Prussia, and were promised every furtherance in the power of the vice regal government to bestow. The least estimate of the time to be spent in the enterprise is three years; and for the expenses of the first year the king has given 11,000 thalers.

CATALOGUE OF BOOKS.

MR. ALCOTT and MR. LANE have recently brought from England a small but valuable library, amounting to about a thousand volumes, containing undoubtedly a richer collection of mystical writers than any other library in this country. To the select Library of the late J. P. Greaves, "held by Mr. Lane in trust for universal ends," they have added many works of a like character by purchase, or received as gifts. In their Catalogue, from which the following list is extracted, they say, "the titles of these books are now submitted, in the expectation that the Library is the commencement of an institution for the nurture of men in universal freedom of action, thought, and being." We print this list, not only because our respect is engaged to views so liberal, but because the arrival of this cabinet of mystic and theosophic lore is a remarkable fact in our literary history.

Hexapla; the Greek Text of the New Testament with the Six English Versions in parallel columns. 4to. London. 1840.

Confucii Sinarum Philosophus. fol. 1787.

The Laws of Menu. Translated by Sir William Jones.

The Desatir; Sacred Writings of the Ancient Persian Prophets. Persian and English. Bombay. 1818.

The Divine Pymander of Hermes Trismegistus. London. 1650.

Juliana's Revelations of Divine Love. 1670.

St. Bridget's Revelations. Nuremberg. 1500.

Behmen's Works. Theosophia Revelata, das ist alle Gottliche Schriften des Jacob Behmens. With Life, &c., edited by J. G. Gechtels. 1 vol. folio. 4,500 pages. 1715.

_____ The Rev. William Law's edition, containing the Aurora or Morning Red; the Three Principles; Man's Threefold Life; Answer to the Forty Questions concerning the Soul; Signatura Rerum; the Four Complexions; the Mysterium Magnum, &c. &c. 4 vols. 4to. London. 1764.

_____ Signatura Rerum; Supersensual Life, &c. 4to. London. 1781.

_____ Way to Christ. London. 1775.

_____ Teutonic Philosophy. London. 1770.

_____ Life, by Francis Okely. Northampton. 1780.

_____ Theosophick Philosophy Unfolded, by Edward Taylor. London. 1691.

_____ Epistles and Apologies, by John Sparrow. London. 1662. Graber und Gichtel, Kurze Eroffnung und Unweisung der dreyen Pincipien und Welten in Menschen. Berlin. 1779.

H. Janson. A Spiritual Journey. 4to. London. 1669.

Lamy, La Vie de St. Bernard. 4to. Paris. 1648.

Henrico Khurrath, Amphitheatrum Sapientiae Æternæ. fol. Magdeburg. 1602.

Molinos' Spiritual Guide. Dublin. 1798.

S. Pordage. Mundorum Explicatio. London. 1663.

J. Pordage. Theologia Mystica. London. 1683.

De Sales' Introduction to a Devout Life. London. 1686.

Matthew Weyer's Narrow Path of Divine Truth. London. 1683.

Important Truths relating to Spiritual and Practical Christianity. London. 1769.

Unpremeditated Thoughts of God.

H. Hugonis Pia Desideria. London. 1677.

Theologiæ Pacificæ itemque Mysticæ. Amstelodami. 1622.

Immanuel, by S. S. London. 1669.

A. Bourignon. Light in Darkness. London. 1703.

_____ Solid Virtue. London. 1699.

_____ Life and Sentiments. London. 1699.

_____ Light of the World. London. 1696.

Madame Guion. Poesies et Cantiques Spirituels. Cologne. 1722.

- Madame Guion.** Life, by Brooke. Bristol. 1806.
 ———. Lettres Chretiennes, &c. 5 vols. London. 1767.
 ———. Les Opuscles Spirituels. 2 vols. Paris. 1790.
 ———. Life. 3 vols. Paris. 1791.
 ———. Polemics. London. 1841.
 ———. Selections in German. Manheim. 1787.
Fenelon's Dissertation on Pure Love. London. 1750.
 ———. Account of Madame Guion. London. 1759.
 ———. Justifications de Madame Guion. Paris. 1790.
 ———. Maxims of the Saints. London. 1698.
 ———. Dialogues of the Dead. 2 vols. Berwick. 1770.
 ———. Lives and Maxims of Ancient Philosophers. London. 1726.
Thomas a Kempis. Imitation of Christ; by Dr. Stanhope. London. 1759.
William Law's Way to Divine Knowledge.
 ———. Spirit of Prayer.
 ———. Spirit of Love.
 ———. Christian Perfection.
 ———. Serious Call.
 ———. Letters.
 ———. Appeal.
 ———. Answer to Dr. Trapp.
 ———. Case of Reason.
 ———. Remarks on the Fable of the Bees. } 1 vol.
 ———. Tracts.
 ———. Christian's Manual (extracts).
 ———. Reply to the Bishop of Bangor on the Sacrament. 1719.
 ———. Spiritual Fragments (extracts).
 ———. Jordani Brunonis Opera. Paris. 1654.
Swedenborg: Arcana Coelestia.
 ———. Heavenly Doctrine. Cambridge. 1820.
 ———. Heaven and Hell. London. 1823.
Coleridge: Biographia Literaria. 2 vols. N. York. 1817.
 ———. Aids to Reflection. Burlington. 1829.
 ———. Friend. Burlington. 1831.
Greaves's Manuscripts. 12 vols. 4to. 1828 to 1842.
 ———. Maxims. London. 1826.
Novalis Schriften. Berlin. 1836.
Lane's Third Dispensation. London. 1841.
Alcott's Conversations with Children on the Gospels. 2 vols. Boston. 1836.
 ———. Record of a School. Boston. 1835.
Krummacher's Parabeln. 2 vols. Essen. 1840.
Spinoza's Works and Epistles. 4to. 1777.
Malebranche's Search after Truth. 2 vols. London. 1695.
 ———. Christian Conferences. London. 1695.
Wilmott's Lives of the Sacred Poets. London. 1834.
G. Herbert's Poems. London. 1835.
R. Crashaw's Steps to the Temple. London. 1670.
Thomas Fletcher's Purple Island. London. 1783.
Giles Fletcher's Christ's Victory. London. 1783.
Quarles' Emblems and Hieroglyphics. London. 1680.
 ———. Divine Fancies. London. 1680.
Huarte's Wits Commonwealth, or Politeuphuia. London. 1598.
Southcott's Tracts.
Dr. A. Bury's Naked Gospel. 4to. London. 1691.
Bromley's Sabbath of Rest, &c. London. 1761.
Robert Barclay's Apology. London. 1765.
N. Robinson's Christian Philosopher. London. 1753.
Poiret on the Restoration of Man. Lond. 1713.
 ———. Divine Economy. London. 1713.
Virgin in Eden. London. 1741.
Rev. R. Clarke's Gospel of the Daily Service. London. 1767.
 ———. Jesus the Nazarene. London. 1770.
 ———. Spiritual Voice. London. 1700.
Tracts, by Jane Lead.
Behms' History of Pietism. London. 1707.
Franck: Pietas Hallensis. London. 1705.
Pascal's Thoughts on Religion. London. 1806.

- P. Buchius on the Divine Being. London. 1693.
 Bellarmine's Soul's Ascension to God. London. 1703.
 R. Wilkinson's Saint's Travel to Canaan. London. 1650.
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 T. Hartley's Paradise Restored. London. 1764.
 J. Serjeant's Transnatural Philosophy. London. 1700.
 Henry More: *Ψυχολογία Platonica*. Camb. 1642.
 ——— Works. folio. London. 1642.
 Universal Restitution. London. 1761.
 Peter Sterry on the Freedome of the Will. fol. London. 1675.
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 City Pathopolis. 4to. London. 1631.
 L. Howell's Desiderius, or the Original Pilgrim. London. 1716.
 Bernard's Isle of Man. London. 1803.
 Olbia or the New Island. 4to. London. 1600.
 Ramsay's Philosophical Principles of Natural and Revealed Religion. Glas-
 gow. 2 vols. 4to. 1748.
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 General Delusion of Christians. London. 1714.
 Norris on Love. London. 1723.
 ——— Amoris Effigies, of Waring. London. 1744.
 ——— on Matrimony. 2 vols. London. 1739.
 ——— Ideal World. 2 vols. London. 1701.
 Wither's Britain's Remembrancer. London. 1628.
 Dr. Byrom's Miscellaneous Poems. 2 vols. Manchester. 1773.
 Du Bartas' "Divine Weekes and Workes," by Josiah Sylvester. 670 pages.
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 Palladius. 1595.
 Tusser's Husbandry. London. 1744.
 Evelyn's *Kalendarium Hortense*. London. 1699.
 Porphyry on Abstinence from Animal Food, by T. Taylor. London. 1823.
 Tryon: *Averræana*, or Letters from Averroes. London. 1687.
 ——— Way to Health. London. 1697.
 ——— Knowledge of a Man's Self. London. 1703.
 ——— Letters, Philosophical, Theological, and Moral. London. 1700.
 ——— Self-Knowledge. London. 1703.
 ——— on Dreams. London. 1691.
 Newton's Return to Nature. London. 1811.
 Sir J. Floyer's *Ψυχολογία*. London. 1732.
 R. T. Claridge's *Hydrophathy*. London. 1842.
 J. H. Cohausen: *Herinippus Redivivus*. London. 1771.
 Thomas Stanley's History of Philosophy. 750 pages. fol. London. 1700.
 Jamblichus on the Mysteries. Translated by T. Taylor.
 ——— Life of Pythagoras, by T. Taylor.
 Dacier's Lives of Pythagoras and Hierocles. London. 1707.
 Plato's Works, containing with the fifty-five Dialogues and twelve Epistles
 the substance of nearly all the existing Greek MSS. Commentaries and scholia
 on Plato. by Thomas Taylor. 5 vols. 4to. London. 1804.
 Plotinus' Select Works, by T. Taylor. London. 1817.
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