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# THE DIAL

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FOR

## THE ROWFANT CLUB

WITH A SUPPLEMENTAL VOLUME

PREPARED BY

GEORGE WILLIS COOKE

CLEVELAND

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# THE DIAL.

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VOL. I.

JULY, 1840.

No. I.

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## THE EDITORS TO THE READER.

WE invite the attention of our countrymen to a new design. Probably not quite unexpected or unannounced will our Journal appear, though small pains have been taken to secure its welcome. Those, who have immediately acted in editing the present Number, cannot accuse themselves of any unbecoming forwardness in their undertaking, but rather of a backwardness, when they remember how often in many private circles the work was projected, how eagerly desired, and only postponed because no individual volunteered to combine and concentrate the free-will offerings of many coöperators. With some reluctance the present conductors of this work have yielded themselves to the wishes of their friends, finding something sacred and not to be withstood in the importunity which urged the production of a Journal in a new spirit.

As they have not proposed themselves to the work, neither can they lay any the least claim to an option or determination of the spirit in which it is conceived, or to what is peculiar in the design. In that respect, they have obeyed, though with great joy, the strong current of thought and feeling, which, for a few years past, has led many sincere persons in New England to make new demands on literature, and to reprobate that rigor of our conventions of religion and education which is turning us to stone, which renounces hope, which looks only backward, which asks only such a future as the past, which

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suspects improvement, and holds nothing so much in horror as new views and the dreams of youth.

With these terrors the conductors of the present Journal have nothing to do,—not even so much as a word of reproach to waste. They know that there is a portion of the youth and of the adult population of this country, who have not shared them; who have in secret or in public paid their vows to truth and freedom; who love reality too well to care for names, and who live by a Faith too earnest and profound to suffer them to doubt the eternity of its object, or to shake themselves free from its authority. Under the fictions and customs which occupied others, these have explored the Necessary, the Plain, the True, the Human,—and so gained a vantage ground, which commands the history of the past and the present.

No one can converse much with different classes of society in New England, without remarking the progress of a revolution. Those who share in it have no external organization, no badge, no creed, no name. They do not vote, or print, or even meet together. They do not know each other's faces or names. They are united only in a common love of truth, and love of its work. They are of all conditions and constitutions. Of these acolytes, if some are happily born and well bred, many are no doubt ill dressed, ill placed, ill made—with as many scars of hereditary vice as other men. Without pomp, without trumpet, in lonely and obscure places, in solitude, in servitude, in compunctions and privations, trudging beside the team in the dusty road, or drudging a hireling in other men's cornfields, schoolmasters, who teach a few children rudiments for a pittance, ministers of small parishes of the obscurer sects, lone women in dependent condition, matrons and young maidens, rich and poor, beautiful and hard-favored, without concert or proclamation of any kind, they have silently given in their several adherence to a new hope, and in all companies do signify a greater trust in the nature and resources of man, than the laws or the popular opinions will well allow.

This spirit of the time is felt by every individual with some difference,—to each one casting its light upon the objects nearest to his temper and habits of thought;—to one, coming in the shape of special reforms in the state;

to another, in modifications of the various callings of men, and the customs of business; to a third, opening a new scope for literature and art; to a fourth, in philosophical insight; to a fifth, in the vast solitudes of prayer. It is in every form a protest against usage, and a search for principles. In all its movements, it is peaceable, and in the very lowest marked with a triumphant success. Of course, it rouses the opposition of all which it judges and condemns, but it is too confident in its tone to comprehend an objection, and so builds no outworks for possible defence against contingent enemies. It has the step of Fate, and goes on existing like an oak or a river, because it must.

In literature, this influence appears not yet in new books so much as in the higher tone of criticism. The antidote to all narrowness is the comparison of the record with nature, which at once shames the record and stimulates to new attempts. Whilst we look at this, we wonder how any book has been thought worthy to be preserved. There is somewhat in all life untranslatable into language. He who keeps his eye on that will write better than others, and think less of his writing, and of all writing. Every thought has a certain imprisoning as well as uplifting quality, and, in proportion to its energy on the will, refuses to become an object of intellectual contemplation. Thus what is great usually slips through our fingers, and it seems wonderful how a lifelike word ever comes to be written. If our Journal share the impulses of the time, it cannot now prescribe its own course. It cannot foretell in orderly propositions what it shall attempt. All criticism should be poetic; unpredictable; superseding, as every new thought does, all foregone thoughts, and making a new light on the whole world. Its brow is not wrinkled with circumspection, but serene, cheerful, adoring. It has all things to say, and no less than all the world for its final audience.

Our plan embraces much more than criticism; were it not so, our criticism would be naught. Everything noble is directed on life, and this is. We do not wish to say pretty or curious things, or to reiterate a few propositions in varied forms, but, if we can, to give expression to that spirit which lifts men to a higher platform, restores to them the religious sentiment, brings them worthy aims and pure

pleasures, purges the inward eye, makes life less desultory, and, through raising man to the level of nature, takes away its melancholy from the landscape, and reconciles the practical with the speculative powers.

But perhaps we are telling our little story too gravely. There are always great arguments at hand for a true action, even for the writing of a few pages. There is nothing but seems near it and prompts it,—the sphere in the ecliptic the sap in the apple tree,—every fact, every appearance seem to persuade to it.

Our means correspond with the ends we have indicated. As we wish not to multiply books, but to report life, our resources are therefore not so much the pens of practised writers, as the discourse of the living, and the portfolios which friendship has opened to us. From the beautiful recesses of private thought; from the experience and hope of spirits which are withdrawing from all old forms, and seeking in all that is new somewhat to meet their inappreciable longings; from the secret confession of genius afraid to trust itself to aught but sympathy; from the conversation of fervid and mystical pietists; from tear-stained diaries of sorrow and passion; from the manuscripts of young poets; and from the records of youthful taste commenting on old works of art; we hope to draw thoughts and feelings, which being alive can impart life.

And so with diligent hands and good intent we set down our Dial on the earth. We wish it may resemble that instrument in its celebrated happiness, that of measuring no hours but those of sunshine. Let it be one cheerful rational voice amidst the din of mourners and polemics. Or to abide by our chosen image, let it be such a Dial, not as the dead face of a clock, hardly even such as the Gnomon in a garden, but rather such a Dial as is the Garden itself, in whose leaves and flowers and fruits the suddenly awakened sleeper is instantly apprised not what part of dead time, but what state of life and growth is now arrived and arriving.

## A SHORT ESSAY ON CRITICS.

AN essay on Criticism were a serious matter; for, though this age be emphatically critical, the writer would still find it necessary to investigate the laws of criticism as a science, to settle its conditions as an art. Essays entitled critical are epistles addressed to the public through which the mind of the recluse relieves itself of its impressions. Of these the only law is, "Speak the best word that is in thee." Or they are regular articles, got up to order by the literary hack writer, for the literary mart, and the only law is to make them plausible. There is not yet deliberate recognition of a standard of criticism, though we hope the always strengthening league of the republic of letters must ere long settle laws on which its Amphictyonic council may act. Meanwhile let us not venture to write on criticism, but by classifying the critics imply our hopes, and thereby our thoughts.

First, there are the subjective class, (to make use of a convenient term, introduced by our German benefactors.) These are persons to whom writing is no sacred, no reverend employment. They are not driven to consider, not forced upon investigation by the fact, that they are deliberately giving their thoughts an independent existence, and that it may live to others when dead to them. They know no agonies of conscientious research, no timidities of self-respect. They see no Ideal beyond the present hour, which makes its mood an uncertain tenure. How things affect them now they know; let the future, let the whole take care of itself. They state their impressions as they rise, of other men's spoken, written, or acted thoughts. They never dream of going out of themselves to seek the motive, to trace the law of another nature. They never dream that there are statures which cannot be measured from their point of view. They love, they like, or they hate; the book is detestable, immoral, absurd, or admirable, noble, of a most approved scope;—these statements they make with authority, as those who bear the evangel of pure taste and accurate judgment, and need be tried before no human synod. To them it seems that their present position commands the universe.

Thus the essays on the works of others, which are called criticisms, are often, in fact, mere records of impressions. To judge of their value you must know where the man was brought up, under what influences,—his nation, his church, his family even. He himself has never attempted to estimate the value of these circumstances, and find a law or raise a standard above all circumstances, permanent against all influence. He is content to be the creature of his place, and to represent it by his spoken and written word. He takes the same ground with the savage, who does not hesitate to say of the product of a civilization on which he could not stand, "It is bad," or "It is good."

The value of such comments is merely reflex. They characterize the critic. They give an idea of certain influences on a certain act of men in a certain time or place. Their absolute, essential value is nothing. The long review, the eloquent article by the man of the nineteenth century are of no value by themselves considered, but only as samples of their kind. The writers were content to tell what they felt, to praise or to denounce without needing to convince us or themselves. They sought not the divine truths of philosophy, and she proffers them not, if unsought.

Then there are the apprehensive. These can go out of themselves and enter fully into a foreign existence. They breathe its life; they live in its law; they tell what it meant, and why it so expressed its meaning. They reproduce the work of which they speak, and make it better known to us in so far as two statements are better than one. There are beautiful specimens in this kind. They are pleasing to us as bearing witness of the genial sympathies of nature. They have the ready grace of love with somewhat of the dignity of disinterested friendship. They sometimes give more pleasure than the original production of which they treat, as melodies will sometimes ring sweetlier in the echo. Besides there is a peculiar pleasure in a true response; it is the assurance of equipoise in the universe. These, if not true critics, come nearer the standard than the subjective class, and the value of their work is ideal as well as historical.

Then there are the comprehensive, who must also be apprehensive. They enter into the nature of another being



and judge his work by its own law. But having done so, having ascertained his design and the degree of his success in fulfilling it, thus measuring his judgment, his energy, and skill, they do also know how to put that aim in its place, and how to estimate its relations. And this the critic can only do who perceives the analogies of the universe, and how they are regulated by an absolute, invariable principle. He can see how far that work expresses this principle as well as how far it is excellent in its details. Sustained by a principle, such as can be girt within no rule, no formula, he can walk around the work, he can stand above it, he can uplift it, and try its weight. Finally he is worthy to judge it.

Critics are poets cut down, says some one by way of jeer; but, in truth, they are men with the poetical temperament to apprehend, with the philosophical tendency to investigate. The maker is divine; the critic sees this divine, but brings it down to humanity by the analytic process. The critic is the historian who records the order of creation. In vain for the maker, who knows without learning it, but not in vain for the mind of his race.

The critic is beneath the maker, but is his needed friend. What tongue could speak but to an intelligent ear, and every noble work demands its critic. The richer the work, the more severe would be its critic; the larger its scope, the more comprehensive must be his power of scrutiny. The critic is not a base caviller, but the younger brother of genius. Next to invention is the power of interpreting invention; next to beauty the power of appreciating beauty.

And of making others appreciate it; for the universe is a scale of infinite gradation, and below the very highest, every step is explanation down to the lowest. Religion, in the two modulations of poetry and music, descends through an infinity of waves to the lowest abysses of human nature. Nature is the literature and art of the divine mind; human literature and art the criticism on that; and they, too, find their criticism within their own sphere.

The critic, then, should be not merely a poet, not merely a philosopher, not merely an observer, but tempered of all three. If he criticize the poem, he must want nothing of what constitutes the poet, except the power of creating forms and speaking in music. He must have as good an eye and as fine a sense; but if he had as fine an organ for

expression also, he would make the poem instead of judging it. He must be inspired by the philosopher's spirit of inquiry and need of generalization, but he must not be constrained by the hard cemented masonry of method to which philosophers are prone. And he must have the organic acuteness of the observer, with a love of ideal perfection, which forbids him to be content with mere beauty of details in the work or the comment upon the work.

There are persons who maintain, that there is no legitimate criticism, except the reproductive; that we have only to say what the work is or is to us, never what it is not. But the moment we look for a principle, we feel the need of a criterion, of a standard; and then we say what the work is *not*, as well as what it *is*; and this is as healthy though not as grateful and gracious an operation of the mind as the other. We do not seek to degrade but to classify an object by stating what it is not. We detach the part from the whole, lest it stand between us and the whole. When we have ascertained in what degree it manifests the whole we may safely restore it to its place, and love or admire it there ever after.

The use of criticism in periodical writing is to sift, not to stamp a work. Yet should they not be "sieves and drainers for the use of luxurious readers," but for the use of earnest inquirers, giving voice and being to their objections, as well as stimulus to their sympathies. But the critic must not be an infallible adviser to his reader. He must not tell him what books are not worth reading, or what must be thought of them when read, but what he read in them. Wo to that coterie where some critic sits despotic, intrenched behind the infallible "We." Wo to that oracle who has infused such soft sleepiness, such a gentle dulness into his atmosphere, that when he opes his lips no dog will bark. It is this attempt at dictatorship in the reviewers, and the indolent acquiescence of their readers, that has brought them into disrepute. With such fairness did they make out their statements, with such dignity did they utter their verdicts, that the poor reader grew all too submissive. He learned his lesson with such docility, that the greater part of what will be said at any public or private meeting can be foretold by any one who has read the leading periodical works for twenty years back. Schol-

ars sneer at and would fain dispense with them altogether; and the public, grown lazy and helpless by this constant use of props and stays, can now scarce brace itself even to get through a magazine article, but reads in the daily paper laid beside the breakfast plate a short notice of the last number of the long established and popular review, and thereupon passes its judgment and is content.

Then the partisan spirit of many of these journals has made it unsafe to rely upon them as guide-books and expurgatory indexes. They could not be content merely to stimulate and suggest thought, they have at last become powerless to supersede it.

From these causes and causes like these, the journals have lost much of their influence. There is a languid feeling about them, an inclination to suspect the justice of their verdicts, the value of their criticisms. But their golden age cannot be quite past. They afford too convenient a vehicle for the transmission of knowledge; they are too natural a feature of our time to have done all their work yet. Surely they may be redeemed from their abuses, they may be turned to their true uses. But how?

It were easy to say what they should *not* do. They should not have an object to carry or a cause to advocate, which obliges them either to reject all writings which wear the distinctive traits of individual life, or to file away what does not suit them, till the essay, made true to their design, is made false to the mind of the writer. An external consistency is thus produced, at the expense of all salient thought, all genuine emotion of life, in short, and living influences. Their purpose may be of value, but by such means was no valuable purpose ever furthered long. There are those, who have with the best intention pursued this system of trimming and adaptation, and thought it well and best to

“Deceive their country for their country’s good.”

But their country cannot long be so governed. It misses the pure, the full tone of truth; it perceives that the voice is modulated to coax, to persuade, and it turns from the judicious man of the world, calculating the effect to be produced by each of his smooth sentences to some earnest voice which is uttering thoughts, crude, rash, ill-arranged

it may be, but true to one human breast, and uttered in full faith, that the God of Truth will guide them aright.

And here, it seems to me, has been the greatest mistake in the conduct of these journals. A smooth monotony has been attained, an uniformity of tone, so that from the title of a journal you can infer the tenor of all its chapters. But nature is ever various, ever new, and so should be her daughters, art and literature. We do not want merely a polite response to what we thought before, but by the freshness of thought in other minds to have new thought awakened in our own. We do not want stores of information only, but to be roused to digest these into knowledge. Able and experienced men write for us, and we would know what they think, as they think it not for us but for themselves. We would live with them, rather than be taught by them how to live; we would catch the contagion of their mental activity, rather than have them direct us how to regulate our own. In books, in reviews, in the senate, in the pulpit, we wish to meet thinking men, not schoolmasters or pleaders. We wish that they should do full justice to their own view, but also that they should be frank with us, and, if now our superiors, treat us as if we might some time rise to be their equals. It is this true manliness, this firmness in his own position, and this power of appreciating the position of others, that alone can make the critic our companion and friend. We would converse with him, secure that he will tell us all his thought, and speak as man to man. But if he adapts his work to us, if he stifles what is distinctively his, if he shows himself either arrogant or mean, or, above all, if he wants faith in the healthy action of free thought, and the safety of pure motive, we will not talk with him, for we cannot confide in him. We will go to the critic who trusts Genius and trusts us, who knows that all good writing must be spontaneous, and who will write out the bill of fare for the public as he read it for himself, —

“ Forgetting vulgar rules, with spirit free  
To judge each author by his own intent,  
Nor think one standard for all minds is meant.”

Such an one will not disturb us with personalities, with sectarian prejudices, or an undue vehemence in favor of

petty plans or temporary objects. Neither will he disgust us by smooth obsequious flatteries and an inexpressive, lifeless gentleness. He will be free and make free from the mechanical and distorting influences we hear complained of on every side. He will teach us to love wisely what we before loved well, for he knows the difference between censoriousness and discernment, infatuation and reverence; and, while delighting in the genial melodies of Pan, can perceive, should Apollo bring his lyre into audience, that there may be strains more divine than those of his native groves.

F.

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 TO THE AURORA BOREALIS.

ARCTIC fount of holiest light  
 Springing through the winter night,  
 Spreading far beyond yon hill  
 When the earth is dark and still,  
 Rippling o'er the stars, as streams  
 Ripple o'er their pebble-gleams —  
 Oh, for names, thou vision fair,  
 To express thy splendors rare!

Blush upon the cheek of night,  
 Posthumous, unearthly light,  
 Dream of the deep-sunken sun,  
 Beautiful, sleep-walking one,  
 Sister of the moonlight pale,  
 Star-obscuring, meteor-veil,  
 Spread by heaven's watching vestals,  
 Sender of the gleamy crystals,  
 Darting on their arrowy course  
 From their glittering, polar source,  
 Upward where the air doth freeze,  
 Round the sister Pleiades —  
 Beautiful and rare Aurora,  
 In the heavens thou art their Flora,  
 Night-blowing Cereus of the sky,  
 Rose of amaranthine dye,  
 Hyacinth of purple light,  
 Or their Lily clad in white!

Who can name thy wondrous essence,  
 Thou electric Phosphorescence?

Lonely apparition fire !  
 Seeker of the starry quire !  
 Restless roamer of the sky,  
 Who hath won thy mystery ?  
 Mortal science hath not ran  
 With thee through the Empyrean,  
 Where the constellations cluster  
 Flower-like on thy branchy lustre !

After all the glare and toil,  
 And the daylight's fretful coil,  
 Thou dost come so mild and still,  
 Hearts with love and peace to fill ;  
 As when after revelry  
 With a talking company,  
 Where the blaze of many lights  
 Fell on fools and parasites,  
 One by one the guests have gone,  
 And we find ourselves alone,  
 Only one sweet maiden near,  
 With a sweet voice low and clear  
 Murmuring music in our ear —  
 So thou talkest to the earth,  
 After daylight's weary mirth.

Is not human fantasy,  
 Wild Aurora, likest thee,  
 Blossoming in nightly dreams  
 Like thy shifting meteor-gleams ?

But a better type thou art  
 Of the strivings of the heart,  
 Reaching upwards from the earth  
 To the *Soul* that gave it birth.  
 When the noiseless beck of night  
 Summons out the *inner* light,  
 That hath hid its purer ray  
 Through the lapses of the day —  
 Then like thee, thou northern Morn,  
 Instincts which we deemed unborn,  
 Gushing from their hidden source,  
 Mount upon their heavenward course,  
 And the spirit seeks to be  
 Filled with God's Eternity.

C.

## NOTES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A SCHOLAR.

Nunc non e manibus illis,  
Nunc non e tumulo, fortunataque favilla  
Nascuntur violæ?

PERSIUS.

## HOMER.

HOMER I read with continually new pleasure. Criticism of Homer is like criticism upon natural scenery. You may say what is, and what is wanting, but you do not pretend to find fault. The Iliad is before us as a pile of mountains, — so blue and distant, so simple and real, — even so much an image of majesty and power.

He is as prolific as the earth, and produces his changing scenery with the ease and the finish and the inexhaustible variety of nature. Homer never mistakes. You might as well say, there was untruth in the song of the wind.

I notice Homer's mention of an interview with a great man.

It is with him always among the memorabilia to have seen a great man. An embassy of Ulysses, a breakfast with Tydeus, any meeting with any heroic person, which barely gave time to note him, is text for memory and comparison.

Homer is pious.

Homer, says Goethe, describes that which exists, not its effect on the beholder. He paints agreeable things, not their agreeableness.

Homer writes from no theory as a point of vision. He tells us what he sees, not what he thinks.

Homer is an achromatic glass. He is even less humorous than Shakspeare.

Two or three disinterested witnesses have been in the world, who have stated the facts as they are, and whose testimony stands unimpeached from age to age. Such was Homer, Socrates, Chaucer, Shakspeare; perhaps Goethe.

A larger class states things as they believe them to be; Plato, Epicurus, Cicero, Luther, Montaigne, George Fox.

A still larger class take a side, and defend it the best they can; Aristotle, Lucretius, Milton, Burke.

## SHAKSPEARE.

O my friend! shall thou and I always be two persons? Any strong emotion makes the surrounding parts of life fall away as if struck with death. One sometimes questions his own reality, — it so blanches and shrivels in the flame of a thought, a relation, that swallows him up. If that lives, he lives. “There either he must live or have no life.”

This afternoon we read Shakspeare. The verse so sunk into me, that as I toiled my way home under the cloud of night, with the gusty music of the storm around and overhead, I doubted that it was all a remembered scene; that Humanity was indeed one, a spirit continually reproduced, accomplishing a vast orbit, whilst individual men are but the points through which it passes.

We each of us furnish to the angel who stands in the sun a single observation. The reason, why Homer is to me like dewy morning, is because I too lived while Troy was, and sailed in the hollow ships of the Grecians to sack the devoted town. The rosy-fingered dawn as it crimsoned the top of Ida, the broad sea shore dotted with tents, the Trojan hosts in their painted armor, and the rushing chariots of Diomed and Idomeneus, — all these I too saw; my ghost animated the frame of some nameless Argive. And Shakspeare in King John does but recall to me myself in the dress of another age, the sport of new accidents. I, who am Charles, was sometime Romeo. In Hamlet, I pondered and doubted. We forget what we have been, drugged with the sleepy bowl of the Present. But when a lively chord in the soul is struck, when the windows for a moment are unbarred, the long and varied past is recovered. We recognise it all. We are no more brief, ignoble creatures; we seize our immortality, and bind together the related parts of our secular being.

Shakspeare was a proper Pagan. He understood the height and depth of humanity in all its tossings on the sea of circumstance, — now breasting the waves, mounting even to heaven on their steep sides, and now drifting before the wrath of the tempest. In himself he embraced this whole sphere, the whole of man struggling with the



whole of fortune. But of religion, as it appears in the new dispensation of Christianity, as an element in the soul controlling all the rest, and exhibiting new phenomena of action and passion, he had no experience; almost I had said, he had no conception. The beauty of holiness, the magnanimity of faith, he never saw. Probably he was an unbeliever in the creed of his time, and looked on the New Testament as a code that hampered the freedom of the mind which was a law unto itself, and as intruding on the sublime mystery of our fate. Hence, he delighted to get out of the way of Christianity, and not to need to calculate any of its influences.

“What’s brave, what’s noble,  
Let’s do it after the high Roman fashion.”

This was as he felt, and in Cleopatra it is just sentiment; but his men and women in the English plays often talk in the same ante-Christian style as Cæsar or Coriolanus. Now, our sign boards tell of Titian; and society everywhere attests in one mode or other the effects of Christianity. Certain fundamental truths sink and sow themselves in every soil, and the most irreligious man unconsciously supposes them in all his life and conversation.

Shakspeare had in its perfection the poetic inspiration, applied himself without effort to the whole world,—the sensible, the intelligent. Into all beauty, into all suffering, into all action, into all affection, he threw himself,—and yet not himself, for he seems never committed in his plays;—but his genius. His genius was thus omnific and all-sympathizing. He seems to have sat above this hundred-handed play of his imagination, pensive and conscious. He read the world off into sweetest verse as one reads a book. He in no way mixed himself the individual with the scenes he drew, and so his poetry was the very coinage of nature and life. The pregnant cloud disburdened itself and meaning became expression. In proportion as the prophet sees things from a personal point of view, and speaks under the influence of any temperament, interest, or prepossession, his eye is not clear, his voice is husky,—the oracle philippizes. The perfect inspiration is that which utters the beauty and truth, seen pure and unconfused as they lie in the lap of the Divine Order.

Shakspeare was the inspired tongue of humanity. He was priest at the altar not of the Celestials, but of Mortals. His kingdom was of this world, and the message he was sent to do he delivered unembarrassed, unimplicated. He gave voice to the finest, curiousest, boldest philosophical speculations; he chanted the eternal laws of morals; but it was as they were facts in the consciousness, and so a part of humanity. He gives no pledge, breathes no prayer,—and religion is mirrored no otherwise than debauchery. In his sonnets we behold him appropriating his gifts to his own use, but never in the plays. Hamlet and Othello,—as he counted them not his creatures, but self-subsistent, too highborn to be propertied,—so he tampers not with their individuality, nor obtrudes himself on us as their prompter. If they lived, he lived.

#### BURKE.

It is not true what Goldsmith says of Burke; he did not give up to party any more than Shakspeare gave up to conspiracy, madness, or lust. His was not the nature of the partisan, but of the poet, who is quite other than the partisan. With the faculty proper to genius, he threw himself into the cause he espoused; and the Reflections on the French Revolution and the Impeachment of Warren Hastings were his Othello and Julius Cæsar, wherein himself was lost and the truth of things only observed.

The poet, it is said, has in him all the arts and letters of his time. The Iliad is a panorama of Greek civilization in the Homeric age. So Burke in his speeches comprises his era. Hence he could no more be a Radical than a Courtier. The spirit by which he was wedded to what was venerable was one with the spirit in which he welcomed the new births of reformation and liberty. He was consistent with himself. He had no sympathy with those who, like George Fox, would clothe themselves in a suit of leather, and nakedly renounce the riches together with the restraints of social life. He did not chafe under the splendid harness of old institutions. Herein appeared not the servility but the greatness of the man; and his homage to the English Constitution was like the chivalrous courtesy which man pays to woman, as beautiful in him to yield, as in her to accept.

## THE RELIGION OF BEAUTY.

THE devout mind is a lover of nature. Where there is beauty it feels at home. It has not then to shut the windows of the senses, and take refuge from the world within its own thoughts, to find eternal life. Beauty never limits us, never degrades us. We are free spirits when with nature. The outward scenery of our life, when we feel it to be beautiful, is always commensurate with the grandeur of our inward ideal aspiration; it reflects encouragingly the heart's highest, brightest dreams; it does not contradict the soul's convictions of a higher life; it tells us that we are safe in believing the thought, which to us seems noblest. If we have no sense of beauty, the world is nothing more than a place to keep us in. But when the skies and woods reveal their loveliness, then nature seems a glorious picture, of which our own inmost soul is the painter, and our own loves and longings the subject. It is the apt accompaniment to the silent song of the beholder's heart.

The greatest blessing, which could be bestowed on the weary multitude, would be to give them the sense of beauty; to open their eyes for them, and let them see how richly we are here surrounded, what a glorious temple we inhabit, how every part of it is eloquent of God. The love of nature grows with the growth of the soul. Religion makes man sensible to beauty; and beauty in its turn disposes to religion. Beauty is the revelation of the soul to the senses. In all this outward beauty,—these soft swells and curves of the landscape, which seems to be the earth's smile;—this inexhaustible variety of form and colors and motion, not promiscuous, but woven together in as natural a harmony as the thoughts in a poem; this mysterious hieroglyphic of the flowers; this running alphabet of tangled vine and bending grass studded with golden points; this all-embracing perspective of distance rounding altogether into one rainbow-colored sphere, so perfect that the senses and the soul roam abroad over it unsated, feeling the presence and perfection of the whole in each part; this perfect accord of sights, sounds, motions, and fra-

grance, all tuned to one harmony, out of which run melodies inexhaustible of every mood and measure;—in all this, man first feels that God is without him, as well as within him, that nature too is holy; and can he bear to find himself the sole exception?

Does not the season, then, does not nature, does not the spontaneous impulse of an open heart, which has held such sublime worship through its senses, more than justify an attempt to show how the religious sentiments may be nourished by a cultivation of the sense of duty?

This should be a part of our religious education. The heart pines and sickens, or grows hard and contracted and unbelieving, when it cannot have beauty. The love of nature ends in the love of God. It is impossible to feel beauty, and not feel that there is a spirit there. The sensualist, the materialist, the worshipper of chance, is cheated of his doubts, the moment his mystery overtakes him in his walks. This surrounding presence of beautiful nature keeps the soul buoyed up forever into its element of freedom, where its action is cheerful, healthful, and unwearied; where duty becomes lovely, and the call to worship, either by prayer or by self-sacrifice, is music to it. He, in whom this sense is open, is put, as it were, in a magnetic communication with a life like his own, which flows in around him, go where he may. In nature we forget our loneliness. In nature we feel the same Spirit, who made it and prevades it, holding *us* up also. Through the open sense of beauty, all we see preaches and prophecies to us. Without it, when no such sensibility exists, how hard a task is faith! how hard to feel that God is here! how unlovely looks religion! As without the air, the body could not breathe; so without beauty, the heart and religious nature seem to want an element to live in. Beauty is the moral atmosphere. The close, unseemly school-house, in which our infancy was cramped,—of how much natural faith did it not rob us! In how unlovely a garb did we first see Knowledge and Virtue! How uninteresting seemed Truth, how unfriendly looked Instruction; with what mean associations were the names of God and Wisdom connected in our memory! What a violation of nature's peace seemed Duty! what an intrusion upon the mind's rights! What rebellion has been nurtured within

us by the ugly confinements to which artificial life and education have accustomed us! How insensible and cold it has made us to the expressive features of God's works, always around us, always inviting us to high refreshing converse!

I hold, then, that without a cultivation of the sense of beauty, chiefly to be drunken from the open fountains of nature, there can be no healthy and sound moral development. The man so educated lacks something most essential. He is one-sided, not of a piece with nature; and however correct, however much master of himself, he will be uninteresting, unencouraging, and uninviting. To the student of ancient history, the warm-hearted, graceful Greek, all alive to nature, who made beauty almost his religion, is a more refreshing object, than the cold, formal Jew. And here around us, resist it as we may, our hearts are always drawn towards the open, graceful children of impulse, in preference to the stiff, insensible patterns of virtue. The latter may be very unexceptionable, but at the same time very unreal. The former, though purposeless and careless they play through life, yet have trusted themselves to nature, and been ravished by her beauty, and nature will not let them become very bad.

Consider a few of the practical effects upon the whole character of a growing love of beauty in the young mind.

It disposes to order. It gives birth in the mind to an instinct of propriety. It suggests imperceptibly, it inclines gently, but irresistibly, to the fit action, to the word in season. The beauty which we see and feel plants its seeds in us. Gazing with delight on nature, our will imperceptibly becomes attuned to the same harmony. The sense of beauty is attended with a certain reverence; we dare not mar what looks so perfect. This sense, too, has a something like conscience contained in it; we feel bound to do and be ourselves something worthy of the beauty we are permitted to admire. This feeling, while it makes alive and quickens, yet is eminently conservative, in the best sense. He, who has it, is always interested on the side of order, and of all dear and hallowed associations. He, who wants it, is as destructive as a Goth. The presence of beauty, like that of nature, as soon as we feel it at all, overcomes us with respect, and a certain sensitive dread of all violence, mischief, or

discord. The beautiful ideal piece of architecture bears no mark of wanton pen-knife. The handsome school-room makes the children neat. The instinct of obedience, of conciliation, of decorum, reverence, and harmony, flows into the soul with beauty. The calm spirit of the landscape takes possession of the humble, yet soul-exalted admirer. Its harmony compels the jangling chords within himself into smoother undulations. Therefore "walk out," like Isaac, "at even-tide to meditate," and let nature, with her divine stillness, take possession of thee. She shall give thee back to thyself better, more spiritual, more sensible of thy relationship with all things, and that in wronging any, thou but woundest thyself.

Another grace of character, which the sense of beauty gives the mind, is freedom—the freedom of fond obedience, not of loose desire. The man, whose eyes and soul are open to the beauty there is around him, sees everywhere encouragement. To him the touch of nature's hand is warm and genial. The air does not seem to pinch him, as it does most narrow-minded ones, who can see no good in anything but gain; to whose utilitarian vision most that is natural looks hostile. He is not contracted into himself by cautious fear and suspicion, afraid to let his words flow freely, or his face relax in confidence, or his limbs move gracefully, or his actions come out whole and hearty. He trusts nature; for he has kissed her loveliness; he knows that she smiles encouragement to him. Now think what it is that makes virtue so much shunned. Partly, our depravity, if you please. But partly, also, her numerous ungraceful specimens. For it is the instinctive expectation of all minds, that what is excellent shall also be beautiful, lovely, natural, and free. Most of the piety, we see about us, is more or less the product of restraint and fear. It stands there in spectral contrast with nature. Approve it we may; but we cannot love it. It does not bear the divine stamp; it chills, not converts. The love of nature makes in us an ideal of moral beauty, of an elevation of character which shall look free and lovely, something that shall take its place naturally and as matter of course in the centre of nature, as the life of Jesus did.

Again, the love of beauty awakens higher aspirations

in us. He, who has felt the beauty of a summer like this, has drunk in an infinite restlessness, a yearning to be perfect, and by obedience free. He can never more rest contented with what he is. And here is the place, to attempt some account of the true significance of beauty, and of what is its office to the soul.

Beauty always suggests the thought of the perfect. The smallest beautiful object is as infinite as the whole world of stars above us. So we feel it. Everything beautiful is emblematic of something spiritual. Itself limited, its meanings and suggestions are infinite. In it we seem to see all in one. Each beautiful thing, each dew-drop, each leaf, each true work of painter's, poet's, or musician's art, seems an epitome of the creation. Is it not God revealed through the senses? Is not every beautiful thing a divine hint thrown out to us? Does not the soul begin to dream of its own boundless capacities, when it has felt beauty? Does not immortality then, for the first time, cease to be a name, a doctrine, and become a present experience? When the leaves fall in autumn, they turn golden as they drop. The cold winds tell us of coming winter and death; but they tell it in music. All is significant of decay; but the deep, still, harmonious beauty surpasses all felt in summer or spring before. We look on it, and feel that it cannot die. The Eternal speaks to us from the midst of decay. We feel a melancholy; but it is a sweet, religious melancholy, lifting us in imagination above death—since above the grave of the summer so much real beauty lingers.

The beautiful, then, is the spiritual aspect of nature. By cherishing a delicate sensibility to it, we make nature preach us a constant lesson of faith; we find all around an illustration of the life of the spirit. We surround ourselves with a constant cheerful exhortation to duty. We render duty lovely and inviting. We find the soul's deep inexpressible thoughts written around us in the skies, the far blue hills, and swelling waters.

But then to this desirable result one stern condition must be observed. If the sense of beauty disposes to purity of heart; so equally purity of heart is all that can keep the sense of beauty open. All influences work mutually. "One hand must wash the other," said the poet. The

world is loveliest to him, who looks out on it through pure eyes.

Sweet is the pleasure,  
Itself cannot spoil!  
Is not true leisure  
One with true toil?

Thou that wouldst taste it,  
Still do thy best;  
Use it, not waste it,  
Else 't is no rest.

Wouldst behold beauty  
Near thee? all round?  
Only hath duty  
Such a sight found.

Rest is not quitting  
The busy career;  
Rest is the fitting  
Of self to its sphere.

'T is the brook's motion,  
Clear without strife,  
Fleeing to ocean  
After its life.

Deeper devotion  
Nowhere hath knelt;  
Fuller emotion  
Heart never felt.

'T is loving and serving  
The Highest and Best!  
'T is ONWARDS! unswerving,  
And that is true rest.

D.

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**BROWNSON'S WRITINGS.\***

THIS work is the production of a writer, whose native force of mind, combined with rare philosophical attainments, has elevated him to a prominent rank among the

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\*Charles Elwood; or the Infidel Converted. By O. A. BROWNSON. Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown. 1840.



living authors of this country. His history, so far as it is known to us, presents a cheering example of the influence of our institutions to bring forward the man rather than the scholar, to do justice to the sincere expression of a human voice, while the foppery of learning meets with nothing but contempt. Mr. Brownson, we understand, is under no obligations to the culture of the schools; his early life was passed in scenes foreign to the pursuits of literature; he was not led to authorship by the desire of professional reputation; but the various writings, which he has given to the public, are the fruit of a mind filled with earnest convictions that must needs be spoken out.

The great mass of scholars are impelled by no passion for truth; they are content to clothe the current thoughts of the day in elegant forms; they value ideas, as the materials for composition, rather than as the springs of the most real life; their lonely vigils are for the acquisition of knowledge, or the establishment of fame; while the intense desire to pierce into the mysteries of the universe, to comprehend the purposes of God and the destiny of man, is a stranger to their souls. They will never "outwatch the Bear to unsphere the spirit of Plato;" nor wrestle till day-break to obtain a benediction from the angel of truth. Hence their productions, though polished and classical, do not satisfy the common mind; the true secret of vitality is wanting; and though they may gratify our taste, they do not aid our aspirations.

There is a small class of scholars whose aims and pursuits are of a different character. They value literature not as an end, but as an instrument to help the solution of problems, that haunt and agitate the soul. They wish to look into the truth of things. The Universe, in its mysterious and terrible grandeur, has acted on them. Life is not regarded by them as a pageant or a dream; it passes before their eye in dread and solemn beauty; thought is stirred up from its lowest depths; they become students of God unconsciously; and secret communion with the divine presence is their preparation for a knowledge of books, and the expression of their own convictions. Their writings, accordingly, whenever they appear, will be alive. They will probably offend or grieve many, who make the state of their own minds the criterion of truth; but, at

the same time, they will be welcomed by others, who find in them the word which they were waiting to hear spoken.

The author of this volume belongs to the latter class. It is evident from all that we have read of his writings, that he is impelled to the work of composition, by the pressure of an inward necessity. He has studied, as is apparent from the rich and varied knowledge which he brings to the illustration of the subjects he treats of, more extensively and profoundly than most persons; but there are no traces of study, for the sake of study; no marks of a cumbersome erudition; he seems to have read what other men have written on questions which had exercised his mind, and to have appropriated to himself whatever was congenial; and hence, though we may observe the influence of eminent foreign writers on his cast of thought and expression, everything has the freshness and fervor of originality.

Mr. Brownson, we believe, was first introduced to the notice of our community by his contributions to the "*Christian Examiner*," the leading organ of the Unitarians in this city. These form a connected series of very striking articles; distinguished for the fearless energy with which they grasp some of the most difficult problems; for the animation and beauty of their style, for the rare power of philosophical analysis which they display; for their fervid love of humanity; and for the precision and clearness with which the systems of other thinkers are interpreted to the comprehension of the general reader. The subjects with which they are concerned are all connected with the higher sphere of thought. They are pervaded by the presence of a common aim. We find in them the elements and germs of most of the productions which the author has since given to the public.

The purposes, in this stage of his progress, which Mr. Brownson has in view, are the vindication of the reality of the religious principle in the nature of man; the existence of an order of sentiments higher than the calculations of the understanding and the deductions of logic; the foundation of morals on the absolute idea of right in opposition to the popular doctrine of expediency; the exposition of a spiritual philosophy; and the connexion of Christianity with the progress of society. These topics are handled with masterly skill; their discussion in the "*Examiner*"

formed a new era in the history of that able Journal; and has exerted a strong influence in producing and cherishing the interest which is now so widely felt in the higher questions of philosophy.

Mr. Brownson's next work, entitled "New Views of Christianity, Society, and the Church," is one of the most remarkable that has issued from the American press, although it attracted less attention at the time of its publication than it has since received. We are gratified to learn that many readers have been led to its perusal by their interest in the subsequent writings of its author. It is not difficult to account for the small impression which this book at first made upon the public, compared with its genuine merits. The questions which it considers have been more warmly agitated in Europe than in this country. The ideas which it combats have no general prevalence among us; and their refutation could accordingly call forth no very general attention. It is, in fact, an answer to the objections which have been brought against the Christian religion by Henry Heine, and some of the disciples of the St. Simonian school, on account of its being, as they suppose, a system of exclusive and extravagant spiritualism. Christianity, they say, neglects all temporal interests; its kingdom is not of this world; it aims at the supremacy of the spirit, and the crucifixion of the flesh; it is, therefore, not adapted to the interests of man; in the progress of modern civilization it has become obsolete, and must pass away. Mr. Brownson undertakes to meet these views, by pointing out the true character of Christianity, as it existed in the idea of Jesus; the corruptions which it has experienced in the course of ages; and the symptoms of the return of the Church to the conception of its founder.

The Christianity of the Church, according to this book, is a different thing from the Christianity of Christ. The idea of Jesus was the type of the most perfect religious institution to which the human race will probably ever attain. This idea announces, in opposition to the contending Spiritualism and Materialism, which at that time had their exclusive representatives, that there is no original and essential antithesis between God and man; that neither spirit nor matter is unholy in its nature; that all things, spirit and matter, God and man, soul and body, heaven and

earth, time and eternity, with all their duties and interests, are in themselves holy. It writes holiness to the Lord upon everything, and sums up its sublime teaching in that grand synthesis, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and mind and soul and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself."

But the Church failed to embody this idea; it misapprehended the conditions on which it was to be realized. Instead of understanding Jesus to assert the holiness of both spirit and matter, it understood him to admit that matter was rightfully cursed, and to predicate holiness of spirit alone. It took its stand with spiritualism, and condemned itself to the evils of being exclusive. This fact explains the doctrines, the ceremonies, and the assumptions, exhibited by the Church, in opposition to Christ. It abused and degraded matter, but could not annihilate it. It existed in spite of the Church. It increased in power, and at length rose against spiritualism and demanded the restoration of its rights. This rebellion is Protestantism. But, properly speaking, Protestantism finished its work, and expired in the French Revolution at the close of the last century. Since then there has been a reaction in favor of Spiritualism.

This reaction was favored by the disastrous catastrophe of the movement in France. In consequence of this, men again despaired of the earth; and when they despair of the earth, they always take refuge in heaven. They had trusted materialism too far; they would now not trust it at all. They turned back and sighed for the serene past, the quiet and order of old times, for the mystic land of India, where the soul may dissolve in ecstasy and dream of no change. When the sigh had just escaped, that mystic land reappeared. The old literature and philosophy of India were brought to light. The influence of the ancient Braminical or spiritual word is visible everywhere. It is remarkable in our poets. It moulds the form in Byron, penetrates to the ground in Wordsworth, and entirely predominates in the Schlegels. It acts with equal power on philosophy, religion, society.

What, then, is the mission of the present? The East has reappeared, and spiritualism revives; will it again become supreme? This, according to our author, is out of the question. We of the present century must either dis-

pense with all religious instructions, reproduce spiritualism or materialism, or we must build a new church, organize a new institution, free from the imperfections of those which have been. The first is impossible. Men cannot live in perpetual anarchy. They must and will embody their ideas of the true, the beautiful, the good,—the holy, in some institution. Neither can an exclusive spiritualism or materialism be reproduced. This were an anomaly in the history of humanity; for humanity does not traverse an eternal circle; it advances, in one endless career of progress towards the Infinite, the Perfect. But spiritualism and materialism both have their foundation in our nature, and both will exist and exert their influence. Shall they exist as antagonist principles? Is the bosom of Humanity to be eternally torn by these two contending factions? This cannot be. The war must end. Peace must made.

Here then is the mission of the present. We are to reconcile spirit and matter; that is, we must realize the atonement. Nothing else remains for us to do. Stand still we cannot. To go back is equally impossible. We must go forward; but we can take not a step forward, but on the condition of uniting these two hitherto hostile principles. Progress is our law, and our first step is union.

The union of spirit and matter was the result contemplated by the mission of Jesus. The Church attempted it, but only partially succeeded, and has therefore died. The time had not come for the complete union. Jesus saw this. He knew that the age in which he lived would not be able to realize his conception. Hence he spoke of his second coming. This will take place, when the idea which he represents shall be fully realized. That idea will be realized by a combination of the two terms, which have received thus far from the Church only a separate development. The doctrine which shall realize the idea of the atonement is, that all things are essentially holy, that everything is cleansed, and that we must call nothing common or unclean. Neither spiritualism nor materialism was aware of this truth. Spiritualism saw good only in pure spirit. God was pure spirit, and therefore good. Our good consisted in resemblance to God, that is, in being as like pure spirit as possible. Our duty was to get rid of matter. All the interests of the material order were sinful.

Materialism, on the other hand, had no recognition of spirit. It considered all time and thought and labor bestowed on that which transcends this world as worse than thrown away. It had no conception of inward communion with God. It counted fears of punishment or hopes of reward in a world to come mere idle fancies, fit only to amuse or control the vulgar. It laughed at spiritual joys and griefs, and treated as serious affairs only the pleasures and pains of sense.

The doctrine of the Atonement reconciles these two warring systems. This doctrine teaches us that spirit is real and holy, that matter is real and holy, that God is holy, and that man is holy, that spiritual joys and griefs, and the pleasures and pains of sense, are alike real joys and griefs, real pleasures and pains, and in their places are alike sacred. Spirit and matter, then, are sacred. The influence of this doctrine cannot fail to be very great. It will correct our estimate of man, of the world, of religion, and of God, and remodel all our institutions. It must, in fact, create a new civilization as much in advance of ours, as ours is in advance of that which obtained in the Roman Empire in the time of Jesus. We shall cease to regard man as the antithesis of good. The slave will become a son. Human nature will be clothed with a high and commanding worth. It will be seen to be a lofty and deathless nature. It will be felt to be divine, and infinite will be found traced in living characters on all its faculties. Man will reverence man. Slavery will cease. Wars will fail. Education will destroy the empire of ignorance. Civil freedom will become universal. It will be everywhere felt that one man has no right over another, which that other has not over him. All will be seen to be brothers and equals in the sight of their common Father. Religion will not stop with the command to obey the laws, but it will bid us make just laws, such laws as befit a being divinely endowed like man. Industry will be holy. The cultivation of the earth will be the worship of God. Working men will be priests, and as priests they will be revered, and as priests they will reverence themselves, and feel that they must maintain themselves undefiled. The earth itself and the animals which inhabit it will be counted sacred. We shall study in them the

manifestation of God's wisdom, goodness, and power, and be careful that we make of them none but a holy use. Man's body will be deemed holy. It will be called the temple of the Living God. As a temple, it must not be desecrated. Men will beware of defiling it by sin, by any excessive or improper indulgence, as they would of defiling the temple or the altar consecrated to the service of God. Every duty, every act necessary to be done, every implement of industry, or thing contributing to human use or convenience, will be treated as holy. Religious worship will not be the mere service of the sanctuary. The universe will be God's temple, and its service will be the doing of good to mankind, relieving suffering, and promoting joy, virtue, and well-being. When all this takes place, the glory of the Lord will be manifested unto the ends of the earth, and all flesh will see it and rejoice together. The time is yet distant before this will be fully realized. But we assert the doctrine as an idea; and ideas, if true, are omnipotent. As soon as humanity fully possesses this idea, it will lose no time in reducing it to practice. Men will conform their practice to it. They will become personally holy. Holiness will be written on all their thoughts, emotions, and actions, on their whole lives. And then will Christ really be formed within, the hope of glory. He will be truly incarnated in universal humanity, and God and man will be one.

The tones of a sincere voice are heard in the conclusion of the volume, a part of which we copy.

"Here I must close. I have uttered the words UNION and PROGRESS as the authentic creed of the New Church, as designating the whole duty of man. Would they had been spoken in a clearer, a louder, and a sweeter voice, that a response might be heard from the universal heart of Humanity. But I have spoken as I could, and from a motive which I shall not blush to own either to myself or to Him to whom all must render an account of all their thoughts, words, and deeds. I once had no faith in Him, and I was to myself 'a child without a sire.' I was alone in the world, my heart found no companionship, and my affections withered and died. But I have found Him, and He is my Father, and mankind are my brothers, and I can love and reverence.

"Mankind are my brothers,—they are brothers to one another. I would see them no longer mutually estranged. I labor to bring them together, and to make them feel and own that they are all made of one blood. Let them feel and own this, and they will love one another; they will be kindly affectioned one to another, and 'the groans of this nether world will cease;' the spectacle of wrongs and outrages

oppress our sight no more; tears be wiped from all eyes, and Humanity pass from death to life, to life immortal, to the life of God, for God is love.

“And this result, for which the wise and the good everywhere yearn and labor, will be obtained. I do not misread the age. I have not looked upon the world only out from the window of my closet; I have mingled in its busy scenes; I have rejoiced and wept with it; I have hoped and feared, and believed and doubted with it, and I am but what it has made me. I cannot misread it. It craves union. The heart of man is crying out for the heart of man. One and the same spirit is abroad, uttering the same voice in all languages. From all parts of the world voice answers to voice, and man responds to man. There is a universal language already in use. Men are beginning to understand one another, and their mutual understanding will beget mutual sympathy, and mutual sympathy will bind them together and to God.”—pp. 113–115.

Such is a very slight sketch of a work which we have called one of the most remarkable that has appeared in the literature of this country. It labors under the defect, however, of an excessive brevity; some of its most important statements are hints rather than details; and the condensed, aphoristic style of its composition may blind many readers to the fulness of thought which it presents, and the true logical sequence in which it is arranged. In spite of this obstacle to popular success, this work cannot fail to act with great power on all minds of true insight. Its profound significance will be apprehended by many, who find here the expression of their own convictions, the result of their own strivings, which they have never before seen embodied in words. And it has already formed a conspicuous era in the mental history of more than one, who is seeking for the truth of things, in the midst of painted, conventional forms.

Since the publication of this work, Mr. Brownson has gained a more numerous audience and a wider reputation by the establishment of the “*Boston Quarterly Review*.” This Journal stands alone in the history of periodical works. It was undertaken by a single individual, without the coöperation of friends, with no external patronage, supported by no sectarian interests, and called for by no motive but the inward promptings of the author’s own soul. A large proportion of its pages, — and it has now reached the middle of its third year, — is from the pen of Mr. Brownson himself. The variety of subjects which it discusses is no less striking, than the vigor and boldness



with which they are treated. The best indication of the culture of philosophy in this country, and the application of its speculative results to the theory of religion, the criticism of literary productions, and the institutions of society, we presume no one will dispute, is to be found in the discussions of this Journal. Nor is it to be regarded as a work of merely ephemeral interest. It is conspicuous among the significant products which are now everywhere called forth by the struggle between the old and the new, between prescription and principle, between the assertions of authority and the suggestions of reason. The vigorous tone of argument which it sustains, its freedom from conventional usage, its fearless vindication of the rights of humanity, the singular charms and force with which it exhibits the results of philosophical research, and the depth and fervor of its religious spirit, are adapted to give it a permanent influence, even among those who dissent widely from many of its conclusions, and to redeem it from the oblivion to which so large a part of our current literature is destined.

The work, which we have made the occasion of the present notice, "Charles Elwood; or the Infidel Converted," is, we think, on the whole, in point of literary finish, superior to any of Mr. Brownson's former writings. It is suited to be more generally popular. It presents the most profound ideas in a simple and attractive form. The discussion of first principles, which in their primitive abstraction are so repulsive to most minds, is carried on through the medium of a slight fiction, with considerable dramatic effect. We become interested in the final opinions of the subjects of the tale, as we do in the catastrophe of a romance. A slender thread of narrative is made to sustain the most weighty arguments on the philosophy of religion; but the conduct both of the story and of the discussion is managed with so much skill, that they serve to relieve and forward each other.

Charles Elwood, who tells his own story, is introduced to us as a young man who has attained the reputation of an infidel in his native village. This subjected him to the usual fate of those who call in question received opinions. His good name suffered on account of his dissent from the prevailing belief; his company was shunned; and though his character was spotless, his sympathies with his kind

deep and sensitive, and his love of truth sincere, he became the object of general aversion and terror.

He is surprised one morning by a visit from Mr. Smith, a young and zealous clergyman, fresh from the theological school, and burning with all the ardor to make proselytes that could be inspired by a creed, which denied the possibility of salvation to any who doubted it. He had heard that Elwood was an atheist; he had stepped in to convert him to Christianity. As he had never measured himself with an intelligent unbeliever, he counted on a speedy victory; but his confidence was greater than his discretion.

“‘I have called on you, Mr. Elwood,’ said Mr. Smith, after a few common-place remarks, ‘with a message from God.’

“‘Indeed!’ said I: ‘And when, sir, did you receive it?’

“‘Last night. When you left the meeting without taking your place on the anxious seats, God told me to come and deliver you a message.’

“‘Are you certain it was God?’

“‘I am.’

“‘And how will you make me certain?’

“‘Do you think I would tell you a falsehood?’

“‘Perhaps not, intentionally; but what evidence have I that you are not yourself deceived?’

“‘I feel certain, and do I not know what I feel?’

“‘Doubtless, what you feel; but how do you know that your feeling is worthy of trust?’

“‘Could not God give me, when he spoke to me, sufficient evidence that it was really He who spoke to me?’

“‘Of that you are probably the best judge. But admit that he could give it, and has actually given it; still you alone have it, not I. If then you come to me with the authority of God to vouch for the trustworthiness of your feeling, you must be aware that I have not that authority; I have only your word, the word of a man, who, for aught I know, is as fallible as myself. You come to me as an ambassador from God; produce your credentials, and I will listen to your despatches.’

“‘My credentials are the Bible.’

“‘But, pray, sir, how can a book written many ages ago, by nobody knows whom, be a proof to me that God told you last night to come and deliver me a message this morning?’

“‘I bring you just such a message as the Bible dictates.’

“‘And what then?’

“‘The Bible is the Word of God.’—pp. 12, 13.

But Elwood was not quite so ready to admit this on the authority of the minister. He brings certain objections to the supposition, pursues his spiritual adviser with inconvenient questions, and at last compels him to take refuge in the evidence of miracles. This gives rise to an interesting discussion.

“ ‘But you forget,’ replied Mr. Smith, after a short pause, that the communications received by the sacred writers bore the impress of God’s seal. God gave them all needed assurance that it was he himself who spoke to them. If then they were honest men, we ought to believe them. That they were honest men, worthy of all credit as speaking by Divine authority, I infer from the fact that they could work miracles.’

“ ‘All that is easily said. Whether God keeps a seal or not is more than I know; but supposing he does, are mortals well enough acquainted with it to recognize it the moment it is presented? How do they know its impress? Has God lodged with them a fac-simile of it?’

“ ‘God told them that it was his seal.’

“ ‘But how did they know it was God who said so? Had they had any previous acquaintance with him? Who introduced him to them, assured them it was verily the Almighty? But this leads us back to where we were a moment ago. I suppose you hold a supernatural revelation from God to be necessary?’

“ ‘Certainly.’

“ ‘And without a supernatural revelation we can know nothing of God?’

“ ‘Nothing.’

“ ‘Deprive us of the Bible and we should be in total ignorance of God?’

“ ‘Assuredly.’

“ ‘It is necessary to prove that the revelation said to be from God is actually from him?’

“ ‘Undoubtedly.’

“ ‘The revelation is proved to be from God by the miracles performed by the men who profess to speak by Divine authority?’

“ ‘Yes.’

“ ‘Miracles prove this, because they are performed by the power of God, and because God will not confer the power of working miracles on wicked men, or men who will tell lies?’

“ ‘So I believe.’

“ ‘It requires some knowledge of God to be able to say of any given act that is performed by God. We say of what you term a miracle, that it is wrought by the Almighty, because we seem to ourselves to detect his presence in it. Now if we were totally unacquainted with his presence, should we be able to detect it? It therefore requires some knowledge of God to be able to assert that what is termed a miracle is actually effected by Divine power. Also it requires some knowledge of God to be able to affirm that he will give the power of working miracles to good men only. You start at the idea that he would give this power to wicked men, because to do so would be inconsistent with the character you believe him to possess. In saying that he will not do it, you assume to be acquainted with his character; and from your assumed acquaintance with his character, you infer what he will or will not do. In both of these instances, no inconsiderable knowledge of God is presupposed. Whence do we obtain this knowledge?’

“ ‘Every body knows enough of God to know when a miracle is performed that it is God who performs it, and to know that God will not give the power of working miracles to bad men.’

“Perhaps so. You at least may know enough to know this. But suppose you were deprived of all the light of revelation, would you know enough of God to know this? Did I not understand you to say that were it not for revelation we should be totally ignorant of God?”

“I said so, and say so still.”

“I presume, sir, that there is a point here which has in part escaped your attention. I have observed that you religious people, in defending miracles, assume to be in possession of all the knowledge of God communicated by the supernatural revelation miracles are brought forward to authenticate. You assume the truth of the revelation, and by that verify your miracles; and then adduce your miracles to authenticate the revelation. But I need not say to you that before you have authenticated your revelation you have no right to use it; and before you can authenticate it, on your own showing, you must verify your miracles—a thing you cannot do without that knowledge of God which you say is to be obtained from the revelation only.”

“I do no such thing.”

“Not intentionally, consciously, I admit. You have not a doubt of the truth of revelation. Your whole intellectual being is penetrated in all directions with its teachings, and you never make in your own mind an abstraction of what you have received from the Bible, and thus ascertain what would be your precise condition where you left to the light of nature. You fall therefore unconsciously into the practice of reasoning in support of your faith from premises which that faith itself supplies, and which would be of no validity if that faith were proved to be false; and are of no validity when reasoning with one who questions it. But, sir, this whole matter of miracles may be cut short. What is a miracle? You must know as much of God and the universe to be able to define a miracle, as a miracle on any supposition can teach you. Therefore miracles are at best useless. Then the evidence of the extraordinary feats you term miracles is not altogether satisfactory. All ancient history, profane as well as sacred, is full of marvellous stories which no sound mind can for one moment entertain. They serve to discredit history. The ancient historian who should fill his history with marvels would by no means be held in so high respect, even by yourself, as one who confined his faith to the simple, the ordinary, the natural. His faith in marvels, omens, oracles, prodigies, you would regard as an impeachment of his judgment. Why not do the same in regard to the Bible historians? You allege miracles as a proof of revelation, when in fact nothing about your revelation, or in it, is more in need of proof than your miracles themselves. Then again, miracles can prove nothing but our ignorance. No event that can be traced to a known cause is ever termed a miracle. A miracle is merely an event which can be traced to no known law of nature. To say an event is miraculous is merely saying that it is an anomaly in our experience, and not provided for in our systems of science. The miraculous events recorded in the Bible may have occurred, for aught I know, but they are of no value as evidences of Christianity.”

“Why not?”

“I supposed I had already shown why not. You cannot know enough of God and the universe to know, in the first place, that what you term miracles are actually wrought by God. For aught you know

to the contrary, there may be thousands of beings superior to man capable of performing them. And in the second place, you can never infer from the fact, that a man opens the eyes of the blind, or restores a dead body to life, that he cannot tell a lie. The fact, that the miracle is performed, does not necessarily involve the truth of the doctrine taught, nor the veracity of the miracle-worker. So far as you or I know, a man may perform what is termed a miracle, and yet be a teacher of false doctrines.'

"But if you should see a man raise a dead body to life, in attestation of his Divine commission, would you not believe him?"

"If your history be correct, there were men who actually saw Jesus raise Lazarus from the dead, and yet neither recognised his claims as the Son of God, nor as a teacher of truth, but went away and took counsel how they might put him to death. Before the raising of a man from the dead could be a sufficient warrant for me to receive any doctrine, I must know positively that no being, not commissioned by God, can raise a dead body to life, or that no being, capable of raising a dead body to life, can possibly tell a falsehood. Now this knowledge I have not, and cannot have."

"Mr Smith made no reply. He remarked that he had overstaid his time, that an imperious engagement required him to leave me; but he would call upon me again, and continue the discussion — a promise, by-the-by, which he forgot to keep, or which circumstances prevented him from fulfilling."—pp. 20-26.

We must not omit the comment of the author on this conversation.

"Many years have elapsed since this conversation took place. I have reviewed it often in various and diverse moods of mind, but I have not been able to detect any fallacy in my reasoning. It is true that reasoning, if admitted, goes to show that a revelation from God to man is impossible. If the premises from which both Mr. Smith and I started be correct all supernatural revelation must be given up.

"*They who deny to man all inherent capacity to know God, all immediate perception of spiritual truth, place man out of the condition of ever knowing anything of God.* Man can know only what he has a capacity to know. God, may speak to him, and utter truths which he could not himself have found out, but unless there be in him something which recognises the voice of God, and bears witness for God, it is all in vain. If there be not this something in man, then can man receive no revelation from God. There must be a God within to recognise and vouch for the God who speaks to us from without.

"Now this inherent capacity to recognise God, this power to detect his presence wherever he is, and of course everywhere, I did not admit, and not admitting this my conclusions followed legitimately from my premises.

"Mr. Smith admitted it no more than I did, and therefore could not refute me. Denying this capacity, he admitted nothing by which a supernatural revelation could be authenticated, for it required this capacity to detect the presence of God in the miracles, not less than to detect it in the revelation itself. Not having this capacity, man could have no standard by which to try the revelation alleged to be

from God. This was what I labored to make Mr. Smith comprehend; I demanded of him this standard, the criterion of spiritual truth, the fac-simile of God's seal with which to compare the impress on the despatches sent us in his name; but he could not answer my demand.

"Many able apologists of Christianity fail to perceive the point they must establish in the very outset of this controversy with unbelievers. This point is, that man is endowed with an intelligence that knows God immediately, by intuition. They who deny this may be religious, but only at the expense of their logic. We can rationally and scientifically sustain religion only by recognising the mystic element of human nature, an element, which, though in man, is yet in relation with God, and serves as the mediator between God and man. If we cannot establish the reality of this element, which is sometimes termed the Divine in man, and which though in nature is supernatural, it is in vain to seek for any scientific basis for theology, and unbelief in God is the only conclusion to which we can legitimately come."— pp. 26, 27.

The force of argument, it seems, was not the only power that was brought to bear on the convictions of young Elwood. He is led to talk of his religious views with a beautiful devotee to whom he was engaged to be married in a few weeks. She, of course, is shocked at his unbelief, but is utterly unable to comprehend its character, or to penetrate to its cause. Meantime, she is told by Smith, the clerical fanatic, that her duty to God calls for the sacrifice of her lover.

"The agony which Elizabeth suffered during this whole conversation may be more easily imagined than described. She had lavished upon me all the wealth of her heart. She had loved me with a sincerity and depth of affection, enhanced by the apparently unfriendliness of my condition. Like a true woman she had clung to me the closer for the reason that all else seemed to have abandoned me. It is not woman that leaves us when most we need her presence. I have had my share of adversity, I have suffered from the world more than I care to tell; but I have ever found in woman a kind and succoring spirit. Her love has ever shed a hallowed light along my pathway, cheered me in my darkest hours, and given me ever the courage and the strength to battle with my enemies, and regain the mastery of myself. There are those who speak lightly of woman; I have learned to reverence her as the brightest earthly manifestation of the Divinity.

"Elizabeth had loved me, and in all her visions of the future I of course held a prominent place, and it were a foolish affectation to doubt that I constituted their principal charm. To banish me now, to strike my image from her heart, to break with me the faith she had plighted, — the thought of it was not to be endured. And yet what a mysterious nature is this of ours! The very intensity of her love for me alarmed her conscience. She had been but recently converted, and was still laboring under strong excitement. She had just dedi-

cated herself to God. She must be his and his only. Did she not owe everything to God? Should she not love him with her whole heart, and ought she not to sacrifice everything to him? Was not religion, in its very nature, a sacrifice? Would she not be violating its most solemn injunctions, if she retained anything which she loved more than God? Did she not in fact love me more than him? I was dearer to her than all the world besides; but then would not the sacrifice of me to God be so much the more meritorious? If she retained me would it not be a proof, that she counted one treasure too precious to be surrendered? Was she not commanded to forsake father, mother, sister, brother, for God, to give up everything for God, which should come between her and him, though it should be like plucking out a right eye or cutting off a right hand? Must she not now choose between God and man, between religion and love? She must.

"I mean not to say that this was sound reasoning; but I apprehend that it requires no deep insight into human nature, to be made aware that, in many individuals, religion is a much stronger passion than love, and that in certain states of mind, and if the religious affection takes that turn, the more costly the sacrifice, the more resolute are we to make it. In her calm and rational moments, I do not believe Elizabeth would have come to the conclusion she did; but as she was wrought up to a state of pious exaltation, the idea of being able to achieve so great a victory over herself, as that of sacrificing her love on the altar of religion, operated as a powerful spell on her whole nature, and blinded her to everything else. It almost instantly became as it were a fixed idea, to which everything must henceforth be subordinated. Religion therefore triumphed, and with a martyr-like spirit, she resolved to give me up. Blame her not. If she had not possessed a noble nature, such a sacrifice she had never resolved to make."—pp. 67-70.

The timid girl yields to the command of her priestly adviser, though in discarding Elwood, it is plain, that her own heart is broken. His state of mind, subsequent to this passage, is best described by himself.

"I pass over several months in which nothing, I can bring myself to relate, of much importance occurred. Elizabeth and I met a few times after the interview I have mentioned. She was ever the same pure-minded, affectionate girl; but the view which she had taken of her duty to God, and the struggle which thence ensued between religion and love, surrounded as she was by pious friends, whose zeal for the soul hereafter far outran their knowledge of what would constitute its real well-being here, preyed upon her health, and threatened the worst results. From those results I raise not the veil.

"One tie alone was left me, one alone bound me to my race, and to virtue. My mother, bowed with years and afflictions, still lived, though in a distant part of the country. A letter from a distant relative with whom she resided, informed me that she was very ill, and demanded my presence, as she could not survive many days. I need not say this letter afflicted me. I had not seen my mother for several years; not because I wanted filial affection, but I had rarely been able

to do as I would. Poverty is a stern master, and when combined with talent and ambition, often compels us to seem wanting in most of the better and more amiable affections of our nature. I had always loved and revered my mother; but her image rose before me now as it never had before. It looked mournfully upon me, and in the eloquence of mute sorrow seemed to upbraid me with neglect, and to tell me that I had failed to prove myself a good son.

"I lost no time in complying with my mother's request. I found her still living, but evidently near her last. She recognised me, brightened up a moment, thanked me for coming to see her, thanked her God that he had permitted her to look once more upon the face of her son, her only child, and to God, the God in whom she believed, who had protected her through life, and in whom she had found solace and support under all her trials and sorrows, she commended me, with all the fervor of undoubting piety, and the warmth of maternal love, for time and eternity. The effort exhausted her; she sunk into a sort of lethargy, which in a few hours proved to be the sleep of death.

"I watched by the lifeless body; I followed it to its resting place in the earth; went at twilight and stood by the grave which had closed over it. Do you ask what were my thoughts and feelings?

"I was a disbeliever, but I was a man, and had a heart; and not the less a heart because few shared its affections. But the feelings with which professed believers and unbelievers meet death, either for themselves or for others, are very nearly similar. When death comes into the circle of our friends and sunders the cords of affection, it is backward we look, not forward, and we are with the departed as he lives in our memories, not as he may be in our hopes. The hopes nurtured by religion are very consoling when grief exists only in anticipation, or after time has hallowed it; but they have little power in the moment when it actually breaks in upon the soul, and pierces the heart. Besides, there are few people who know how to use their immortality. Death to the great mass of believers as well as of unbelievers comes as the king of terrors, in the shape of a Total Extinction of being. The immortality of the soul is assented to rather than believed,—believed rather than lived. And withal it is something so far in the distant future, that till long after the spirit has left the body, we think and speak of the loved ones as no more. Rarely does the believer find that relief in the doctrine of immortality, which he insists on with so much eloquence in his controversy with unbelievers. He might find it, he ought to find it, and one day will; but not till he learns that man is immortal, and not merely is to be immortal.

"I lingered several weeks around the grave of my mother, and in the neighborhood where she had lived. It was the place where I had passed my own childhood and youth. It was the scene of those early associations which become the dearer to us as we leave them the farther behind. I stood where I had sported in the freedom of early childhood; but I stood alone, for no one was there with whom I could speak of its frolics. One feels singularly desolate when he sees only strange faces, and hears only strange voices in what was the home of his early life.

"I returned to the village where I resided when I first introduced myself to my readers. But what was that spot to me now? Nature had done much for it, but nature herself is very much what we make



her. There must be beauty in our souls, or we shall see no loveliness in her face; and beauty had died out of my soul. She who might have recalled it to life, and thrown its hues over all the world was — but of that I will not speak.

“It was now that I really needed the hope of immortality. The world was to me one vast desert, and life was without end or aim. The hope of immortality is not needed to enable us to bear grief, to meet great calamities. These can be, as they have been, met by the atheist with a serene brow and a tranquil pulse. We need not the hope of immortality in order to meet death with composure. The manner in which we meet death depends altogether more on the state of our nerves than the nature of our hopes. But we want it when earth has lost its gloss of novelty, when our hopes have been blasted, our affections withered, and the shortness of life and the vanity of all human pursuits have come home to us, and made us exclaim, ‘Vanity of vanities, all is vanity;’ we want then the hope of immortality to give to life an end, an aim.

“We all of us at times feel this want. The infidel feels it early in life. He learns all too soon, what to him is a withering fact, that man does not complete his destiny on earth. Man never completes anything here. What then shall he do if there be no hereafter? With what courage can I betake myself to my task? I may begin — but the grave lies between me and the completion. Death will come to interrupt my work, and compel me to leave it unfinished. This is more terrible to me than the thought of ceasing to be. I could *almost*, — at least, I think I could — consent to be no more, after I have finished my work, achieved my destiny; but to die before my work is completed, while that destiny is but begun, — this is the death which comes to me indeed as a ‘King of Terrors.’

“The hope of another life, to be the complement of this, steps in to save us from this death, to give us the courage and the hope *to begin*. The rough sketch shall hereafter become the finished picture, the artist shall give it the last touch at his ease; the science we had just begun shall be completed, and the incipient destiny shall be achieved. Fear not to begin, thou hast eternity before thee in which to end.

“I wanted, at the time of which I speak, this hope. I had no future. I was shut up in this narrow life as in a cage. All for whom I could have lived, labored, and died, were gone, or worse than gone. I had no end, no aim. My affections were driven back to stagnate and become putrid in my own breast. I had no one to care for. The world was to me as if it were not; and yet a strange restlessness came over me. I could be still nowhere. I roved listlessly from object to object, my body was carried from place to place, I knew not why, and asked not myself wherefore. And, yet change of object, change of scene, wrought no change within me. I existed, but did not live. He who has no future, has no life.” — pp. 88–93.

Elwood, at length, began to find composure of mind; time shed its soothing influences over his wounded spirit; and the first symptom of a better life was a vivid perception of the imperfections of the present social state. He brooded

over these, however, till his philanthropy became sour. In this state he made the acquaintance of a true man, whose influence gave a new direction to his whole character. This person was Mr. Howard, an elderly gentleman, of a wide and varied experience, a warm heart, a clear and discriminating mind, familiar with the general literature of the day, and cherishing elevated and comprehensive views of religion. The conversations of Elwood with this original and independent thinker are described with graphic clearness; they contain a system of theology; but any attempt to abridge them would do injustice to the momentous subjects of which they treat. Mr. Howard introduces Elwood to his minister, from whom he derives those views of religion, which finally serve as a foundation of faith. The portrait of Mr. Morton, for that was his name, is thus given.

“The day following the conversation I have just related, was Sunday, and Mr. Howard for the first time invited me to accompany him to his meeting. He remarked that his minister, though pretty orthodox in the main, was a little peculiar, and perhaps I should find myself interested, if not edified. Years had elapsed since I had entered a place of religious worship, and though I felt no great desire on my part to hear a sermon, yet as I thought I might please Mr. Howard by going, I accepted his invitation.

“The place of meeting was a public hall capable of holding some eight or nine hundred persons, and I found it well filled with a plain, sensible-looking congregation, whose earnest countenances indicated that they were there not because it was a place of fashionable resort, but because they were serious worshippers and honest inquirers after truth. A single glance told you that they were bold, earnest minds, who could look truth steadily in the face, let her assume what shape she might.

“The preacher, a Mr. Morton, was a tall, well-proportioned man, with something a little rustic in his appearance, indicating that his life had not been spent in the circles of the gay and the fashionable. Though far from being handsome, his features were striking and impressed themselves indelibly upon the memory. His dark complexion, and small, restless black eye bespoke an active and also an irritable disposition, and assured you that he might say some bitter things. His head was large, and his brow elevated and expanded. His face bore the marks of past struggle, whether with passion, the world, or sorrow, it was not easy to say. He was apparently under forty years of age, but you felt that he was a man who could speak from experience, that he was in fact no ordinary man, but one who had a biography, if you could only get at it. There was something almost repulsive about him, and yet you were drawn insensibly towards him.

“On commencing his discourse he seemed not exactly at his ease,

and his address was hurried, and ungraceful. His voice, too, though deep-toned, grated harshly on the ear, and produced a most unfavorable impression. But there was an air of earnestness about him, an evidence of intellectual vigor, and of moral honesty, which arrested your attention; while the novelty of his views and the boldness of his language served to enchain it till he closed. His discourse was to me a most singular production. I had never heard such a sermon before; and, I confess, I listened to it with the deepest interest."—pp. 146–148.

The philosophical basis of religion, which, in the main, coincides with the theory of M. Cousin, is exhibited in several conversations between Elwood and this ancient minister. We have room only for the following statement on the doctrine of creation.

“‘You will bear in mind, that we have found God as a cause, not a potential cause, occasionally a cause, accidentally a cause, but absolute cause, cause in itself, always a cause, and everywhere a cause. Now a cause that causes nothing is no cause at all. If then God be a cause, he must cause something, that is, create. Creation then is necessary.’

“‘Do you mean to say that God lies under a necessity of creating?’

“‘God lies under nothing, for he is over all, and independent of all. The necessity of which I speak is not a foreign necessity, but a necessity of his own nature. What I mean is, he cannot be what he is without creating. It would be a contradiction in terms to call him a cause, and to say that he causes nothing.’

“‘But out of what does God create the world? Out of nothing, as our old catechisms have it?’

“‘Not out of nothing certainly, but out of himself, out of his own fulness. You may form an idea of creation by noting what passes in the bosom of your own consciousness. I will to raise my arm. My arm may be palsied, or a stronger than mine may hold it down, so that I cannot raise it. Nevertheless I have created something; to wit, the will or intention to raise it. In like manner as I by an effort of my will, or an act of my causality, create a will or intention, does God create the world. The world is God's will or intention, existing in the bosom of his consciousness, as my will or intention exists in the bosom of mine.

“‘Now, independent of me, my will or intention has no existence. It exists, is a reality no further than I enter into it; and it ceases to exist, vanishes into nothing, the moment I relax the causative effort which gave it birth. So of the world. Independent of God it has no existence. All the life and reality it has are of God. It exists no further than he enters into it, and it ceases to exist, becomes a nonentity, the moment he withdraws or relaxes the creative effort which calls it into being.

“‘This, if I mistake not, strikingly illustrates the dependence of the universe, of all worlds and beings on God. They exist but by his will. He willed, and they were; commanded, and they stood fast. He has but to will, and they are not; to command, and the heavens roll to-

gether as a scroll, or disappear as the morning mist before the rising sun. This is easily seen to be true, because he is their life, their being; — in him, says an apostle, “we live and move and have our being.”

“The question is sometimes asked, where is the universe? Where is your resolution, intention? In the bosom of your consciousness. So the universe, being God's will or intention, exists in the consciousness of the Deity. The bosom of the infinite Consciousness is its place, its residence, its home. God then is all round and within it, as you are all round and within your intention. Here is the omnipresence of the Deity. You cannot go where God is not, unless you cease to exist. Not because God fills all space, as we sometimes say, thus giving him as it were extension, but because he embosoms all space, as we embosom our thoughts in our own consciousness.

“This view of creation, also, shows us the value of the universe, and teaches us to respect it. It is God's will, God's intention, and is divine, so far forth as it really exists, and therefore is holy, and should be revered. Get at a man's intentions, and you get at his real character. A man's intentions are the revelations of himself; they show you what the man is. The universe is the revelation of the Deity. So far as we read and understand it, do we read and understand God. When I am penetrating the heavens and tracing the revolutions of the stars, I am learning the will of God; when I penetrate the earth and explore its strata, study the minuter particles of matter and their various combinations, I am mastering the science of theology; when I listen to the music of the morning songsters, I am listening to the voice of God; and it is his beauty I see when my eye runs over the varied landscape or “the flower-enamelled mead.”

“You see here the sacred character which attaches to all science, shadowed forth through all antiquity, by the right to cultivate it being claimed for the priests alone. But every man should be a priest; and the man of science, who does not perceive that he is also a priest, but half understands his calling. In ascertaining these laws of nature, as you call them, you are learning the ways of God. Put off your shoes then when you enter the temple of science, for you enter the sanctuary of the Most High.

“But man is a still fuller manifestation of the Deity. He is superior to all outward nature. Sun and stars pale before a human soul. The powers of nature, whirlwinds, tornados, cataracts, lightnings, earthquakes, are weak before the power of thought, and lose all their terrific grandeur in the presence of the struggles of passion. Man with a silken thread turns aside the lightning and chains up the harmless bolt. Into man enters more of the fulness of the Divinity, for in his own likeness God made man. The study of man then is still more the study of the Divinity, and the science of man becomes a still nearer approach to the science of God.

“This is not all. Viewed in this light what new worth and sacredness attaches to this creature man, on whom kings, priests and nobles have for so many ages trampled with sacrilegious feet. Whoso wrongs a man defaces the image of God, desecrates a temple of the living God, and is guilty not merely of a crime but of a sin. Indeed, all crimes become sins, all offences against man, offences against God. Hear this, ye wrong-doers, and know that it is not from your

feeble brother only, that ye have to look for vengeance. Hear this, ye wronged and down-trodden; and know that God is wronged in that ye are wronged, and his omnipotent arm shall redress you, and punish your oppressors. Man is precious in the sight of God, and God will vindicate him.'

"All this is very fine, but it strikes me that you identify the Deity with his works. You indeed call him a cause, but he causes or creates, if I understand you, only by putting himself forth. Independent of him, his works have no reality. He is their life, being, substance. Is not this Pantheism?"

"Not at all. God is indeed the life, being, substance of all his works, yet he is independent of his works. I am in my intention, and my intention is nothing any further than I enter into it; but nevertheless my intention is not *me*; I have the complete control over it. It does not exhaust me. It leaves me with all my creative energy, free to create anew as I please. So of God. Creation does not exhaust him. His works are not necessary to his being, they make up no part of his life. He retains all his creative energy, and may put it forth anew as seems to him good. Grant he stands in the closest relation to his works; he stands to them in the relation of a cause to an effect, not in the relation of identity, as pantheism supposes.'

"But waiving the charge of pantheism, it would seem from what you have said that creation must be as old as the Creator. What then will you do with the Mosaic cosmogony, which supposes creation took place about six thousand years ago?"

"I leave the Mosaic cosmogony where I find it. As to the inference that creation must be as old as the Creator, I would remark, that a being cannot be a creator till he creates, and as God was always a creator, always then must there have been a creation; but it does not follow from this that creation must have always assumed its present form, much less that this globe in its present state must have existed from all eternity. It may have been, for aught we know, subjected to a thousand revolutions and transformations, and the date of its habitation by man may indeed have been no longer ago than Hebrew chronology asserts.

"But much of this difficulty about the date of creation arises from supposing that creation must have taken place in time. But the creations of God are not in time but in eternity. Time begins with creation, and belongs to created nature. With God there is no time, as there is no space. He transcends time and space. He inhabiteth eternity, and is both time and space. When we speak of beginning in relation to the origin of the universe, we should refer to the source whence it comes, not to the time when it came. Its beginning is not in time but in God, and is now as much as it ever was.

"You should think of the universe as something which is, not as something which was. God did not, strictly speaking, make the world, finish it, and then leave it. He makes it, he constitutes it now. Regard him therefore not, if I may borrow the language of Spinoza, as its "temporary and transient cause, but as its permanent and in-dwelling cause;" that is, not as a cause which effects, and then passes off from his works, to remain henceforth in idleness, or to create new worlds; but as a cause which remains in his works, ever producing them, and

constituting them by being present in them, their life, being, and substance. Take this view, and you will never trouble yourself with the question whether the world was created, six thousand, or six million of years ago.'—pp. 198-204.

The result of Elwood's inquiries is expressed in the conclusion of the volume, and with it we will close the copious extracts which we have been unable to avoid.

“In looking back upon the long struggle I have had, I must thank God for it. I have been reproached by my Christian brethren; they have tried to make me believe that I was very wicked in being an unbeliever; but I have never reproached myself for having been one, nor have I ever regretted it. I would consent to go through the whole again, rather than not have the spiritual experience I have thus acquired. I have sinned, but never in having doubted. I have much to answer for, but not for having been an unbeliever. I have no apologies to make to the Christian world. I have no forgiveness to ask of it. I have done it no disservice, and it will one day see that I have not been an unprofitable servant. It has never fairly owned me, but I care not for that. Even to this day it calls me an infidel, but that is nothing. It will one day be astonished at its own blindness; and when freed from the flesh, in that world where I shall not be disturbed by the darkness of this, I shall see it doing even more than justice to my memory. I have not lived in vain, nor in vain have I doubted, inquired, and finally been convinced. When the scales fell from my eyes, and I beheld the true light, I followed it; and I have done what was in my power to direct others to it. My task is now well nigh done, and I am ready to give in my last account. I say not this in a spirit of vain boasting, but in humble confidence. I say it to express my strong faith in God, and in his care for all who attempt to do his will.

“I doubt not that many good Christians may be shocked at first sight at what I have here recorded. They will see no coincidence between the views here set forth and their own cherished convictions; but I will assure them, that as they read on, and fairly comprehend them, they will find the coincidence all but perfect. The christianity here set forth is the christianity of the universal church, though presented perhaps in an uncommon light. I cannot persuade myself that a new christianity is here presented, but the old christianity which all the world has believed, under a new aspect, perhaps, and an aspect more peculiarly adapted to the wants of the present age. It cannot have escaped general observation, that religion, for some time, has failed to exert that influence over the mind and heart that it should. There is not much open skepticism, not much avowed infidelity, but there is a vast amount of concealed doubt, and untold difficulty. Few, very few among us but ask for more certain evidence of the Christian faith than they possess. Many, many are the confessions to this effect, which I have received from men and women, whose religious character stands fair in the eyes of the church. I have been told by men of unquestionable piety, that the only means they have to maintain their belief even in God, is never to suffer themselves to inquire into

the grounds of that belief. The moment they ask for proofs, they say, they begin to doubt.

“Our churches are but partially filled, and the majority of those who attend them complain that they are not fed. Our clergy are industrious, and in most cases do all that men can do, and yet not many mighty works do they, because of the people's unbelief. Everywhere we hear complaint. Even amongst the clergy themselves doubt finds its way. Learned professors proclaim publicly and emphatically, even while denouncing infidelity, that we can have no certainty, that our evidence of christianity is at best but a high degree of probability. Surely, then, it is time to turn christianity over and see if it have not a side which we have not hitherto observed. Perhaps when we come to see it on another side, in a new light, it will appear unto us more beautiful and have greater power to attract our love and reverence.

“The views here presented have won the love and reverence of one man who was once as obstinate an unbeliever as can be found. I know not why they should not have the same effect on others.”— pp. 259-262.

We have a few words only to add with regard to the manner in which Mr. Brownson deals with the objections of the skeptic. This we consider a leading merit of the work before us. The author speaks from personal experience, for he too has been through the conflict between received opinions and the light of truth; he has seen the impressions of childhood fade from the mind; with an earnest and susceptible religious nature, he has felt the difficulties of speculation; but he has never shrunk from the freest thought; he has trod the wine press for himself; and established the instinctive decisions of the heart on the basis of the universal reason. An experience similar to this is requisite in all, who would fairly meet the mind of the sincere skeptic. The want of such experience is the reason why so many of our standard writers on the foundation of faith are more ingenious than satisfactory, and usually fail to remove the difficulty that was deeply felt. They have no sympathy with doubt; their minds are of a different stamp from those that love to examine first principles; they are well satisfied with the traditions of ages; of the stern agony of thought, by which a rational faith is produced in a state of society that questions everything, they have no suspicion; they may become powerful advocates of the opinions which the multitude cling to; but they know not how to touch the spot where doubt rests in the heart which other causes than any vice or lie have

led to distrust its ancient faith; when they enter that sphere, let them hush.

The author of this work admits the full force of skeptical arguments, whenever they are founded in truth. He seems so sure of his cause, that he does not wish to rely on aught which does not bear the severest test. Accordingly, he betrays no alarm when certain statements that have long been relied on are shown to be defective; he clearly makes use of no reasons, adapted to the presumed weakness of his opponent, which are without force to his own mind; he will not "bring to the God of truth the unclean sacrifice of a lie;" and, in this manner, he gives a peculiar weight and authority to the conclusions which he adopts; so that their force is most speedily felt by the strongest minds.

Neither does he ever seek to evade the precise point on which the subject turns. More distinctly than most writers on theological questions does he perceive the true issue; and when he once states what it is, he does not leave it, without doing his best to dispatch it entirely. It is small praise to say, that he refrains from regarding as a crime the unbelief which he would remove. On this account, the present work will be favorably listened to by many, whom no persuasion can induce to enter the walls of a church, and who look with suspicion on the teachings of most of the professed advocates of religion. And they who are not converted by the reasonings here exhibited, with Elwood, will at least meet with much to stimulate them to further inquiry; they may find an aspect of religion, which they had not considered before; and new thought may at length give birth to new faith.

R. <sup>plu</sup>



## THE LAST FAREWELL.

Lines written while sailing out of Boston Harbor for the West Indies.

FAREWELL, ye lofty spires,  
That cheered the holy light!  
Farewell domestic fires  
That broke the gloom of night!  
Too soon those spires are lost,  
Too fast we leave the bay,  
Too soon by ocean tost  
From hearth and home away,  
Far away, far away.

Farewell the busy town,  
The wealthy and the wise,  
Kind smile and honest frown  
From bright familiar eyes.  
All these are fading now;  
Our brig hastes on her way;  
Her unremembering prow  
Is leaping o'er the sea,  
Far away, far away.

Farewell, my mother fond,  
Too kind, too good to me,  
Nor pearl nor diamond  
Would pay my debt to thee;  
But even thy kiss denies  
Upon my cheek to stay,  
The winged vessel flies,  
And billows round her play,  
Far away, far away.

Farewell, my brothers true,  
My betters yet my peers,  
How desert without you  
My few and evil years!  
But though aye one in heart,  
Together sad or gay,  
Rude ocean doth us part,  
We separate to-day,  
Far away, far away.

Farewell I breathe again  
To dim New England's shore;  
My heart shall beat not when  
I pant for thee no more.  
In yon green palmy isle  
Beneath the tropic rays,  
I murmur never while  
For thee and thine I pray;  
Far away, far away.

## ERNEST THE SEEKER.

## CHAPTER FIRST.

"Truth's lovely form, that once was a perfect shape most glorious to look upon, was hewed into a thousand pieces, and scattered to the four winds. From that time ever since, the sad friends of truth, such as durst appear, imitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down, gathering limb by limb still as they could find them." — MILTON.

"CONSTANT'S journal from Rome, mother," said Ernest, as he broke the seals of a package, "now shall you know this friend of mine,

'His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,  
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart,  
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.'

"Ah! Ernest! This mania of tolerance and many-sidedness, as you call it, will keep your mind in such a chaos, I fear, that the Spirit of God will never move on the face of the waters, and say, 'Let there be light.' What can interest you so much in this young priest? He always seemed to me to have his mother's enthusiasm, and gentle as she was, I certainly thought her crazed, as she glided about in her dark robes, like a devotee or sister of charity."

"Constant made me his friend by a well timed rebuke, mother," said Ernest, as he took a letter from his desk, and read as follows:—

"MY DEAR SIR,

"The heart knoweth its own bitterness,' and may heaven preserve you from ever feeling the pain, which an expression of yours to-day occasioned me. I complain of no purposed unkindness, for probably you are ignorant that I am a Catholic; but I pray you, never say again that our 'priests are knaves or fools,' till you have proved the justice of your charge. It is my dearest hope to be admitted to the holy office. I vowed to consecrate my life to it, as I knelt by my mother's death-bed. I was bred up in the Episcopal church, of which both my parents were members, till I was fourteen years of age. At this time

my poor father became so ill, that he was advised to winter in Palermo. My mother of course accompanied him. I need not dwell upon the sad history. He rapidly declined; and it was in these dark hours, that my mother's mind was called, as she saw him on whom she had rested passing in weakness away, to turn for support to the friend who never withdraws, and to hope for reunion in heavenly homes with the beloved one whom affection could not retain on earth. She sought relief in the services of the nearest church. The touching symbols of these holy rites deeply affected her; and in her loneliness she appealed to the sympathy of the Confessor. He visited them; and before the last change came, my mother had the divine joy of receiving together with my father the sacrament of the Eucharist; of seeing the extreme unction administered to him in his agony; and after his spirit had departed, of having the body buried in consecrated ground, and of joining in sublime and consoling masses for his eternal peace. You will believe me when I say she returned home sanctified by her sorrows. I was her only child, and we became inseparable companions. She directed my studies, she guided my prayers, she made me her helper in her works of benevolence; and heaven forgive me! if as I looked up in her sweet face, becoming ever more spiritual as it day by day grew thinner and paler, and into those eyes so calmly bright, as if the light of another life beamed through them, and listened to her tones so musical and mild, that my heart melted,—heaven forgive me! if I worshipped her. My mother must ever be to me a saint. She, as her dying legacy, prayed that I might become an honored minister of God. In a few years, heaven willing, I shall be a Priest; alas! how unworthy a one, in contrast with the blessed thousands who through centuries have offered the perfect sacrifice.

CONSTANT SEYMOUR."

"There speaks at least a good son. You will hear the journal now, will you not? The words of one so fervent, even if deluded,

'Enforce attention like sweet harmony.'

"Rome, Dec. 10.

"*Laus Deo!* Arrived this morning, and am now quietly established at the college. The huge building, with its massive stones, projecting cornices, and heavy carved windows, looked gloomy as I entered; and as our footsteps echoed through the silent court and long passages, the thought saddened me, that so many years were to be passed beneath these solemn shades. But the paternal welcome of Father B., and the courteous demeanor of my fellow students, quite cheered my spirits; and now that I have once joined in worship in our beautiful little chapel, and have arranged my apartment, I feel at home. I like this high ceiling, this deep window, with its diamond shaped panes, and these oaken pannels dark with age. In the sacred recess I have placed my Corregio's Agony in the Garden; Fenelon's placid face smiles over my table; my mother's copy of à Kempis is lying by my side; and more than all, dearest mother, thy gentle look blesses me from this miniature. Well may I feel happy, in striving to fulfil your dying wish! *Ad te levavi oculos meos.*

"After Vespers walked with a friend to the Pincian. The sun was setting, as we climbed the long ascent of steps; and we reached the summit just in time to see the golden rim disappear behind the ridge on the west of the city, where umbrella pines stood strongly marked against the sky. A haze of glory, such as Claude so often dipped his brush in, hung for a moment like a brilliant veil over the wilderness of roofs beneath us; but as the shadows spread, the scene grew clearer, and I took my first survey of the Holy City. In front, at the distance of a mile, swelled sublime the dark dome of St. Peter's, flanked by the far stretching wings of the Vatican. Nearer rose the round tower of St. Angelo, and, winding at its foot, the Tiber was revealed by its reflection of the still bright heaven; while to the left stood the columns of Trajan and of Antonine with the bronze apostle on its top, and the eye rested on the low arched roof of the Pantheon. It was no dream! I, a child from a far land, was really taken home to the bosom of the mighty mother, who has fed the world with her holiness, and learning, and art. Beneath that soaring dome, so gracefully light, yet so firm, were at this moment

burning the golden lamps around the tomb of St. Peter. Within those very walls had been held for centuries the sacred conclaves, whose councils the Holy Spirit condescends to guide. Under these very roofs, which I now looked upon, had been trained the hosts of martyr missionaries, who have carried the cross over burning deserts, and polar snows, and the farthest ocean. Around me on every side was a vast multitude, who had forsaken the world and its vanities for the purity and charities of a religious life. Lights on a thousand altars, clouds of incense from swinging censers, chaunts of countless choristers, and murmured prayers of crowds of priests sanctified the very air. I was in Rome! not imperial Rome, — that blood-stained desert, — but Christian Rome, blossoming with truth. The Eagle has fallen before the cross; the palaces of voluptuous nobles have crumbled; the dust of centuries has buried the pavements over which rolled the triumphal cars of cruel armies; nature's kind ministries have carpeted the deep-dyed sands of the arenas; from the ruins of barbarous pomp have sprung these graceful temples, and halls of science, and galleries filled with images of beauty, which a divine faith inspired; and in place of chained captives, driven to the shambles to gratify the bloody thirst of a populace, come joyful troops seeking the light of peace and love to carry with self-sacrificing toil to the whole world. *Domini est Terra.*

“Dec. 13.

“Walking to-day through a narrow street, with high walls enclosing gardens on each side, I came to a niche, where pious hands keep ever burning a light before an image of the Virgin; and there witnessed a sight, which, in all its picturesque simplicity, is peculiar to Catholic lands. Two peasant boys were kneeling before it, one playing on a pipe, the other, who held by a string a pet goat, repeating an Ave Maria. The father stood behind wrapped in his dark brown cloak, his conical hat with its slouched brim in his hand. I waited till their offering was over, that I might give them alms. They formed, indeed, a singular yet graceful group. The boys, in place of cloak, had dressed sheep skins hanging on their shoulders; their leggings were blue; and the sandals were laced with

pink and orange ribbons crossing the leg to the knee. In their hats they each wore a short feather, and their black bead-like eyes looked brightly out over cheeks, where ruddy health blushed through a brown, tanned skin. Long clustering locks fell over their shoulders. The father was dark and stern enough; and it required no great imagination to see him with a carbine on his shoulder, watching behind a rock on the hill side for the traveller winding up the road. Rough and wild creatures truly! Yet the Catholic church has a hold even on them. How admirably wise has she been in adapting herself to all classes of minds and characters. What would these semi-barbarians care for a homily or a tract? But the picture of the Holy Mother can soften their rude hearts.

“I have just withdrawn from my window, to which I was attracted by the sound of tramping feet and the glare of moving lights upon the wall. It was a procession of Carmelites. Each held in his hand a torch, whose flickering blaze made the darkness in the street seem almost tangible, and falling down on their white sweeping robes, transfigured them with a bright glory. Silently with even step and two by two they passed down the deserted street, probably to a funeral. How can Protestants speak with such rude suspicions of these holy brotherhoods, devoted as they are to all-sacrificing charity? What other system provides, as our venerable Church does, for the wants of the needy? Not a poor beggar dies in this city, whose pains are not solaced by the gentle cares of some sister of charity, and whose remains are not followed to the grave by solemn and respectful attendants. May I but imbibe this spirit of devoted benevolence of which I see such manifestations every hour!

“Dec. 15.

“Attended mass to-day at the church of the Jesuits. How can I speak adequately of the music? It came from a gallery raised near to the arching roof, and the sound there echoed and softened seemed to fall from heaven. It realized, oh yes, far more than realized, my highest conception of devotional sentiment. Language cannot utter our swelling emotions. Precise terms confine their flow.

But music, — where each note suggests without naming a thought, and where the blending sounds are a symbol of a thousand interwoven feelings, — music is indeed the vehicle of devout expression. First came a deep distant swell of the solemn bass of the organ, like a flood lifting up its voice, like the breaking of many waters, fuller and fuller, louder and louder in peal, new chords ever mingling as the stream of harmony rolled on, till the whole soul seemed borne aloft upon the waves of sound; — and then gently, softly it sank into a calm, the higher notes prevailing, till there broke forth the flute-toned voices of young choristers, like the greeting of cherubs from happier worlds. I was deeply moved myself, and could not but notice the effect of the services upon a young man kneeling at my side. By his long, light brown hair, fair complexion, and blue eye, I knew him to be a German, probably from his dress an artist. Repeatedly he kissed his crucifix, while tears gathered and rolled down, till seemingly overcome, he bowed his head even to the marble floor and sobbed audibly. How many recollections of distant dear ones and home, how many hopes of success, how many thronging images of beauty were mingling at that moment with this gushing tide of devotion. Oh! barren indeed are other forms of worship in comparison with these, appealing to the soul as they do through our most heavenly faculty, — the imagination. On this young artist's mind, who can estimate the effect of the grand architecture, and the pictured forms of the richly appalled priests, and the white-robed acolyte, of the graceful curling incense, the tinkling bell, the solemn pause, the burst of song? Poor reason, men clip your sky-cleaving pinions, and then chide you for lagging in the dust of this work-day earth.

“I was much struck by seeing a lady in splendid figured silk kneeling near to a peasant, who by his soiled dress had probably but just come in from the muddy roads of the country. In rising, he accidentally planted his iron studded and miry shoe on the rich skirt, which spread itself over the marble. Not a sign showed that such a trifle could distract the wearer's mind from the sublime exercises in which she was engaging, or give even momentary offence. Where in Protestant lands can you see this true spirit of Christian equality, — leveling in the temple of the King of

kings all the poor barriers of caste, reared by men's selfishness in the social world? No pews encumber the floors of these cathedrals, no poor divisions wall off the privileged few from brethren who come to worship a common Father.

“Dec. 17.

“Went to the English college to hear a lecture from the learned and eloquent Dr. W. on the sacred use of classic learning. The rooms were crowded with the chief dignitaries of the church, the leading literary men of the city, artists, distinguished foreigners, and ladies. The lecture was nearly two hours in length, and took a wide range. It was filled with the nicest criticisms, with descriptions of authors, as marked and accurate as are the heads on ancient seals, with exquisite selections from the old historians and poets, and illustrated with large engravings of the finest specimens of art. And yet the Church is said to discourage learning, and to base itself upon popular ignorance. Oh! sad, sad is this spirit of schism! Can it come from any one but the father of lies? Look at these mile-long libraries, stored with the choicest literature of all ages, and thrown liberally open for the world of scholars to consult; look at these colleges, where multitudes under ablest professors are trained up in the best scientific, philosophic, historical, and literary knowledge of every time! How little do Protestants know the rock on which the Church is built! Preserver of light in a world of gloom, restorer of ancient truth, nurse of

‘thoughtful monks, intent their God to please  
For Christ's dear sake, by human sympathies  
Poured from the bosom of the Church,’ —

how have ungrateful children, ignorant of thy wide interests and liberal wisdom, defamed thee, Mother Church!

“Visited in my walk the Pantheon. How wise to consecrate the beautiful works of ancient art, thus signifying, that as God has made this outward creation, with its countless glories, to minister in unceasing worship,

‘In that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,  
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply;  
Its choir the winds and waves, — its organ thunder,  
Its dome the sky,’



so man should use his highest conception of grandeur and loveliness for his Maker's praise. How sublime too the change which this graceful dome, these noble columns, these marble pavements have witnessed. The gods of ancient times were indeed the loftiest ideal of mere natural manhood; but these pictures on the altars beam with a light of heavenly, redeemed, glorified humanity.

“As I stood examining an altar piece, I was much interested in observing the various worshippers who knelt before it. One was an old man with streaming white locks and beard, who leaning heavily on his staff, as he bent his stiffened form, might have answered as a study for a Saint Jerome. Next was a mother, with a rosy-faced, chubby boy of six years, who, sportive and full of life, seemed restless in kneeling so long on the cold, hard stones, while the sallow face, deep marks about the mouth, and sunken eye told a tale of suffering in her whose arm embraced him. Not far from them was a contadina, with her snowy starched cap standing out from her head, her large gilded earrings, gay ribbons, green boddice, and scarlet skirt; and last a young girl, of perhaps thirteen, her coal-black hair, in long braided plaits, hanging down her shoulders, and a covered basket on her arm. Graciously do our church doors stand open at all hours for those whose homes afford no privacy. The passing emotion of devoutness is not deadened as where religious service is confined to the Sabbath; sorrow may pour out its tears,—penitence may confess its burdened heart,—tempted nature may purify itself,—and the perplexed find peace at any hour.

“Returning this evening about dusk, I was struck with a manifestation of the care, with which the Church goes out to seek its scattered sheep. Turning suddenly a corner, I found myself in the midst of a singular company. A cook, with his glowing brazier, was dealing out frittered messes to those who had a *buioccho* to pay for them. Women with their matted locks and bare necks, and men in scanty cloaks and slouched hats, moved to and fro, vociferating and gesticulating,—their features strongly marked by the ruddy light of the fiery coals; while just opposite, a Franciscan,—his brown robe girt round him

by a rope, his cowl thrown back, his arm bare and raised on high, holding a crucifix, was pouring forth to a knot of listeners an impassioned appeal. Thus, in the midst of noisy crowds, where hasty words bring rash deeds, and the bantering jest is followed by the gleaming knife, the sudden stroke, and the laugh is choked in blood,—there in the very haunts of levity and crime do the ministers of the word of life appear.

“Dec. 19.

“To-day at the Vatican! Will Protestants explain, why their faith does not nurture such giant minds, as have written the history of their thoughts in prodigal richness all over the walls of this palace? When will Protestantism produce its Buonarrotti, its Leonardo, its Dante? Out of the crowd of sublime images, which have this day enlarged my conception of power and beauty, two alone rise prominent, so eloquent are they of the deep reverence and the imprisoned strength of Michael Angelo. They are the Sibilla Persica and the Prophet Joel. One may well be diffident in thinking to interpret these magnificent visions; but I fancied I saw a purposed contrast between the darkened Sybil and the enlightened Seer. The withered dame, with painfully contorted frame, is poring intently over the half open volume on which only a partial light falls; and behind are two young boys, cloaked to the neck, and mute, still, as if listening through long ages for the voice which should loose their fixed attention. In the compartments below are sleeping figures; one a mother pressing her infant to her bosom, as if overcome in the midst of her vigil she was still haunted by the foreboding of ills; the other, a vigorous and muscular man, utterly spent with fatigue, and lost in profoundest rest. The perfect abandonment to heavy sleep is wonderfully given by the body bent forward till the chest leans upon the limbs, and by the arm hanging lifelessly down. All speaks the midnight of ignorance as to human destiny. A silence as of the secret chamber of a pyramid broods oppressively over it. What intense action, on the contrary, in the Joel! The mother is wakened, the child looks brightly out as upon the sunny morning; and the prophet,—his grand forehead and curling hair full in the light, the two inspirited boys

with lively gestures looking over him as he reads, — seems to be chanting with a triumphant hope that thrills every muscle, ‘I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions.’ The devoutness of such a man as Michael Angelo, the all-absorbing trust that knows not a doubt, and which in the midst of evil times rises indomitable, — where can it be seen beyond the pale of that One Holy Church, founded on the martyred bodies of apostles, built up by the consenting traditions of eighteen centuries, and cemented by the prayers and tears of countless saints? The *Unity of the Faith*, this was the sublime inspiration, which gave such full vigor to believers’ minds, in times before the so-called Reformation made a chaos.

“But it was not merely with the awe, which the genius of Michael Angelo awakened, that I regarded the Capella Sistina. Here were the very seats, here was the very altar, where week by week the Holy Father and the Cardinals unite in worship. What! do Protestants dare to think, that the good old man, who humble and lowly bends here in prayer, is the opposer of that Master, whose keys he bears? And these venerable, long experienced counsellors, whose days are spent in laborious correspondences, and earnest consultation for the good of the Faithful, the world over; — can any one, who sees them exchanging that beautiful sign of the kiss of peace at the close of their religious rites, suppose them earthly minded and ambitious? Protestants must surely be ignorant of the poverty, the disinterestedness, the severe industry —”

“There! my dear Ernest — that will do for me;” said Mrs. Hope, rising — “Constant is as wild as his mother; infatuated, perfectly infatuated! And yet he has sweet sensibilities, I grant. But that he should have been so long in that city of moral death, surrounded by sights of poverty, wretchedness, vice, and idleness in the people, and of luxury, ostentation, and proud affluence in the priesthood, witnessing parade and mummery in place of true worship, without having his eyes opened, shows that he is a thorough enthusiast. If he had been bred up in such customs, one could more easily pardon him! Do not, I beseech you, let his taste and pretty words mislead you. He but whitens a

sepulchre. I do fear for you, my son," seeing a smile struggling with respect on Ernest's face; "and I fear the more, because I see that this tolerant sympathy looks generous; and thus you may mistake vacillating indecision for a large wisdom. Will you forever be run away with by each new notion and caprice of other minds?"

"Dear mother," answered Ernest, playfully, "you must plead guilty for some part of my vagaries. You bade me be a Seeker. Dread not the spirit that rose at your bidding. You have not forgotten the lines you early taught me,—

'Yet some seeke knowledge merely to be knowne,  
And idle curiosity that is;  
Some but to sell, not freely to bestow;  
These gaine and spend both time and wealth amisse,  
Embasing arts, by basely deeming so;  
Some to build others, which is charitie,  
But these to build themselves, who wise men be.' "

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#### THE DIVINE PRESENCE IN NATURE AND IN THE SOUL.

THE doctrine of divine inspiration is one of no small importance; for as it is received in one form or another, it will bless a man or curse him; will make him a slave to the letter which killeth, or a freeman made free by the "Law of the spirit of life." The doctrine of Inspiration is admitted by the Christian Church. It is commonly believed there have been inspired men, though "open vision" is no longer continued. The Bible, oftener than any other book perhaps, speaks of men inspired by God. Most of its truths, to take its own statement, came directly from Him. Since Christians believe the Bible, they must believe in the power and fact of inspiration, however they may limit its extent.

Inspiration is the direct and immediate action of God upon man. But to understand this the better, we may consider his analogous action upon matter, since in both cases the action is direct and immediate, though in obedi-

ence to fixed and determinate laws. The kind of action on God's part is perhaps the same in both cases; and the effect differs with the powers and nature of the recipient.

God is everywhere present, and at all times. Let us take the fact of his Omnipresence as the point of departure. What results follow from this perpetual and universal presence? He is not idly present in any place, or at any time. The divine energy never slumbers nor sleeps: it flows forth an eternal stream, endless and without beginning, which doth encompass and embrace the all of things. From itself proceeds, and to itself returns this "River of God." The material world is perpetual growth, renewal which never ceases, because God, who flows into it, is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

He fills the world of outward nature with his presence. The fullness of the divine energy flows inexhaustibly into the crystal of the rock, the juices of the plant, the splendor of the stars, the life of the Bee and Behemoth. Here it is not idle, but has an active influence on the world of matter, plants, and animals. The material, vegetable, and animal world, therefore, received this influence according to their several capacities, and from it derive their life and growth; their order and beauty,—the very laws of their being, and their being itself. Since He is everywhere, no part of nature is devoid of his influence. All depends on Him for existence. Hence Nature ever grows, and changes, and becomes something new, as God's all prevailing energy flows into it without ceasing. Hence in nature there is constant change, but no ultimate death. The quantity of life is never diminished. The leaves fall, but they furnish food for new leaves yet to appear, whose swelling germs crowd off the old foliage. The Dog and Oyster having done their work cease to be seen by our eyes; but there seems no reason for fancying the spark of life once kindled in them is extinguished, or vanished into soft air. Since God is essentially and vitally present in each atom of space, there can be no such thing as sheer and absolute extinction of being. Well says the poet,

" When will the river be weary of flowing  
                   Under my eye?  
 When will the winds be aweary of blowing  
                   Over the sky?

When will the clouds be weary of fleeting?  
When will the heart be weary of beating?  
Never, oh never, nothing will die!"

Since God is unalterably the same, and yet with ever active energy possesses the Heavens and the Earth, the law on which they rest must needs be fixed beyond a change, while the face of nature each day assumes new forms. Thus the law of nature is the same at the Pole and the Line, on the day of Adam and at this day; and yet there is unending variety on the surface of things, where the divine spirit never repeats itself.

Now the obedience, which all the inanimate objects in nature pay to this law, is perfect. There is never any violation of it; not even the smallest. The stones and the trees, the sun and the waves, yield perfect obedience thereunto. No provision is made in nature against a violation of this law. Thus, for example, we never see the water and the air change place with each other, nor could the earth exist under such capricious changes.

The same may be said of the animal world, with the single exception of man, who is related to it by the body's side. Here also the obedience is perfect. Caprice has no place, as a principle or a motive. All the works of the elephant or the ape were forecast in its structure and instincts. If this were not so — if this obedience of the elements and animals were not thus perfect, there could be no safety for the human race; no continued existence even to the universe; for its existence continues only on the supposition that its laws are obeyed; and no provision has been made for the evil that would ensue, if any part of the Creation, save man alone, should violate the fundamental law of its nature and act against the will of God.

The imposition of a law, then, perfect in itself, and perfectly though blindly obeyed, is the entire extent of God's influence upon the outward world of nature. In these bodies it would seem there is no individual will; they seem not integers but only fractions of a whole. If they have any individual will it is subordinate to irresistible instinct. Now since there is no partial will, there is no power to oppose the universal will and influence of God, even in the slightest degree. Therefore all the action of the unconscious world is mechanical, or at the highest in-

stinctive and in perfect harmony with God's will. It is an important fact that all parts of nature are in perfect harmony with God's will, and therefore reveal all of God that can be made manifest to the eye, the ear, and other senses of man. In the universe of matter, nothing ever rebels, or revolts from God's authority. All is order, and all beautiful. His laws seem to conflict, but they never clash; growth and decay perpetually intersect, but do not disturb each other; so the rays of light, as reflected from the flowers of a meadow to a thousand eyes, cross and recross, but one never jostles the other. From this obedience it comes that nothing in nature is really deformed when seen from its true point of view. "He hath made nothing imperfect" considered in its two-fold relation of use and meaning.

In this manner the world is filled by God's energy and substance. He is equally present in all parts of the material world; equally active in the formation of a dew-drop and an ocean. Now men of all ages, the rudest and the most refined, have noticed this striking fact; their slumbering spirit has been awakened, and they have gained hints from it. Religious men see an higher proof of God's presence and influence in outward nature, than in the mass of their fellow men. If we would be possessed with devout and sublime emotions, we go to the mountain "visited all night by troops of stars," and not to the crowd of men, that on a public day flow in full tide through the glittering streets of a great city. We say "the Heavens declare the glory of God;" not that the assembly of men bears the same testimony to his goodness or loveliness. Hence do we conclude that the undisturbed presence and unobstructed influence of God, amid the hills and flower-enamelled meadows of the country, are more congenial to the growth of morality and religion, than the close contact of self-conscious men in crowded towns. The reason is plain; the divine energy acts without resistance in Nature, and therefore perfectly realizes its idea; while in man's will it encounters a resisting medium, and does not, in all cases, display itself so clear and so perfect.

But yet God is present in man as well as out of him. The divine energy and substance possess the human soul, no less than they constitute the law and life of outward

nature. God is present in man as well as in matter, and not idly present in him. The presence of God in the soul is what we call Inspiration; it is a *breathing in* of God. His action on the outer world is an *influence*; on self-conscious souls it is an *inspiration*. By this he imparts Truth directly and immediately, without the intervention of second causes. It has sometimes been denied that such inspiration was possible; or that man ever received Truth at first hand from God. But the great mass of the human family has always believed the fact; only a few have doubted it. It was the faith of the ancient Greek, and of the Jew still older. Both had their prophets and sages, men who professed to enjoy a closer intimacy with the Most High, to see higher visions from him, and receive truths not commonly imparted to mankind. These men were held sacred. In times of trouble they ruled the nation by their council; for the people fled unto them, when clouds deep-fraught with ruin hung threatening round the horizon of their time. There was always some seer or man of God, in every primitive nation; some Orpheus or Moses; some Minos or Samuel; some Amos or Tiresias, to offer advice and reveal the will of God made known to him. The Christian church believes the inspiration of certain men that have appeared in history: — that God “of old oraculously spoke” by Moses, the Hebrew Psalmists, and Prophets; that Paul and his fellow-apostles were likewise inspired; that Jesus of Nazareth possessed a sublime degree of inspiration, never before nor since imparted unto mortal man. This doctrine represents a truth; for these sublime persons were doubtless inspired; they ran as they were sent; they spake as the spirit gave them utterance. But were these few men the only recipients of God’s Spirit? Has the Soul of all souls seen fit to shed his light only on some score of men? Has he, who fills all time and all space, and possesses eternity and immensity, spoken only in the earlier ages of the world, to but a single race, and merely in the Hebrew tongue? This is consistent neither with logic nor history. In all ages, from the dawn of time to this moment; in all families of man, the spirit of God, his energy, and substance have flowed into the soul, as the rain falls in all lands. As day by day, year out, year in, the dew descends, so the divine spirit enters each soul of



man; over the head alike of the beggar and the king the unmeasured Heavens are spread; for all eyes the "waters on a stilly night are beautiful and fair;" for all the moon walks in loveliness, the stars shine, the sun from his golden urn pours down the day, and so for all the great Fountain of Life and Truth sends forth the streams of his inspiration. Since every atom of matter is penetrated and saturated with God, it cannot be that a few Hebrew sages, prophets, or apostles — though never so noble — have alone received visitations from the Soul of all souls, and wholly absorbed the energy and substance of God, so that all others must wander forlorn, or catch some faint echo of Inspiration reflected in a Hebrew word.

The bards and sages of our own fathers, in centuries long since forgot; the wise men of other lands, the Socrates, Confucius, Zoroaster, whose influence is writ all the world over; the saints and the sages of every clime; the poor peasant, needy and ignorant, who with faithful breast put up a holy prayer to God — by whatever name invoked; every true and lonely heart has felt the same inspiration; not *similar* inspiration alone, but the same inspiration, as all bodies fall by the same gravity and all violets blossom in the same sun. The spirit descended like a dove, not only on Jesus of Nazareth; not on the banks of the Jordan alone; but on every shore of the wide world, and on each pure and faithful soul; for so far as a man sees with his own soul religious or moral truth, for example, and feels them with his own heart, so far is he inspired and possessed of the energy and spirit of God.

Now to men there can be but one *kind* of Inspiration; it is the intuition, or direct and immediate perception of Truth, in some important mode, for example, religious or moral truth. There can be but one *mode* of Inspiration; it is the felt and acknowledged presence of the Highest in the soul imparting this Truth, the conscious presence of Him as truth, charity, justice, holiness or love, infusing himself into the soul and giving it new life. There can be but one *test* or *criterion* of Inspiration, the truth of the thought, feeling, or doctrine. There may be various *signs* of Inspiration — more or less imperfect though but a single proof. A man may have a deep conviction that he is inspired; he may accurately foretell future events

or do wonderful works; all these are perhaps signs, but not a *proof, test, or criterion* of inspiration.

Now in respect to the *kind, mode, and test* of inspiration all men stand on the same level. But there is a great difference in respect to the *degree* of inspiration. This depends on the quantity of being, so to say, and the amount of fidelity in each recipient of inspiration. All men by nature are not capable of the same degree of inspiration, and by character and culture they are still less capable of receiving the same measure thereof. A man of deep, noble intellect and heart can receive more than one of smaller gifts. Still farther, the degree of inspiration depends no less upon faithful compliance with the conditions on which inspiration can alone be obtained. A man may perfectly observe these conditions, and he will then receive all the inspiration his nature can contain at that stage of its growth, or he may observe them imperfectly, and will receive less. Therefore it depends in some measure on a man's self, whether or not, and to what extent, he will be inspired. He may keep his birthright, or may lose it by his folly and sin. We see in all ages men of humbler gifts obtaining an higher degree of inspiration than others of endowments that were superior by nature. In the end they who are thus faithful become superior in quantity of being, as it were; for obeying God's law, they continually tend to improvement; thus a snail in the right may well beat a racer in the wrong. The truth of this statement appears in the history of some of the prophets in the old Testament, and in that of Christ's disciples, who were evidently men of small powers at the first, but through their faithful obedience became Jameses and Johns at the end. It was so with Bunyan and George Fox, not to mention many others.

Now Jesus Christ was beyond all doubt the noblest soul ever born into the world of time. He realized the idea of human holiness. He did likewise, the most perfectly of all men, obey the conditions and laws of his being. He therefore possessed the highest degree and greatest measure of Inspiration ever possessed by man. Hence he is called an incarnation of God. If his obedience was perfect, then his reason—certain and infallible as the promptings of instinct or the law of gravitation—was the power of God acting through him without let or hindrance. His reve-

lation, therefore was the highest and deepest ever made to man. Because he had in him so much that is common to all, and so little that was personal and peculiar, his doctrines go round the world, and possess the noblest hearts. He will continue to hold his present place in the scale of the human race, until God shall create a soul yet larger and nobler than Jesus, which shall observe the "law of the spirit of life" with the same faithfulness. Then, but not till then, can a more perfect religion be proclaimed to men. Whether this will ever be done — whether there are future Christs, in the infinite distance, but nobler than he, now on their way to the earth, is known only to him who possesses the riddle of destiny, and humble disciples of the Truth can answer neither aye nor no. Yet may this be said; his Revelation is perfect so far as it goes, and this can be said of no other sage or seer.

It was said above, that in nature we see God perfectly realizing his idea, and everywhere realizing it, in the formation of a worm or a world, for *there* is no opposition to God's will, but perfect obedience and infinite harmony. Therefore the outer world is all of God which can be revealed or manifested to the senses. Now in Jesus we see the same obedience; his will was perfectly in harmony with God's will, and at all times in harmony therewith. His inspiration therefore was perfect. He was one with God, the Father in him and he in the Father, and his whole life a manifestation of the Father. All the fulness of the Godhead dwelt in him, and relatively to us he was God, so far as his power extended; that is he was all of Divine Holiness which can be revealed in the human form.

Here then is the difference between the inspiration of Jesus and that of Moses, Zoroaster, Socrates, or other sages; not a difference in *kind*, in *mode*, or in the *test* by which it approves itself to mankind, but a difference in *degree*; a difference which resulted from his superior natural endowments, and his more perfect conformity to God's will. He — so fully possessed by the divine — has more in common with other men than they have with one another, and less that is peculiar and limited to himself. In him the race after four thousand years of painful effort has reached its highest perfection. All former sages and saints,

what were they to him? So the aloe tree, while it puts forth leaves each summer day, and bears in its bosom a precious though unseen germ, doth spread into a flower and mature into a fruit but once in a hundred years.

Inspiration cannot be infallible and absolute, except the man's intellect, conscience, affection and religion are perfectly developed. Infallible and creative inspiration is the result of the whole character, not of its partial action; and is not therefore to be expected of mortals; for inspiration does not constrain a man and take away his freedom. It is moulded by his own character, and produces various results. In one it appears in the iron hardness of reasoning, which in another is subdued and molten by the flame of affection, and becomes a stream of persuasion that sparkles as it runs. The prophet has power over the spirit that is given him; he may obey it partially, or entirely, or repel it entirely. Thus disobedient Jonah fled from the Lord; Simon Peter dissembled and told an untruth; and Paul the chiefest apostle cursed Alexander the copper-smith. These facts show plainly that their inspiration was not infallible, and that they were free. God's influence constrains nature, so that it can do no otherwise than as it does; but his inspiration leaves human will fetterless and free. This necessity of nature and this freedom of man are the ground of different manifestations of God in the fields and the city. His presence revealed in all that is magnificently great, or elegantly little, renders the world of nature solemn and beautiful. The shapely trees, the leaves which shroud them in loveliness; the corn and the cattle; the clear deep sky that folds the world in its soft embrace; the light which rides on swift pinions, enchanting all it touches, and reposing harmless on an infant's eye-lid, after its long journey from the other side of the universe; all these are noble and beautiful. They admonish while they delight us, those silent counsellors, and sovereign allies. But yet the spirit of God as displayed in a good man is nobler and more beautiful. It is not the mere passive elegance of unconscious things, which we see resulting from man's voluntary obedience. That might well charm us in nature. But here the beauty is intellectual; the beauty of thought, which comprehends the world and understands its laws. It is moral, the beauty of virtue; which

overcomes the world and lives by its own laws. It is religious; the beauty of holiness, which rises above the world, and lives by the law of the spirit of life. Here the Divine takes a form still more divine. What is a tree, or the whole green woods, when matched against a man that is lovely and true? What is the loveliness of this wide world, with its sunny glens, or "long dun wolds all ribbed with snow;" its rivers chiming as they run; its canopy of stars, shining like a city of God, the New Jerusalem in the heavens; what are all these, compared with a man who is faithful to the infinite Spirit, whose open heart receives him as the violets the sun; who loves man as himself and God above all? It is as nothing; for these outward things are transient and fleeting; they know not of their exceeding loveliness. But immortal man knows himself; moves at his own will, and is not in bondage to the elements. Measure the whole sum of lifeless things by the spotless soul of Jesus, and they vanish, and are not seen. "For the world," says a great writer, "I count it . . . but as an hospital and place to die in. The world that I regard is myself. It is the microcosm of mine own frame that I cast mine eye on; for the other, I use it, but like my globe, and turn it round sometimes for my recreation. Men that look on my outside, perusing only my condition and fortunes, do err in my altitude, for I am above Atlas his shoulders. The earth is not only a point in respect to the heavens above us, but of that heavenly and celestial part within us. That mass of flesh which circumscribes me, limits not my mind. That surface that tells the heavens they have an end, cannot persuade me I have any. I take my circle to be above three hundred and sixty. Though the number of the arc do measure my body, it comprehendeth not my mind. Whilst I study to find out how I am a little world, I find myself something more than the great. There is surely a piece of divinity to us, something that was before the elements, and owing no homage unto the sun. He that understands not this much, hath not his introduction or first lesson, and is yet to begin the alphabet of man."

Now all men are capable of this inspiration, though in different degrees. It is not God's gift to the learned alone, or to the great; but to all mankind. The clear sky is over each man, little or great; let him uncover his head,

and there is nothing between him and infinite space. So doth the infinity of God encompass all men. Uncover the soul of its sensuality, selfishness, and sin, and there is nothing between it and God, who, then, will fill the soul. Each then may obtain his measure of this inspiration by complying with its proper conditions. "The pure in heart shall see God." He, who obeys conscience, is simple in character, true to his mind and affections, open-hearted and loving before God, receives divine inspiration as certainly as he that opens his eyes by day receives the light. He that is simple, tranquil, faithful, and obedient to the law of his being, is certain of divine aid. This inspiration must not be confounded with the man's own soul, on the one hand; nor, on the other, must man be merged in the Divinity. The eye is not light; nor the ear sound; nor conscience duty; nor the affections friendship; nor the soul God; these come from without upon the man.

This doctrine, that all men may be inspired on condition of purity and faithfulness, is the doctrine of the Bible. "The spirit of man is—the candle of the Lord." "If we love one another, God dwelleth in us." "If a man love me he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we [both Son and Father] will come unto him and make our abode with him." This is equally the doctrine of common sense and daily experience. No man thinks the truth of Conscience, the axioms of Reason, or Religion are his. He claims no property in them. They have been shot down into us without our asking, and now stand unmanageable in our minds; irrefragable facts, which we may neglect, but cannot alter or annul. We all of us border close upon God. He shines through, into each pure soul, as the sun through the circumambient air. All the wisest of men have declared the word they spoke was not their own. They were the self-conscious and voluntary organ of the Infinite, as the lily of the valley is the unconscious and involuntary organ thereof. "My doctrine is not mine," said the highest teacher, who claimed no personal authority. Men in distress turn instinctively to this source for aid, and all the religions of the world profess to come from this fountain. Moses and Mahomet could only speak what they found given them to utter, for no man ever devised a religion, as human reason cannot create in

this department; it can only examine and conclude, perceive, embrace, and repeat what it learns. "Where there is no vision [revelation] the people perish." It is through this that we gain knowledge of God, whom no man can find out by *searching*, but who is revealed without search to babes and sucklings.

Every man who has ever prayed with the mind, prayed with the heart, knows by experience the truth of this doctrine. There are hours, and they come to all men, when the hand of destiny seems heavy upon us; when the thought of time misspent; the pang of affection misplaced and ill-requested; the experience of man's worse nature, and the sense of degradation come upon us; the soul faints, and is ready to perish. Then in the deep silence of the heart, when the man turns inwards to God, light, comfort, and peace dawn on him, like the day-spring from on high. He feels the Divinity. In that high hour of visitation, thought is entranced in feeling. We forget ourselves, yielding passive to the tide of soul that flows into us. Then man's troubles are but a dew-drop on his sandals; his enmities or jealousies, his wealth or his poverty, his honors, disgraces, the sad mishaps of life are all lost to the view, diminished, and then hid in the misty deeps of the valley we have left. It is no vulgar superstition to say man is inspired in such moments. They are the seed-time of life. Then we live whole years, though in a few moments, and afterward as we journey on through life, cold and dusty and travel-worn and faint, we look back to that moment as the source of light, and like Elisha, go long days in the strength thereof: the remembrance of the truth and love which then dawned on us, goes like a great wakening light, a pillar of fire in the heavens, to guide us in our lonely pilgrimage. The same thing happens to mankind. Light of old time sprang up as the nations sat weeping and in darkness. Now all may turn to the truths which then burst through the night of sin and wo, and which are still preserved in Holy Books as lights are shut in lanterns, though once kindled at heaven's own fire.

These hours of inspiration are the opening of the flower; the celestial bloom of man; the result of the past; the prophecy of the future. They are not numerous to any man; happy is he who can number one hundred such

in the year, or even in a life. To many men who have once in their lives felt this, it seems shadowy, dream-like, and unreal, when they look back upon it. Hence they count it a dream of their experience; a vision of a sickly fancy, and cease to believe in inspiration. They will say that long ago there were inspired men, but there are none now; that we must bow our faces to the dust, not turn our eyes to the broad free heaven; that we cannot walk by the great central light "which lighteneth every man that cometh into the world," but only by the hand-lamp of tradition. Can this be true? Has the Infinite laid aside his omnipresence and retreated to some little corner of space? Does he now stretch forth no aid, but leave his erring child, wandering in the "palpable obscure," fatherless, without a guide, "feeling after God, if haply he may find him," who is "now only a God afar off?" This cannot be; for the grass grows green as ever; the birds chirp as gaily; the sun shines as warm; the moon and the stars are pure as before; morning and evening have lost none of their former loveliness. God still is there, ever present in nature. Can it be that yet present in nature, he has forsaken man; retreated from the Shekinah in the Holy of Holies, to the court of the Gentiles? No more can this be true. Conscience is still God with us. A prayer is deep as ever of old, and faith remains "the substance of things hoped for; the evidence of things not seen." Love is still mighty to cast out fear. The soul yet searches the deeps of God, and the pure in heart see him, or else religion were but a mockery; morality a hollow form, and love an hideous lie. The substance of God is not yet exhausted; nor the well of life run dry. Now, as in the day of Moses, or Jesus, he who is faithful to Reason, and Conscience, Affection and Faith, will, through these, receive an inspiration to guide him all his journey through.

P.



## SYMPATHY.

LATELY alas I knew a gentle boy,  
 Whose features all were cast in Virtue's mould,  
 As one she had designed for Beauty's toy,  
 But after manned him for her own stronghold.

On every side he open was as day,  
 That you might see no lack of strength within,  
 For walls and posts do only serve alway  
 For a pretence to feebleness and sin.

Say not that Cæsar was victorious,  
 With toil and strife who stormed the House of Fame;  
 In other sense this youth was glorious,  
 Himself a kingdom wheresoe'er he came.

No strength went out to get him victory,  
 When all was income of its own accord;  
 For where he went none other was to see,  
 But all were parcel of their noble lord.

He forayed like the subtle breeze of summer,  
 That stilly shows fresh landscapes to the eyes,  
 And revolutions worked without a murmur,  
 Or rustling of a leaf beneath the skies.

So was I taken unawares by this,  
 I quite forgot my homage to confess;  
 Yet now am forced to know, though hard it is,  
 I might have loved him, had I loved him less.

Each moment, as we nearer drew to each,  
 A stern respect withheld us farther yet,  
 So that we seemed beyond each other's reach,  
 And less acquainted than when first we met.

We two were one while we did sympathize,  
 So could we not the simplest bargain drive;  
 And what avails it now that we are wise,  
 If absence doth this doubleness contrive?

Eternity may not the chance repeat,  
 But I must tread my single way alone,  
 In sad remembrance that we once did meet,  
 And know that bliss irrevocably gone.

The spheres henceforth my elegy shall sing,  
 For elegy has other subjects none;  
 Each strain of music in my ears shall ring  
 Knell of departure from that other one.

Make haste and celebrate my tragedy;  
 With fitting strain resound ye woods and fields;  
 Sorrow is dearer in such case to me  
 Than all the joys other occasion yields.

Is't then too late the damage to repair?  
 Distance, forsooth, from my weak grasp hath reft  
 The empty husk, and clutched the useless tare,  
 But in my hands the wheat and kernel left.

If I but love that virtue which he is,  
 Though it be scented in the morning air,  
 Still shall we be dearest acquaintances,  
 Nor mortals know a sympathy more rare.

T.

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 LINES.

Love scatters oil  
 On Life's dark sea,  
 Sweetens its toil,—  
 Our helmsman he.

Around him hover  
 Odorous clouds,  
 Under this cover  
 His arrows he shrouds.

The cloud was around me,  
 I knew not why  
 Such sweetness crowned me,  
 While Time shot by.

No pain was within,  
 But calm delight,  
 Like a world without sin,  
 Or a day without night.

The shafts of the god  
 Were tipped with down,  
 For they drew no blood,  
 And they knit no frown.

I knew of them not  
 Until Cupid laughed loud,  
 And saying "you're caught,"  
 Flew off in the cloud.

O then I awoke  
 And I lived but to sigh,  
 Till a clear voice spoke,—  
 And my tears are dry.

## A RECORD OF IMPRESSIONS

PRODUCED BY THE EXHIBITION OF MR. ALLSTON'S PICTURES IN  
THE SUMMER OF 1839.

THIS is a record of impressions. It does not aspire to the dignity of criticism. The writer is conscious of an eye and taste, not sufficiently exercised by study of the best works of art, to take the measure of one who has a claim to be surveyed from the same platform. But, surprised at finding that an exhibition, intended to promote thought and form the tastes of our public, has called forth no expression\* of what it was to so many, who almost daily visited it; and believing that comparison and discussion of the impressions of individuals is the best means to ascertain the sum of the whole, and raise the standard of taste, I venture to offer what, if not true in itself, is at least true to the mind of one observer, and may lead others to reveal more valuable experiences.

Whether the arts can ever be at home among us; whether the desire now manifested to cultivate them be not merely one of our modes of imitating older nations; or whether it springs from a need of balancing the bustle and care of daily life by the unfolding of our calmer and higher nature, it is at present difficult to decide. If the latter, it is not by unthinking repetition of the technics of foreign connoisseurs, or by a servile reliance on the judgment of those, who assume to have been formed by a few hasty visits to the galleries of Europe, that we shall effect an object so desirable, but by a faithful recognition of the feelings naturally excited by works of art, not indeed flippant, as if our raw, uncultivated nature was at once competent to appreciate those finer manifestations of nature, which slow growths of ages and peculiar aspects of society have occasionally brought out, to testify to us what we may and should be. We know it is not so; we know that if such works are to be assimilated at all by those who are not under the influences that produced them, it must be by gradually educating us to their own level.

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\* Since the above was written, we see an article on the Exhibition in the North American Review for April, 1840.

But it is not blind faith that will educate us, that will open the depths and clear the eye of the mind, but an examination which cannot be too close, if made in the spirit of reverence and love.

It was as an essay in this kind that the following pages were written. They are pages of a journal, and their form has not been altered, lest any attempt at a more fair and full statement should destroy that freshness and truth of feeling, which is the chief merit of such.

July, 1839.

On the closing of the Allston exhibition, where I have spent so many hours, I find myself less a gainer than I had expected, and feel that it is time to look into the matter a little, with such a torch or penny rush candle as I can command.

I have seen most of these pictures often before; the Beatrice and Valentine when only sixteen. The effect they produced upon me was so great, that I suppose it was not possible for me to avoid expecting too large a benefit from the artist.

The calm and meditative cast of these pictures, the ideal beauty that shone *through* rather than *in* them, and the harmony of coloring were as unlike anything else I saw, as the Vicar of Wakefield to Cooper's novels. I seemed to recognise in painting that self-possessed elegance, that transparent depth, which I most admired in literature; I thought with delight that such a man as this had been able to grow up in our bustling, reasonable community, that he had kept his foot upon the ground, yet never lost sight of the rose-clouds of beauty floating above him. I saw, too, that he had not been troubled, but possessed his own soul with the blandest patience; and I hoped, I scarce know what, probably the *mot d'enigme* for which we are all looking. How the poetical mind can live and work in peace and good faith! how it may unfold to its due perfection in an unpoetical society!

From time to time I have seen other of these pictures, and they have always been to me sweet silvery music, rising by its clear tone to be heard above the din of life; long forest glades glimmering with golden light, longingly eyed from the window of some crowded drawing room.

But now, seeing so many of them together, I can no longer be content merely to feel, but must judge these works. I must try to find the centre, to measure the circumference; and I fare somewhat as I have done, when I have seen in periodicals detached thoughts by some writer, which seemed so full of meaning and suggestion, that I would treasure them up in my memory, and think about them, till I had made a picture of the author's mind, which his works when I found them collected would not justify. Yet the great writer would go beyond my hope and abash my fancy; should not the great painter do the same?

Yet, probably, I am too little aware of the difficulties the artist encounters, before he can produce anything excellent, fully to appreciate the greatness he has shown. Here, as elsewhere, I suppose the first question should be, What ought we to expect under the circumstances?

There is no poetical ground-work ready for the artist in our country and time. Good deeds appeal to the understanding. Our religion is that of the understanding. We have no old established faith, no hereditary romance, no such stuff as Catholicism, Chivalry afforded. What is most dignified in the Puritanic modes of thought is not favorable to beauty. The habits of an industrial community are not propitious to delicacy of sentiment.

He, who would paint human nature, must content himself with selecting fine situations here and there; and he must address himself, not to a public which is not educated to prize him, but to the small circle within the circle of men of taste.

If, like Wilkie or Newton, he paints direct from nature, only selecting and condensing, or choosing lights and draperies, I suppose he is as well situated now as he could ever have been; but if, like Mr. Allston, he aims at the Ideal, it is by no means the same. He is in danger of being sentimental and picturesque, rather than spiritual and noble. Mr. Allston has not fallen into these faults; and if we can complain, it is never of blemish or falsity, but of inadequacy. Always he has a high purpose in what he does, never swerves from his aim, but sometimes fails to reach it.

The Bible, familiar to the artist's youth, has naturally furnished subjects for his most earnest efforts. I will speak

of four pictures on biblical subjects, which were in this exhibition.

Restoring the dead man by the touch of the Prophet's Bones. I should say there was a want of artist's judgment in the very choice of the subject.

In all the miracles where Christ and the Apostles act a part, and which have been favorite subjects with the great painters, poetical beauty is at once given to the scene by the moral dignity, the sublime exertion of faith on divine power in the person of the main actor. He is the natural centre of the picture, and the emotions of all present grade from and cluster round him. So in a martyrdom, however revolting or oppressive the circumstances, there is room in the person of the sufferer for a similar expression, a central light which shall illuminate and dignify all round it.

But a miracle effected by means of a relique, or dry bones, has the disagreeable effect of mummery. In this picture the foreground is occupied by the body of the patient in that state of deadly rigidity and pallor so offensive to the sensual eye. The mind must reason the eye out of an instinctive aversion, and force it to its work, — always an undesirable circumstance.

In such a picture as that of the Massacre of the Innocents, painful as the subject is, the beauty of forms in childhood, and the sentiment of maternal love, so beautiful even in anguish, charm so much as to counterpoise the painful emotions. But here, not only is the main figure offensive to the sensual eye, thus violating one principal condition of art; it is incapable of any expression at such a time beyond that of physical anguish during the struggle of life suddenly found to re-demand its dominion. Neither can the assistants exhibit any emotions higher than those of surprise, terror, or, as in the case of the wife, an overwhelming anxiety of suspense.

The grouping and coloring of this picture are very good, and the individual figures managed with grace and discrimination, though without much force.

The subjects of the other three pictures are among the finest possible, grand no less than beautiful, and of the highest poetical interest. They present no impediment to the manifestation of genius. Let us look first at Jeremiah in prison dictating to Baruch.

The strength and dignity of the Jew physique, and the appropriateness of the dress, allowed fair play to the painter's desire to portray inspiration manifesting itself by a suitable organ. As far as the accessories and grouping of the figures nothing can be better. The form of the prophet is brought out in such noble relief, is in such fine contrast to the pale and feminine sweetness of the scribe at his feet, that for a time you are satisfied. But by and by you begin to doubt, whether this picture is not rather imposing than majestic. The dignity of the prophet's appearance seems to lie rather in the fine lines of the form and drapery, than in the expression of the face. It was well observed by one who looked on him, that, if the eyes were cast down, he would become an ordinary man. This is true, and the expression of the bard must not depend on a look or gesture, but beam with mild electricity from every feature. Allston's Jeremiah is not the mournfully indignant bard, but the robust and stately Jew, angry that men will not mark his word and go his way. But Baruch is admirable! His overwhelmed yet willing submission, the docile faith which turns him pale, and trembles almost tearful in his eye, are given with infinite force and beauty. The *coup d'œil* of this picture is excellent, and it has great merit, but not the highest.

Miriam. There is hardly a subject which, for the combination of the sublime with the beautiful, could present greater advantages than this. Yet this picture also, with all its great merits, fails to satisfy our highest requisitions.

I could wish the picture had been larger, and that the angry clouds and swelling sea did not need to be looked for as they do. For the whole attention remains so long fixed on the figure of Miriam, that you cannot for some time realize who she is. You merely see this bounding figure, and the accessories are so kept under, that it is difficult to have the situation full in your mind, and feel that you see not merely a Jewish girl dancing, but the representative of Jewry rescued and triumphant! What a figure this might be! The character of Jewish beauty is so noble and profound! This maiden had been nurtured in a fair and highly civilized country, in the midst of wrong and scorn indeed, but beneath the shadow of sublime institutions. In a state of abject bondage, in a catacomb as

to this life, she had embalmed her soul in the memory of those days, when God walked with her fathers, and did for their sakes such mighty works. Amid all the pains and penances of slavery, the memory of Joseph, the presence of Moses, exalt her soul to the highest pitch of national pride. The chords had of late been strung to their greatest tension, by the series of prodigies wrought in behalf of the nation of which her family is now the head. Of these the last and grandest had just taken place before her eyes.

Imagine the stately and solemn beauty with which such nurture and such a position might invest the Jewish Miriam. Imagine her at the moment when her soul would burst at last the shackles in which it had learned to move freely and proudly, when her lips were unsealed, and she was permitted before her brother, deputy of the Most High, and chief of their assembled nation, to sing the song of deliverance. Realize this situation, and oh, how far will this beautiful picture fall short of your demands!

The most unimaginative observers complain of a want of depth in the eye of Miriam. For myself, I make the same complaint, as much as I admire the whole figure. How truly is she upborne, what swelling joy and pride in every line of her form! And the face, though inadequate, is not false to the ideal. Its beauty is mournful, and only wants the heroic depth, the cavernous flame of eye, which should belong to such a face in such a place.

The witch of Endor is still more unsatisfactory. What a tragedy was that of the stately Saul, ruined by his perversity of will, despairing, half mad, refusing to give up the sceptre which he feels must in a short time be wrenched from his hands, degrading himself to the use of means he himself had forbid as unlawful and devilish, seeking the friend and teacher of his youth by means he would most of all men disapprove. The mournful significance of the crisis, the stately aspect of Saul as celebrated in the history, and the supernatural events which had filled his days, gave authority for investing him with that sort of beauty and majesty proper to archangels ruined. What have we here? I don't know what is generally thought about the introduction of a ghost on canvass, but it is to me as ludicrous as the introduction on the stage of the ghost in Hamlet (*in his nightgown*) as the old play book



direction was. The effect of such a representation seems to me unattainable in a picture. There cannot be due distance and shadowy softness.

Then what does the picture mean to say? In the chronicle, the witch, surprised and affrighted at the apparition, reproaches the king, "Why hast thou deceived me? for thou art Saul."

But here the witch (a really fine figure, fierce and *pronounced* as that of a Norma should be) seems threatening the king, who is in an attitude of theatrical as well as degrading dismay. To me this picture has no distinct expression, and is wholly unsatisfactory, maugre all its excellences of detail.

In fine, the more I have looked at these pictures, the more I have been satisfied that the grand historical style did not afford the scope most proper to Mr. Allston's genius. The Prophets and Sibyls are for the Michael Angelos. The Beautiful is Mr. Allston's dominion. There he rules as a Genius, but in attempts such as I have been considering, can only show his appreciation of the stern and sublime thoughts he wants force to reproduce.

But on his own ground we can meet the painter with almost our first delight.

A certain bland delicacy enfolds all these creations as an atmosphere. Here is no effort, they have floated across the painter's heaven on the golden clouds of phantasy.

These pictures (I speak here only of figures, of the landscapes a few words anon) are almost all in repose. The most beautiful are Beatrice, The Lady reading a Valentine, The Evening Hymn, Rosalie, The Italian Shepherd Boy, Edwin, Lorenzo and Jessica. The excellence of these pictures is subjective and even feminine. They tell us the painter's ideal of character. A graceful repose, with a fitness for moderate action. A capacity of emotion, with a habit of reverie. Not one of these beings is in a state of *epanchement*, not one is, or perhaps could be, thrown off its equipoise. They are, even the softest, characterized by entire though unconscious self-possession.

While looking at them would be always coming up in my mind the line,

"The genius loci, feminine and fair."

Grace, grace always.

Mr. Allston seems to have an exquisite sensibility to color, and a great love for drapery. The last sometimes leads him to direct our attention too much to it, and sometimes the accessories are made too prominent; we look too much at shawls, curtains, rings, feathers, and caracnets.

I will specify two of these pictures, which seem to me to indicate Mr. Allston's excellences as well as any.

The Italian shepherd boy is seated in a wood. The form is almost nude, and the green glimmer of the wood gives the flesh the polished whiteness of marble. He is very beautiful, this boy; and the beauty, as Mr. Allston loves it best, has not yet unfolded all its leaves. The heart of the flower is still a perfumed secret. He sits as if he could sit there forever, gracefully lost in reverie, steeped, if we may judge from his mellow brown eye, in the present loveliness of nature, in the dimly anticipated ecstasies of love.

Every part of nature has its peculiar influence. On the hill top one is roused, in the valley soothed, beside the waterfall absorbed. And in the wood, who has not, like this boy, walked as far as the excitement of exercise would carry him, and then, with "blood listening in his frame," and heart brightly awake, seated himself on such a bank. At first he notices everything, the clouds doubly soft, the sky deeper blue, as seen shimmering through the leaves, the fyttes of golden light seen through the long glades, the skimming of a butterfly ready to light on some starry wood-flower, the nimble squirrel peeping archly at him, the flutter and wild notes of the birds, the whispers and sighs of the trees,—gradually he ceases to mark any of these things, and becomes lapt in the Elysian harmony they combine to form. Who has ever felt this mood understands why the observant Greek placed his departed great ones in groves. While during this trance he hears the harmonies of Nature, he seems to become her and she him; it is truly the mother in the child, and the Hamadryads look out with eyes of tender twilight approbation from their beloved and loving trees. Such an hour lives for us again in this picture.

Mr. Allston has been very fortunate in catching the shimmer and glimmer of the woods, and tempering his greens and browns to their peculiar light.

Beatrice. This is spoken of as Dante's Beatrice, but I should think can scarcely have been suggested by the Divine Comedy. The painter merely having in mind how the great Dante loved a certain lady called Beatrice, embodied here his own ideal of a poet's love.

The Beatrice of Dante was, no doubt, as pure, as gentle, as high-bred, but also possessed of much higher attributes than this fair being.

How fair, indeed, and not unmeet for a poet's love. But there lies in her no germ of the celestial destiny of Dante's saint. What she is, what she can be, it needs no Dante to discover.

She is not a lustrous, bewitching beauty, neither is she a high and poetic one. She is not a concentrated perfume, nor a flower, nor a star; yet somewhat has she of every creature's best. She has the golden mean, without any touch of the mediocre. She can venerate the higher, and compassionate the lower, and do to all honor due with most grateful courtesy and nice tact. She is velvet-soft, her mild and modest eyes have tempered all things round her, till no rude sound invades her sphere; yet, if need were, she could resist with as graceful composure as she can favor or bestow.

No vehement emotion shall heave that bosom, and the tears shall fall on those cheeks more like dew than rain. Yet are her feelings delicate, profound, her love constant and tender, her resentment calm but firm.

Fair as a maid, fairer as a wife, fairest as a lady mother and ruler of a household, she were better suited to a prince than a poet. Even if no prince could be found worthy of her, I would not wed her to a poet, if he lived in a cottage. For her best graces demand a splendid setting to give them their due lustre, and she should rather enhance than cause her environment.

There are three pictures in the comic kind, which are good. It is genteel comedy, not rich, easily taken in and left, but having the lights and shades well marked. They show a gentlemanlike playfulness. In Catharine and Petruchio, the Gremio is particularly good, and the tear-distained Catharine, whose head, shoulder, knee, and foot seem to unite to spell the word *Pout*, is next best.

The Sisters — a picture quite unlike those I have named

— does not please me much, though I should suppose the execution remarkably good. It is not in repose nor in harmony, nor is it rich in suggestion, like the others. It aims to speak, but says little, and is not beautiful enough to fill the heart with its present moment. To me it makes a break in the chain of thought the other pictures had woven.

Scene from *Gil Blas* — also unlike the others in being perfectly objective, and telling all its thought at once. It is a fine painting.

*Mother and Child.* A lovely little picture. But there is to my taste an air of got up naiveté and delicacy in it. It seems selected, arranged by “an intellectual effort.” It did not flow into the artist’s mind like the others. But persons of better taste than I like it better than I do!

*Jews* — full of character. Isaac is too dignified and sad; gold never rusted the soul of the man that owned that face.

*The Landscapes.* At these I look with such unalloyed delight, that I have been at moments tempted to wish that the artist had concentrated his powers on this department of art, in so high a degree does he exhibit the attributes of the master. A power of sympathy, which gives each landscape a perfectly individual character. Here the painter is merged in his theme, and these pictures affect us as parts of nature, so absorbed are we in contemplating them, so difficult is it to remember them as pictures. How the clouds float! how the trees live and breathe out their mysterious souls in the peculiar attitude of every leaf. Dear companions of my life, whom yearly I know better, yet into whose heart I can no more penetrate than see your roots, while you live and grow. I feel what you have said to this painter; I can in some degree appreciate the power he has shown in repeating here the gentle oracle.

The soul of the painter is in these landscapes, but not his character. Is not that the highest art? Nature and the soul combined; the former freed from slight crudities or blemishes, the latter from its merely human aspect.

These landscapes are too truly works of art, their language is too direct, too lyrically perfect to be translated into this of words, without doing them an injury.

To those, who confound praise with indiscriminate eulo-

gium, and who cannot understand the mind of one, whose highest expression of admiration is a close scrutiny, perhaps the following lines will convey a truer impression, than the foregoing remarks, of the feelings of the writer. They were suggested by a picture painted by Mr. Allston for a gentleman of Boston, which has never yet been publicly exhibited. It is of the same class with his *Rosalie* and *Evening Hymn*, pictures which were not particularized in the above record, because they inspired no thought except of their excelling beauty, which draws the heart into itself.

These two sonnets may be interesting, as showing how similar trains of thought were opened in the minds of two observers.

“To-day I have been to see Mr. Allston’s new picture of *The Bride*, and am more convinced than ever of the depth and value of his genius, and of how much food for thought his works contain. The face disappointed me at first by its want of beauty. Then I observed the peculiar expression of the eyes, and that of the lids, which tells such a tale, as well as the strange complexion, all heightened by the color of the background, till the impression became very strong. It is the story of the lamp of love, lighted, even burning with full force in a being that cannot yet comprehend it. The character is domestic, far more so than that of the ideal and suffering *Rosalie*, of which, nevertheless, it reminds you.

“TO W. ALLSTON, ON SEEING HIS ‘BRIDE.’

“ Weary and slow and faint with heavy toil,  
 The fainting traveller pursues his way,  
 O’er dry Arabian sands the long, long day,  
 Where at each step floats up the dusty soil;  
 And when he finds a green and gladsome isle,  
 And flowing water in that plain of care,  
 And in the midst a marble fountain fair,  
 To tell that others suffered too erewhile,  
 And then appeased their thirst, and made this fount  
 To them a sad remembrance, but a joy  
 To all who follow — his tired spirits mount  
 At such dim-visions company — so I  
 Drink of thy marble source, and do not count  
 Weary the way in which thou hast gone by.”

J.

## " TO ALLSTON'S PICTURE, 'THE BRIDE.'

Not long enough we gaze upon that face,  
 Not pure enough the life with which we live,  
 To be full tranced by that softest grace,  
 To win all pearls those lucid depths can give.  
 Here Phantasy has borrowed wings of Even,  
 And stolen Twilight's latest, sacred hues,  
 A Soul has visited the woman's heaven,  
 Where palest lights a silver sheen diffuse,  
 To see aright the vision which he saw,  
 We must ascend as high upon the stair,  
 Which leads the human thought to heavenly law,  
 And see the flower bloom in its natal air ;  
 Thus might we read aright the lip and brow,  
 Where Thought and Love beam too subduing for our senses now.  
 O.

## SONG.

I SING of lovesick maidens,  
 Of men that for love were shent,  
 I sing, and still in unison  
 The wind moans like an instrument,  
 So that I e'en must think  
 The sighing wind did once love,  
 Perchance some graceful bending tree,  
 Perchance the sky above.

Perchance the wind a mayden was,  
 That lost her lover dear,  
 And the gods in pity changed her  
 To the breeze that searcheth everywhere,  
 But I doubt she found not her lover dear ;  
 For when leaves are green, and leaves are sere,  
 She seeketh her lover everywhere.

## TO \* \* \* \*

O fair and stately maid, whose eye  
 Was kindled in the upper sky  
 At the same torch that lighted mine ;  
 For so I must interpret still  
 Thy sweet dominion o'er my will  
 A sympathy divine.

Ah ! let me blameless gaze upon  
 Features that seem in heart my own,  
 Nor fear those watchful sentinels  
 Which charm the more their glance forbids,  
 Chaste-glowing underneath their lids  
 With fire that draws while it repels.

## ORPHIC SAYINGS.

BY A. BRONSON ALCOTT.

## I.

THOU art, my heart, a soul-flower, facing ever and following the motions of thy sun, opening thyself to her vivifying ray, and pleading thy affinity with the celestial orbs. Thou dost

the livelong day  
Dial on time thine own eternity.

## II. ENTHUSIASM.

Believe, youth, that your heart is an oracle; trust her instinctive auguries, obey her divine leadings; nor listen too fondly to the uncertain echoes of your head. The heart is the prophet of your soul, and ever fulfils her prophecies; reason is her historian; but for the prophecy the history would not be. Great is the heart: cherish her; she is big with the future, she forebodes renovations. Let the flame of enthusiasm fire away your bosom. Enthusiasm is the glory and hope of the world. It is the life of sanctity and genius; it has wrought all miracles since the beginning of time.

## III. HOPE.

Hope deifies man; it is the apotheosis of the soul; the prophecy and fulfilment of her destinies. The nobler her aspirations, the sublimer her conceptions of the Godhead. As the man, so his God: God is his idea of excellence; the complement of his own being.

## IV. IMMORTALITY.

The grander my conception of being, the nobler my future. There can be no sublimity of life without faith in the soul's eternity. Let me live superior to sense and custom, vigilant always, and I shall experience my divinity; my hope will be infinite, nor shall the universe contain, or content me. But if I creep daily from the haunts of an

ignoble past, like a beast from his burrow, neither earth nor sky, man nor God shall appear desirable or glorious; my life shall be loathsome to me, my future reflect my fears. He alone, who lives nobly, oversees his own being, believes all things, and partakes of the eternity of God.

#### V. VOCATION.

Engage in nothing that cripples or degrades you. Your first duty is self-culture, self-exaltation: you may not violate this high trust. Your self is sacred, profane it not. Forge no chains wherewith to shackle your own members. Either subordinate your vocation to your life, or quit it forever: it is not for you; it is condemnation of your own soul. Your influence on others is commensurate with the strength that you have found in yourself. First cast the demons from your own bosom, and then shall your word exorcise them from the hearts of others.

#### VI. SENSUALISM.

He who marvels at nothing, who feels nothing to be mysterious, but must needs bare all things to sense, lacks both wisdom and piety. Miracle is the mantle in which these venerable natures wrap themselves, and he, who seeks curiously to rend this asunder, profanes their sacred countenance to enter by stealth into the Divine presence. Sanctity, like God, is ever mysterious, and all devout souls reverence her. A wonderless age is godless: an age of reverence, an age of piety and wisdom.

#### VII. SPIRITUALISM.

Piety is not scientific; yet embosoms the fact that reason develops in scientific order to the understanding. Religion, being a sentiment, is science yet in synthetic relations; truth yet undetached from love; thought not yet severed from action. For every fact that eludes the analysis of reason, conscience affirms its root in the supernatural. Every synthetic fact is supernatural and miraculous. Analysis by detecting its law resolves it into science, and renders it a fact of the understanding. Divinely seen, natural facts are symbols of spiritual laws. Miracles are of the heart; not of the head: indigenous to the soul; not freaks of nature, not growths of history. God, man, nature, are miracles.



## VIII. MYSTICISM.

Because the soul is herself mysterious, the saint is a mystic to the worldling. He lives to the soul; he partakes of her properties, he dwells in her atmosphere of light and hope. But the worldling, living to sense, is identified with the flesh; he dwells amidst the dust and vapors of his own lusts, which dim his vision, and obscure the heavens wherein the saint beholds the face of God.

## IX. ASPIRATION.

The insatiableness of her desires is an augury of the soul's eternity. Yearning for satisfaction, yet ever balked of it from temporal things, she still prosecutes her search for it, and her faith remains unshaken amidst constant disappointments. She would breathe life, organize light; her hope is eternal; a never-ending, still-beginning quest of the Godhead in her own bosom; a perpetual effort to actualize her divinity in time. Intact, aspirant, she feels the appulses of both spiritual and material things; she would appropriate the realm she inherits by virtue of her incarnation; infinite appetencies direct all her members on finite things; here vague strivings, and Cyclopean motions, confess an aim beyond the confines of transitory natures; she is quivered with heavenly desires: her quarry is above the stars: her arrows are snatched from the armory of heaven.

## X. APOTHEOSIS.

Every soul feels at times her own possibility of becoming a God; she cannot rest in the human, she aspires after the Godlike. This instinctive tendency is an authentic augury of its own fulfilment. Men shall become Gods. Every act of admiration, prayer, praise, worship, desire, hope, implies and predicts the future apotheosis of the soul.

## XI. DISCONTENT.

All life is eternal; there is none other; and all unrest is but the struggle of the soul to reassure herself of her in-born immortality; to recover her lost intuition of the same, by reason of her descent amidst the lusts and worship of the idols of flesh and sense. Her discomfort reveals her lapse from innocence; her loss of the divine presence and

favor. Fidelity alone shall insaturate the Godhead in her bosom.

#### XII. TEMPTATION.

Greater is he, who is above temptation, than he, who, being tempted, overcomes. The latter but regains the state from which the former has not fallen. He who is tempted has sinned; temptation is impossible to the holy.

#### XIII. CHOICE.

Choice implies apostasy. The pure, unfallen soul is above choice. Her life is unbroken, synthetic; she is a law to herself, and finds no lust in her members warring against the instincts of conscience. Sinners choose; saints act from instinct and intuition: there is no parley of alien forces in their being.

#### XIV. INSTINCT AND REASON.

Innocent, the soul is quick with instincts of unerring aim; then she knows by intuition what lapsed reason defines by laborious inference; her appetites and affections are direct and trustworthy. Reason is the left hand of instinct; it is tardy, awkward, but the right is ready and dextrous. By reasoning the soul strives to recover her lost intuitions; groping amidst the obscure darkness of sense, by means of the fingers of logic, for treasures present away and available to the eye of conscience. Sinners must needs reason; saints behold.

#### XV. IDENTITY AND DIVERSITY.

It is the perpetual effort of conscience to divorce the soul from the dominion of sense; to nullify the dualities of the apparent, and restore the intuition of the real. The soul makes a double statement of all her facts; to conscience and sense; reason mediates between the two. Yet though double to sense, she remains single and one in herself; one in conscience, many in understanding; one in life, diverse in function and number. Sense, in its infirmity, breaks this unity to apprehend in part what it cannot grasp at once. Understanding notes diversity; conscience alone divines unity, and integrates all experience in identity of spirit. Number is predicable of body alone; not of spirit.

## XVI. CONSCIENCE.

Ever present, potent, vigilant, in the breast of man, there is that which never became a party in his guilt, never consented to a wrong deed, nor performed one, but holds itself above all sin, impeccable, immaculate, immutable, the deity of the heart, the conscience of the soul, the oracle and interpreter, the judge and executor of the divine law.

## XVII. THEOCRACY.

In the theocracy of the soul majorities do not rule. God and the saints; against them the rabble of sinners, with clamorous voices and uplifted hand, striving to silence the oracle of the private heart. Beelzebub marshals majorities. Prophets and reformers are always special enemies of his and his minions. Multitudes ever lie. Every age is a Judas, and betrays its Messiahs into the hands of the multitude. The voice of the private, not popular heart, is alone authentic.

## XVIII. SPEECH.

There is a magic in free speaking, especially on sacred themes most potent and resistless. It is refreshing, amidst the inane common-places bandied in pulpits and parlors, to hear a hopeful word from an earnest, upright soul. Men rally around it as to the lattice in summer heats, to inhale the breeze that flows cool and refreshing from the mountains, and invigorates their languid frames. Once heard, they feel a buoyant sense of health and hopefulness, and wonder that they should have lain sick, supine so long, when a word has power to raise them from their couch, and restore them to soundness. And once spoken, it shall never be forgotten; it charms, exalts; it visits them in dreams, and haunts them during all their wakeful hours. Great, indeed, is the delight of speech; sweet the sound of one's bosom thought, as it returns laden with the fragrance of a brother's approval.

## XIX. THOUGHT AND ACTION.

Great thoughts exalt and deify the thinker; still more ennobling is the effect of great deeds on the actor. The

dilation and joy of the soul at these visitations of God is like that of the invalid, again inhaling the mountain breeze after long confinement in chambers: she feels herself a noble bird, whose eyrie is in the empyrean; that she is made to bathe her bosom and plume herself in the ether of thought; to soar and sing amidst the seraphim, beholding the faces of Apollo and Jove.

#### XX. ACTION.

Action translates death into life; fable into verity; speculation into experience; freeing man from the sorceries of tradition and the torpor of habit. The eternal Scripture is thus expurgated of the falsehoods interpolated into it by the supineness of the ages. Action mediates between conscience and sense: it is the gospel of the understanding.

#### XXI. ORIGINALITY.

Most men are on the ebb; but now and then a man comes riding down sublimely in high hope from God on the flood tide of the soul, as she sets into the coasts of time, submerging old landmarks, and laying waste the labors of centuries. A new man wears channels broad and deep into the banks of the ages; he washes away ancient boundaries, and sets afloat institutions, creeds, usages, which clog the ever flowing Present, stranding them on the shores of the Past. Such deluge is the harbinger of a new world, a renovated age. Hope builds an ark; the dove broods over the assuaged waters; the bow of promise gilds the east; the world is again re peopled and replanted. Yet the sons of genius alone venture into the ark: while most pass the rather down the sluggish stream of usage into the turbid pool of oblivion. Thitherward the retreating tide rolls, and wafted by the gales of inglorious ease, or urged by the winds of passion, they glide down the Lethean waters, and are not. Only the noble and heroic outlive in time their exit from it.

#### XXII. VALOR.

The world, the state, the church, stand in awe of a man of probity and valor. He threatens their order and perpetuity: an unknown might slumbers in him; he is an augury of revolutions. Out of the invisible God, he comes

to abide awhile amongst men ; yet neither men nor time shall remain as at his advent. He is a creative element, and revises men, times, life itself. A new world pre-exists in his ideal. He overlives, outlives, eternizes the ages, and reports to all men the will of the divinity whom he serves.

#### XXIII. CHARACTER.

Character is the only legitimate institution ; the only regal influence. Its power is infinite. Safe in the citadel of his own integrity, principalities, powers, hierarchies, states, capitulate to the man of character at last. It is the temple which the soul builds to herself, within whose fanes genius and sanctity worship, while the kneeling ages bend around them in admiration and love.

#### XXIV. BREAD.

The hunger of an age is alike a presentiment and pledge of its own supply. Instinct is not only prophetic but provident. When there is a general craving for bread, that shall assuredly be satisfied ; bread is even then growing in the fields. Now, men are lean and famishing ; but, behold, the divine Husbandman has driven his share through the age, and sown us bread that we may not perish ; yea, the reapers even are going forth, a blithe and hopeful company, while yet the fields weep with the dews of the morning, and the harvests wave in yellow ripeness. Soon shall a table be spread, and the age rejoice in the fulness of plenty.

#### XXV. PROPHET.

The prophet, by disciplines of meditation and valor, faithful to the spirit of the heart, his eye purified of the motes of tradition, his life of the vestiges of usage, ascends to the heights of immediate intuition : he rends the veil of sense ; he bridges the distance between faith and sight, and beholds spiritual verities without scripture or mediator. In the presence of God, he communes with him face to face.

#### XXVI. METHOD.

To benefit another, either by word or deed, you must

have passed from the state in which he is, to a higher. Experience is both law and method of all tuition, all influence. This holds alike of physical as of spiritual truths; the demonstration must be epical; the method living, not empirical.

#### XXVII. BALANCES.

I am not partial to your man who always holds his balance in hand, and must weigh forthwith whatsoever of physical or metaphysical haberdashery chances to be laid on his counter. I have observed that he thinks more of the accuracy and polish of his scales, than of the quality of the wares in which he deals. He never questions his own levity. But yet these balance-men are useful: it is convenient to have standards of market values. These are the public's approved sealers of weights and measures, who determine the worth of popular wares by their favorite weights, lucre and usage. It is well for the ages, that Genius rectifies both scales and men by a truer standard, quite wide of marts or markets.

#### XXVIII. PRUDENCE.

Prudence is the footprint of Wisdom.

#### XXIX. REVELATION.

The standing problem of Genius is to divine the essential verity intimated in the life and literature of the Past, divesting it of historical interpolations; separating the foreign from the indigenous, and translating the letter of the universal scripture into the spirit of contemporaneous life and letters.

#### XXX. CRITICISM.

To justify criticism unity of mind is essential. The critic must not esteem difference as real as sameness, and as permanent in the facts of nature. This tendency is fatal to all sound and final thinking: it never penetrates to the roots of things. All creative minds have been inspired and guided by the law of unity: their problem is ever to pierce the coarse and superficial rind of diversity, and discover the unity in whose core is the heart and seed of all things.

## XXXI. CALCULUS.

We need, what Genius is unconsciously seeking, and, by some daring generalization of the universe, shall assuredly discover, a spiritual calculus, a novum organon, whereby nature shall be divined in the soul, the soul in God, matter in spirit, polarity resolved into unity; and that power which pulsates in all life, animates and builds all organizations, shall manifest itself as one universal deific energy, present alike at the outskirts and center of the universe, whose center and circumference are one; omniscient, omnipotent, self-subsisting, uncontained, yet containing all things in the unbroken synthesis of its being.

## XXXII. GENERATION AND CORRUPTION.

The soul decomposes the substances of nature in the reverse order of their composition: read this backward for the natural history of their genesis and growth. Generation and corruption are polar or adverse facts. The tree first dies at the top: to raze the house we first remove the tiling. The decomposition and analysis are from without, according to the order of sense, not of the soul. All investigations of nature must be analytic through the order of decay. Science begins and ends in death; poesy in life; philosophy in organization; art in creation.

## XXXIII. EACH AND ALL.

Life eludes all scientific analysis. Each organ and function is modified in substance and varied in effect, by the subtle energy which pulsates throughout the whole economy of things, spiritual and corporeal. The each is instinct with the all; the all unfolds and reappears in each. Spirit is all in all. God, man, nature, are a divine synthesis, whose parts it is impiety to sunder. Genius must preside devoutly over all investigations, or analysis, with her murderous knife, will seek impiously to probe the vitals of being.

## XXXIV. GOD.

God organizes never his attributes fully in single structures. He is instant, but never extant wholly, in his works. Nature does not contain, but is contained in him; she is the

memoir of his life; man is a nobler scripture, yet fails to outwrite the godhead. The universe does not reveal, eternities do not publish the mysteries of his being. He subjects his noblest works to minute and constant revision; his idea ever transcends its form; he moulds anew his own idols; both nature and man are ever making, never made.

## XXXV. NATURE.

Nature seems remote and detached, because the soul surveys her by means of the extremest senses, imposing on herself the notion of difference and remoteness through their predominance, and thereby losing that of her own oneness with it. Yet nature is not separate from me; she is mine alike with my body; and in moments of true life, I feel my identity with her; I breathe, pulsate, feel, think, will, through her members, and know of no duality of being. It is in such moods of soul that prophetic visions are beheld, and evangeles published for the joy and hope of mankind.

## XXXVI. FLUX.

Solidity is an illusion of the senses. To faith, nothing is solid: the nature of the soul renders such fact impossible. Modern chemistry demonstrates that nine tenths of the human body are fluid, and substances of inferior order in lesser proportion. Matter is ever pervaded and agitated by the omnipresent soul. All things are instinct with spirit.

## XXXVII. SEPULTURE AND RESURRECTION.

That which is visible is dead: the apparent is the corpse of the real; and undergoes successive sepultures and resurrections. The soul dies out of organs; the tombs cannot confine her; she eludes the grasp of decay; she builds and unseals the sepulchres. Her bodies are fleeting, historical. Whatsoever she sees when awake is death; when asleep dream.

## XXXVIII. TIME.

Organizations are mortal; the seal of death is fixed on them even at birth. The young Future is nurtured by the



Past, yet aspires to a nobler life, and revises, in his maturity, the traditions and usages of his day, to be supplanted by the sons and daughters whom he begets and ennobles. Time, like fabled Saturn, now generates, and, ere even their sutures be closed, devours his own offspring. Only the children of the soul are immortal; the births of time are premature and perishable.

#### XXXIX. EMBRYON.

Man is a rudiment and embryo of God: eternity shall develop in him the divine image.

#### XL. ORGANIZATION.

Possibly organization is no necessary function or mode of spiritual being. The time may come, in the endless career of the soul, when the facts of incarnation, birth, death, descent into matter and ascension from it, shall comprise no part of her history; when she herself shall survey this human life with emotions akin to those of the naturalist, on examining the relics of extinct races of beings; when mounds, sepulchres, monuments, epitaphs, shall serve but as memoirs of a past state of existence; a reminiscence of one metempsychosis of her life in time.

#### XLI. SPIRIT AND MATTER.

Divined aright, there is nothing purely organic; all things are vital and inorganic. The microscope is developing this sublime fact. Sense looking at the historic surface beholds what it deems matter, yet is but spirit in fusion, fluent, pervaded by her own immanent vitality and trembling to organize itself. Neither matter nor death are possible: what seem matter and death are sensuous impressions, which, in our sanest moments, the authentic instincts contradict. The sensible world is spirit in magnitude, outspread before the senses for their analysis, but whose synthesis is the soul herself, whose prothesis is God. Matter is but the confine of spirit limning her to sense.

#### XLII. ORDER.

The soul works from center to periphery, veiling her labors from the ken of the senses. Her works are invisible till she has rounded herself in surface, where she completes

her organizations. Appearance, though first to sense, is last in the order of generation: she recoils on herself at the acme of sense, revealing herself in reversed order. Historical is the sequel of genetic life.

#### XLIII. GENESIS.

The popular genesis is historical. It is written to sense not to the soul. Two principles, diverse and alien, interchange the Godhead and sway the world by turns. God is dual. Spirit is derivative. Identity halts in diversity. Unity is actual merely. The poles of things are not integrated: creation globed and orbed. Yet in the true genesis, nature is globed in the material, souls orbed in the spiritual firmament. Love globes, wisdom orbs, all things. As magnet the steel, so spirit attracts matter, which trembles to traverse the poles of diversity, and rests in the bosom of unity. All genesis is of love. Wisdom is her form; beauty her costume.

#### XLIV. GRAVITATION.

Love and gravity are a twofold action of one life, whose conservative instincts in man and nature preserve inviolate the harmony of the immutable and eternal law of spirit. Man and nature alike tend toward the Godhead. All seeming divergence is overruled by this omnipotent force, whose retributions restore universal order.

#### XLV. LOVE.

Love designs, thought sketches, action sculptures the works of spirit. Love is divine, conceiving, creating, completing, all things. Love is the Genius of Spirit.

#### XLVI. LIFE.

Life, in its initial state, is synthetic; then feeling, thought, action are one and indivisible: love is its manifestation. Childhood and woman are samples and instances. But thought disintegrates and breaks this unity of soul: action alone restores it. Action is composition; thought decomposition. Deeds executed in love are graceful, harmonious, entire; enacted from thought merely, they are awkward, dissonant, incomplete: a manufacture, not creations, not works of genius.

## XLVII. ACTUAL AND IDEAL.

The actual and ideal are twins of one mother, Reality, who failing to incarnate her conceptions in time, meanwhile contents herself with admiring in each the complement of the other, herself integrant of both. Always are the divine Gemini intertwined; Pan and Psyche, man and woman, the soul and nature.

## XLVIII. BEAUTY.

All departures from perfect beauty are degradations of the divine image. God is the one type, which the soul strives to incarnate in all organizations. Varieties are historical: the one form embosoms all forms; all having a common likeness at the base of difference. Human heads are images, more or less perfect, of the soul's or God's head. But the divine features do not fix in flesh; in the coarse and brittle clay. Beauty is fluent; art of highest order represents her always in flux, giving fluency and motion to bodies solid and immovable to sense. The line of beauty symbolizes motion.

## XLIX. TRANSFIGURATION.

Never have we beheld a purely human face; as yet, the beast, demon, rather than the man or God, predominate in its expression. The face of the soul is not extant in flesh. Yet she has a face, and virtue and genius shall one day reveal her celestial lineaments: a beauty, a majesty, shall then radiate from her that shall transcend the rapt ideal of love and hope. So have I seen glimpses of this spiritual glory, when, inspired by some thought or sentiment, she was transfigured from the image of the earthly to that of the heavenly, the ignoble melting out of her features, lost in the supersensual life.

## L. PROMETHEUS.

Know, O man, that your soul is the Prometheus, who, receiving the divine fires, builds up this majestic statue of clay, and moulds it in the deific image, the pride of gods, the model and analogon of all forms. He chiselled that godlike brow, arched those mystic temples from whose fanes she herself looks forth, formed that miraculous globe

above, and planted that sylvan grove below ; graved those massive blades yoked in armed powers ; carved that heaven-containing bosom, wreathed those puissant thighs, and hewed those stable columns, diffusing over all the grandeur, the grace of his own divine lineaments, and delighting in this cunning work of his hand. Mar not its beauty, spoil not its symmetry, by the deforming lines of lust and sin : dethroning the divinity incarnated therein, and transforming yourself into the satyr and the beast.

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STANZAS.

THOUGHT is deeper than all speech,  
 Feeling deeper than all thought :  
 Souls to souls can never teach  
 What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils :  
 Man by man was never seen ,  
 All our deep communing fails  
 To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known :  
 Mind with mind did never meet :  
 We are columns left alone  
 Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,  
 Far apart though seeming near,  
 In our light we scattered lie ;  
 All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company  
 But a babbling summer stream ?  
 What our wise philosophy  
 But the glancing of a dream ?

Only when the Sun of Love  
 Melts the scattered stars of thought, .  
 Only when we live above  
 What the dim-eyed world hath taught,

Only when our souls are fed  
 By the Fount which gave them birth,  
 And by inspiration led  
 Which they never drew from earth,

We, like parted drops of rain,  
 Swelling till they meet and run,  
 Shall be all absorbed again,  
 Melting, flowing into one.

C.

## CHANNING'S TRANSLATION OF JOUFFROY.\*

THESE are the fifth and sixth volumes of Mr. Ripley's series of Specimens of Foreign Standard Literature. It is saying much in their praise to say, that they are worthy of a place in that series. M. Jouffroy has been for some time very favorably known to our public. Few if any living writers upon Ethical Philosophy stand so high in the estimation of those, who have made this science a study, as he does. We cannot doubt that all who feel any interest in the subject will thank Mr. Channing for having given us so good a translation of this, which is perhaps the best work the author has yet published. Such a work was greatly needed, and, as is often the case, the need was greater than it was felt to be.

There is no such thing as having *no* philosophy of morals and religion, though we often hear "practical men," as they like to be called, express their aversion, if not their contempt, for philosophy. It has been sneeringly asked in a public meeting, "if philosophy ever baked a single loaf of bread," and that too by one who is recognised as a public teacher of morals and religion. We would answer him — no, my brother; but then "It is written, 'man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.'"

There is no one that speaks or acts, who has not a philosophy of morals, — of his actions, — though he may be unconscious of it. No one acts or speaks without motives and principles of some kind or other; and it can be shown what those motives and principles are, and when they are reduced to a system, they constitute the philosophy of that man's morals — his moral philosophy. This philosophy he may have learned from his father and mother, though they never called their precepts and instructions by the name of philosophy; he may have learned

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\* Introduction to Ethics; including a Critical Survey of Moral Systems. Translated from the French of Jouffroy, by WILLIAM H. CHANNING. Boston: Hilliard, Gray, and Company. Two vols. 12mo. pp. 324, 358.

it from the wants and necessities of his condition, or from the impulses of his warm and generous, or cold and selfish heart, as the case may be. It is most likely that he received some part of it from each of these sources. But a philosophy he has, though he may never have reflected upon the motives and principles of his actions enough to have given them a name, much less to have reduced them to a system.

Since this is so, the importance of making moral philosophy a matter of reading and study is obvious. The morals of a community will be low and selfish unless they do so. But alas for them, when the philosophy that is received and taught is itself low and selfish, and, instead of raising the character, would persuade men there is no need of anything higher; that in fact there is no height above them, and that those generous and enthusiastic souls, who reject its clear, judicious, and prudent precepts, are fanatical and righteous overmuch. We are no advocates for fanaticism or mysticism; but we would assert with all possible distinctness, that there is something to live for that the eye cannot see and the hands cannot touch; that there is a wisdom which Experience cannot teach, that there is a way that is right which Prudence cannot find. If then we must have a philosophy of morals, — and we have seen that we must, if not voluntarily then in spite of ourselves, — how unspeakably important is it that we have one that will elevate and purify rather than debase and sensualize our souls!

The system, which has been most commonly taught in our community hitherto is Paley's, though we hope, for the good of our countrymen, that few if any of them have received that system entirely. It is a systematic embodiment of selfishness, which everybody knows does not need to be taught.\* This is precisely the system of Ethics

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\* Lest it may seem that we are too severe upon the Archdeacon, we quote the following passage. "And from this account of obligation, it follows, that we are obliged to nothing but we ourselves are to gain or lose something by: for nothing else can be a violent motive to us. As we should not be obliged to obey the laws of the magistrate, unless rewards or punishments, pleasure or pain somehow or other depended upon our obedience, so neither should we, without the same reason, be obliged to do what is right, to practice virtue, or to obey the commands of God." — *Mor. and Polit. Philos. B. II. c. 2.*

which the worldly, selfish, unregenerate heart teaches. This system came from and tends to worldliness and selfishness. It is congenial to every soul, in which the conscience and the spiritual faculties are not sufficiently developed to counteract its influence and force its way up to a higher view of things. But it is not every soul that has spontaneity and force enough to do this. There are many persons also, whose thoughts are too much occupied with the business of their calling in life to allow them to give so much attention to the subject, as to discover the inadequacy and debasing tendency of Paley's system. These men would fulfil the moral law; but they are too busy to give much time to a study into its nature and requirements. They therefore take the most commonly received exposition of that law, as a standard of duty, trusting that those who make it their business to study into these matters would never approve and recommend a faulty or inadequate system. If this system happen to be a low one, the characters which they form upon it will be low too. The Ethical System of any age is the exponent of the state of morals in that age. If the morals were better than the system, the people would repudiate the system; and if the system were much better than the morals, it would be regarded as extravagant, over scrupulous, and be modified or laid aside for another. Hence he that would labor most effectually for the improvement of a people's morals must also labor to introduce a more perfect theory of morals. But as it is with a people so it is with individuals, — every man's theory is the exponent of himself. A man may borrow a theory that is higher or lower than himself, but the dress never suits him; it can never be his. It is too small for him and he bursts it, or it is too large for him, and he is a David in Saul's armor.

Paley's system is psychologically wrong, in that it does not recognise all the facts of man's moral nature. The facts that Paley has omitted either were not in his consciousness, or else they formed so insignificant a part of it, that they never attracted his attention. Therefore he omitted them. A man differently constituted could not have done this. It would be interesting to show, if we had room, how this system grew out of the time and place in which it appeared, how Paley looked upon the outside of ac-

tions, and saw them as they appear to the observer, and not as they appear to the doer of them; and then from the facts thus collected he inferred by the Inductive Method, then so busily applied to the natural sciences, the law from the facts, just as he would have done in the natural sciences. Assuming that 'whatever is, is right,' he proceeded to deduce the law of actions, the moral law, like the laws of motion, from what was, and not from what ought to be. He could therefore get to no law that should lead us to higher attainments. The idea of progress is thus precluded. Because bodies left unsupported fall to the ground, it is inferred that gravitation is a law ordained of God, and therefore right. Because men are, or *appeared to Paley*, to act only from a regard to "reward or punishment, pleasure or pain," he inferred that it is a law ordained of God, "it is their nature," that they should do so. So throughout his system. It is no wonder that his system seemed clear, judicious, and sound; for it was proving to them not that they ought to become more disinterested, more magnanimous, and more holy, but it was proving to them that what they were doing was right. It flattered their vanity, while it encouraged and gave them confidence in the sensual and selfish course they were pursuing, and which they were determined, if public opinion were not too strong against them, to pursue. They felt exceedingly obliged to any one who would prove to them, that this, which they were so much inclined to, was right — was the law of the Gospel and of God. It would not be difficult to show, that there is not a profligate or criminal in our country or any other, that cannot justify his course to himself by the principles of Paley's Philosophy, *as he would honestly understand it*. We emphasize the last clause of the foregoing sentence because it deserves particular attention. Expediency and Right, Prudence and Conscience unite in Omniscience. If one could know all things, his course would be the same whether he were guided by Expediency or by Right. Although the motives and character of the individual might be different in the one case from what they would be in the other, the course pursued would be the same in both cases. But from this point Expediency and Right, Prudence and Conscience diverge, and the farther any individual is from it, the more



diverse the two rules of action will be for him. Hence the course which Expediency points out to any one will be on a level with his character. We can conceive how one may be so short-sighted and have so strong and ungovernable passions, as to justify to himself, by the principles of Paley's system, any course of action that he may be strongly inclined to. The pleasure and profit that will come from it far outweigh all the evil consequences *that he can foresee* will happen to himself. There is too a chance of escaping these evil consequences. And, as by this system he is not bound to take anything else into consideration, he will enter without hesitation upon his desired course of action.

Thus much will not have been said in vain, if it serve to show the need of some work upon Ethics that shall take higher and more spiritual views than are presented in the popular treatises. It seems to us, that M. Jouffroy could not have taken a better method to communicate his views to the world than the one he has actually taken. He begins by reviewing the false systems and showing wherein they are faulty. He would thus prepare the way for the true system.

We shall be obliged to be very brief in our analysis of the book. Our object in making the analysis is twofold — to recommend the book to our readers and show them what a rich treasure it is — and to afford an opportunity for sundry remarks of our own upon the same topics.

In his first Lecture, M. Jouffroy speaks of the different relations which a man sustains. 1. His relation to God. 2. His relation to himself. 3. His relation to things. 4. His relation to his kind. A knowledge of what is implied in and required by these four relations constitutes the whole of his Ethical Philosophy. The volumes before us are only an introduction to the great subject. They consist mainly in a review of the systems of Philosophy, which make a system of Ethics impossible, and a criticism of the faulty and defective systems of Ethics that have been taught.

I. The first system that M. Jouffroy reviews is that of Necessity. By denying that we can choose what we will do, it precludes the possibility of a law which shall expound to us what we ought to do. One might as well speak of a moral law for the planets. The great argu-

ment for the doctrine of Necessity is the Prescience of God. To foreknow a thing implies that that thing is certain, else it could not be foreknown. But freedom of will implies that the thing about which the freedom is to be exercised is contingent. Foreknowledge, then, requires that all things be certain and necessary — freedom of will, on the other hand, requires that they be contingent. The problem is to reconcile the two. If God foreknows events, then he has made them certain, or there is a fate behind him that has made them so, and they are no longer contingent upon the election of the will. It seems impossible to solve this problem without greatly modifying our view of God. Many do not feel its difficulty; but of those that do feel it, some adopt the doctrine of Foreknowledge and Necessity, others get what they consider a solution, while others, like M. Jouffroy, say that they prefer to give up the Foreknowledge of God, if either must be given up. They think they feel more sure of the Freedom of their Will than of the Foreknowledge of God. *Our* only hope of a solution to this problem is by eliminating the foreign and contradictory element. Philosophy has now recognised the fact, that time and space are only forms or modes of understanding things, and not qualities of things themselves. Hence things only *appear to us* to sustain a relation to time and space. The time element must therefore be eliminated from this problem as foreign and extraneous to it. We should not then say that God *foreknows*, but simply that he knows. Then there will appear to be no contradiction between God's knowledge and man's freedom.

II. The next false system which M. Jouffroy takes up is Mysticism. The objection to Mysticism is, that it absolves one from all his obligations to men and things, and leaves only the relation of man to God and himself, and not even these unimpaired. He says that Mysticism rests upon two facts. "With all our efforts we cannot attain to more than a very small part of the good which our nature craves, or accomplish, except in an imperfect degree, our destiny." "We cannot in this life secure even that measure of good which is actually within our reach, except on condition of substituting for the natural action of our faculties another mode of action, whose characteristic is

concentration and whose consequence is fatigue." We do not believe that the mystics will acknowledge that these facts are the basis of their system. Actions, like the walls of our houses, have two faces which are totally unlike, an outside face seen by the observer, and an inside one seen by the doer of the actions only. M. Jouffroy, not being himself a mystic, and of course not having seen the inside of mysticism, cannot represent it to their satisfaction. He, like everybody else, must interpret others by himself. It is very likely that a perception of these two facts would make M. Jouffroy a mystic, *if anything would*. Therefore he infers that it is the cause of Mysticism wherever it appears. We suspect that there must be some facts in the consciousness of a mystic, which owing to a constitutional difference, are not to be found, or at least have not been found in Jouffroy's. M. Jouffroy, however, aims at nothing farther than to give an account of Mysticism in so far as it influences Ethics. In so far as it proceeds from the facts to which he refers its origin, and leads to the consequences that he points out, his remarks are quite satisfactory.

We should give another account of Mysticism. We should say, that it originated in a great predominance of the Reason, the faculty of insight, over the Understanding, the faculty for explaining, unfolding, and illustrating things. This constitution of mind is also usually accompanied with a large development of the Imagination. The mystic jumps up so high, as though to God face to face, that his feet cannot touch the ground. By so doing he sees truths, or what he calls truths, which his feeble understanding cannot systematize and adequately state. He can only suggest his impressions. His imagination immediately presents some image, or series of images, by which his thought can be suggested, and he writes a metaphor, a parable, or an allegory, which taken literally, that is, interpreted by the understanding, would give nonsense, or at least bad sense. One must put himself into the subjective condition of the speaker or writer before he can understand him. It would be unjust to these men and untrue to history, not to acknowledge that the men, who have been in advance of their age in spiritual matters, have always been considered by their cotemporaries more

or less inclined to Mysticism. They are the prophets of the age. They are made to utter what they cannot thoroughly understand and logically state to themselves. We are like men entering a cavern by its only mouth. We obstruct the light by our own bodies, so that it is dark before us, and it is only when we turn around and look back and *reflect* upon what is *behind* us, that all is light and clear. All is darkness and mystery before us, and therefore the foremost must be mystical.

III. The third system that M. Jouffroy reviews is Pantheism. He takes this system as developed by Spinoza. The two lectures on this subject we presume will be found less satisfactory than any others in the book. He confesses that he does not fully understand Spinoza. As we shall be obliged to omit some things that we would gladly say, if we could without transgressing our proper limits, we will pass this account of Pantheism, with merely remarking upon its defects as the foundation of an Ethical System. Pantheism, laying down the principle that there can be substantially but one being and one cause, necessarily concentrates all casualty, and thus all liberty, in one being, and necessarily denies liberty to all but this One Being, even if it ascribes liberty to Him, as in some cases it does not. Hence Pantheism annihilates man, so far as moral obligation is concerned. Man's desires, thoughts, and volitions, good and bad, are manifestations of God; and if so they must be good, and are bad only in appearance, if at all. Hence the tendency of Pantheism is to remove the moral restraints from all our propensities to licentiousness and sensuality.

IV. The other false system of Philosophy, which makes a system of Ethics impossible, is Skepticism. This consists in denying that there is any such thing as absolute truth, or in maintaining that if there is, the human faculties are inadequate to its discovery. With the skeptic there is no Truth, all is mere Opinion. If there is no Truth, or if we cannot know the truth, there can be no system of Ethics which we shall feel obliged to obey. We shall not know that that thing which is commanded is right and true, and if it be not, we are under no obligation to it. The refutation of this system is a statement of the fact, that we do know some things to be absolutely true in ethics as well as in mathematics.

In the next Lecture M. Jouffroy speaks of the Skepticism of the Present Age. This is a most admirable Lecture. We will not attempt to give an outline of it, for every word of it is too precious to be omitted, and we hope that all who read our article will read this one Lecture, if they cannot be induced or cannot find time to read the whole of the two volumes. The reader will bear in mind that the author was a Frenchman, and is speaking more particularly of France, but the most of what he says is as applicable to other nations as to his own.

We have departed somewhat from the author's method of taking up his subjects. Before reviewing these four systems of Philosophy, which make a system of ethics impossible, he has two Lectures upon the facts of Man's Moral Nature. These are two excellent chapters, and contain the basis of Jouffroy's system. Their contents cannot be too deeply impressed upon the memory.

There are three successive developments in the soul, each bringing new psychological facts, new motives, and a new law of action. The first is impulse — then the intellect — and after that the spiritual faculties.

The first development is that of impulse. Thus hunger and impulses of the like kind which arise from the very constitution of our natures, are of this class. They compel us to action. These motives do not always have self, but often the good of another person for their object. Thus the mother's care of her child is of this kind. Undoubtedly it makes her happy to take care of her child. It is no less clear, that it is, in the highest sense of the word, right and duty that she should; but we suspect she does it not so much because of the happiness it will afford her, or because she thinks it is right and a duty to do it, as because she loves the child. Here then is the first class of facts in a man's moral nature. We call them impulses because they *impel* — because they arise in the soul, sometimes uncalled by any outward object whatever, and sometimes excited by some outward object, and *impel* a man *from within* to action.

But when the intellect comes into activity, we recollect that the gratification of our appetites gave us pleasure. Hence a desire to reproduce this pleasure or gratification becomes a motive to action. This is self love. We seek

to surround ourselves with those things that will minister to our enjoyment. We seek to know and do what will conduce to our happiness. If we are assured that the obedience to a certain law, or the compliance with certain conditions, will secure our happiness here and hereafter, we comply and think it right to do so.

The development, or rather the manifestation of thought, does something for the benevolent impulses similar to what it does for the selfish ones. The individual is conscious that he has promoted the happiness of one whom he loves. Intellect becomes a functionary of his generous impulses, and he contrives means to do good to others.

While in this state we are, to use the expression of St. Paul, under the law. We must go to the written law to know what is right. We then obey it from a desire to escape the consequences of wrong-doing, or at best from a sense of duty and not from love. As it is with religion so it is with other things. If one would write a poem or oration, he must study the authors that have written upon these subjects, that he may know what are the laws of this class of compositions, and what is good taste. He is not a law unto himself but is under the law. He does not know that the Soul never violates the laws of art or offends good taste. We offend and mar only when we are stupid, affected, or seek to do mechanically what can be properly done by inspiration only. The Soul is always a poet and an artist. It is a law unto itself in these matters. True feeling and glowing thought will do more to give one a good style and manner than all outward appliances.

But there is another law and other facts that are developed in the consciousness. It is the idea of order, of absolute good, of right, and a love of this becomes a motive to action. We see something that is good and true in itself, and therefore ought to be. We feel it our duty to pursue it. This motive is not impulse, it is not a consideration of personal good, whether it be the good of ourselves or of others,—it is a love of what is good and right and true in itself, and for its own sake, irrespective of any other considerations or motives whatever.

M. Jouffroy treats this development of the soul only in relation to his subject, as introducing new facts into a man's moral nature, and furnishing a new motive and law

of action. This development, if we mistake not, deserves a more distinct recognition, and a more full and scientific treatment than it has yet received. We can of course pretend to give nothing more than an outline of it in the present article. We shall speak of this development only in its relation to the thought of the individual.

In the earliest part of their lives, persons are under the tutelage of their parents. They can understand and receive before they can examine and originate for themselves. They imbibe not only their parents' views, but also the common sentiment and belief of the community in which they live. In politics they are of the same party, in religion they are of the same sect, and of the same school in philosophy with their parents and the friends by whom they have been surrounded. Of course they must have received all these views upon some outward authority, for as yet their minds are not sufficiently developed to examine them thoroughly and perceive their fundamental truth. This authority may be parents, friends, public sentiment, usage, or anything out of themselves. With these views, resting upon such grounds, they are satisfied and content for a while. They are content to take these things upon outward, foreign authority, because as yet they know of no other. They are under the law; this law may be usage, fashion, public opinion, the opinion of friends or of men of high reputation, or the Scriptures. They are content to rest upon these outward foundations, because, as we have just said, they know as yet of no other. But with the development of the spiritual sense, they have another foundation whereon to build. A window is thus opened, through which the mind can see, or rather an eye is given by which to look into the nature of things. We thus come to have an intuition of what must be, of the absolute and necessary. It is seen to be as eternally and absolutely necessary, that love and not hate should be the law and condition of happiness among moral beings, as that all the angles around any given point should be equal to four right angles. It is seen that humility and self-renunciation have a foundation and necessity in the nature of things, as much as that two and two should be four. When one begins to see that truth and right are absolute, and founded on the nature of things, into which he

is now able to see for himself, he asks why may not these intuitions become the basis upon which to build all that I receive? Is not this the rock upon which if one build he shall never be moved? All other foundations are sandy. Do the best that I can, they will often admit of a doubt, a suspicion. Suppose I could prove that God had sent a man into the world to reveal all the truth that we need to know, (a thing which it would be very difficult if not impossible to prove beyond the possibility of a doubt,) I should still be left to doubt in many cases if I understood him aright. But if I build upon the soul there can be no doubt. Here then I empty myself of all that I have been taught, of all that I have received dogmatically, and will henceforth receive nothing whose foundation in the soul I cannot see. He thus passes from dogmatism into skepticism, from which he will gradually emerge into a faith that cannot be shaken.

By this method he discovers the ideal or perfect state, and thus can understand the imperfections and wrongs of the actual one. His tendency is to become a radical, to tear down all things that do not square with the ideal. Everything that is wrong or imperfect he would have done away. If he be of a bold ambitious temperament, he commences by declaring war against all existing institutions and customs. His tendency is to overlook the stubborn fact, that the gross, intractable, actual, can never be brought up to the ideal. If he be timid, and care more for the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them than for the kingdom of Heaven, he will renounce his visionary impracticable fancies and fall down and worship.

In ardent and susceptible temperaments, the period of this change is one of great suffering. The sufferer will go to friends for sympathy, to the wise for counsel, to books for instruction. They can at best afford but temporary relief, and very likely will make him worse. He must tread the wine-press alone. He can have no more rest until he have a faith built upon the soul. If he will have patience, perseverance, and integrity, — stern integrity, — a cheerful faith will come in due time. But he must make no compromise, no shift, if he would not sacrifice his prospect of a serene and tranquil life. He must await the Lord's time. This change is sudden and violent in ardent and enthusiastic natures, slow and gradual in phlegmatic



ones. Persons in whom sentiment and feeling greatly exceed thought and reflection, and who therefore rest upon sentiment rather than upon thought, may not be conscious of any change like what we have described. They are more poetic than philosophic.

Such is a very hasty and imperfect outline of the transition from dogmatism to faith. M. Jouffroy, after having reviewed the four systems of Philosophy, which in one way or another make Ethics impossible, proceeds to examine the various false and imperfect systems of Ethics which have been taught. He first reviews the selfish system. He takes it as developed and taught by Hobbes and Bentham. This system is psychologically wrong, inasmuch as it fails to recognise the generous and benevolent impulses, and any of the facts of the spiritual development. So radical a defect must of course spoil the system, even if it do not make it positively mischievous. These teachers recognise no higher motive than self-love, and no higher law than self-interest well understood. This is the very lowest view that any one who had any portion, however small, of human nature within him could possibly take.

Our author then passes to a consideration of those systems which recognise disinterested motives, — motives that are distinct from self-love, — and of these he first considers the sentimental system. This system was developed and taught by Adam Smith. It is usually called the system of sympathy. Smith taught that the essence of morality could consist only in such actions, as could be generally approved of. By sympathy we put ourselves in the condition of others, and judge impartially of the propriety of their actions. From this impartial judgment we infer the general rule of action. Hence the rule of this system would be, act so as that others will sympathize with you, and approve of what you do. In other words, it would say, "All things whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." A great advance was herein made upon the selfish system. The fact of disinterestedness had been recognised. But we easily see the defects of this system. Its psychological defect is, that it does not recognise all of the impulses as motives to action, (and they are certainly right and proper

in certain cases, as hunger, for instance,) neither does it recognise at all the love of the true and the beautiful, the good and the right irrespective of personal considerations. Its practical defect is, that it does not give a standard or idea of duty that is sufficiently elevated. I am to do what I would have another do unto me: what if I am not good and wise enough to wish to have another do the thing that is right and best for me? I am my own standard, and in that case I should do what is not right and best for another. I am to act so that others will sympathize with and approve of what I do. This is appealing to public opinion for a standard. But what if others are not wise and good enough to appreciate and approve of the highest and best things that one can do? According to this theory he must not do them.

The next system that M. Jouffroy reviews was taught by Shaftesbury, Butler, and Hutchison. The former was a statesman and man of the world; the second was a divine; and Hutchison was a metaphysician by profession. They saw the inadequacy of Smith's system, and sought to introduce a better one. "Shaftesbury held with Plato," says Tennemann, "that the Good and the Beautiful are identical." Philosophers of this class hold that good is a quality of actions, and is to be seen by a special and appropriate sense, called the moral sense, just as color is seen by the eye. What we thus see to be good, we feel that we ought to do. But this system is psychologically defective in not recognising all of the motives to action that we are conscious of. The practical defect is, that it does not recognise the use of the understanding in determining what is our duty. It teaches that all duty is perceived by a direct vision of the Moral Sense, or Conscience, as color is perceived by a direct vision of the eye. Now in most cases this may appear to be true, if we do not analyze the action of the mind too closely. But in difficult cases we know that we do not see at once what is our duty. We often hesitate long before we can form an opinion, and then frequently change it after it is once formed. But if this system were true, there could be no deliberation, no altering of opinion as to right and duty, any more than there could as to the color of an object, whether it were black or white.

None of the false systems of Ethics, that we have thus far spoken of, recognise innate ideas as a part of the facts of consciousness. The next step towards the true theory was the recognition of these innate ideas. The systems that do this are called Rational systems. M. Jouffroy takes the one developed by Richard Price. The views of Price are essentially the same as those taught by Dr. Cudworth, and the Platonists of his time. This system agreed with the system of Moral Sense in teaching that good is only a quality of actions. It considers good as a simple undefinable quality recognised at first sight. But the Rational System differs from that of the Moral Sense, in teaching that this quality is perceived not by a peculiar and appropriate sense for it, but by the *a priori* intuitions of the pure Reason. This change may seem unimportant at first thought. But it is in reality a great change. Price was undoubtedly led to it by perceiving the psychological defects of Hutchison's theory. By acknowledging that we have *a priori* conceptions, Price taught that we can have an acquaintance with absolute and necessary truths; with truths that are above us and independent of our will and the activity of our minds. We receive the mind of God into our minds, and these *a priori* conceptions are the direct inspiration and gift of God. A communication is thus opened between us and the Infinite, the Eternal, and the Absolute. These conceptions or intuitions of the pure Reason must be in, and the same in all minds, for they are the mind of God. Hence the principles of morality and right are eternal and unchangeable. They are founded in the nature of things, and are as necessary as the truths of mathematics.

This system is obnoxious to the same practical objections that were brought against the system of the Moral Sense. It leaves no room for the exercise of the understanding in determining what is duty. This is contrary to fact and experience. It moreover leads to rashness and headlong precipitation in persons, who have more activity than thought, and to bigotry and uncharitableness in the self-confident. Their theory of morals does not teach them, as it should, that the quickness with which they arrive at their conclusions is only a result of their superficiality. They consider the delay and deliberation of differently constituted minds as a moral obliquity. They feel that

they are not called upon to exercise charity toward those, who think differently upon matters of right and duty, any more than they are towards those that assert that gold is white and coal yellow.

But it always implies a high culture — a much higher moral than intellectual culture — to adopt the Rational System. We would therefore deal gently with it, and treat those who receive it with great respect. We are nevertheless compelled, if we are to do justice to every part of human nature, to point out its defects. These defects will be felt by those only, who have a metaphysical turn of mind. By attending to the operations of their own minds, they will find that they do not and cannot judge of a thing, whether it be right and obligatory or not, merely by knowing what the thing is. In other words, they will find that good and right is not a quality of actions, but rather the relation of actions to some ultimate good, which relation can be determined only by an exercise of the understanding.

M. Jouffroy has not attempted to develop his own system in the work before us; yet we think that it would not be difficult to foresee, from what has been said, what its essential features would be. He must recognise every motive that we are conscious of, — the unreflecting impulses, self-love, the love of others, and the love of the right and true and beautiful in and for itself. He would deny that good and right are qualities of actions to be directly perceived by a special and appropriate sense. He would maintain that there is an absolute good, order, right, or beauty, the ideas of which are furnished by the Reason prior to any judgment of the understanding, and before we can say of any act or thing, this is good or right or beautiful. All things, he would teach, whether actions or institutions, are judged of by comparing them with the ideas of absolute good and beauty furnished to the mind by the Reason, and approved or condemned accordingly. Whatever tends to bring about this absolute good is right and obligatory, whatever does not is wrong, and should be avoided. Duty is only a means to the absolute good.

The difference between this and the Rational System consists principally in the result of the analysis of that action of the mind, by which we come to know what is right. Jouffroy would say that duty is but a means to the abso-

lute good, and that we have no way of knowing what is duty, of knowing what things are a means to this absolute good, except by comparing them with it. Price and those who hold the Sentimental System would say, that we have a faculty for knowing these means by some quality inherent in them, and that too without knowing the end until one has arrived at it.

It would not be safe or fair to proceed to examine Jouffroy's system, until he has developed it himself. Yet we will venture a few remarks upon it. When, according to this system, one has formed an idea of the absolute good, the means by which it is brought about are left to be determined by prudence, by expediency. So far as this feature of his system is concerned, Jouffroy would disagree with the systems of Paley and others only in the end for which one is to labor. Both systems recognise expediency and prudence as the method of determining what is our duty. The difference consists mainly in the different ends proposed. In the system of Paley and the selfish systems generally, the end is the good of self, and morality is self-interest well understood. With Jouffroy the end is the absolute good. By the former system we are taught to consult prudence and expediency, to ascertain what will be most conducive to self-interest; by the latter we are to consult the same guides to ascertain what will be most conducive to the absolute good. M. Jouffroy would say, that having fixed upon the absolute good as the end, we are left to prudence to choose the means. We should think, from the Lectures before us, that M. Jouffroy's system would overlook what seems to be true in Price's method of deciding upon duty. Is it not a matter of consciousness that we do decide concerning some things in and for themselves without any regard to their consequences, that they are right, and must never be omitted, or that they are wrong and ought never to be done? Have we not certain instinctive impressions, that make us feel that certain things are right and others are wrong, without any regard to consequences, or to absolute good? Or in other words, is not this part of Price's system true, though not the whole truth? If so, Jouffroy's System is true, but not the whole truth. He takes the matter where Price leaves it. If M. Jouffroy incorporates this part of Price's system into his own, and

then extends his system over the ground that is not covered by Price's, (and we will not prejudge that he will not,) we think that he will leave but very little, if anything, for those who come after him to do, except to carry out his system into its almost infinite ramifications and applications.

In the last Lecture M. Jouffroy passes in hasty review the Rational systems of Wollaston, Clarke, Montesquieu, Malebranche, and Wolf. We cannot here notice their systems.

We cannot conceive of a better Introduction to the true system of Ethics than one upon M. Jouffroy's plan, and his work is on the whole as satisfactory as we have a right to expect from any man. It evinces great clearness, patient industry, and impartiality. His soul, however, is not one of the colures which contains within itself all other possible souls. His heart is not ardent, passionate, and enthusiastic enough to have felt all that has been felt by the human heart; his intellect is not comprehensive enough to have thought all that has been thought, and therefore he does not comprehend all humanity within himself. He cannot take all the points of view from which things human and divine may be considered. He cannot be purely enough an intellect, and have that intellect large enough to comprehend Spinoza and his system. He cannot put himself into a condition where Reason and the Imagination are sufficiently predominant over the understanding to fully comprehend the mystics. Yet the value of the book before us as an Introduction to Ethics is but slightly if at all diminished on this account.

But there is an essential imperfection in Ethics at best. Their problem is to find a law of duty that shall apply to all cases, a law which one person can determine for another—a law to which every one has a right, if not to enforce, yet to expect and demand obedience. But Christ is the end of the law to every one that believes. The highest statement of Ethics is Justice; but there is a higher than Justice, even Love, which is the fulfilling of the law. Many things there are which ought to be done,—many things there are which the generous heart will feel inclined to do,—but which no system of Ethics can prove that he *ought* to do. The highest thing that Justice can say is,—

an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth; but Love says, resist not evil; love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you. But the law is a schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ, who is the end of the law. It is therefore of great importance that we understand this law, and to this end we commend the work of Jouffroy that we have been reviewing as one of the best helps that can be found.

W.

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AULUS PERSIUS FLACCUS.

IF you have imagined what a divine work is spread out for the poet, and approach this author too, in the hope of finding the field at length fairly entered on, you will hardly dissent from the words of the prologue,

“ Ipse semipaganus

Ad sacra Vatum carmen affero nostrum.”

Here is none of the interior dignity of Virgil, nor the elegance and fire of Horace, nor will any Sibyl be needed to remind you, that from those older Greek poets, there is a sad descent to Persius. Scarcely can you distinguish one harmonious sound, amid this unmusical bickering with the follies of men.

One sees how music has its place in thought, but hardly as yet in language. When the Muse arrives, we wait for her to remould language, and impart to it her own rhythm. Hitherto the verse groans and labors with its load, but goes not forward blithely, singing by the way. The best ode may be parodied, indeed is itself a parody, and has a poor and trivial sound, like a man stepping on the rounds of a ladder. Homer, and Shakspeare, and Milton, and Marvel, and Wordsworth, are but the rustling of leaves and crackling of twigs in the forest, and not yet the sound of any bird. The Muse has never lifted up her voice to sing. Most of all satire will not be sung. A Juvenal or Persius do not marry music to their verse, but are measured fault-finders at best; stand but just outside the faults they

condemn, and so are concerned rather about the monster they have escaped, than the fair prospect before them. Let them live on an age, not a secular one, and they will have travelled out of his shadow and harm's way, and found other objects to ponder.

As long as there is nature, the poet is, as it were, *particeps criminis*. One sees not but he had best let bad take care of itself, and have to do only with what is beyond suspicion. If you light on the least vestige of truth, and it is the weight of the whole body still which stamps the faintest trace, an eternity will not suffice to extol it, while no evil is so huge, but you grudge to bestow on it a moment of hate. Truth never turns to rebuke falsehood; her own straightforwardness is the severest correction. Horace would not have written satire so well, if he had not been inspired by it, as by a passion, and fondly cherished his vein. In his odes, the love always exceeds the hate, so that the severest satire still sings itself, and the poet is satisfied, though the folly be not corrected.

A sort of necessary order in the development of Genius is, first, Complaint; second, Plaint; third, Love. Complaint, which is the condition of Persius, lies not in the province of poetry. Ere long the enjoyment of a superior good would have changed his disgust into regret. We can never have much sympathy with the complainer; for after searching nature through, we conclude he must be both plaintiff and defendant too, and so had best come to a settlement without a hearing.

I know not but it would be truer to say, that the highest strain of the muse is essentially plaintive. The saint's are still *tears* of joy.

But the divinest poem, or the life of a great man, is the severest satire; as impersonal as nature herself, and like the sighs of her winds in the woods, which convey ever a slight reproof to the hearer. The greater the genius, the keener the edge of the satire.

Hence have we to do only with the rare and fragmentary traits, which least belong to Persius, or, rather, are the properest utterance of his muse; since that which he says best at any time is what he can best say at all times. The Spectators and Ramblers have not failed to cull some quotable sentences from this garden too, so pleasant is it



to meet even the most familiar truths in a new dress, when, if our neighbor had said it, we should have passed it by as hackneyed. Out of these six satires, you may perhaps select some twenty lines, which fit so well as many thoughts, that they will recur to the scholar almost as readily as a natural image; though when translated into familiar language, they lose that insular emphasis, which fitted them for quotation. Such lines as the following no translation can render commonplace. Contrasting the man of true religion with those, that, with jealous privacy, would fain carry on a secret commerce with the gods, he says, —

“Haud cuivis promptum est, murmurque humilesque  
Tollere susurros de templis; et aperto vivere voto.”

To the virtuous man, the universe is the only sanctum sanctorum, and the penetralia of the temple are the broad noon of his existence. Why should he betake himself to a subterranean crypt, as if it were the only holy ground in all the world he had left unprofaned? The obedient soul would only the more discover and familiarize things, and escape more and more into light and air, as having henceforth done with secrecy, so that the universe shall not seem open enough for it. At length, is it neglectful even of that silence which is consistent with true modesty, but by its independence of all confidence in its disclosures, makes that which it imparts so private to the hearer, that it becomes the care of the whole world that modesty be not infringed.

To the man who cherishes a secret in his breast, there is a still greater secret unexplored. Our most indifferent acts may be matter for secrecy, but whatever we do with the utmost truthfulness and integrity, by virtue of its pureness, must be transparent as light.

In the third satire he asks,

“Est aliquid quò tendis, et in quod dirigis arcum?  
An passim sequeris corvos, testâve, lutove,  
Securus quò per ferat, atque ex tempore vivis?”

Language seems to have justice done it, but is obviously cramped and narrowed in its significance, when any meanness is described. The truest construction is not put upon it. What may readily be fashioned into a rule of wisdom, is here thrown in the teeth of the sluggard, and constitutes

the front of his offence. Universally, the innocent man will come forth from the sharpest inquisition and lecturings, the combined din of reproof and commendation, with a faint sound of eulogy in his ears. Our vices lie ever in the direction of our virtues, and in their best estate are but plausible imitations of the latter. Falsehood never attains to the dignity of entire falseness, but is only an inferior sort of truth; if it were more thoroughly false, it would incur danger of becoming true.

“*Securus quò pes ferat, atque ex tempore vivit,*

is then the motto of a wise man. For first, as the subtle discernment of the language would have taught us, with all his negligence he is still secure; but the sluggard, notwithstanding his heedlessness, is insecure.

The life of a wise man is most of all extemporaneous, for he lives out of an eternity that includes all time. He is a child each moment and reflects wisdom. The far darting thought of the child's mind carries not for the development of manhood; it lightens itself, and needs not draw down lightning from the clouds. When we bask in a single ray from the mind of Zoroaster, we see how all subsequent time has been an idler, and has no apology for itself. But the cunning mind travels farther back than Zoroaster each instant, and comes quite down to the present with its revelation. All the thrift and industry of thinking give no man any stock in life; his credit with the inner world is no better, his capital no larger. He must try his fortune again to-day as yesterday. All questions rely on the present for their solution. Time measures nothing but itself. The word that is written may be postponed, but not that on the life. If this is what the occasion says, let the occasion say it. From a real sympathy, all the world is forward to prompt him who gets up to live without his creed in his pocket.

In the fifth satire, which is the best, I find,

“*Stat contrà ratio, et recretam garrit in aurem.  
Ne liceat facere id, quod quis vitiabit agendo.*”

Only they who do not see how anything might be better done are forward to try their hand on it. Even the master workman must be encouraged by the reflection, that his awkwardness will be incompetent to do that harm, to which

his skill may fail to do justice. Here is no apology for neglecting to do many things from a sense of our incapacity, — for what deed does not fall maimed and imperfect from our hands? — but only a warning to bungle less.

The satires of Persius are the farthest possible from inspired; evidently a chosen, not imposed subject. Perhaps I have given him credit for more earnestness than is apparent; but certain it is, that that which alone we can call Persius, which is forever independent and consistent, was in earnest, and so sanctions the sober consideration of all. The artist and his work are not to be separated. The most wilfully foolish man cannot stand aloof from his folly, but the deed and the doer together make ever one sober fact. The buffoon may not bribe you to laugh always at his grimaces; they shall sculpture themselves in Egyptian granite, to stand heavy as the pyramids on the ground of his character.

T.

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THE SHIELD.

THE old man said, "Take thou this shield, my son,  
Long tried in battle, and long tried by age,  
Guarded by this thy fathers did engage,  
Trusting to this the victory they have won."

Forth from the tower Hope and Desire had built,  
In youth's bright morn I gazed upon the plain, —  
There struggled countless hosts, while many a stain  
Marked where the blood of brave men had been spilt.

With spirit strong I buckled to the fight,  
What sudden chill rushes through every vein?  
Those fatal arms oppress me — all in vain  
My fainting limbs seek their accustomed might.

Forged were those arms for men of other mould,  
Our hands they fetter, cramp our spirits free,  
I throw them on the ground and suddenly  
Comes back my strength — returns my spirit bold.

I stand alone, unarmed, — yet not alone,  
Who heeds no law but what within he finds,  
Trusts his own vision, not to other minds,  
He fights with thee — Father, aid thou thy son.

J.

## THE PROBLEM.

I LIKE a church, I like a cowl,  
 I love a prophet of the soul,  
 And on my heart monastic aisles  
 Fall like sweet strains or pensive smiles,  
 Yet not for all his faith can see  
 Would I that cowed churchman be.

Why should the vest on him allure,  
 Which I could not on me endure?

Not from a vain or shallow thought  
 His awful Jove young Phidias brought;  
 Never from lips of cunning fell  
 The thrilling Delphic oracle;  
 Out from the heart of nature rolled  
 The burdens of the Bible old;  
 The litanies of nations came,  
 Like the volcano's tongue of flame,  
 Up from the burning core below, —  
 The canticles of love and wo.  
 The hand that rounded Peter's dome,  
 And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,  
 Wrought in a sad sincerity.  
 Himself from God he could not free;  
 He builded better than he knew,  
 The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Knowest thou what wove yon wood-bird's nest  
 Of leaves, and feathers from her breast;  
 Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,  
 Painting with morn each annual cell;  
 Or how the sacred pine tree adds  
 To her old leaves new myriads?  
 Such and so grew these holy piles,  
 Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.  
 Earth proudly wears the Parthenon  
 As the best gem upon her zone;  
 And Morning opes with haste her lids  
 To gaze upon the Pyramids;  
 O'er England's Abbeys bends the sky  
 As on its friends with kindred eye;  
 For, out of Thought's interior sphere  
 These wonders rose to upper air,  
 And nature gladly gave them place,  
 Adopted them into her race,  
 And granted them an equal date  
 With Andes and with Ararat.

These temples grew as grows the grass,  
 Art might obey but not surpass.

The passive Master lent his hand  
 To the vast Soul that o'er him planned,  
 And the same power that reared the shrine,  
 Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.  
 Ever the fiery Pentecost  
 Girds with one flame the countless host,  
 Trances the heart through chanting quires,  
 And through the priest the mind inspires.

The word unto the prophet spoken,  
 Was writ on tables yet unbroken ;  
 The word by seers or sybils told  
 In groves of oak or fanes of gold,  
 Still floats upon the morning wind,  
 Still whispers to the willing mind.  
 One accent of the Holy Ghost  
 The heedless world hath never lost.  
 I know what say the Fathers wise, —  
 The Book itself before me lies, —  
 Old *Chrysostom*, best *Augustine*,  
 And he who blent both in his line,  
 The younger *Golden Lips* or mines,  
 Taylor, the Shakspeare of divines ;  
 His words are music in my ear,  
 I see his cowled portrait dear,  
 And yet for all his faith could see,  
 I would not the good bishop be.

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COME MORIR ?

HE leaves the earth, and says, enough and more  
 Unto thee have I given, oh Earth. — For all  
 With hand free and ungrudging gave I up, —  
 But now I leave thy pale hopes and dear pains,  
 The rude fields where so many years I've tilled,  
 And where no other feeling gave me strength,  
 Save that from them my home was aye in view,  
 For only transient clouds could hide from me  
 My spirit's home, whence it came, where should go ; —  
 Enough, more than enough, now let me rest.

J.

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I SLEPT, and dreamed that life was Beauty ;  
 I woke, and found that life was Duty.  
 Was thy dream then a shadowy lie ?  
 Toil on, sad heart, courageously,  
 And thou shalt find thy dream to be  
 A noonday light and truth to thee.

## THE CONCERTS OF THE PAST WINTER.

MUSIC has made a decided progress in our city this last winter. This has appeared in the popularity of the concerts, compared with other amusements, and in the unusual amount of good music, which has not been wholly thrown away upon us. Of course many a lover of the art could not but look skeptically upon all this; could not fail to see that people were determined to this or that concert by fashion rather than by taste, and that the cheap contrivances of Russell always carried away the crowd, while the artist sang or played to the few. We cannot flatter ourselves for a moment that we of Boston are, or shall be for years to come, a musical people. The devoted lover of the art is only beginning to be countenanced and recognised as one better than an idler. He must still keep apologizing to his incredulous, practical neighbors for the heavenly influence which haunts him. He does not live in a genial atmosphere of music, but in the cold east wind of utility; and meets few who will acknowledge that what he loves has anything to do with life. Still we are confident we feel a progress. There is a musical element in the people; for there is certainly a religious sentiment, a restlessness, which craves more than the actual affords, an aspiration and yearning of the heart for communion, which cannot take place through words and thoughts, but only through some subtler medium, like music. It is not nature's fault, if we want the musical sense or organ. Slow, but sure development, under proper culture, will prove this. Singing is taught in schools embracing thousands, without much consciousness, to be sure, of the higher meaning of music, but with great success in producing quick and correct ears, and pure, flexible voices, and in making the number of those who can sing and read music, and of those who can enjoy and appreciate it, vastly greater than it was. This creates audiences for the oratorios and concerts; there is a looking that way; and the art bids fair sooner or later to have justice done it.

Next to thorough drilling in the rudiments, we want inspiring models. We want to hear good music. In the

schools the surface of the soil is loosened: it is time that good seeds should be dropped into it. The Psalmody of the country choir and the dancing master's fiddle, the waltzes and variations of the music-shop, Russell's songs, and "Jim Crow" and "Harrison Melodies," are not apt to visit the popular mind with the deep emotions of true music. Handel should be heard more, and Haydn, and Mozart, and Beethoven. The works of true genius, which cannot be too familiar, since they are always new like nature, should salute our ears until the nobler chords within our souls respond. We should be taught the same reverence for Bach and Handel as for Homer; and, having felt the spell of their harmonies upon us, should glow at the mention of their names. Every opportunity of hearing good music is to be hailed as an angel's visit in our community. It is in this view that we look back with pleasure upon the concerts of the past season.

That music of any kind draws crowds, is encouraging. But we have been more than encouraged, on looking over our old concert bills, which we have kept through the winter as a record of pleasant hours, to see how much genuine classic music has been brought out, with more or less success at the various concerts:—music, which the few devoutly musical had heard of, and longed to hear, with but a faint hope that they should soon be so blest;—music, which introduces us within the charmed precincts of genius, like Beethoven's. In attempting to single out the most significant from such a multitude of performances, we shall of course omit much that was praiseworthy; for our opportunity of hearing was limited, nor is our memory sure, nor our space sufficient.

Most worthy of mention were the Oratorios of the Handel and Haydn Society. We had "*The Messiah*" twice and "*The Creation*" several times. Neukomm's "*David*" had the greatest run, as usual. It is brilliant and variegated, and had been more thoroughly practised and learned than the other pieces. But as a composition it should not be mentioned with them. Its interest fades away, when it is repeated beyond a certain point, while that of "*The Messiah*" steadily increases. To the former we owe some bright hours, to the latter an influence for life. We feel tempted to call "*The Messiah*" the only Oratorio, and to doubt if

there will ever be another. "*David*" is something half-way between the Oratorio and the Opera; it is too dramatic, too individual and personal, too circumstantial to be sublime. "*The Messiah*" was brought out this winter for the first time in a manner which made it felt, and conveyed some idea or presentiment of its true grandeur, depth, and beauty. Many hearers then, for the first time, discovered what a treasure the world contained, and were moved to try to appreciate it. This effect was owing in great part to the Society's new hall, the *Melodéon*, which gives ample scope to the great choruses. The orchestra, though small, was uncommonly good. Much as we loved this music before, we were not properly aware until now of the surpassing beauty of the accompaniments. They were sketched by Handel, when instrumentation was limited, and filled out with a glorious warmth of coloring by Mozart. To have done it so well his soul must have become impregnated with the very spirit of the original. Handel seems to have monopolized the one subject for an Oratorio, *Humanity's anticipation of its Messiah*. This properly is the one theme of all pure music; this is the mysterious promise which it whispers; this is the hope with which it fills us as its tones seem to fall from the blue sky, or to exhale through the earth's pores from its secret divine fountains. Music is the aspiration, the yearnings of the heart to the Infinite. It is the prayer of faith, which has no fear, no weakness in it. It delivers us from our actual bondage; it buoys us up above our accidents, and wafts us on waves of melody to the heart's ideal home. This longing of the heart, which is a permanent fact of human life, and with which all know how to sympathize, has received its most perfect historical form in the Jewish expectation of a Messiah. The prediction and coming of Jesus stand as a type forever of the divine restlessness, the prophetic yearning of the heart of humanity. Has any poet found words for this feeling to match with those of the Psalmist and the Prophets of old? With wonderful judgment Handel called out the noblest of those grand sentences, and constructed them into a complete and epic unity. They are almost the only words we know, which do not limit the free, world-permeating, ever-shifting Protean genius of music. Words, the language of thoughts,



are too definite, and clip the wings and clog the graceful movements of this unresting spirit: she chants forgetfulness of limits, and charms us along with her to the Infinite; she loves to wander through the vague immense, and seems everywhere at once; then only is she beautiful. With the growth of the musical taste, therefore, one acquires a more and more decided preference for instrumental music rather than song; music *pure*, rather than music wedded with another art, which never can be quite congenial. We prefer a Beethoven's Symphony to anything ever sung, with the single exception of Handel's *Messiah*. In that the words seem one with the music, — as eternal, as sublime, as universal and impersonal. They set no limit to the music, but contain in themselves seeds of inexhaustible harmonies and melodies. We could not spare a word, or suffer any change. "*The Messiah*" always must have meaning to all men, it is so impersonal. Its choruses are the voice of all humanity. Its songs are the communion of the solitary soul with the Infinite. But there is no Duet or Trio in it, no talking of individual with individual. Either it is the sublime of the soul merged in the multitude, or it is the sublime of the soul alone with God. And then its depths of sadness! — from such depths alone could roll those mighty ocean-choruses of triumph, the "*Hallelujah*" chorus, the "*Wonderful*" chorus, and "*Worthy the Lamb*." "*The Messiah*" will always stand, in its stern simplicity, as one of the adopted of Nature.

How different "*The Creation*"! We are in another element, with another man, with Haydn, that sunny, genial, busy nature. If with Handel all is unity, grandeur, bold simplicity, universality; here all is variety, individuality, profusion of detail. If with Handel it is aspiration to the Unknown, here it is description of the Known. If one forebodes another world, the other lovingly reflects the hues of this world. Handel with bold hand sketches gigantic shadows, which lose themselves in infinite space. With Haydn everything is happily planned within the limits of certainty, and conscientiously and gracefully finished. It is the perfection of art. A work of Haydn's is a Grecian temple: there it stands complete in itself and fully executed, and suggests no more. A work of Handel's, (still more of Beethoven's,) is a Gothic cathedral,

which seems never finished, but becoming, growing, yearning and striving upwards, the beginning only of a boundless plan, whose consummation is in another world. We enjoy with Haydn the serene pleasure of doing things, the ever fresh surprise of accomplishment. With him we round off and finish one thing after another, and look upon it and pronounce it good; but we do not lift our eyes away and yearn for what is beyond. Constant, cheerful activity was the element of Haydn. Hence the Creation was the very subject for the man; his whole nature chose it for him. In "*The Creation*" the instrumental accompaniments are prominent, and the voices secondary. The orchestra weaves the picture; the voices but hint its meaning. Literal description of nature is carried even too far in it. Beautiful and surprising as those imitations are, of Chaos, and the birth of Light, and rolling ocean, and smooth meadows, and brooks, and birds, and breezes, monsters of the deep and of the forest, and insects sparkling like gold dust in the sunny air, — yet often they seem too mechanical and curious, and out of the province of Art, which should breathe the pervading spirit of Nature, as a whole, and not copy too carefully the things that are in it. Whoever has studied the Pastoral Symphony, or the Pastoral Sonata of Beethoven, will feel the difference between music which flows from an inward feeling of nature, from a common consciousness (as it were) with nature, and the music which only copies, from without, her single features. These pieces bring all summer sensations over you, but they do not let you identify a note or a passage as standing for a stream, or a bird. They do not say; look at this or that, now imagine nightingales, now thunder, now mountains, and now sunspots chasing shadows; but they make you feel as you would if you were lying on a grassy slope in a summer's afternoon, with the melancholy leisure of a shepherd swain, and these things all around you without your noticing them. Haydn paints you this or that by means of various qualities and combinations of tone, and various movements; with wonderful success he calls up images; you admire the ingenuity and the beauty, but are not inspired. We were glad to hear the opening symphony, representing chaos, performed by the orchestra so as to give us some dim conception of

what it might be when given by a great and practised orchestra abroad. Here, of course, these things are done upon a small scale. Still they afford the lover of music an opportunity to study the great works, of which he has heard, and thus prepare himself to hear them understandingly whenever he shall be blessed with a hearing of them in their full proportions. We do feel that we grow familiar with "*The Messiah*," though we have only heard it here. The characteristic and eternal features of the composition as it was in the mind of Handel, seem to come out more and more clearly as we think it over, and remain in our mind long after the accidents of an inadequate performance are forgotten. An ideal of what "*The Messiah*" in itself must be is nourished in us by "*The Messiah*," as we have heard it under such comparatively poor advantages. For this we thank the Handel and Haydn Society. We congratulate them on the success of their last performances; and we think the interest with which a crowded audience listened, a sign of some significance in a community only beginning to be musical. Would it not have been better to have repeated "*The Messiah*" again and again, and then "*The Creation*," as long as audiences would come, so that our people might study and get to appreciate this grand music? They require to be heard many times, until their melodies wander through our vacant minds unconsciously as we walk and as we work. A repeated performance of "*The Messiah*," as good as the two given last winter, would do more to bring out the latent musical taste of the people, than anything else unless it were a very perfect opera, which we cannot have.

Next to the oratorios, we remember with most pleasure the two concerts of Mr. Rackemann, and the two of Mr. Kossowski, the distinguished pianists. These gentlemen are both artists; the former superior in chaste elegance and finish of execution, the latter in fire and energy. The former seems to have accomplished most; the latter promises most,—there is inspiration, as well as skill in his performance. They have introduced us to the new school of Piano Forte playing, and have let us hear some of the wonderful feats of Thalberg, Dohler, Chopin, Henselt, and Liszt. These masters have given a new meaning to the Piano Forte, having, by indefatigable practice superadded

to more or less of genius, attained to a mastery of its powers, and bringing out the peculiar soul (as it were) of the instrument, in a way unknown before. Their compositions are peculiarly Piano Forte compositions, and adapted to the display of their new arts of astonishing execution. It was a satisfaction to hear them. They certainly have a great deal of character, and are interesting in their kind. We can enjoy them for what they are, without complaining that they are not something else. They are rich, brilliant, wild, astonishing. They revel in insatiable rapture and rage of all fantastic motions. They are the heaving of the billowy deep, now dark, now lit by gleams of lightning; they are the sweeping breeze of the forest; they are the flickering aurora; they are the cool flow of the summer evening zephyr; they are the dance of the elves by moonlight; they are everything marvellous and exquisite. There is marked individuality, too, in the works of each. There is sweet pathos in the *Nightmores* of Chopin. There is a fond, dreamy home-sickness in the "*Souvenir de Varsovie*," by Henselt; and in his "*If I were a bird I'd fly to thee*," how the soul dissolves and floats away! — the instrument becomes fluid. The "*Galoppe Chromatique*" of Liszt, was altogether the wildest and most original thing of all, and displayed a genius which we might expect from this devout admirer of Beethoven. We can admire too, though without much lasting soul-satisfaction, the massive, gorgeous constructiveness of Thalberg. One of the novelties of this style of playing, which is highly expressive, consists in carrying on an air in the middle of the instrument, with a florid accompaniment playing around it, above and below. The story seems transacted betwixt earth and sky. In this way the whole length of the Piano Forte speaks at once, and it becomes quite an orchestra in itself. It is with pleasure that we record these things, and we hope to have an opportunity to appreciate them better, that we may judge them more discriminatingly. But we should have been much more pleased to have heard the Sonatas of Beethoven, the "*Concert-Stück*" of Weber, and such true classic works, not written for the sake of displaying the Piano Forte, but for the sake of music. The pianists of the day show too much of ambition, too little of inspiration, of

true art-feeling, in their playing and their choice of subjects. These performances were varied by two Trios of Beethoven, for Piano, Violin, &c., given in the best style of our young German professors, who always play as if they breathed an element which we do not. These were rare sounds in our concert rooms. The few artists who cultivate this diviner music, seem to keep it to themselves, and to feel that it would be casting pearls before swine to produce it before audiences, which can be enraptured about Russell. But was not the result in these trials encouraging? There was profound silence in the room, followed by a gleam of pure satisfaction on most faces as we looked round;—or was it only the fancied reflection of our own mood? We think not. Let us have more of this. How can we ever have taste enough to keep musicians warm, if they will risk nothing upon us, and never give us a chance to hear the best?

Mr. Knight's last concert deserves particular notice as being the first and the only promiscuous concert in this place, composed entirely of classic pieces from great masters. It was music for the few, who, we trust, are gradually becoming more; and we were surprised that all the lovers of good music did not come out. Here we had Beethoven's "*Adeläide*;" which, however, we were sorry to hear transposed into an English song, "*Rosalie*," which is not nearly so beautiful, and is moreover an entire change of subject, not the theme which first inspired the music. Mr. Knight sang it in his usual chaste and true style; though with hardly enough of feeling. The second movement, too, was sung much too rapidly; it did not give the ear time to dwell upon those magnificent chords of the accompaniment, which is as wonderful as the part for the voice. But for a just criticism of this and of the whole concert we would refer to the excellent "*Musical Magazine*" of Mr. Hach, — a work which we are glad to notice in passing; for, next to good music itself, good musical criticism should be hailed as among the encouraging signs. Mr. Knight also sang with great effect "*The Gravedigger*," by Kalliwoda, and "*The Erl-King*," by Schubert, two genuine flowers of German song. Then there was a Canzonet of Haydn, a "*Gratias Agimus*," by Guglielmi, a Septuor of Haydn's, and another of Mozart's, and several

more pieces of that order. Mr. Knight is perhaps the most accomplished musician of all the singers who have visited us. Some of his own compositions are original and highly intellectual. His skill in accompaniment is remarkable. For a promiscuous audience his singing of a common sentimental song is too cold, and fails to move; but his singing of such music as the songs in "*The Creation*," is more than faultless. If he remains with us, we trust he will continue to presume upon the growing taste of the public, and to labor for Art more than popularity. Such efforts will in time be rewarded by the formation of a sure and appreciative audience.

The "Amateur Orchestra" have cultivated the higher classic music with encouraging success, and by the concerts to which they invite their friends occasionally, do much to create a taste for the best Symphonies and Overtures. On the last occasion they were assisted by the "Social Glee Club." The performances of both were excellent, and the selection of pieces such as would interest an audience of musicians. The house was crowded. The grand and dark Overtures of Kalliwoda, another by Romberg, that of Tancredi, and a Symphony by Ries, the pupil of Beethoven, were given with much effect, and evidently felt by the crowd. Of a similar character, though more miscellaneous, was the complimentary concert gotten up by the members of the musical corps for Mr. Asa Warren, the modest and deserving leader for many years of the Handel and Haydn Orchestra. Enthusiasm for the man brought together the largest orchestra, which has yet appeared in our city. The overture to "*La Gazza Ladza*" was admirably executed; it is worth noticing, that this was the first instance we remember of an Overture's being repeated at the call of an audience. This promises something. We could not but feel that the materials, that evening collected, might, if they could be kept together through the year, and induced to practice, form an Orchestra worthy to execute the grand works of Haydn and Mozart. Orchestra and audience would improve together, and we might even hope to hear one day the "*Sinfonia Eroica*," and the "*Pastorale*" of Beethoven.

The Boston Academy have been very lately giving a short series of public performances, which should be among

the most attractive and popular, if there is any charm in the names of Haydn, Sebastian Bach, Fesca, Pasiello, &c. But the audience was not worthy of the occasion. The general public, those who go to concerts for amusement or from the fashion of the thing, had doubtless been wearied out with concerts long before. Still worse, those who went seemed not to be mainly of the musical class; and a magnificent Organ Fugue of Bach, performed by Mr. Müller, the most accomplished organist who has been among us, was thrown away upon a yawning, talking assembly. The "*Spring*," from Haydn's "*Seasons*," was better appreciated because of its sprightliness. The Academy want Solo singers. Moreover, their style of singing seems too merely mechanically precise, without glow, and a common consciousness blending instruments and voices into one. Our people are not yet so musical that they can be attracted by a piece without regard to the performer. They will go to hear Caradori, Rackemann, &c. sooner than they will to hear Mozart or Haydn. But we hope the Academy will persevere in producing what they can of the great music. The audience one day will come round.

Much more might be mentioned. But we have not space. And it was our purpose only to mention what stood out in our memory most prominently as signs of real progress. Looking back over this wide field of concerts, we note the few sunny spots. Our "*Dial*" does not tell the time of day, except the sun shine. It ignores what is dull and merely of course, and proclaims the signs of hope.

Were this the proper place, we might say much of what has been done in a quieter way in private musical circles. Much of the choicest music, of what the English call "*Chamber music*," has been heard and enjoyed in various houses by the few. Were all these little circles brought together it would form a musical public, which no artist need despise. This leads us to make a few suggestions in view of a coming concert season.

We want two things. Frequent public performances of the best music, and a constant audience, of which the two or three hundred most musical persons in the community shall be the nucleus. Good music has been so rare, that when it comes, those, who know how to enjoy such, do not trust it, and do not go.

To secure these ends, might not a plan of this kind be realized. Let a few of our most accomplished and refined musicians institute a series of cheap instrumental concerts, like the Quartette Concerts, or the "Classic Concerts" of Moscheles in England. Let them engage to perform Quartettes, &c., with occasionally a Symphony, by the best masters and no other. Let them repeat the best and most characteristic pieces enough to make them a study to the audience. To ensure a proper audience there should be subscribers to the course. The two or three hundred, who are scattered about and really long to hear and make acquaintance with Beethoven and Haydn, could easily be brought together by such an attraction, and would form a nucleus to whatever audience might be collected, and would give a tone to the whole, and secure attention. Why will not our friends, Messrs. Schmidt, Hach, Isenbech, &c. undertake this? It might be but a labor of love at the outset; but it would create in time the taste which would patronize it and reward it.

Might not a series of lectures too, on the different styles and composers be instituted under the auspices of the Academy, or some other association, parallel with the musical performances? A biography and critical analysis of the musical genius of Handel, for instance, would add interest to the performance of "*The Messiah*."

D.

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### A DIALOGUE.

DAHLIA.

My cup already doth with light o'errun.  
 Descend, fair sun;  
 I am all crimsoned for the bridal hour,  
 Come to thy flower.

THE SUN.

Ah, if I pause, my work will not be done,  
 On I must run,  
 The mountains wait. — I love thee, lustrous flower,  
 But give to love no hour.



## RICHTER.

POET of Nature! Gentlest of the Wise!  
 Most airy of the fanciful, most keen  
 Of satirists, thy thoughts, like butterflies,  
 Still near the sweet-scented flowers have been;  
 With Titian's colors thou canst sunset paint,  
 With Raphael's dignity, celestial love;  
 With Hogarth's pencil, each deceit and feint  
 Of meanness and hypocrisy reprove;  
 Canst to Devotion's highest flight sublime  
 Exalt the mind, by tenderest pathos' art,  
 Dissolve in purifying tears the heart,  
 Or bid it, shuddering, recoil at crime;  
 The fond illusions of the youth and maid,  
 At which so many world-formed sages sneer,  
 When by thy altar-lighted torch displayed,  
 Our natural religion can appear.  
 All things in thee tend to one polar star,  
 Magnetic all thy influences are!

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*Some murmur at the "want of system" in Richter's writings.*

A LABYRINTH! a flowery wilderness!  
 Some in thy "Slip-boxes" and "Honey-moons"  
 Complain of — *want of order*, I confess,  
 But not of *system*, in its highest sense.  
 Who asks a guiding clue through this wide mind,  
 In love of Nature, such will surely find;  
 In tropic climes, live like the tropic bird,  
 Whene'er a spice-fraught grove may tempt thy stay,  
 Nor be by cares of colder climes disturbed, —  
 No frost the Summer's bloom shall drive away.  
 Nature's wide temple, and the azure dome,  
 Have plan enough for the free spirit's home!

## THE MORNING BREEZE.

OCEAN, that lay  
 Like a sick child, spiritless, well nigh death,  
 Now curls and ripples in eternal play  
 Beneath thy breath.

## DANTE.

BUT who the Alpine monarch reigns?  
 Who like Mont Blanc may soar?  
 Who clothes his thought in robes of snow,  
 Severely chaste and hoar?

Who, but my Dante? — Morning breaks. —  
 The inaccessible sun,  
 With rays of light the singer crowns,  
 Whose thought and word are one.

S.

---

 A SKETCH.

BESIDE me sat one of the few, one gifted  
 To draw some keen rays from the sun of Truth,  
 And guide them to the freezing hearts of men,  
 Whose mind, full, ardent, to his race o'erflowing,  
 And by vocation given to heavenly themes,  
 Asked but one genial touch to wake to music,  
 And sing, like Memnon, of a fairer morning,  
 Which knows no cloud nor leads to sultry noon.

---

 A SKETCH.

SHE is a thing, all grace, all loveliness,  
 A fragrant flower nursed in an arid waste,  
 A many-toned and ever-winning melody,  
 A fine-wrought vase, filled with enchanted wine,  
 A living, speaking book of Poesy,  
 The shape revealed to Wordsworth in a dream  
 From our lost star the only gladdening beam.

---

DID you never admire anything your friend did merely because he  
 did it? Never! — you always had a better reason. Wise man, you  
 never knew what it is to love.

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# THE DIAL :

## MAGAZINE

FOR

### LITERATURE, PHILOSOPHY, AND RELIGION.

---

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A

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# THE DIAL.

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## THOUGHTS ON MODERN LITERATURE.

THERE is no better illustration of the laws by which the world is governed than Literature. There is no luck in it. It proceeds by Fate. Every scripture is given by the inspiration of God. Every composition proceeds out of a greater or less depth of thought, and this is the measure of its effect. The highest class of books are those which express the moral element; the next, works of imagination; and the next, works of science; — all dealing in realities, — what ought to be, what is, and what appears. These, in proportion to the truth and beauty they involve, remain; the rest perish. They proceed out of the silent living mind to be heard again by the living mind. Of the best books it is hardest to write the history. Those books which are for all time are written indifferently at any time. For high genius is a day without night, a Caspian Ocean which hath no tides. And yet is literature in some sort a creature of time. Always the oracular soul is the source of thought, but always the occasion is administered by the low mediations of circumstance. Religion, Love, Ambition, War, some fierce antagonism, or it may be, some petty annoyance must break the round of perfect circulation, or no spark, no joy, no event can be. The poet rambling through the fields or the forest, absorbed in contemplation to that degree, that his walk is but a pretty dream, would never awake to precise thought, if the scream of an eagle, the cries of a crow or curlew near his head did not break the

sweet continuity. Nay the finest lyrics of the poet come of this unequal parentage; the imps of matter beget such child on the soul, fair daughter of God. Nature mixes facts with thoughts to yield a poem. But the gift of immortality is of the mother's side. In the spirit in which they are written is the date of their duration, and never in the magnitude of the facts. Everything lasts in proportion to its beauty. In proportion as it was not polluted by any wilfulness of the writer, but flowed from his mind after the divine order of cause and effect, it was not his but nature's, and shared the sublimity of the sea and sky. That which is truly told, nature herself takes in charge against the whims and injustice of men. For ages, Herodotus was reckoned a credulous gossip in his descriptions of Africa, and now the sublime silent desert testifies through the mouths of Bruce, Lyons, Caillaud, Burckhardt, Belzoni, to the truth of the calumniated historian.

And yet men imagine that books are dice, and have no merit in their fortune; that the trade and the favor of a few critics can get one book into circulation, and defeat another; and that in the production of these things the author has chosen and may choose to do thus and so. Society also wishes to assign subjects and methods to its writers. But neither reader nor author may intermeddle. You cannot reason at will in this and that other vein, but only as you must. You cannot make quaint combinations, and bring to the crucible and alembic of truth things far fetched or fantastic or popular, but your method and your subject are foreordained in all your nature, and in all nature, or ever the earth was, or it has no worth. All that gives currency still to any book, advertised in the morning's newspaper in London or Boston, is the remains of faith in the breast of men that not adroit book makers, but the inextinguishable soul of the universe reports of itself in articulate discourse to-day as of old. The ancients strongly expressed their sense of the unmanageableness of these words of the spirit by saying, that the God made his priest insane, took him hither and thither as leaves are whirled by the tempest. But we sing as we are bid. Our inspirations are very manageable and tame. Death and sin have whispered in the ear of the wild horse of Heaven, and he has become a dray and a hack. And step by step with

the entrance of this era of ease and convenience, the belief in the proper Inspiration of man has departed.

Literary accomplishments, skill in grammar and rhetoric, knowledge of books, can never atone for the want of things which demand voice. Literature is a poor trick when it busies itself to make words pass for things. The most original book in the world is the Bible. This old collection of the ejaculations of love and dread, of the supreme desires and contritions of men proceeding out of the region of the grand and eternal, by whatsoever different mouths spoken, and through a wide extent of times and countries, seems, especially if you add to our canon the kindred sacred writings of the Hindoos, Persians, and Greeks, the alphabet of the nations, — and all posterior literature either the chronicle of facts under very inferior ideas, or, when it rises to sentiment, the combinations, analogies, or degradations of this. The elevation of this book may be measured by observing, how certainly all elevation of thought clothes itself in the words and forms of speech of that book. For the human mind is not now sufficiently erect to judge and correct that scripture. Whatever is majestically thought in a great moral element, instantly approaches this old Sanscrit. It is in the nature of things that the highest originality must be moral. The only person, who can be entirely independent of this fountain of literature and equal to it, must be a prophet in his own proper person. Shakspeare, the first literary genius of the world, the highest in whom the moral is not the predominating element, leans on the Bible: his poetry supposes it. If we examine this brilliant influence — Shakspeare — as it lies in our minds, we shall find it reverent not only of the letter of this book, but of the whole frame of society which stood in Europe upon it, deeply indebted to the traditional morality, in short, compared with the tone of the Prophets, *secondary*. On the other hand, the Prophets do not imply the existence of Shakspeare or Homer, — advert to no books or arts, only to dread ideas and emotions. People imagine that the place, which the Bible holds in the world, it owes to miracles. It owes it simply to the fact that it came out of a profounder depth of thought than any other book, and the effect must be precisely proportionate. Gibbon fancied that it was combinations of circumstances that

gave Christianity its place in history. But in nature it takes an ounce to balance an ounce.

All just criticism will not only behold in literature the action of necessary laws, but must also oversee literature itself. The erect mind disparages all books. What are books? it saith: they can have no permanent value. How obviously initial they are to their authors. The books of the nations, the universal books, are long ago forgotten by those who wrote them, and one day we shall forget this primer learning. Literature is made up of a few ideas and a few fables. It is a heap of nouns and verbs enclosing an intuition or two. We must learn to judge books by absolute standards. When we are aroused to a life in ourselves, these traditional splendors of letters grow very pale and cold. Men seem to forget that all literature is ephemeral, and unwillingly entertain the supposition of its utter disappearance. They deem not only letters in general, but the best books in particular, parts of a preestablished harmony, fatal, unalterable, and do not go behind Virgil and Dante, much less behind Moses, Ezekiel, and St. John. But no man can be a good critic of any book, who does not read it in a wisdom which transcends the instructions of any book, and treats the whole extant product of the human intellect as only one age revisable and reversible by him.

Just like a  
 nothing of an  
 book is full  
 of life!

In our fidelity to the higher truth, we need not disown our debt in our actual state of culture, in the twilights of experience to these rude helpers. They keep alive the memory and the hope of a better day. When we flout all particular books as initial merely, we truly express the privilege of spiritual nature; but, alas, not the fact and fortune of this low Massachusetts and Boston, of these humble Junes and Decembers of mortal life. Our souls are not self-fed, but do eat and drink of chemical water and wheat. Let us not forget the genial miraculous force we have known to proceed from a book. We go musing into the vault of day and night; no constellation shines, no muse descends, the stars are white points, the roses brick-colored leaves, and frogs pipe, mice cheep, and wagons creak along the road. We return to the house and take up Plutarch or Augustine, and read a few sentences or pages, and lo! the air swarms with life; the front of

heaven is full of fiery shapes ; secrets of magnanimity and grandeur invite us on every hand ; life is made up of them. Such is our debt to a book. Observe, moreover, that we ought to credit literature with much more than the bare word it gives us. I have just been reading poems which now in my memory shine with a certain steady, warm, autumnal light. That is not in their grammatical construction which they give me. If I analyze the sentences, it eludes me, but is the genius and suggestion of the whole. Over every true poem lingers a certain wild beauty, immeasurable ; a happiness lightsome and delicious fills the heart and brain, — as they say, every man walks environed by his proper atmosphere, extending to some distance around him. This beautiful result must be credited to literature also in casting its account.

In looking at the library of the Present Age we are first struck with the fact of the immense miscellany. It can hardly be characterized by any species of book, for every opinion old and new, every hope and fear, every whim and folly has an organ. It prints a vast carcass of tradition every year, with as much solemnity as a new revelation. Along with these it vents books that breathe of new morning, that seem to heave with the life of millions, books for which men and women peak and pine ; books which take the rose out of the cheek of him that wrote them, and give him to the midnight a sad, solitary, diseased man ; which leave no man where they found him, but make him better or worse ; and which work dubiously on society, and seem to inoculate it with a venom before any healthy result appears.

In order to any complete view of the literature of the present age, an inquiry should include what it quotes, what it writes, and what it wishes to write. In our present attempt to enumerate some traits of the recent literature, we shall have somewhat to offer on each of these topics, but we cannot promise to set in very exact order what we have to say.

In the first place, it has all books. It reprints the wisdom of the world. How can the age be a bad one, which gives me Plato and Paul and Plutarch, St. Augustine, Spinoza, Chapman, Beaumont and Fletcher, Donne and Sir Thomas Browne, beside its own riches ? Our presses

groan every year with new editions of all the select pieces of the first of mankind, — meditations, history, classifications, opinions, epics, lyrics, which the age adopts by quoting them. If we should designate favorite studies in which the age delights more than in the rest of this great mass of the permanent literature of the human race, one or two instances would be conspicuous. First; the prodigious growth and influence of the genius of Shakspeare, in the last one hundred and fifty years, is itself a fact of the first importance. It almost alone has called out the genius of the German nation into an activity, which spreading from the poetic into the scientific, religious, and philosophical domains, has made theirs now at last the paramount intellectual influence of the world, reacting with great energy on England and America. And thus, and not by mechanical diffusion, does an original genius work and spread himself. Society becomes an immense Shakspeare. Not otherwise could the poet be admired, nay, not even seen; — not until his living, conversing, and writing had diffused his spirit into the young and acquiring class, so that he had multiplied himself into a thousand sons, a thousand Shakspeares, and so understands himself.

Secondly; the history of freedom it studies with eagerness in civil, in religious, in philosophic history. It has explored every monument of Anglo-Saxon history and law, and mainly every scrap of printed or written paper remaining from the period of the English Commonwealth. It has, out of England, devoted much thought and pains to the history of philosophy. It has groped in all nations where was any literature for the early poetry not only the dramatic, but the rudest lyric; for songs and ballads, the Nibelungen Lied, the poems of Hans Sachs and Henry of Alckmaer in Germany, for the Cid in Spain, for the rough-cast verse of the interior nations of Europe, and in Britain for the ballads of Scotland and of Robinhood.

In its own books also, our age celebrates its wants, achievements, and hopes. A wide superficial cultivation, often a mere clearing and whitewashing, indicate the new taste in the hitherto neglected savage, whether of the cities or the fields, to know the arts and share the spiritual efforts of the refined. The time is marked by the multitude of writers. Soldiers, sailors, servants, nobles, princes, women, write

books. The progress of trade and the facilities for locomotion have made the world nomadic again. Of course it is well informed. All facts are exposed. The age is not to be trifled with: it wishes to know who is who, and what is what. Let there be no ghost stories more. Send Humboldt and Bonpland to explore Mexico, Guiana, and the Cordilleras. Let Captain Parry learn if there be a northwest passage to America, and Mr. Lander learn the true course of the Niger. Pückler Muskau will go to Algiers, and Sir Francis Head to the Pampas, to the Brunnens of Nassau, and to Canada. Then let us have charts true and Gazeteers correct. We will know where Babylon stood, and settle the topography of the Roman Forum. We will know whatever is to be known of Australasia, of Japan, of Persia, of Egypt, of Timbuctoo, of Palestine.

Thus Christendom has become a great reading-room; and its books have the convenient merits of the newspaper, its eminent propriety, and its superficial exactness of information. The age is well bred, knows the world, has no nonsense, and herein is well distinguished from the learned ages that preceded ours. That there is no fool like your learned fool, is a proverb plentifully illustrated in the history and writings of the English and European scholars for the half millenium that preceded the beginning of the eighteenth century. The best heads of their time build or occupy such card-house theories of religion, politics, and natural science, as a clever boy would now blow away. What stuff in Kepler, in Cardan, in Lord Bacon. Montaigne, with all his French wit and downright sense, is little better: a sophomore would wind him round his finger. Some of the Medical Remains of Lord Bacon in the book for his own use, "Of the Prolongation of Life," will move a smile in the unpoetical practitioner of the Medical College. They remind us of the drugs and practice of the leeches and enchanters of Eastern romance. Thus we find in his whimsical collection of astringents:

"A stomacher of scarlet cloth; whelps or young healthy boys applied to the stomach; hippocratic wines, so they be made of austere materials.

"8. To remember masticatories for the mouth.

"9. And orange flower water to be smelled or snuffed up.

"10. In the third hour after the sun is risen to take in

air from some high and open place with a ventilation of *rosa moschata* and fresh violets, and to stir the earth with infusion of wine and mint.

"17. To use once during supper time wine in which gold is quenched.

"26. Heroic desires.

"28. To provide always an apt breakfast.

"29. To do nothing against a man's genius."

To the substance of some of these specifics we have no objection. We think we should get no better at the Medical College to-day: and of all astringents we should reckon the best, "heroic desires," and "doing nothing against one's genius." Yet the principle of modern classification is different. In the same place, it is curious to find a good deal of pretty nonsense concerning the virtues of the ashes of a hedgehog, the heart of an ape, the moss that groweth upon the skull of a dead man unburied, and the comfort that proceeds to the system from wearing beads of amber, coral, and hartshorn; — or from rings of sea horse teeth worn for cramp; — to find all these masses of moonshine side by side with the gravest and most valuable observations.

The good Sir Thomas Browne recommends as empirical cures for the gout:

"To wear shoes made of a lion's skin.

"Try transplantation: Give poultices taken from the part to dogs.

"Try the magnified amulet of Muffetus, of spiders' legs worn in a deer's skin, or of tortoises' legs cut off from the living tortoise and wrapped up in the skin of a kid."

Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy is an encyclopædia of authors and of opinions, where one who should forage for exploded theories might easily load his panniers. In dæmonology, for example; "The air," he says, "is not so full of flies in summer as it is at all times of invisible devils. They counterfeit suns and moons, and sit on ships' masts. They cause whirlwinds on a sudden and tempestuous storms, which though our meteorologists generally refer to natural causes, yet I am of Bodine's mind, they are more often caused by those aerial devils in their several quarters. Cardan gives much information concerning them. His father had one of them, an aerial devil, bound to him



for eight and twenty years ; as Agrippa's dog had a devil tied to his collar. Some think that Paracelsus had one confined in his sword pommel. Others wear them in rings. At Hammel in Saxony, the devil in the likeness of a pied piper carried away 130 children that were never after seen."

All this sky-full of cobwebs is now forever swept clean away. Another race is born. Humboldt and Herschel, Davy and Arago, Malthus and Bentham have arrived. If Robert Burton should be quoted to represent the army of scholars, who have furnished a contribution to his moody pages, Horace Walpole, whose letters circulate in the libraries, might be taken with some fitness to represent the spirit of much recent literature. He has taste, common sense, love of facts, impatience of humbug, love of history, love of splendor, love of justice, and the sentiment of honor among gentlemen ; but no life whatever of the higher faculties, no faith, no hope, no aspiration, no question touching the secret of nature.

The favorable side of this research and love of facts is the bold and systematic criticism, which has appeared in every department of literature. From Wolf's attack upon the authenticity of the Homeric Poems, dates a new epoch in learning. Ancient history has been found to be not yet settled. It is to be subjected to common sense. It is to be cross examined. It is to be seen, whether its traditions will consist not with universal belief, but with universal experience. Niebuhr has sifted Roman history by the like methods. Heeren has made good essays towards ascertaining the necessary facts in the Grecian, Persian, Assyrian, Egyptian, Ethiopic, Carthaginian nations. English history has been analyzed by Turner, Hallam, Brodie, Lingard, Palgrave. Goethe has gone the circuit of human knowledge, as Lord Bacon did before him, writing True or False on every article. Bentham has attempted the same scrutiny in reference to Civil Law. Pestalozzi out of a deep love undertook the reform of education. The ambition of Coleridge in England embraced the whole problem of philosophy ; to find, that is, a foundation in thought for everything that existed in fact. The German philosophers, Schelling, Kant, Fichte, have applied their analysis to nature and thought with an antique boldness. There can be

no honest inquiry, which is not better than acquiescence. Inquiries, which once looked grave and vital no doubt, change their appearance very fast, and come to look frivolous beside the later queries to which they gave occasion.

This skeptical activity, at first directed on circumstances and historical views deemed of great importance, soon penetrated deeper than Rome or Egypt, than history or institutions, or the vocabulary of metaphysics, namely, into the thinker himself, and into every function he exercises. The poetry and the speculation of the age are marked by a certain philosophic turn, which discriminates them from the works of earlier times. The poet is not content to see how "fair hangs the apple from the rock," "what music a sunbeam awoke in the groves," nor of Hardiknute, how "stately steppes he east the way, and stately steppes he west," but he now revolves, What is the apple to me? and what the birds to me? and what is Hardiknute to me? and what am I? And this is called *subjectiveness*, as the eye is withdrawn from the object and fixed on the subject or mind.

We can easily concede that a steadfast tendency of this sort appears in modern literature. It is the new consciousness of the one mind which predominates in criticism. It is the uprise of the soul and not the decline. It is founded on that insatiable demand for unity—the need to recognise one nature in all the variety of objects,—which always characterizes a genius of the first order. Accustomed always to behold the presence of the universe in every part, the soul will not condescend to look at any new part as a stranger, but saith,—“I know all already, and what art thou? Show me thy relations to me, to all, and I will entertain thee also.”

There is a pernicious ambiguity in the use of the term *subjective*. We say, in accordance with the general view I have stated, that the single soul feels its right to be no longer confounded with numbers, but itself to sit in judgment on history and literature, and to summon all facts and parties before its tribunal. And in this sense the age is subjective.

But, in all ages, and now more, the narrow-minded have no interest in anything but its relation to their personality. What will help them to be delivered from some burden,

eased in some circumstance, flattered, or pardoned, or enriched, what will help to marry or to divorce them, to prolong or to sweeten life, is sure of their interest, and nothing else. Every form under the whole heaven they behold in this most partial light or darkness of intense selfishness, until we hate their being. And this habit of intellectual selfishness has acquired in our day the fine name of subjectiveness.

Nor is the distinction between these two habits to be found in the circumstance of using the first person singular, or reciting facts and feelings of personal history. A man may say *I*, and never refer to himself as an individual; and a man may recite passages of his life with no feeling of egotism. Nor need a man have a vicious subjectiveness because he deals in abstract propositions.

But the criterion, which discriminates these two habits in the poet's mind, is the tendency of his composition; namely, whether it leads us to nature, or to the person of the writer. The great always introduce us to facts; small men introduce us always to themselves. The great man, even whilst he relates a private fact personal to him, is really leading us away from him to an universal experience. His own affection is in nature, in *What is*, and, of course, all his communication leads outward to it, starting from whatsoever point. The great never with their own consent become a load on the minds they instruct. The more they draw us to them, the farther from them or more independent of them we are, because they have brought us to the knowledge of somewhat deeper than both them and us. The great never hinder us; for, as the Jews had a custom of laying their beds north and south, founded on an opinion that the path of God was east and west, and they would not desecrate by the infirmities of sleep the Divine circuits, so the activity of the good is coincident with the axle of the world, with the sun and moon, with the course of the rivers and of the winds, with the stream of laborers in the street, and with all the activity and well being of the race. The great lead us to nature, and, in our age, to metaphysical nature, to the invisible awful facts, to moral abstractions, which are not less nature than is a river or a coal mine; nay, they are far more nature, but its essence and soul.

But the weak and evil, led also to analyze, saw nothing in thought but luxury. Thought for the selfish became selfish. They invited us to contemplate nature, and showed us an abominable self. Would you know the genius of the writer? Do not enumerate his talents or his feats, but ask thyself, What spirit is he of? Do gladness and hope and fortitude flow from his page into thy heart? Has he led thee to nature because his own soul was too happy in beholding her power and love; or is his passion for the wilderness only the sensibility of the sick, the exhibition of a talent, which only shines whilst you praise it; which has no root in the character, and can thus minister to the vanity but not to the happiness of the possessor; and which derives all its eclat from our conventional education, but would not make itself intelligible to the wise man of another age or country? The water we wash with never speaks of itself, nor does fire, or wind, or tree. Neither does the noble natural man: he yields himself to your occasion and use; but his act expresses a reference to universal good.

Another element of the modern poetry akin to this subjective tendency, or rather the direction of that same on the question of resources, is, the Feeling of the Infinite. Of the perception now fast becoming a conscious fact, — that there is One Mind, and that all the powers and privileges which lie in any, lie in all; that I as a man may claim and appropriate whatever of true or fair or good or strong has anywhere been exhibited; that Moses and Confucius, Montaigne and Leibnitz are not so much individuals as they are parts of man and parts of me, and my intelligence proves them my own, — literature is far the best expression. It is true, this is not the only nor the obvious lesson it teaches. A selfish commerce and government have caught the eye and usurped the hand of the masses. It is not to be contested that selfishness and the senses write the laws under which we live, and that the street seems to be built, and the men and women in it moving not in reference to pure and grand ends, but rather to very short and sordid ones. Perhaps no considerable minority, perhaps no one man leads a quite clean and lofty life. What then? We concede in sadness the fact. But we say that these low customary ways are not all that survives

in human beings. There is that in us which mutters, and that which groans, and that which triumphs, and that which aspires. There are facts on which men of the world superciliously smile, which are worth all their trade and politics, the impulses, namely, which drive young men into gardens and solitary places, and cause extravagant gestures, starts, distortions of the countenance, and passionate exclamations; sentiments, which find no aliment or language for themselves on the wharves, in court, or market, but which are soothed by silence, by darkness, by the pale stars, and the presence of nature. All over the modern world the educated and susceptible have betrayed their discontent with the limits of our municipal life, and with the poverty of our dogmas of religion and philosophy. They betray this impatience by fleeing for resource to a conversation with nature—which is courted in a certain moody and exploring spirit, as if they anticipated a more intimate union of man with the world than has been known in recent ages. Those who cannot tell what they desire or expect, still sigh and struggle with indefinite thoughts and vast wishes. The very child in the nursery prattles mysticism, and doubts and philosophizes. A wild striving to express a more inward and infinite sense characterizes the works of every art. The music of Beethoven is said by those who understand it, to labor with vaster conceptions and aspirations than music has attempted before. This Feeling of the Infinite has deeply colored the poetry of the period. This new love of the vast, always native in Germany, was imported into France by De Staël, appeared in England in Coleridge, Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, Felicia Hemans, and finds a most genial climate in the American mind. Scott and Crabbe, who formed themselves on the past, had none of this tendency; their poetry is objective. In Byron, on the other hand, it predominates; but in Byron it is blind, it sees not its true end—an infinite good, alive and beautiful, a life nourished on absolute beatitudes, descending into nature to behold itself reflected there. His will is perverted, he worships the accidents of society, and his praise of nature is thieving and selfish.

Nothing certifies the prevalence of this taste in the people more than the circulation of the poems,—one would say, most incongruously united by some bookseller,—of

Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats. The only unity is in the subjectiveness and the aspiration common to the three writers. Shelley, though a poetic mind, is never a poet. His muse is uniformly imitative; all his poems composite. A good English scholar he is, with ear, taste, and memory, much more, he is a character full of noble and prophetic traits; but imagination, the original, authentic fire of the bard, he has not. He is clearly modern, and shares with Richter, Chateaubriand, Manzoni, and Wordsworth, the feeling of the infinite, which so labors for expression in their different genius. But all his lines are arbitrary, not necessary. When we read poetry, the mind asks, — Was this verse one of twenty which the author might have written as well; or is this what that man was created to say? But, whilst every line of the true poet will be genuine, he is in a boundless power and freedom to say a million things. And the reason why he can say one thing well, is because his vision extends to the sight of all things, and so he describes each as one who knows many and all.

The fame of Wordsworth is a leading fact in modern literature, when it is considered how hostile his genius at first seemed to the reigning taste, and with what feeble poetic talents his great and steadily growing dominion has been established. More than any other poet his success has been not his own, but that of the idea which he shared with his coevals, and which he has rarely succeeded in adequately expressing. The *Excursion* awakened in every lover of nature the right feeling. We saw stars shine, we felt the awe of mountains, we heard the rustle of the wind in the grass, and knew again the ineffable secret of solitude. It was a great joy. It was nearer to nature than anything we had before. But the interest of the poem ended almost with the narrative of the influences of nature on the mind of the Boy, in the first book. Obviously for that passage the poem was written, and with the exception of this and of a few strains of the like character in the sequel, the whole poem was dull. Here was no poem, but here was poetry, and a sure index where the subtle muse was about to pitch her tent and find the argument of her song. It was the human soul in these last ages striving for a just publication of itself. Add to this, however, the great praise of Wordsworth, that more than any other contemporary

bard he is pervaded with a reverence of somewhat higher than (conscious) thought. There is in him that property common to all great poets, a wisdom of humanity, which is superior to any talents which they exert. It is the wisest part of Shakspeare and of Milton. For they are poets by the free course which they allow to the informing soul, which through their eyes beholdeth again and blesseth the things which it hath made. The soul is superior to its knowledge, wiser than any of its works.

With the name of Wordsworth rises to our recollection the name of his contemporary and friend, Walter Savage Landor—a man working in a very different and peculiar spirit, yet one whose genius and accomplishments deserve a wiser criticism than we have yet seen applied to them, and the rather that his name does not readily associate itself with any school of writers. Of Thomas Carlyle, also we shall say nothing at this time, since the quality and the energy of his influence on the youth of this country will require at our hands ere long a distinct and faithful acknowledgment.

But of all men he, who has united in himself and that in the most extraordinary degree the tendencies of the era, is the German poet, naturalist, and philosopher, Goethe. Whatever the age inherited or invented, he made his own. He has owed to Commerce and to the victories of the Understanding, all their spoils. Such was his capacity, that the magazines of the world's ancient or modern wealth, which arts and intercourse and skepticism could command—he wanted them all. Had there been twice so much, he could have used it as well. Geologist, mechanic, merchant, chemist, king, radical, painter, composer,—all worked for him, and a thousand men seemed to look through his eyes. He learned as readily as other men breathe. Of all the men of this time, not one has seemed so much at home in it as he. He was not afraid to live. And in him this encyclopædia of facts, which it has been the boast of the age to compile, wrought an equal effect. He was knowing; he was brave; he was clean from all narrowness; he has a perfect propriety and taste,—a quality by no means common to the German writers. Nay, since the earth, as we said, had become a reading-room, the new opportunities seem to have aided him to be that

resolute realist he is, and seconded his sturdy determination to see things for what they are. To look at him, one would say, there was never an observer before. What sagacity, what industry of observation! to read his record is a frugality of time, for you shall find no word that does not stand for a thing, and he is of that comprehension, which can see the value of truth. His love of nature has seemed to give a new meaning to that word. There was never man more domesticated in this world than he. And he is an apology for the analytic spirit of the period, because, of his analysis, always wholes were the result. All conventions, all traditions he rejected. And yet he felt his entire right and duty to stand before and try and judge every fact in nature. He thought it necessary to dot round with his own pen the entire sphere of knowables; and for many of his stories, this seems the only reason: Here is a piece of humanity I had hitherto omitted to sketch;—take this. He does not say so in syllables,—yet a sort of conscientious feeling he had to be *up* to the universe, is the best account and apology for many of them. He shared also the subjectiveness of the age, and that too in both the senses I have discriminated. With the sharpest eye for form, color, botany, engraving, medals, persons, and manners, he never stopped at surface, but pierced the purpose of a thing, and studied to reconcile that purpose with his own being. What he could so reconcile was good; what he could not, was false. Hence a certain greatness encircles every fact he treats; for to him it has a soul, an eternal reason why it was so, and not otherwise. This is the secret of that deep realism, which went about among all objects he beheld, to find the cause why they must be what they are. It was with him a favorite task to find a theory of every institution, custom, art, work of art, which he observes. Witness his explanation of the Italian mode of reckoning the hours of the day, as growing out of the Italian climate; of the obelisk of Egypt, as growing out of a common natural fracture in the granite paralleliped in Upper Egypt; of the Doric architecture, and the Gothic; of the Venetian music of the gondolier originating in the habit of the fishers' wives of the Lido singing to their husbands on the sea; of the Amphitheatre, which is the enclosure of the natural cup of heads that arranges



itself round every spectacle in the street; of the coloring of Titian and Paul Veronese, which one may verify in the common daylight in Venice every afternoon; of the Carnival at Rome; of the domestic rural architecture in Italy; and many the like examples.

But also that other vicious subjectiveness, that vice of the time, infected him also. We are provoked with his Olympian self-complacency, the patronizing air with which he vouchsafes to tolerate the genius and performances of other mortals, "the good Hiller," "our excellent Kant," "the friendly Wieland," &c. &c. There is a good letter from Wieland to Merck, in which Wieland relates that Goethe read to a select party his journal of a tour in Switzerland with the Grand Duke, and their passage through Valois and over the St. Gothard. "It was," says Wieland, "as good as Xenophon's Anabasis. The piece is one of his most masterly productions, and is thought and written with the greatness peculiar to him. The fair hearers were enthusiastic at the nature in this piece; I liked the sly art in the composition, whereof they saw nothing, still better. It is a true poem, so concealed is the art too. But what most remarkably in this as in all his other works distinguishes him from Homer and Shakspeare, is, that the *Me*, the *Ille ego*, everywhere glimmers through, although without any boasting and with an infinite fineness." This subtle element of egotism in Goethe certainly does not seem to deform his compositions, but to lower the moral influence of the man. He differs from all the great in the total want of frankness. Whoso saw Milton, whoso saw Shakspeare, saw them do their best, and utter their whole heart manlike among their brethren. No man was permitted to call Goethe brother. He hid himself, and worked always to astonish, which is an egotism, and therefore little.

If we try Goethe by the ordinary canons of criticism, we should say that his thinking is of great altitude, and all level;—not a succession of summits, but a high Asiatic table land. Dramatic power, the rarest talent in literature, he has very little. He has an eye constant to the fact of life, and that never pauses in its advance. But the great felicities, the miracles of poetry, he has never. It is all design with him, just thought and instructed expression, analogies, allusion, illustration, which knowledge and cor-

rect thinking supply; but of Shakspeare and the transcendent muse, no syllable. Yet in the court and law to which we ordinarily speak, and without adverting to absolute standards, we claim for him the praise of truth, of fidelity to his intellectual nature. He is the king of all scholars. In these days and in this country, where the scholars are few and idle, where men read easy books and sleep after dinner, it seems as if no book could so safely be put in the hands of young men as the letters of Goethe, which attest the incessant activity of this man to eighty years, in an endless variety of studies with uniform cheerfulness and greatness of mind. They cannot be read without shaming us into an emulating industry. Let him have the praise of the love of truth. We think, when we contemplate the stupendous glory of the world, that it were life enough for one man merely to lift his hands and cry with St. Augustine, "Wrangle who pleases, I will wonder." Well, this he did. Here was a man, who, in the feeling that the thing itself was so admirable as to leave all comment behind, went up and down from object to object, lifting the veil from everyone, and did no more. What he said of Lavater, may trulier be said of him, that "it was fearful to stand in the presence of one, before whom all the boundaries within which nature has circumscribed our being were laid flat." His are the bright and terrible eyes, which meet the modern student in every sacred chapel of thought, in every public enclosure.

But now, that we may not seem to dodge the question which all men ask, nor pay a great man so ill a compliment as to praise him only in the conventional and comparative speech, let us honestly record our thought upon the total worth and influence of this genius. Does he represent not only the achievement of that age in which he lived, but that which it would be and is now becoming? And what shall we think of that absence of the moral sentiment, that singular equivalence to him of good and evil in action, which discredits his compositions to the pure? The spirit of his biography, of his poems, of his tales, is identical, and we may here set down by way of comment on his genius the impressions recently awakened in us by the story of Wilhelm Meister.

All great men have written proudly, nor cared to explain.

They knew that the intelligent reader would come at last, and would thank them. So did Dante, so did Machiavel. Goethe has done this in *Meister*. We can fancy him saying to himself;— There are poets enough of the ideal; let me paint the Actual, as, after years of dreams, it will still appear and reappear to wise men. That all shall right itself in the long Morrow, I may well allow, and my novel may easily wait for the same regeneration. The age, that can damn it as false and falsifying, will see that it is deeply one with the genius and history of all the centuries. I have given my characters a bias to error. Men have the same. I have let mischances befall instead of good fortune. They do so daily. And out of many vices and misfortunes, I have let a great success grow, as I had known in my own and many other examples. Fierce churchmen and effeminate aspirants will chide and hate my name, but every keen beholder of life will justify my truth, and will acquit me of prejudging the cause of humanity by painting it with this morose fidelity. To a profound soul is not austere truth the sweetest flattery?

Yes, O Goethe! but the ideal is truer than the actual. That is ephemeral, but this changes not. Moreover, because nature is moral, that mind only can see, in which the same order entirely obtains. An interchangeable Truth, Beauty, and Goodness, each wholly interfused in the other, must make the humors of that eye, which would see causes reaching to their last effect and reproducing the world forever. The least inequality of mixture, the excess of one element over the other, in that degree diminishes the transparency of things, makes the world opaque to the observer, and destroys so far the value of his experience. No particular gifts can countervail this defect. In reading *Meister*, I am charmed with the insight; to use a phrase of Ben Jonson's, "it is rammed with life." I find there actual men and women even too faithfully painted. I am, moreover, instructed in the possibility of a highly accomplished society, and taught to look for great talent and culture under a grey coat. But this is all. The limits of artificial society are never quite out of sight. The vicious conventions, which hem us in like prison walls, and which the poet should explode at his touch, stand for all they are worth in the newspaper. I am never lifted above myself.

I am not transported out of the dominion of the senses, or cheered with an infinite tenderness, or armed with a grand trust.

Goethe, then, must be set down as the poet of the Actual, not of the Ideal; the poet of limitation, not of possibility; of this world, and not of religion and hope; in short, if I may say so, the poet of prose, and not of poetry. He accepts the base doctrine of Fate, and gleans what straggling joys may yet remain out of its ban. He is like a banker or a weaver with a passion for the country, he steals out of the hot streets before sunrise, or after sunset, or on a rare holiday, to get a draught of sweet air, and a gaze at the magnificence of summer, but dares not break from his slavery and lead a man's life in a man's relation to nature. In that which should be his own place, he feels like a truant, and is scourged back presently to his task and his cell. Poetry is with Goethe thus external, the gilding of the chain, the mitigation of his fate; but the muse never essays those thunder-tones, which cause to vibrate the sun and the moon, which dissipate by dreadful melody all this iron network of circumstance, and abolish the old heavens and the old earth before the free-will or Godhead of man. That Goethe had not a moral perception proportionate to his other powers, is not then merely a circumstance, as we might relate of a man that he had or had not the sense of tune or an eye for colors; but it is the cardinal fact of health or disease; since, lacking this, he failed in the high sense to be a creator, and with divine endowments drops by irreversible decree into the common history of genius. He was content to fall into the track of vulgar poets, and spend on common aims his splendid endowments, and has declined the office proffered to now and then a man in many centuries in the power of his genius — of a Redeemer of the human mind. He has written better than other poets, only as his talent was subtler, but the ambition of creation he refused. Life for him is prettier, easier, wiser, decenter, has a gem or two more on its robe, but its old eternal burden is not relieved; no drop of healthier blood flows yet in its veins. Let him pass. Humanity must wait for its physician still at the side of the road, and confess as this man goes out that they have served it better, who assured it out of the

innocent hope in their hearts that a Physician will come, than this majestic Artist, with all the treasures of wit, of science, and of power at his command.

The criticism, which is not so much spoken as felt in reference to Goethe, instructs us directly in the hope of literature. We feel that a man gifted like him should not leave the world as he found it. It is true, though somewhat sad, that every fine genius teaches us how to blame himself. Being so much, we cannot forgive him for not being more. When one of these grand monads is incarnated, whom nature seems to design for eternal men and draw to her bosom, we think that the old wearinesses of Europe and Asia, the trivial forms of daily life will now end, and a new morning break on us all. What is Austria? What is England? What is our graduated and petrified social scale of ranks and employments? Shall not a poet redeem us from these idolatries, and pale their legendary lustre before the fires of the Divine Wisdom which burn in his heart? All that in our sovereign moments each of us has divined of the powers of thought, all the hints of omnipresence and energy which we have caught, this man should unfold and constitute facts.

And this is the insatiable craving which alternately saddens and gladdens men at this day. The Doctrine of the Life of Man established after the truth through all his faculties; — this is the thought which the literature of this hour meditates and labors to say. This is that which tunes the tongue and fires the eye and sits in the silence of the youth. Verily it will not long want articulate and melodious expression. There is nothing in the heart but comes presently to the lips. The very depth of the sentiment, which is the author of all the cutaneous life we see, is guarantee for the riches of science and of song in the age to come. He, who doubts whether this age or this country can yield any contribution to the literature of the world, only betrays his own blindness to the necessities of the human soul. Has the power of poetry ceased, or the need? Have the eyes ceased to see that which they would have, and which they have not? Have they ceased to see other eyes? Are there no lonely, anxious, wondering children, who must tell their tale? Are we not evermore whipped by thoughts;

"In sorrow steeped and steeped in love  
Of thoughts not yet incarnated?"

The heart beats in this age as of old, and the passions are busy as ever. Nature has not lost one ringlet of her beauty, one impulse of resistance and valor. From the necessity of loving none are exempt, and he that loves must utter his desires. A charm as radiant as beauty ever beamed, a love that fainteth at the sight of its object, is new to-day.

"The world does not run smoother than of old,  
There are sad haps that must be told."

Man is not so far lost but that he suffers ever the great Discontent, which is the elegy of his loss and the prediction of his recovery. In the gay saloon he laments that these figures are not what Raphael and Guercino painted. Withered though he stand and trifer though he be, the august spirit of the world looks out from his eyes. In his heart he knows the ache of spiritual pain, and his thought can animate the sea and land. What then shall hinder the Genius of the time from speaking its thought? It cannot be silent, if it would. It will write in a higher spirit, and a wider knowledge, and with a grander practical aim, than ever yet guided the pen of poet. It will write the annals of a changed world, and record the descent of principles into practice, of love into Government, of love into Trade. It will describe the new heroic life of man, the now unbelieved possibility of simple living and of clean and noble relations with men. Religion will bind again these that were sometime frivolous, customary, enemies, skeptics, self-seekers, into a joyful reverence for the circumambient Whole, and that which was ecstasy shall become daily bread.

E.

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SILENCE.

THEY put their finger on their lip,—  
The Powers above;  
The seas their islands clip,  
The moons in Ocean dip,—  
They love but name not love.

## FIRST CROSSING THE ALLEGHANIES.

“What — are you stepping Westward? Yea.” — WORDSWORTH.

UPWARD along the vast mountain, crushing the withering oak-leaves

Often beneath his foot, strolling the traveller goes;

Toiling slowly behind him follows the stage, heavy-laden,

Sometimes lost in the trees, frequently seen far below.

On the summit he lingers, gathers the grape's purple clusters,

Picks the chestnut, new dropped, out of its thorn-guarded nest;

Wherefore now gazes he, musing, steadfastly down the long valley?

Wherefore wander his eyes toward the horizon afar?

Say! is he waiting, impatient, to see when, straining and smoking,

The heads of the horses may come winding up the white road?

Or watching the rainbow glories which deck the opposite mountain,

Where Autumn of myriad dyes, gives each tree a hue of its own?

Perchance he looks at the river which winds far below, vexed and foaming,

Childishly fretting around rocks which it cannot remove.

Ah! that river runs *Westward*, for from this summit the waters

Part like brothers who roam far from the family home,

Some to the mighty Atlantic, some to the far Mississippi.

On this dividing ridge turning he looks toward the land

Where is the home of his fathers, where are the graves of those dear ones

Whom Death has already snatched out of his circle of Love?

And oh! — forgive ye Penates! forgive him that loved household circle,

If with his mother's form, if with his sister, he sees

Another and dearer shape, gliding softly between them,

Gliding gracefully up, fixing his heart and his eye.

Ah! how lovely the picture, how forever attractive the image

Which floats up from the past, like to a beautiful dream:

Yet not a dream was it, but one of the picturesque moments,

Sent to adorn our life, cheering its gloomiest years.

Real was the heavy disease which fastened his head to his pillow,

Real the burning heat in every feverish limb,

Real the pains which tormented every delicate fibre,

Rousing his drowsy soul to a half-conscious life,

And so, waking, one night, out of a long stupefaction,

Vague and feverish thoughts haunted as spectres his brain.

All around was familiar, it was his own little chamber,

But all seemed to him strange, nothing would come to him right.

Ghostly shadows were stretching their arms on the wall and the ceiling,

Round and round within circled a whirlpool of thoughts,

Round and round they went, his will had no power to restrain them,

Round and ever around some insignificant thing!

It was as if on his brain a fiend with a hammer was beating,

And each blow as it fell was to be counted by him!

Moments spun out to years, so long the torture continued,

Wearied out at last, he moved and uttered a groan.

Then was the gloom dispersed. For from the shadows a figure

Arose, and lightly stepped to the side of the bed,

Bent down gently and kissed his brow, while her beautiful ringlets  
 Lay on his burning cheek — cooling and soft was the touch.  
 “Dearest,” she softly said — and every fend which distressed him  
 Darted off at the word as if from Ithuriel's spear,  
 Tenderly from her eye, moist with gentle affection,  
 Into his very soul entered her sisterly look.  
 She was his cousin and friend, playmates they were from their childhood,  
 Therefore hers was the right in his sick chamber to watch,  
 Cousin, sister, and friend — many the titles he gave her,  
 Now in each beating heart closer the union was knit,  
 Softly pressing her hand to his lips, he sank into slumber.  
 Great, O Love, is thy skill, quite a physician art thou;  
 Instead of the gold-headed cane, instead of the wig and the snuff-box,  
 Give me the Archer-boy, him for a Doctor I'll take.  
 Such was the picture which came before the mind of the stripling,  
 This the image which rose, constantly floating around.  
 Such a beautiful moment haunts the soul with its spectre,  
 Who can tell it to sleep shut in the tomb of the past?  
 But see, the carriage is near! Flee, ye sweet recollections!  
 Now must we seem a man, easy and strong as the rest,  
 Ready in word and act — this alone will protect us;  
 Just as this thorny bur guards the young fruit from its foes.

Thus then he mounts the carriage, sitting aloft with the driver,  
 Wider the eye can range, freer the heart can beat here.  
 Now we have climbed to the summit, now there open before us,  
 Stretching far to the West, valleys and rivers and woods,  
 Downward by gentle degrees, along the side of the mountain  
 Winds our Simplon road, close to precipitous gulphs;  
 Shooting up from below, spread the tops of the pine trees,  
 Here a single misstep rolls us a thousand feet down,  
 But, courage! trust to the driver, trust to the sure-footed ho rses,  
 Trust to that mighty Power who holds us all in his hand.  
 Merrily tramples the team, of the well-filled manger desirous,  
 Where below, like a map, lie many houses and farms,  
 Over them all we look, over cornfields and meadows,  
 Over the winding streams, shrouded with mantles of mist,  
 Over an ocean of forest, up to the distant horizon,  
 Many a mile beyond, stretches our lengthening road.

Nature, vast as thou art, we can unshrinkingly face thee!  
 Look on thy giant forms with an unflinching eye;  
 He who carries within him a spirit conscious and active,  
 Treasures of well-arranged thought, gathered from action and life,  
 Has striven, believed, and loved—who knows all the worth of the mo-  
 ment  
 When soul stimulates soul, pulses together beat.  
 He has a world within to match thine, beautiful mother!  
 He can give to thee more than he can take from thy hand.  
 Wanderer, tremble not before this grand Panorama,  
 Let not this mighty scene weary thine heart or thine eye.  
 Bring the Romance of Life to balance the Romance of Nature,  
 The spirit has hopes as vast, the heart has its pictures as fair.

F. C.



## A SIGN FROM THE WEST.\*

THE pamphlet here noticed is by Andrew Wylie, President of Bloomington College, Indiana. When we remember that its author is, and has for years been an eminent Calvinistic divine, we cannot but regard this word of his as one of the most noteworthy and encouraging signs of the times. We hail with joy this free utterance from the West. We do not know indeed, if even from this comparatively enlightened and liberal section of the country, and from the bosom of the most progressive body of Christian believers, any freer and bolder word has been spoken than this. It cannot fail, we think, to spread panic through the ranks of the custom-fettered sectarians. It cannot fail to be welcomed by every unshackled seeker for Truth.

Without attempting a complete review of the work before us, we would sketch roughly its main features, give a few extracts, and perhaps add some reflections of our own.

It appears from the Author's preface, that he has been for a long time in a progressive state. "The thoughts," he says, "contained in the following pages were gradually suggested to the mind of the writer, during the last twenty-five years." Of course then, he has been more or less suspected of heresy. But the heresy, he maintains, is on the part of his brother Calvinists, and not to be charged upon him. For heresy, he says, is departure from faith in Christ as the chief corner stone, and building with the gold, silver, wood, hay, or stubble of human speculations. He will by no means take the Confession of Faith as an infallible rule of belief, for this very Confession says itself, that the Bible only is such a Rule. He will not suffer himself to be chained down to a sect; he will be his own master, and reverence his own soul. "The claims of Truth," he says, "are sacred and awful. A mind fettered by authority is unfaithful to the God of Truth, who made it free."

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\* *Sectarianism is Heresy, in Three Parts, in which are shown its Nature, Evils, and Remedy.* By A. WYLIE. Bloomington, Ia. 1840. pp. 132.

The work is in the form of Triologue, and consists of eight Conversations between the author and two sectarian friends, a Calvinist and a Methodist. The significant names of these interlocutors are Timothy, Gardezfoi, and Democop. The conversation moves onward very pleasantly and naturally, and without diffuseness. The discourses of Timothy, who is the Socrates in the debate, are enriched with fine thoughts, tending towards if not reaching the plane of the highest spiritual,—with sound and elevated criticism on those lofty words which are “spirit and life”—with specimens of acute reasoning—with the genial outbreathings of a warm, liberal heart.

The position which Dr. Wylie takes with regard to the great question which this age is to agitate, namely, what constitutes Christianity, will be considered an elevated one; for a Calvinist, a new, or very strange and unusual one. If not the highest view which the full truth warrants, it approximates to it, and relatively to the popular belief of the church, is a mighty stride onwards. Though he clings to the authority of the written word as infallible, he contends against modern creeds. Though he accepts even the doctrines of the Calvinistic church, he protests against working them into a *system*. To him they stand as truths for the Reason, not for the Understanding. The Infinite cannot be contained in creeds and systems. Most earnestly does he urge this truth; and even if we think him to err in the application, yet he has strong hold of the truth itself. He has a perception of the difference between Comprehension and Apprehension. He believes in such a thing as Intuition. He will not measure the firmament of stars above him as he does the field of flowers at his feet. He is strong, too, as well as clear-sighted. Thus he will not grind logic always in the prisonhouse of the Philistines, but has power to pull down on them the pillars in which they most trusted.

And down the pillars must come, if many such Samsons are suffered to go loose among us. We can well imagine that the Doctor would now be looked at by most of his Calvinistic brethren, as one of those bright-eyed, venomous serpents, who are now-a-days said to be crawling about, blasting their wholesome brothers, sibilant and insinuating, their crests bristling with the pride of “new

views,"—one who, if he lived here, would go about branded with the nickname "Transcendentalist," a terror to women and children—the more so as having crept out of an unlooked-for quarter.

Dr. Wylie takes his stand apart from creeds and confessions of faith, and solely upon what Reason teaches as the fundamental truths of Scripture. All sects and sectarianisms are heresy. The original meaning of the word *hairesis* is *sect*. Heresy consists in confounding faith with opinion. To make opinion the test of faith is departure from Christ. Faith is trust in God. It is a moral, not an intellectual element. We extract a portion of what Timothy says on this point.

"A mind conscious of guilt cannot trust in God, without a just sense of his goodness and mercy. Hence, when we closely examine the matter, we find that the element of faith is a moral element—not any notion in the intellect. For as faith is trust in God, who is only and supremely good, it is the same with trust in goodness. But it is goodness that trusts in goodness, and I know on the contrary, of no surer criterion of a character radically and essentially vicious than suspicion and distrust. Once or twice, through life, I have seen persons take up and prosecute enmity against another on mere suspicion, for which there was not only no ground at all, but which was cherished in opposition to demonstrations, on the part of the person suspected, of the utmost kindness, forbearance and goodwill towards the suspicious person. The enmity entertained against Joseph, whose character was remarkable for simple honesty and affectionate confidence, proceeded manifestly on the part of his brothers from their want of these qualities; in other words, they were destitute of faith in moral goodness. But the greatest and most striking demonstration that the world ever saw of both parts of this truth, I mean the direct and the converse of it, we have in the character and the conduct of the Son of God, and his treatment by the leaders of religion among the Jews, and the great body of the nation. On the part of the Saviour, what unshaken faith in the Father, whose will he came on earth to execute, and, as the fruit of this faith, or confidence, what steady and active perseverance in that course of unexampled and perfect goodness which he accomplished! And, on the part of the Jews, what obstinate distrust in the god-like character, presented in all its commanding dignity and attractive loveliness before their eyes! And why this distrust? This infidelity? Because they themselves were *destitute* of goodness. They were supremely selfish, themselves, and they could form no conception of that disinterested love of Christ, which induced him to bear the contradiction of these sinners against himself, and even to lay down his life for their sakes." — pp. 18, 19.

In the first two conversations it is established that it is heresy to confound opinion with faith. Timothy then goes on "to develop another element of heresy, sect; that,

namely, which violates or sets aside the unity of the spirit for a unity of science." After speaking of the love of theological and metaphysical system, which was early prevalent in the Church, and spread over Christianity, and of the barren results thereof, as seen in the Catholic church, the author proceeds ;

" Thus the matter stood at the commencement of the Reformation. The Protestants, so called because they solemnly protested against the usurped authority of the so called Universal Church, exercised by the clergy with the pope at their head, in determining the creed, that is to say, deciding by a simple decree what was truth and what error, rejected the established system or creed : — but they did not perceive the folly of creed-making. They too must have a system. They too viewed religion as a science, and the Bible as containing the scattered truths of that science ; which, therefore, it was their duty, like honest philosophers, to pick out, gather together, and arrange into a system. And to the work they went, with all the talents and learning and industry they possessed. And that was not a little. But, considering the work they were at, it was certainly not enough. For what was it they were about ? Making a system. Of what ? Of the conceptions of the Eternal mind. Respecting what ? The Infinite, the boundless, the unknown ! Their projected system was to be a tower, whose top should pierce the skies, and overlook the universe and eternity. They failed, of course, as did their prototypes on the plains of Shinar ; for the enterprise was too great for mortals ; their language was confounded ; they divided into companies : and each company built a system : so that the whole face of Christendom has become dotted over with the structures of these puny builders — ant-hills rather than towers ; the abodes of angry insects, ever ready to bite and sting each other, except when they make a truce, for the purpose of annoying a common enemy. A set of opinions are extracted from the Bible, and put into the form of a system, and this system is held more sacred than the Bible itself ; insomuch that many make a religion of their orthodoxy, which consists in a steady, not to say obstinate adherence to these opinions. They are viewed as a sacred and precious deposit to be kept, explained, guarded, and defended with the most vigilant jealousy and the most ardent zeal. They are called God's truth. His honor is supposed to be concerned in their preservation. And men feel as if to surrender one of them would be to put their salvation itself in jeopardy." — pp. 41, 42.

On the next page he says,

" The truths of divine revelation, supposing those of *his* system to be identical with the truths of divine revelation, were never proposed by their author as matters of science, truths to serve as subjects on which to exercise the powers of contemplation and ratiocination, but as great moral principles to move and purify the heart, and to govern the life: as presenting motives to the will, sentiments and views to the spirit, light to the conscience, models of moral beauty to exalt and exercise the spiritual desires and affections. Their use is, as intimated before, to produce not orthodoxy, or a set of sound opinions, but orthodoxy, or a course of right conduct." — p. 43.

This great truth, the impossibility of making a science, a system, of Theology, is well developed and illustrated in the third and fourth Conversations. The doctrine, that spiritual things are only spiritually discerned, is advocated in opposition to that which intimates that a man's speculative creed is his religion.

We feel compelled to give our readers a rather long passage at the end of the fourth Conversation, in which the author exhibits his views with regard to spiritual intuition and the evidence of miracles.

“About the year 1820, the celebrated Dr. Chalmers published a work on the Evidences of Christianity, in which he rejected the internal evidences entirely. His reason for so doing is remarkable. I shall state it in his own words: — ‘We have,’ says he, ‘experience of man; but we have no experience of God. We can reason upon the prudence of man in given circumstances, because this is an accessible subject, and comes under the cognizance of observation. But we cannot reason on the prudence of the Almighty in given circumstances. This is an inaccessible subject, and comes not within the limits of direct and personal observation.’ Again, he says, ‘there can be nothing so completely above us and beyond us, as the plans of the Infinite Mind, which extend to all time and embrace all worlds. There is no subject to which the cautious and humble spirit of Lord Bacon’s philosophy is more applicable, nor can we conceive a more glaring rebellion against the authority of its maxims, than for beings of a day to sit in judgment upon the Eternal, and apply their paltry experience to the councils of his high and unfathomable wisdom.’

“There is, doubtless, some truth in these remarks; but taken together as advanced by their author for the purpose of invalidating the argument drawn from the ‘internal evidences,’ by showing that it is not a legitimate argument, because pertaining to a subject inaccessible and beyond our reach, they have filled me with no little surprise, and especially as coming from a Christian divine of such distinguished abilities. How could it have escaped the penetration of such a mind as his, that the objection he raises against the legitimacy of the argument from the internal evidence must recoil, with all its force, upon the argument from the external evidences of miracle and prophecy, on which he is anxious to rest the whole weight of the question? Were the Deity to me an inaccessible subject,—had I no knowledge of him previous to the revelation proposed to me in the sacred scriptures, of what use, I ask, would a miracle be to me? Suppose I saw, for instance, Lazarus raised from the dead, how would this convince me that the effect produced was produced by the power of God, if I knew nothing previously about the power of God? Were I entirely ignorant of the power of God, I could not without presumption think or say anything whatever respecting it, what it could or could not effect. The raising of a dead man to life might be beyond his power, for anything I could tell. And, if interrogated on the subject, I ought to reply, ‘God is an inaccessible subject; I have no experience of him; I dare not sit in judgment in a case where I know nothing. It would be an act of

rebellion against the humble and cautious spirit of Bacon's philosophy.'

Besides, suppose I were somehow convinced that the resurrection of Lazarus was indeed effected by the power of God, still that would afford me no good reason why I should rely on any statement made me by his commissioned messenger, were I not previously acquainted with other attributes of his nature, or were his character, as to other traits of it, an inaccessible subject. God, I might say, has, by his power, restored this dead man to life before my eyes. For what? To gain my confidence in the truth of certain statements, that are made, or to be made, in his name. But, power and truth have no necessary connexion. God may be a deceiver. I have no experience of his character; nor can I have. It is an inaccessible subject. He may be a selfish and malignant being; and this very miracle may have been wrought to win and mislead my confidence. The truth is, the very appeal made by miracles themselves, on which Dr. Chalmers is willing to rest the whole weight of the argument in favor of Christianity, is a useless and idle appeal, if made to a man in any age of the world and in any circumstances, were man such a being as the Dr.'s argument supposes. But he is not. There is in his nature, wrapped up in the depths of his spirit, a revelation of God, prior, of course, to all external revelation, and but for this an external revelation were as useless as it would be to the beasts that perish. Where did we get our moral perceptions and their corresponding sentiments—our sense of the True, the Right, the Just, the Beautiful, the Fair—the *To Kalon*, as the Greeks called it? Not from the Bible surely, any more than we got our eyes from the Bible. We use the latter in perusing its sacred pages, but we are not indebted to these pages for our eyes, neither are we for the seeing spirit—the living faith in Moral Goodness,—which the Spirit of the Eternal breathed into us, in lighting up within us the principle of an immortal life, in virtue of which we can see God and commune with Him—trace the impressions left by his plastic hand on the face of external nature—and hear the sweet tones of his voice, as they sound through all her lovely palaces—and echo in the recesses of the temple in our own bosoms. No! God is not an inaccessible subject. He is nearer us than any other subject. Our spirit touches His! What am I saying? His spirit pervades ours! In him we live, and move, and have our being. We are his offspring. And how could it be thought, by a Christian divine and philosopher, that HE had made himself inaccessible to his children—hidden himself from the view of all of them, except a favored few to whom a special revelation was to be made! The Apostle Paul thought differently, for he says that 'His eternal power and Godhead are clearly seen' in the visible creation. St. John thought differently for he writes, 'In him was light, and the light was the life of men—the light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world.' The Royal Psalmist thought differently, for he says: 'The heavens declare the glory of the Lord; the firmament showeth his handy work. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night teacheth knowledge. There is no speech, no language—their voice is not heard. Their sound is gone out into all the earth; their instruction to the end of the world.'

"No; God is not an inaccessible subject. If he were, no miracle,

no prophecy, no words nor art of man, could bring him within the reach of our thoughts. We should want an interpreter within, to teach us the import of whatever impression from without might be made upon our senses. Were man made destitute of spirit, how could he scale, by the help of any outward revelation, the lofty heights by which the moral is raised above the physical? Pleasure he might understand through the soul, as affected by impressions made on the bodily senses and appetite; but without spirit, a moral nature, how could he form a conception of moral goodness and beauty? And without a conception of this, how could he, by miracle or any other means, be made to apprehend God? Power he might discover, but power is not God. The skill of contrivance he might discover in the structure of nature; but an Almighty architect of boundless skill is not God. God is a spirit; God is love; God is Wisdom and Goodness accomplishing their ends. These things he could not understand, from anything without. He must draw them up from the depths of his own spirit, where God reveals himself first to man, and where every man finds in himself those moral ideas which he puts together, and out of these frames the Grand Idea of which God is the Archetype. There is a faith which cometh by hearing: but before this, in order and importance, there is a faith which the word of revelation presupposes, and which, therefore, this word does not produce. According to the representation of the matter, in the parable of the sower, there is required a goodness in the soil, which the seed that is sown upon it has no agency in producing. This is the faith in question. It is what may be called faith in moral goodness. To this the Apostle refers when he says that the word of the gospel was revealed from faith to faith, meaning from the faith, that is, faithfulness of God, its author, to the faith, or trust in Him, existing in those who were to receive it.

“When the government of ancient Greece sent abroad a public servant, with whom a correspondence was to be carried on, the matter of which required secrecy, they adopted the following expedient. Two staves were formed exactly of the same dimensions, one of which the officer took with him, the other remained at home with the government. And should occasion require a communication to be sent, they took a narrow slip of parchment, and rolled it round the staff, beginning at the end and proceeding to the other, till the whole was completely covered. On this they wrote their communication. It was then taken off, and sent to the officer. Should it, by any mischance, fall into the hands of an enemy, he could make nothing of it. If it arrived safe, the officer receiving it, enwrapped *his* staff with it, and thus it became legible. Such a letter they called skytale.

“The Father of our spirits, when he sent them from heaven into these bodies, gave to each one of them such a skytale, conscience, a moral nature, corresponding to the moral nature of God himself. This is a divine light in the spirit, the oracle which Penn, and Socrates, and indeed all good men of every age and country venerated, and consulted with so much care. In the proper use of this, we are able to hold correspondence with our Father in heaven, read his mind and will in the skytale, he has sent us. Those among the Jews, who possessed this in the days when God, by his Own Son and his forerunner, sent his message among them, received it at their hands, read it,

obeyed, and were saved; and thus, in the language of Christ, Wisdom was justified of all her children. Those who possessed it not,—for it may through carelessness be lost,—‘rejected the counsel of God against themselves’—or, as the passage should be rendered, ‘frustrated the counsel of God, as it respected themselves,’ by rejecting the message, and maltreating those that bore it—and so perished.

“Now, that, in order to set aside the internal evidences of Christianity, that is, the evidences arising from its spirit—the moral nature in it which addresses itself to our moral nature—Dr. Chalmers should have overlooked the fact, that we *have* a moral nature, owing to which God *is* to us an *accessible* subject, is truly surprising, and to be accounted for no otherwise, than from the spirit-quenching influence which the practice of system-making had on his mind. And if it had such an influence on *his* mind, what may we suppose to have been, and still to be the state of the general mind? We view Christianity as a science; we work it up into a system; the system we erect into a creed; the creed becomes the standard of faith—the orthodox faith—the watchman-cry, ‘All’s well!’—but the glory has departed, the spirit is gone; a form of dead orthodoxy is all that remains! But, here I must drop the subject; will you meet, and resume it with me at my house, this day week, at the usual hour?

“G. & D. Yes.”—pp. 59–63.

In the remaining Conversations the author enters fully into the nature, evils, and remedy of sectarianism. We might give many rich extracts, but forbear; and in taking leave of the little work, would express our cordial sympathy with that free but humble spirit which here has thrown off the ice-fetters of a sect, and is leaping out into the genial atmosphere of a truer, purer Christianity.

Far in advance as this writer is of the sect of believers to which he has been attached, he has not, as we think, taken the highest view of Christianity. There *is* a higher view, as we before intimated. We do not find fault with Dr. Wylie, or anybody else, for not pressing on towards that view; our feeling towards him is that of gratitude for having done so much towards bringing back the almost buried and defaced ideal of the Cristianity of Christ—“the truth as it was in Jesus.” Yet admitting the principles advanced in this pamphlet, we see not how a free mind can limit the Christian name to those alone, who hold a speculative faith in him as an inspired messenger from God. We would have that hallowed name cover all Christlike souls. The saints of the earth, no matter what their *opinions* may be, should be in the inner circle, where Christ stands with his flock of blessed souls around him, all transfigured with him. The name of Jesus



should stamp not the outward but the invisible church. For the Christianity of Christ is not a creed, and has nothing to do with creeds, but is a Life. This has been somewhat said among us, but not enough. The idea in vogue is, that Christ taught a system of speculative doctrines as *his* peculiar religion, and intended that a belief in these should distinguish his followers from the world. We see nothing in the records of his life to warrant this view. The mission of Jesus was to the Heart and Conscience of man, and not to his Intellect. He was a spiritual Reformer, not a Philosopher. His purpose was to bring men nearer to God, make them one with Him — not to set their minds at work upon hard and knotty problems. He came to make men holy, not with enticing words of man's wisdom, not by maxims, wise sayings, high oracles, books, churches, or creeds, but by stamping his character on their hearts, and winning them by love to the heart of God. The essence of true Christianity is neither in historical facts, nor in an intellectual belief, but in the Principles which Christ lived and taught. To be penetrated with a conviction of the truth and divinity of Christianity, is to be filled with an inner sense of those eternal principles of holiness which stand back of Christianity, of which Christianity has been the great outlet. To know Christ is to know holiness and love. It is not to subscribe to a creed, to join a church, to form an opinion by balancing arguments and accumulating evidence, but it is to have the spirit of Christ — to be Christ-like. In the light of this truth all opinions and creeds become invisible, as the stars do at sunrise. We care not what our neighbor's creed is, if he only has the great principles of purity, justice, truth, and love enshrined in his soul, and manifested in his life. He may be no believer in Christ as supernaturally commissioned, — he may reject the authority of the Scriptures as ultimate, — he may call himself a *skeptic*; but if he is Christ-like, he is entitled to be of Christ's flock. His speculative opinions are but dust in the balance, when viewed beside those divine principles of Duty, which we see shining in his soul. *Let* him doubt, and deny — but if he be a good man, the skepticism of his understanding hardly weighs a feather with us. We see him based on a rock. We see him grounded upon a foundation not laid

by human hands, but in spite of human hands, laid in the soul by God himself. We see that though his understanding is in emptiness and in isolation from divine truths, yet his heart and moral instincts are linked to God.

But most persons persist in confounding opinions with principles, nay, even in exalting opinions above principles; whereas man and God are not more distinct from each other. A man, they say, must have fully made up his mind on certain doctrines. He must believe in some Trinity or atonement, in some prophet or miracle, or he must have faithfully and scholar-like studied and mastered some volume of Christian evidences, or if not able to do this, he must have taken the testimony of those wiser and more learned than he that Christianity is true; or he must have stifled thought by the now lifeless theology of a past age, and sold away his freedom by signing certain articles of human invention, or he is no Christian. But if this be the road to Christianity, give us some other. If this be the true knowledge of Christ, give us infidelity—let us not be numbered with those learned sectarians, who would climb to heaven by books and creeds and dogmas.

And yet when this mighty distinction between Heart and Head is presented to such persons by an illustration, they cannot screen their bald inconsistency, by withholding an acknowledgment of the truth of the principles we have urged. Bring them to the test, present to them plainly the contrast between the theologian, the scholar, the creed-worshipper on the one hand, and the man of unwavering principle on the other, and their prejudices are put to shame—they find it impossible not to see the chasm between the two.

For the dwellers in Truth are like the inhabitants of this earth. As, wherever we go, and whatever city or house we dwell in, we are still at home on God's earth, the firm ground never leaves us, but stands built down under us, thousands of miles thick, so wherever we live in the world of eternal verities, no matter what creed we house our heads under, we ever touch the firm land of Truth. We may call ourselves Bostonians or Athenians, and our habitation a city or a house, or an apartment in a house, but we are not the less for that reason citizens of the earth, nay, of the whole universe. So we may call ourselves

Catholic or Baptist, Jew or Mahometan, so far as we dwell in the light of the principles of truth and goodness, so far, and so far only, we are members of the true church. Our home is the whole moral universe shone upon by the light of divine truth. But if the name Christian is to be narrowed down to a sect, which takes its stand upon speculative doctrines, in the name of all that is true, let us take some other appellation, and leave this, however cherished it may be, to the wrangling disputers who are fighting for it.

People talk of different Religions. There is and can be but one Religion. All else is but diversity of form. The eternal principles, which lie at the bottom of all religious systems, are the same. Religious truth is universal, uncontradictable. The religions of Adam, of Moses, of Mahomet, and of Christ, are grounded on the same great principles of man's relation to God. The difference lies in the *degree* in which the truth is promulgated through these persons, and not in the *kind* of truth presented. One system has greater *fulness* of truth than another. We speak of the fundamental ideas of such systems, and not of their subordinate parts.

Revealed Religion does not differ in its nature from Natural Religion. They are only different flowers from the same root. Natural Religion is the half-opened bud, Revealed Religion the glorious flower in full bloom, and fragrant with the perfume of its heavenly origin. The characteristic of Revelation is that it is the shining of a brighter light, — like the sun rising upon a world which has been sleeping in the cold, dim starlight of the dawn. The light is the same light — there cannot be two kinds of light, nor can there be two kinds of truth. Christianity is a broader and more emphatic declaration of the eternal law of God, and only so far as we see it to be an expression of God's law is it authoritative.

How futile then, and perplexing, to take up such speculations as we meet with all around us, as if such things were essential to our salvation. Shall we not rather say, "Give me thy word, O Father, thy word written not with fading ink, not in perishing forms, not in the subtle distinctions of metaphysical dogmas, but on the tables of the heart, by thine own hand-writing. Give me that ingrafted

word, which doubt and change cannot pluck up. Let me reverence my spiritual nature — I have no sure light but this — O, may I keep it undimmed, unquenched, and may its flame point upward ever unto Thee.”

Such was the Idea which inspired the mind of Jesus, and which he was continually uttering. And yet, in spite of this, the church has always thwarted his purpose, and insisted upon a creed. It has always and does now everywhere demand what a man *believes*, not how he lives. Of this error the Church will do well to get rid, as soon as possible. Did our Savior ever ask a man his creed, before he gave him his benediction, and suffered him to follow him?

The Christianity of Christ then is not a sound Theology, but a Holy Life. The poor, uneducated day-laborer may know far more of Christ than the philosopher in his rich library, surrounded by all the learning of the world. Christian Truth is universal truth — the light which lighteneth every one who cometh into the world. It is no man's exclusive property. It is common, free, and unpurchased as the light, the air, and the water. There can be no monopoly here. The invitation is to all. “Ho every one who thirsteth, come ye to the waters.” “Whosoever believeth on me shall never thirst.” Sin alone keeps us from the fountain. Unless we resemble Jesus, “our eyes will be holden that we shall not know him,” his character will seem too lofty for our imitation, and his words too mystical for our comprehension. We may profess to follow him, but it will be but a phantom, not the real Christ. But let us be true to the Highest within us, as he was, and our hearts will burn within us as we commune with him, till enamored of that uncontained Beauty of Holiness, of which he was so large a partaker, we become at length worthy of his holy name.

C.

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ANGELICA SLEEPS. — BERNI.

SLEEPING with such an air of grace I found her,  
 As my transported fancy pictured oft;  
 Proud at her gentle touch, fresh flowers sprang round her,  
 Love's breath the rivulet fanned to murmurs soft.

NATURE AND ART, OR THE THREE LANDSCAPES.

“Art is called *Art*, because it is not *Nature*.” — GOETHE.

G A S P A R P O U S S I N .

WHY, dearest, why  
 Dost thou so fondly linger, gazing long  
 Upon that fleecy sky  
 And gentle brook, rippling the rocks among ?  
 Is it the bright warm air, the sunny green ;  
 The cheerful golden light, pervading all ;  
 The waving trees above, the dark ravine  
 Below, where the cool waters softly fall ;  
 Or that blue valley, sweeping far away,  
 Into the opening day ?  
 Tell me, my love, of this bright scene what part  
 Entrances thus thy sense with magic art ?

It is not, love, a part — though every part  
 Touches the soul —  
 But to the brooding mind and wakeful heart  
 Appeals the whole !  
 Rocking the senses in a dream of youth,  
 Calling up early memories buried long ;  
 Its nature, life, and truth  
 Ring through my heart like my own childhood's song.  
 Thus once where'er I turned my eye  
 Earth joyous smiled  
 Upon her joyful child ;  
 No heavy shadow darkened land or sky,  
 No jarring discord broke with grating sound  
 The Harmony profound.

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D O M I N I C H I N O .

But what a dark, unnatural gloom,  
 What stifled air, like vapors in a tomb,  
 Rests on this saddened earth !  
 How motionless the trees are drooping,  
 As by a weight bent low,  
 And heavy clouds are downward stooping,  
 Presaging coming woe !  
 The stagnant waters hardly go.  
 Slothful and slow !  
 No sight of mirth,  
 No fitting bird, nor lamb with happy bound.  
 Disturbs the icy chill which hangs around.

And yet the picture moves the inmost mind,  
 Faithful to gloomier epochs of our life ;  
 Moves it more deeply, painting with such power  
     A dark and painful hour  
 Of inward solitude, of mental strife.  
 O God on high ! thy love, thy grace alone  
 Can cheer that dismal day  
 With heaven-descended ray.  
 Its desperate doubts and torturing thoughts dispel,  
     The Sceptic's bitter Hell !  
 He who to tell such inward agony  
 This frowning picture planned,  
 Must have possessed a spirit deep and high  
     Joined to a master's hand.

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ALLSTON'S ITALIAN LANDSCAPE.

Look forth, my love, once more  
 Upon a fairer scene,  
 Than Grecia's heights, than Pausilippo's shore,  
     Or Vallambrosa's shadows thick and green.  
 See that half-hidden castle sleeping  
     Mid leafy, bowery groves,  
 A soft effulgence all around it creeping,  
 Like that which glances from the wings of doves  
     In light, uncertain motion.  
 And on the blue horizon stretching far,  
     Amid the wide spread ocean,  
 Rises a mountain pure and pale as evening's earliest star.  
     This ever-smiling sea  
 Rough with no frowning storm ;  
 This tranquil land which no rude shapes deform,  
     From all harsh contrasts free ;  
 This grace, this peace, this calm unchanging life  
 Belong not to our world of sin and strife.

No ! not to outward earth  
 Belongs such peace as this ;  
 Yet to the heart of man, an inward birth  
     Gives equal bliss.  
 When childhood's happy day  
 Of faith and hope is over,  
 And those sharp pangs have passed away,  
     When the cold ray  
 Of knowledge undeceives the heart round which fair visions hover,  
 Then, then may come a calmer, better hour,  
     A deeper Peace descend,  
 Which lifts our spirit to the loftiest Power  
     And makes our God our friend.

Then Nature sings again a hymn of joy,  
 And, like a merry boy,  
 Laughs out each hill, each valley, rock, and tree,  
 Laughs out the mighty sea,  
 Broad Earth and hollow Heaven partake the  
 Spirit's ecstasy.

O, happy artist! whose God-guided hand  
 This second Eden planned,  
 Happy to execute this scene thou art,  
 Happier to find its image in thy heart.

F. C.

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THE ART OF LIFE, — THE SCHOLAR'S CALLING.

LIFE is an art. When we consider what life may be to all, and what it is to most, we shall see how little this art is yet understood. What life may be to all is shown us in the lives of the honored few, whom we have learned to distinguish from the rest of mankind, and to worship as the heroes and saints of the world. What life is to most is seen wherever we turn our eyes. To all, life may be freedom, progress, success. To most men it is bondage, failure, defeat. Some have declared all life to be a tragedy. The life of most men is rightly so termed. What can be more tragical, than after long years of weary watching and ceaseless toil, in which all the joy and strength of our days have been wasted in pursuit of some distant good, to find, at last, that the good thus sought was a shadow, a sham, that the sum total of our endeavor, with no positive increase has left us *minus* our youth, our faculty, our hope, and that the three score years have been a livelong illusion. This is the great ground-tragedy, in which all other tragedies and sorrows and defeats of man's life are comprised. Such is the actual condition of mankind. Look at our educated men. Of the hundreds, whom every year sends forth to wander in the various paths of active life, how many are there who find or even seek the bread that alone can satisfy the hungering, dreaming heart of man? How many sell their strength and waste their days and "file their minds" for some paltry clerkship or judgeship or

senatorship; or some phantom which they term a competence; or at the best some dream of Fame — “*ingens gloriæ cupido quæ etiam sapientibus novissima exuitur*” — and find, when the race is done and the heat is won, that they are no nearer than before the true end of their being, and that the great work of life is still to do.

The work of life, so far as the individual is concerned, and that to which the scholar is particularly called, is *self-culture*, — the perfect unfolding of our individual nature. To this end above all others the art, of which I speak, directs our attention and points our endeavor. There is no man, it is presumed, to whom this object is wholly indifferent, — who would not willingly possess this too, along with other prizes, provided the attainment of it were compatible with personal ease and worldly good. But the business of self-culture admits of no compromise. Either it must be made a distinct aim or wholly abandoned.

“I respect the man,” says Goethe, “who knows distinctly what he wishes. The greater part of all the mischief in the world arises from the fact, that men do not sufficiently understand their own aims. They have undertaken to build a tower, and spend no more labor on the foundation than would be necessary to erect a hut.” Is not this an exact description of most men’s strivings? Every man undertakes to build his tower and no one counts the cost. In all things the times are marked by a want of steady aim and patient industry. There is scheming and plotting in abundance, but no considerate, persevering effort. The young man launches into life with no definite course in view. If he goes into trade he has perhaps a general desire to be rich, but he has at the same time an equally strong desire for present gratification and luxurious living. He is unwilling to pay the price of his ambition. He endeavors to secure the present, and lets go the future. He turns seed-time into harvest, eats the corn which he ought to plant. If he goes into professional life, he sets out with a general desire to be eminent, but without considering in what particular he wishes to excel, and what is the price of that excellence. So he divides his time and talents among a great variety of pursuits; endeavoring to be all things, he becomes superficial in proportion as he is universal, and having acquired a brief reputation as worthless as it is short-lived, sinks down into hopeless insignificance.



Everything that man desires may be had for a price. The world is truer to us than we are to ourselves. In the great bargain of life no one is duped but by his own miscalculations, or baffled but by his own unstable will. If any man fail in the thing which he desires, it is because he is not true to himself, he has no sufficient inclination to the object in question. He is unwilling to pay the price which it costs.

Of self-culture, as of all other things worth seeking, the price is a single devotion to that object, — a devotion which shall exclude all aims and ends, that do not directly or indirectly tend to promote it. In this service let no man flatter himself with the hope of light work and ready wages. The work is hard and the wages are slow. Better pay in money or in fame may be found in any other path than in this. The only motive to engage in this work is its own inherent worth, and the sure satisfaction which accompanies the consciousness of progress, in the true direction towards the stature of a perfect man. Let him who would build this tower consider well the cost, whether in energy and endurance he have sufficient to finish it. Much, that he has been accustomed to consider as most desirable, he will have to renounce. Much, that other men esteem as highest and follow after as the grand reality, he will have to forego. No emoluments must seduce him from the rigor of his devotion. No engagements beyond the merest necessities of life must interfere with his pursuit. A meagre economy must be his income. "Spare fast that oft with gods doth diet" must be his fare. The rusty coat must be his badge. Obscurity must be his distinction. He must consent to see younger and smaller men take their places above him in Church and State. He must become a living sacrifice, and dare to lose his life in order that he may find it.

The scholar of these days has no encouragement from without. A cold and timid policy everywhere rebukes his aspirations. Everywhere "advice with scrupulous head" seeks to dehort and deter. Society has no rewards for him. Society rewards none but those who will do its work, which if the scholar undertake, he must straightway neglect his own. The business of society is not the advancement of the mind, but the care of the body. It is not the highest culture, but the greatest comfort. Accordingly, an endless multiplication of physical conveniences — an infinite

economy has become the *cultus*, the worship of the age. Religion itself has been forced to minister in this service. No longer a divine life — an end in itself, it has become a mere instrument and condition of comfortable living, either in this earth or in some transmundane state. A more refined species of sensual enjoyment is the uttermost it holds out.

On all hands man's existence is converted into a preparation for existence. We do not properly live in these days, but, everywhere, with patent inventions and complex arrangements, are getting ready to live; like that King of Epirus, who was all his lifetime preparing to take his ease, but must first conquer the world. The end is lost in the means. Life is smothered in appliances. We cannot get to ourselves, there are so many external comforts to wade through. Consciousness stops half way. Reflection is dissipated in the circumstances of our environment. Goodness is exhausted in aids to goodness, and all the vigor and health of the soul is expended in quack contrivances to build it up. O! for some moral Alaric, one is tempted to exclaim, who should sweep away, with one fell swoop, all that has been in this kind, — all the manuals and false pretensions of modern culture, and place men once more on the eternal basis of original Nature. We are paying dearer than we imagine for our boasted improvements. The highest life, — the highest enjoyment, the point at which, after all our wanderings, we mean to land, is the life of the mind — the enjoyment of thought. Between this life and any point of outward existence, there is never but one step, and that step is an act of the will, which no aids from without can supercede or even facilitate. We travel round and round in a circle of facilities, and come at last to the point from which we set out. The mortal leap remains still to be made.

With these objects and tendencies the business of self-culture has nothing to do. Its objects are immediate and ultimate. Its aim is to live now, to live in the present, to live in the highest. The process here is one with the end. With such opposite views the scholar must expect nothing from Society, but may deem himself happy, if for the day-labor, which necessity imposes, Society will give him his hire, and beyond that leave him free to follow his proper

calling, which he must either pursue with exclusive devotion, or wholly abandon. The more needful is it that he bring to the conflict the Prometheus spirit of endurance, which belongs of old to his work and line.

Besides this voluntary abstinence from temporal advantages and public affairs, the business of self-culture requires a renunciation of present notoriety, and a seclusion more or less rigorous from the public eye. The world is too much with us. We live out of doors. An all-present publicity attends our steps. Our life is in print. At every turn we are gazetted and shown up to ourselves. Society has become a chamber of mirrors, where our slightest movement is brought home to us with thousandfold reflections. The consequence is a morbid consciousness, a habit of living for effect, utterly incompatible with wholesome effort and an earnest mind. No heroic character, no depth of feeling, or clearness of insight can ever come of such a life. All that is best in human attainments springs from retirement. Whoso has conceived within himself any sublime and fruitful thought, or proposed to himself any great work or life, has been guided thereto by solitary musing. In the ruins of the capitol, Gibbon conceived his immortal "Rome." In a cavern on the banks of the Saale, Klopstock meditated his "Messiah." In the privacy of Woolsthorpe, Newton surmised the law which pervades the All. In the solitude of Erfurt, Luther received into his soul the new evangile of faith and freedom.

" And if we would say true  
 Much to the man is due  
 Who from his private gardens, where  
 He lived reserved and austere  
 As if his highest plot  
 To plant the bergamot  
 Could by industrious valor climb  
 To ruin the great work of time  
 And cast the Kingdoms old  
 Into another mould."

In retirement we first become acquainted with ourselves, our means, and ends. There no strange form interposes between us and the truth. No paltry vanity cheats us with false shows and aims. The film drops from our eyes. While we gaze the vision brightens; while we muse the fire burns. Retirement, too, is the parent of freedom. From

living much among men we come to ape their views and faiths, and order our principles, our lives, as we do our coats, by the fashion of the times. Let him who aspires to popular favor and the suffrage of his contemporaries court the public eye. But whoso would perfect himself and bless the world with any great work or example, must hide his young days in "some reclusive and religious life out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries."

Whatever selfishness there may seem to be in such a discipline as this, exists only in appearance. The influence it would have upon Society would, in fact, be hardly less beneficial than its influence on the individual himself. In self-culture lies the ground and condition of all culture. Not those, who seem most earnest in promoting the culture of Society, do most effectually promote it. We have reformers in abundance, but few who, in the end, will be found to have aided essentially the cause of human improvement; either because they have failed to illustrate in themselves the benefits they wished to confer, and the lesson they wished to inculcate, or because there is a tendency in mankind to resist overt efforts to guide and control them. The silent influence of example, where no influence is intended, is the true reformer. The only efficient power, in the moral world, is attraction. Society is more benefitted by one sincere life, by seeing how one man has helped himself, than by all the projects that human policy has devised for their salvation. The Christian church—the mightiest influence the world has known—was the product of a great example.

Every period has its own wants, and different epochs require a different discipline. There are times when mankind is served by conformity; and there are times when a sterner discipline is required to revive the heroic spirit in a puny and servile age. When the Athenian mind, emasculated by the luxury which succeeded the Persian wars, and corrupted by the mischievous doctrines of the Sophists, had lost its fine sense of justice and truth; then arose, with austere front and wholesome defiance, the Cynics and the Stoics, whose fan was in their hands, and whose lives went deeper than Plato's words. That the present is a period when examples like these would not be unprofitable, no one, I think, can doubt, who has considered well its characteris-

tic tendencies and wants — the want of courage, the want of faith, the hollowness of Church and State, the shallowness of teachers,

“ Whose lean and flashy songs  
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw,”

the hunger of the taught, who “ look up and are not fed,” and the frequent protest, which he who listens may hear from all the better spirits in the land. The time has come when good words are no longer of any avail. Book-teaching has become effete. No man teaches with authority. All are eager to speak, none are willing to hear. What the age requires is not books, but example, high, heroic example; not words but deeds; not societies but men, — men who shall have their root in themselves, and attract and convert the world by the beauty of their fruits. All truth must be lived before it can be adequately known or taught. Men are anterior to systems. Great doctrines are not the origin but the product, of great lives. The Cynic practice must precede the Stoic philosophy, and out of Diogenes’s tub came forth in the end the wisdom of Epictetus, the eloquence of Seneca, and the piety of Antonine.

On this ground I am disposed to rejoice in those radical movements, which are everywhere springing up in the discontented spirits and misguided efforts of modern reform. Perfectionism, Grahamism, Nonresistance, and all the forms of ultraism, blind and headlong as they seem, have yet a meaning which, if it cannot command assent, must at least preclude contempt. They are the gropings of men who have waked too soon, while the rest of mankind are yet wrapt in sleep, and the new day still tarries in the East. The philosopher sees through these efforts, and knows that they are not the light that is to come; but he feels that they are sent to bear witness of the light, and hails them as the welcome tokens of approaching day. However our reason may disallow, however our taste may reject them, the thoughtful mind will perceive there the symptoms of a vitality which appears nowhere else. They are the life, however spasmodic, of this generation. There, or nowhere, beats the heart of the century. Thus the new in Church and State is always preceded by a cynical, radical spirit, which wages war with the old. Every genuine reform has its preacher in the wilder-

ness. First the Cynic John with hair cloth and fasts, then the God-man Jesus with the bread of life.

Meanwhile the scholar has his function, too, in this baptism of repentance. For him, too, the age has its problem and its task. What other reformers are to the moral culture, he must be to the mind of his age. By taste averse, by calling exempt, from the practical movements around him, to him is committed the movement of thought. He must be a radical in speculation, an ascetic in devotion, a Cynic in independence, an anchorite in his habits, a perfectionist in discipline. Secluded from without, and nourished from within, self-sustained and self-sufficing, careless of praise or blame, intent always on the highest, he must rebuke the superficial attainments, the hollow pretensions, the feeble efforts, and trivial productions, of his contemporaries, with the thoroughness of his acquisitions, the reach of his views, the grandeur of his aims, the earnestness of his endeavor.

It is to such efforts and to such men that we must look for the long expected literature of this nation. Hitherto our literature has been but an echo of other voices and climes. Generally, in the history of nations, song has preceded science, and the feeling of a people has been sooner developed than its understanding. With us this order has been reversed. The national understanding is fully ripe, but the feeling, the imagination of the people, has found as yet no adequate expression. We have our men of science, our Franklins, our Bowditches, our Cleavelands; we have our orators, our statesmen; but the American poet, the American thinker is yet to come. A deeper culture must lay the foundation for him, who shall worthily represent the genius and utter the life of this continent. A severer discipline must prepare the way for our Dantes, our Shakspeares, our Miltons. "He who would write an epic," said one of these, "must make his life an epic." This touches our infirmity. We have no practical poets, — no epic lives. Let us but have sincere livers, earnest, whole-hearted, heroic men, and we shall not want for writers and for literary fame. Then shall we see springing up, in every part of these Republics, a literature, such as the ages have not known, — a literature, commensurate with our idea, vast as our destiny and varied as our clime.

## LETTER TO A THEOLOGICAL STUDENT.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I WAS somewhat surprised at the information, that you had commenced the study of theology; but not sorry, I assure you. I supposed that you had looked at all the attractions which the study holds out, and had found that you were made for something else. On that account, I always avoided saying anything which might look like tempting you to engage in it; being persuaded that a taste for our profession must be born in the heart, and not awakened by any external persuasion or influence. But now that you have made up your mind to devote yourself to its duties, I cannot but rejoice with you in your determination, and wish you the blessing of God on your prospects. You enter on the study with the advantages of an ardent temperament, a vigorous will, no slight experience of the world, and, I trust, with a pure purpose of yielding to the inspirations of your higher nature. With a spirit of earnest and glowing piety, with a true sympathy with Christ and with your fellow-men, and with a rational zeal for the progress of Humanity, the promotion of light, truth, and joy in the world, (and all these qualities will be more and more developed, as you go on, if true to yourself,) you cannot fail of being happy in your studies and in your profession, should it please God to spare your life to enter it. I need not tell how sincerely my best wishes are given to you at this moment, how earnestly I pray that you may be a faithful student and a happy pastor.

Let me guard you against one almost fatal error, into which I have observed our young men are too apt to fall, and that is, the habit of studying in order to find supports, wherewith to maintain prevailing opinions, rather than to attain to a clear and living system of truth, which shall be to the soul what the blood is to the body,—a flowing fountain of inward strength, and giving beauty, activity, and the glow of health to every outward manifestation. You may think the day is past for any fear of this error. You may suppose that our age and our community are too free and independent, to present any temptations to such a course. But I am compelled to believe, that this is

not yet the case with us. A young man commences study with a view to the Orthodox ministry. But he is well aware of what he is expected to learn, to believe, and to preach. He knows that, if he deviates by a perceptible hair's breadth from this established line, he will gain neither a parish nor a hearing. He must either change his plan of life altogether, or take good care to see no truth and listen to no arguments, (except to refute them,) which could tempt him to swerve from the old path. You may say that you are in no danger from this, because you have your eye fixed on the liberal ministry. But let me here tell you a secret, — which on second thought is no secret, after all, — young as you are, I dare say, you have long ago found it out for yourself. I allude to the fact, that although, as liberal Christians, we have renounced the Orthodox doctrines, we still cherish too much of the exclusive spirit. We are too desirous of uniformity of faith, too fearful of future progress, too anxious for the success of our party. We do not maintain, as we should, a generous confidence in Truth, and in Humanity. Now this spirit easily gains possession of the soul. It grows upon it while we are asleep. It creeps over a character, which, in other respects, is bright with many virtues. But call it Orthodox or what you will, this spirit in its worst form is more at war with the spirit of Christ, with the essence of Protestantism, and the noblest interests of piety, than the darkest doctrines of Orthodoxy. A bad doctrine is often sanctified and made harmless by a true spirit; whereas a cowardly, time-serving, selfish spirit cannot be redeemed from its intrinsic degradation, by an alliance with the purest doctrines that ever fell from mortal lips. God preserve us from the most distant approach to such a spirit, or we are as good as dead. But we are too much exposed to this in our present state of society. A young man commences study with a view to the liberal ministry. But here, too, he knows what is expected of him. A strait path is marked out for his feet; but while he is told to use his freedom, and think for himself, woe to him if he dare to choose any other. He must avoid, as he would the gates of Hades, everything like the old dogmatics. He must take care not to speak too much of sin, or of the need of a new heart, not to use too frequently or too fer-



vently the name of Christ or of the Holy Ghost, not to press too warmly the reality of religious experience, and the heights and depths of the Christian life, lest he should be accused of too much zeal, lest he should be thought not to be sound, lest he should be suspected of some faint shadow of approach to the gloom and darkness of Orthodoxy. But then he must also take good care not to fall into the gulf on the opposite side. He must hold on to all the ideas which, by a sort of vague, unwritten common law, have become part and parcel of liberal Christianity. If he venture to differ much from his teachers, if he wishes to wipe off the dust of centuries from some dark nook in the Gothic temple of our faith, if he speak out from the fulness of his own heart and in the strength of severe conviction, in dissonance with the prevailing echoes of departed voices,— he will be certain to raise a cry, by no means musical, against his presumption and independence. He will be thought to compromise the interests of his party; and of course perils his own reputation. A man must have uncommon moral courage, united with a truly ingenuous and transparent mind, to consent to run such a risk. He therefore seeks for a safe and approved path, rather than one which suits his own ideas; he loves rather to ride in a troop on the dusty highway, than to search out for himself those green and shady avenues of truth, which are “so full of goodly prospect and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming.” Hence the dulness of sermons which is so much complained of. No man can preach well, unless he coins his own flesh and blood, the living, palpitating fibres of his very heart, into the words which he utters from the pulpit. If he speaks what he has learned from others, what he finds in books, what he thinks it decorous and seemly that a man should say in his place, he may indeed be a good mechanic in the pulpit, he may help to hand down a worm-eaten, stereotyped system of theology, to those who have no more heart for it than he has himself; but a true prophet of God, a man baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire, he can never be. And for the want of such men how much are religion and the Church now suffering. Compare the science of Theology (for it is a science) with that of Astronomy, Chemistry, Political Economy, even with pure Mathematics, in short with any science that pre-

tends to go alone; and see the decrepit, the worn and withered figure of the one, in contrast with the fresh and buoyant movements of the others. The latter breathing the free mountain air, where all the winds of doctrine are let loose, with health in every feature and life in every motion, inspired with the joy of youth and the consciousness of power; the former lagging behind the magnificent procession, in which all Sciences and Arts are pressing forward to truth, clad in the weeds of widowhood and poverty, with sunken eye and wasted brow, and no hope, but that of decent burial, when the last asthmatic breath shall have been sent forth.

In Europe a new life has sprung up from the ashes of a departed faith; a hag-like, scholastic theology has given up the ghost, upon being brought out of darkness into daylight; and a virgin form appears radiant with beauty, and already uttering the same words with which angel voices heralded the birth of Christ. It is for our young men to welcome this glorious visitant to their bosoms. It is for them to naturalize a truly liberal and generous theology on our own blessed soil. Their mission is arduous, but it cannot fail of its completion. I rejoice that you have commenced the study of theology, just at this epoch in our progress. I know you have a free mind which will never blench from inquiry, and a bold one, which will not fear to utter its thoughts. Let it be filled and consecrated with the heavenly spirit of Christ, let your youthful energy be blended with the meekness and gentleness and wisdom of your Divine Master, and you will have everything to hope and little to fear.

I sincerely congratulate you on the advantages you will enjoy, under the guidance of so frank and healthy a mind as his, whom you have chosen for a teacher. I am certain (for I know him well) that he will never prescribe to you articles to be believed, but will only direct you to the great lights above and within, which you must see for yourself. You will do well to imbibe his spirit of perfect tolerance. A minister must be wretched without this. It will secure him from all the little disgusts, which a various intercourse is apt to engender; it will enable him to bear with every diversity of expression and of character, as well as of faith; and to enter with strong heart and hope into all the practical

details of his profession, which are usually so irksome to the man, whose dainty fastidiousness has no sympathy with what he deems vulgar or common-place.

If you read German, let me recommend to you "Herder's Letters on the Study of Theology." You will find them a fruitful source of noble and glorious thoughts; and can never read them without feeling your heart elevated and made better, though they may not impart much positive and exact instruction. If you do not read German, the perusal of that book alone, would repay you for the six months' study of leisure hours, which it would cost to acquire the language.

I am sure you will not take ill of me the freedom with which I have answered your letter. I have no fancy for giving advice, and I do not intend for such what I have now written. It is rather the expression of sympathy, which I know from experience is always welcome to a young man, from those who are a few years in advance of him, in the path which he is about to enter.

*December, 1836.*

R.

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"THE POOR RICH MAN."

How in my youth I longed and prayed to have  
 Communion with a wise and perfect soul,  
 And flung away the things that fortune gave,  
 And over which she claimed to have control.  
 How my heart stiffened to the world of sense,  
 And, dying, sought a life far more intense.

And how the treasure I so dearly won,  
 And spent my life to seek, in riper age,  
 I long to pour out on some needy son  
 Of time, that he may have fair heritage.  
 Alas, that once I languished to be fed,  
 And now have none to whom to give my bread!

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WHY askest thou, friend, for new thoughts never said?  
 On the same olden lore are all fair spirits fed.

## MUSINGS OF A RECLUSE.

## I.

I HAVE seen, after three or four days of still summer rain and gray sky, a most glorious lighting up, though gradual, for the clouds had so long hung together that they were slow and loth to part, and they lingered in the heavens all day, rolling here and there their silvery white masses, or floating lazily through space, dark, heavy, and dull together; when parted they became bright glorified bodies. What a moral might be drawn from them for dull, low-hanging, heavy clusters of human beings.

## II.

How often do we hear enforced the necessity of watching, guarding, and arranging our actions; our duty illustrated by that of military men, who cannot gain a battle by merely grand general views of victory without attending to minute details, or by the agriculturist, who is watching the growth of various portions of the soil he cultivates, and so forth. Is not the difference between spiritual and material things just this; that in the one case we must watch details, in the other keep alive the high resolve, and the details will take care of themselves? Keep the sacred central fire burning, and throughout the system in each of its acts will be warmth and glow enough.

## III.

How like an imprisoned bird is Christianity! The teachers of Humanity have been, and always are, gilding and adorning its cage, cleansing and sprinkling it with perfume, improving its drinking vessels, and calling us around it to gaze and see how beautiful the captive is, and admonishing us to plume our wings just so; not for flight, but that they may look decorous. Though one of delicate preception may detect something sweet and soothing in the poor bird's gentle note, and something cheering in its bolder melody; yet there is an unhealthy moaning in its music, and a lifelessness in its drooping wing, which separate it from its free and exulting mates of the woods and hills. Where is he who, with pious but not timid hand, may gently unlock its prison-house and say, "Go forth, patient sufferer, and cheer the world with thy free and joyous song. Warble it in the ear of the young and

happy, chant it melodiously at the window of the sufferer, till an answering strain is heard throughout the universe."

## IV.

Jean Paul has said, "our convictions can never be so firm that they may not become firmer by their beautiful correspondence with those of another mind. The rain is not less reviving to water plants in the midst of their stream than to those growing on the bank." Not to him who awakens new thoughts, but to him who confirms us in the convictions which are the result of our thinking do we feel ourselves most indebted. When this confirmation of belief extends over a wide range of subjects, and is uttered in a few select words of deepest wisdom, we no longer accept it as cheering sympathy, but bow to it as high authority. When after years of careful observation and deep study of incongruous things, we have detected a principle that ranges them all in beautiful order around its centre, and are rewarded for our toil by the discovery, and we attempt to unfold this principle to others in the selectest language we can command, how are we impressed by finding in one short sentence of a sage or bard of far off ages, our slowly obtained experience uttered as the every-day thought of his deeper wisdom. Could we find any record crowded with such oracles, it would be to us divine, it would be to us revelation. Such revelations do we find in the Gospels of Christianity. However earnestly each may contend that the evidence most convincing to his own mind is the only true testimony; so surely as each mind conceives a God of its own, so surely must each individual mind find its own evidence and its corresponding faith. Do I need a miracle to prove the divinity of the teachings I am listening to, I take a miracle for my evidence and my faith itself is a miracle, not the simple growth of my unfolding powers; if confirmation of my own experience, and deeper penetration into life than I have yet attained, be the evidence I demand, I gladly welcome that higher teaching, and exclaim with as heartfelt joy as the shepherds, who received the angelic visitors, "Glory to God in the highest!"

Amid all the bewilderingments of this bewildering life, nothing perplexed me so long as to find the right place for its trifles; tinsel, gewgaws as one class terms them; its elegan-

cies, luxuries as they are named by the other. I never had any affinity with those undraped souls, who, stern in principle, reject all that cannot at once be transmuted into their own granite formation, and frown incessantly on all the graceful shapes of minor form in which life flows out. Neither do I join that other company, who value every lighter grace of intellect, and every fair form that wit creates, but prune away those slighter and more common manifestations of beauty which lend a charm to every-day life. I was sure these trifles had their meaning, and if their meaning, their place; too deep a meaning for those to interpret, who live and move and have their being in them. A few years passed, and the love of perfection became my religion, the quiet striving for it my aim; then all things in Heaven and earth took their true proportions. The trifling elegancies of life assumed an importance, not dreamed of by those who live in them. They became expressions of a thirst for beauty that nature alone can satisfy. The rose-colored curtain of my boudoir was a reflection of the evening cloud, my velvet couch in winter became my summer's bank of turf, perfumes my flowers, jewels my stars, the more brilliant the more star-like. The shade of my ribband, the proportion of my shoe-tie, had to do with the harmony and order of the Universe, which I had no right to mar. Nothing was mean, and with this self-discovered truth came interpreted to me the command, often lightly passed over before, "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness," and when these minor temporary charms of life have faded, the spirit, which they have helped to enrich, will open to you everlasting habitations.

## V.

Yesterday was to me a most glorious day of revelling. Wearied and perturbed by dusty every-day cares and turmoils, I stole from them for a while, for a good long reading in Bettina's journal. For hours I bathed and floated in the sea of her beautiful thoughts; rather in the flood of her gushing rapture-feelings, from amid whose golden or moon-light waves arose thoughts like green islands thickly scattered. Bettina is a most rare creature, expanding from her earliest years generously and freely, without hindrance from out-

ward obstacle or inward strife; one who was born to tell us the secrets of nature, and reveal to us what she may become to every child-like, loving soul. Bettina grew up in her lap like a pet infant, kept apart from every other influence, that we might see how wise are the teachings of our mother. This is the first time I have ever seen written out in poetry or prose the best that can yet be said of this Universe, that lies about us, or even my own narrow experience of its inexhausted power, and yet this is only the beginning of its many-sided history. This little heroine is the first I have ever known, who thoroughly understood, and used what we all enjoy. Nature was the loving nurse of her infancy, and though she sometimes showed to her favorite her sterner features they were mantled in a smile, for her which won a confiding trust; she was the playmate of her youth and the companion of her early begun womanhood, when she felt that her circle of life was incomplete, till she met the kindred mind from whose fulness the richness of her own might be doubled, and who might teach her with his elder wisdom more than she yet had learned of the universe and of herself. Not as interpreter of nature within and without her, did she adopt him, for before the unclouded vision of her innocence no awful mysteries presented themselves without, and within all was clear and bright. Goethe was to her the expression of the divine soul in humanity. It might have been another, perhaps Novalis, perhaps some one else, for it was not an individual, it was being in a form which charmed that she demanded. Nothing could be more original and yet more natural than her passion for her Jupiter, Apollo all in one. It was a perfectly pure and sanctifying feeling of worship. In him was concentrated the spirit of the universe, life, as it had looked out to her before from trees and brooks and flowers, and spoken to her in the hum of insect and song of bird. He was the light of life to her, and she expanded in it. It asked no return, it could not be returned, it would have been disturbed and limited by an answering fervor; it only needed a protecting benignity, a placid, grateful permission to be. He was human and with the hope and expectation of return would have come disappointment, perhaps despair, at best incompleteness. The stream must flow at its own sweet will into all the nooks and crevices of the flowery, grassy bank it bathes,

and fill it to the brim with its own fulness, and flow back again laden with sweet odors and dancing with livelier joy; but if the bank move to meet it, it repels and hems it in, and changes it from a calm flowing river to a wild torrent. With a little more of trust and kindness there would be something almost as beautiful in Goethe's calm way of encouraging Bettina's passion, as in the passion itself. He met it in the only way it could be met, and most gently breathed upon it. The profound wisdom of the little maid is as striking as her ardor. She never raves, and her extravagance is of the most healthy kind. She revels in the universe and in her love, but accepts the conditions to which the Infinite has subjected the finite, understands the limitations of humanity, and unrepiningly submits, knowing that what she most cherishes is illimitable in its nature and will presently burst its fetters. Perhaps it were well if many ardent natures should expand under such influences as Bettina's. It is certainly most favorable for a noble free spirit to be attracted by the noblest it can find, and undisturbed by any restless craving for sympathy, love and admire at too great a distance from its object to perceive imperfections, but near enough to feel the sunlight of what glory it may possess, and thrive therein. Then the condition of hopeless love, from being the most degrading into which innocence can fall, would become the noblest. To be uncomplaining but ardent was Bettina's high praise, and her love was so generalizing, so little occupied with the details of admiration, that its dignity is sustained, and we hardly feel it to be a delusion.

No one should read this journal, who is not at once so deeply interested in the unfolding of Bettina's rich nature as to lose sight of the thought, that after years had passed she could translate the record of her love into a foreign language, and spread it abroad over the world. Yet when we have learned to love her, this thought becomes less revolting. We reverence the youthful trust that still clings to her, and permits her to expose her intimate heart's history to the multitude, for the sake of the kind ones who will welcome it. She is so absorbed in the object of her passion, that perhaps she did not regard the tale as her own history, but rather as a worthy monument to him who inspired it.



## THE WOOD-FIRE.

THIS bright wood-fire  
 So like to that which warmed and lit  
 My youthful days — how doth it flit  
 Back on the periods nigher,  
 Relighting and rewarming with its glow  
 The bright scenes of my youth — all gone out now.  
 How eagerly its flickering blaze doth catch  
 On every point now wrapped in time's deep shade,  
 Into what wild grotesqueness by its flash  
 And fitful checquering is the picture made!  
 When I am glad or gay,  
 Let me walk forth into the brilliant sun,  
 And with congenial rays be shone upon;  
 When I am sad, or thought-bewitched would be,  
 Let me glide forth in moonlight's mystery,  
 But never, while I live this changeful life,  
 This past and future with all wonders rife,  
 Never, bright flame, may be denied to me,  
 Thy dear, life-imaging, close sympathy.  
 What but my hopes shot upward e'er so bright?  
 What but my fortunes sank so low in night?

Why art thou banished from our hearth and hall,  
 Thou who art welcomed and beloved by all?  
 Was thy existence then too fanciful  
 For our life's common light, who are so dull?  
 Did thy bright gleam mysterious converse hold  
 With our congenial souls? secrets too bold?  
 Well, we are safe and strong, for now we sit  
 Beside a hearth where no dim shadows flit,  
 Where nothing cheers nor saddens, but a fire  
 Warms feet and hands — nor does to more aspire;  
 By whose compact, utilitarian heap,  
 The present may sit down and go to sleep,  
 Nor fear the ghosts who from the dim past walked,  
 And with us by the unequal light of the old wood-fire talked.

## THE DAY BREAKS.

LITTLE child! little child! seeking a home,  
 To the Great Spirit trustfully come,  
 It is no miser holding back treasure,  
 'T will lavish upon you gifts without measure,  
 If you will but receive. Hold forth your hand,  
 And it is filled with the streaming light,  
 Open your eyes, look out o'er the land,  
 Behold! it is day, and you thought it was night.

Z.

## THE POET.

He touched the earth, a soul of flame,  
 His bearing proud, his spirit high,  
 Filled with the heavens from whence he came,  
 He smiled upon man's destiny.

Yet smiled as one who knew no fear,  
 And felt a secret strength within,  
 Who wondered at the pitying tear  
 Shed over human loss and sin.

Lit by an inward brighter light  
 Than aught that round about him shone,  
 He walked erect through shades of night,  
 Clear was his pathway — but how lone!

Men gaze in wonder and in awe  
 Upon a form so like to theirs,  
 Worship the presence, yet withdraw,  
 And carry elsewhere warmer prayers.

Yet when the glorious pilgrim guest,  
 Forgetting once his strange estate,  
 Unloosed the lyre from off his breast  
 And strung its chords to human fate;

And gaily snatching some rude air,  
 Carrolled by idle passing tongue,  
 Gave back the notes that lingered there,  
 And in Heaven's tones earth's low lay sung;

Then warmly grasped the hand that sought  
 To thank him with a brother's soul,  
 And when the generous wine was brought,  
 Shared in the feast and quaffed the bowl;—

Men laid their hearts low at his feet,  
 And sunned their being in his light,  
 Pressed on his way his steps to greet,  
 And in his love forgot his might.

And when, a wanderer long on earth,  
 On him its shadow also fell,  
 And dimmed the lustre of a birth,  
 Whose day-spring was from heaven's own well;

They cherished even the tears he shed,  
 Their woes were hallowed by his woe,  
 Humanity, half cold and dead,  
 Had been revived in genius' glow.

## LIFE.

GREATLY to Be  
Is enough for me,  
Is enough for thee.

Why for work art thou striving,  
Why seek'st thou for aught?  
To the soul that is living  
All things shall be brought.

What thou art thou wilt do,  
And thy work will be true.

But how can I Be  
Without labor or love?  
Life comes not to me  
As to calm gods above.

Not only above  
May spirit be found,  
The sunshine of love  
Streams all around.

The sun does not say,  
"I will not shine  
Unless every ray  
Fall on planets divine."

He shines upon dust,  
Upon things mean and low,  
His own inward thought  
Maketh him glow.

Z.

## EVENING.

A SMALL brook murmurs with a silver tone,  
An echo to the wind that softly sighs;  
The birds into their moonlit nests have flown;  
Through dews the flowers look up with tearful eyes.

Beautiful trees wave gently in that wood,  
The moonlight stealeth in among the boughs.  
Let no vain step within those aisles intrude,—  
It is a holy place, and full of heavenly vows.

Z.

## A LESSON FOR THE DAY;

OR

THE CHRISTIANITY OF CHRIST, OF THE CHURCH,  
AND OF SOCIETY.

“Hear what the Spirit saith unto the Churches, . . . I know thy works, that thou hast a name, that thou livest, and art dead.”—BIBLE.

EVERY man has at times in his mind the Ideal of what he should be, but is not. This ideal may be high and complete, or it may be quite low and insufficient; yet in all men, that really seek to improve, it is better than the actual character. Perhaps no one is satisfied with himself, so that he never wishes to be wiser, better, and more holy. Man never falls so low, that he can see nothing higher than himself. This ideal man which we project, as it were, out of ourselves, and seek to make real; this Wisdom, Goodness, and Holiness, which we aim to transfer from our thoughts to our life, has an action, more or less powerful, on each man, rendering him dissatisfied with present attainments, and restless, unless he is becoming better. With some men it takes the rose out of the cheek, and forces them to wander a long pilgrimage of temptations, before they reach the delectable mountains of Tranquillity, and find “Rest for the Soul,” under the Tree of Life.

Now there is likewise an ideal of perfection floating before the eyes of a community or nation; and that ideal which hovers, lofty or low, above the heads of our nation, is the Christian ideal, “the stature of the perfect man in Christ Jesus.” Christianity then is the ideal our nation is striving to realize in life; the sublime prophecy we are laboring to fulfill. Of course, some part thereof is made real and actual, but by no means the whole; for if it were, some higher ideal must immediately take its place. Hence there exists a difference between the actual state in which our countrymen are, and the ideal state in which they should be; just as there is a great gulf between what each man is, and what he knows he ought to become. But there is at this day not only a wide difference between the

true Christian ideal, and our actual state, but what is still worse, there is a great dissimilarity between *our ideal*, and the ideal of Christ. The CHRISTIANITY OF CHRIST is the highest and most perfect ideal ever presented to the longing eyes of man; but the CHRISTIANITY OF THE CHURCH, which is the ideal held up to our eyes, at this day, is a very different thing; and the CHRISTIANITY OF SOCIETY, which is that last ideal imperfectly realized, has but the slightest affinity with Christ's sublime archetype of man. Let us look a little more narrowly into the matter.

Many years ago, at a time when all nations were in a state of deep moral and religious degradation; when the world lay exhausted and sick with long warfare; at a time when Religion was supported by each civilized State; but when everywhere the religious form was outgrown and worn out, though the State yet watched this tattered garment with the most jealous care, calling each man a blasphemer, who complained of its scantiness, or pointed out its rents; at a time when no wise man, any where, had the smallest respect for the popular Religion, except so far as he found it a convenient instrument to keep the mob in subjection to their lords; and when only the few had any regard for Religion, into whose generous hearts it is by nature so deeply sown, that they are born religious; at such a time, in a little corner of the world, of a people once pious but then corrupted to the heart; of a nation well known only to be justly and universally hated—there was born a man; a right true man. He had no advantage of birth, for he was descended from the poorest of the people; none of education, for he was brought up in a little village, whose inhabitants were wicked to a proverb; and so little had schools and colleges to do for him, that his townsmen wondered he had learned to read. He had no advantage of aid or instruction from the great and the wise; but grew up and passed his life, mainly, with fishers, and others of like occupation,—the most illiterate of men.

This was a true man; such as had never been seen before. None such has risen since his time. He was so true, that he could tolerate nothing false; so pure and holy that he, and perhaps he alone of all men, was justified in calling others by their proper name; even when that

proper name was Blind Guide, Fool, Hypocrite, Child of the Devil. He found men forgetful of God. They seemed to fancy he was dead. They lived as if there had once been a God, who had grown old and deceased. They were mistaken also as to the nature of man. They saw he had a body; they forgot he is a soul, and has a Soul's Rights, and a Soul's Duties. Accordingly they believed there had been Revelations, in the days of their fathers, when God was alive and active. They knew not there were Revelations every day to faithful Souls;—Revelations just as real, just as direct, just as true, just as sublime, just as valuable, as those of old time; for the Holy Spirit has not yet been exhausted, nor the River of God's inspiration been drunk dry by a few old Hebrews, great and divine souls though they were.

He found men clinging to tradition, as orphan girls cling to the robe of their mother dead and buried, hoping to find life in what had once covered the living. Thus men stood with their faces nailed to the past; their eyes fastened to the ground. They dreamed not the sun rose each morning fresh and anew. So their teachers looked only at the west, seeking the light amid dark and thundering clouds, and mocking at such as, turning their faces to the East, expounded the signs of new morning, and "wished for the day."

This true man saw through their sad state, and comforting his fellows he said, Poor brother man, you are deceived. God is still alive. His Earth is under your feet. His Heaven is over your head. He takes care of the sparrows. Justice, and Wisdom, and Mercy, and Goodness, and Virtue, and Religion are not superannuated and ready to perish. They are young as Hunger and Thirst, which shall be as fresh in the last man as they were in the first. God has never withdrawn from the universe, but he is now present and active in this spot, as ever on Sinai, and still guides and inspires all who will open their hearts to admit him there. Men are still men; born pure as Adam and into no less a sphere. All that Abraham, Moses, or Isaiah possessed is open unto you, just as it was to them. If you will, your inspiration may be glorious as theirs, and your life as divine. Yea, far more; for the least in the New Kingdom is greater than the greatest

in the Old. Trouble not yourselves then with the fringes and tassels of thread-bare tradition, but be a man on your own account.

Poor sinful Brother, said he to fallen man, you have become a fool, an hypocrite, deceiving and deceived. You live as if there were no God; no soul; as if you were but a beast. You have made yourself as a ghost, a shadow, not a man. Rise up and be a man, thou child of God. Cast off these cumbrous things of old. Let Conscience be your Lawgiver; Reason your Oracle; Nature your Temple; Holiness your High-priest; and a Divine Life your Offering. Be your own Prophet; for the Law and the old Prophets were the best things men had before John; but now the Kingdom of Heaven is preached; leave them, for their work is done. Live no longer such a mean life as now. If you would be saved—love God with your whole heart, and man as yourself. Look not back for better days and say Abraham is our father; but live now, and be not Abrahams, but something better. Look not forward to the time when your fancied deliverer shall come; but use the moment now in your hands. Wait not for the Kingdom of God; but make it within you by a divine life. What if the Scribes and Pharisees sit in the seat of authority? Begin your kingdom of the divine life, and fast as you build it, difficulties will disappear; false men shall perish, and the true rise up. Set not for your standard the limit of old times,—for here is one greater than Jonah or Solomon,—but be perfect as God. Call no man master. Call none father, save the Infinite Spirit. Be one with him; think his thoughts; feel his feelings, and live his will. Fear not; I have overcome the world, and you shall do yet greater things; I and the father will dwell with you forever. Thus he spoke the word which men had longed to hear spoken, and others had vainly essayed to utter. While the great and gifted asked in derision, Art thou greater than our father Jacob—multitudes of the poor in spirit heard him; their hearts throbbed with the mighty pulsations of his heart. They were swayed to and fro by his words, as an elm-branch waves in the summer wind. They said, this is one of the old Prophets, Moses, Elias, or even that greater Prophet, the “desire of all nations.” They shouted with one voice,

He shall be our king; for human nature is always loyal at its heart, and never fails of allegiance, when it really sees a real hero of the Soul, in whose heroism of Holiness there is nothing sham. As the carnal pay a shallow worship to rich men, and conquering chiefs, and other heroes of the Flesh, so do men of the spirit revere a faithful Hero of the Soul, with whatever in them is deepest, truest, and most divine.

Before this man had seen five and thirty summers, he was put to death by such men as thought old things were new enough, and false things sufficiently true, and like owls and bats shriek fearfully when morning comes, because their day is the night, and their power, like the spectres of fable, vanishes as the cock-crowing ushers the morning in. Scarce had this divine youth begun to spread forth his brightness, men had seen but the twilight of his reason and inspiration, the full noon must have come at a later period of life, when experience and long contemplation had matured the divine gifts, never before nor since so prodigally bestowed, nor used so faithfully. But his doctrine was ripe, though he was young. The truth he received at first hand from God required no age to render it mature. So he perished. But, as the oak the woodman fells in Autumn on the mountain side scatters ripe acorns over many a rood, some falling perchance into the bosom of a stream, to be cast up on distant fertile shores, so his words sprung up a host of men; living men like himself, only feebler and of smaller stature. They were quickened by his words, electrified by his love, and enchanted by his divine life. He who has never seen the Sun can learn nothing of it from all our words; but he who has once looked thereon can never forget its burning brilliance. Thus these men, "who had been with Jesus," were lit up by him. His spirit passed into them, as the Sun into the air, with light and heat. They were possessed and overmastered by the new spirit they had drunken in. They cared only for truth and the welfare of their brother men. Pleasure and ease, the endearments of quiet life and the dalliance of home, were all but a bubble to them, as they sought the priceless pearls of a divine life. Their heart's best blood — what was it to these men? They poured it joyfully as festal wine was spent at the marriage in Cana



of Galilee; for, as their teacher's life had taught them to live, so had his death taught them to die to the body, that the soul might live greater and more. In their hearts burned a living consciousness of God; a living love of man. Thus they became rare men, such as the world but seldom sees. Some of them had all of woman's tenderness, and more than man's will and strength of endurance, which earth and hell cannot force from the right course. Thus they were fitted for all work. So the Damascus steel, we are told, has a temper so exquisite, it can trim a feather and cleave iron bars.

Forth to the world are sent these willing seedsmen of God; bearing in their bosom the Christianity of Christ, desiring to scatter this precious seed in every land of the wide world. The Priest, the Philosopher, the Poet, and the King, — all who had love for the past, or an interest in present delusions, — join forces to cast down and tread into dust these Jewish fishermen and tent-makers. They fetter the limbs; they murder the body; but the word of God is not bound, and the soul goes free. The seed, sown broadcast with faith and prayers, springs up and grows night and day, while men wake and while they sleep. Well it might, beneath the hot sun of persecution, and moistened by the dew that martyrs shed. The mailed Roman, hard as iron from his hundred battles, saw the heroism of Christian flesh, and beginning to worship that, saw with changed heart, the heroism of the Christian soul; the spear dropped from his hand, and the man, new-born, prayed greater and stronger than before. Hard-hearted Roman men, and barbarians from the fabulous Hydaspis, stood round in the Forum, while some Christian was burned with many tortures for his faith. They saw his gentle meekness, far stronger than the insatiate steel or flame, that never says enough. They whispered to one another — those hard-hearted men — in the rude speech of common life, more persuasive than eloquence, That young man has a dependent and feeble father, a wife, and a little babe, newly born, but a day old. He leaves them all to uncertain trouble, worse perhaps than his own, yet neither the love of young and blissful life, nor the care of parent, and wife, and child can make him swerve an inch from the truth. Is there not God in this? And so when the winds

scattered wide the eloquent ashes of the uncomplaining victim to regal or priestly pride, the symbolical dust, which Moses cast towards Heaven, was less prolific and less powerful than his.

So the world went for two ages. But in less than three centuries the faith of that lowly youth, and so untimely slain, proclaimed by the fearless voice of those trusting apostles, written in the blood of their hearts, and illuminated by the divine life they lived—this faith goes from its low beginning on the Galilean lake, through Jerusalem, Ephesus, Antioch, Corinth, and Alexandria; ascends the throne of the Cæsars, and great men, and temples, and towers, and rich cities, and broad kingdoms lie at its feet. What wrought this wondrous change so suddenly; in the midst of such deadly peril; against such fearful odds? We are sometimes told it was because that divine youth had an unusual entrance into life; because he cured a few sick men, or fed many hungry men, by unwonted means. Believe it you who may, it matters not. Was it not rather because his doctrine was felt to be true, real, divine, satisfying to the soul; proclaimed by real men, true men, who felt what they said, and lived what they felt? Man was told there was a God still alive, and that God a Father; that man had lost none of that high nature which shone in Moses, Solomon, or Isaiah, or Theseus, or Solon, but was still capable of Virtue, Thought, Religion, to a degree, those sages not only never realized, but never dreamed of. He was told there were Laws for his nature,—laws to be kept: Duties for his nature,—duties to be done: Rights for his nature,—rights to be enjoyed: Hopes for his nature,—hopes to be realized, and more than realized, as man goes forward to his destiny, with perpetual increase of stature. It needs no miracle but a man to spread such doctrines. You shall as soon stay Niagara with a straw; or hold in the swelling surges of an Atlantic storm, with the “spider’s most attenuated thread,” as prevent the progress of God’s truth, with all the Kings, Poets, Priests, and Philosophers, the world has ever seen; and for this plain reason, that Truth and God are on the same side. Well said the ancient, “Above all things Truth beareth away the victory.”

Such was the nature, such the origin of the CHRISTIAN-

ITY OF CHRIST; the true ideal of a divine life; such its history for three hundred years. It is true that, soon as it was organized into a church, there were divisions therein, and fierce controversies, Paul withstanding fickle Peter to the face. It is true, hirelings came from time to time to live upon the flock; indolent men wished to place their arm-chair in the church and sleep undisturbed; ambitious men sought whom they might devour. But in spite of all this, there was still a real religious life. Christianity was something men felt, and felt at home, and in the marketplace, by fire-side and field-side, no less than in the temple. It was something they would make sacrifice for, leaving father and mother and child and wife, if needful; something they would die for, thanking God they were accounted worthy of so great an end. Still more it was something they lived every day; their religion and their life were the same.

Such was Christianity as it was made real in the lives of the early Christians. But now, the CHRISTIANITY OF THE CHURCH, by which is meant that somewhat which is taught in our religious books, and preached in our pulpits, is a thing quite different, nay, almost opposite. It often fetters and enslaves men. It tells them they must assent to all the doctrines and stories of the Old Testament, and to all the doctrines and stories of the New Testament; that they must ascribe a particular and well-defined character to God; must believe as they are bid respecting Christ and the Bible, or they cannot be saved. If they disbelieve, then is the anathema uttered against them; true, the anathema is but mouthfuls of spoken wind; yet still it is uttered as though it could crush and kill. The church insists less on the divine life, than on the doctrines a man believes. It measures a man's religion by his creed, and calls him a Heathen or a Christian, as that creed is short or long. Now in the Christianity of Christ, there is no creed essential, unless it be that lofty desire to become perfect as God; no form essential, but love to man and love to God. In a word, a divine life on the earth is the all in all with the Christianity of Christ. This and this only was the Kingdom of God, and eternal life. Now the church, as keeper of God's Kingdom, bids you assent to arbitrary creeds of its own device, and bow the knee to

its forms. Thus the Christianity of the Church, as it is set forth at this day, insults the soul, and must belittle a man before it can bless him. The church is too small for the soul; "the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it, and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it." Some writer tells us of a statue of Olympian Jove, majestic and awful in its exquisite beauty, but seated under a roof so low, and within walls so narrow, that should the statue rise to its feet, and spread the arms, it must demolish its temple, roof and wall. Thus sits Man in the Christian church at this day. Let him think in what image he is made; let him feel his immortal nature, and rising, take a single step towards the divine life—then where is the church?

The range of subjects the church deigns to treat of is quite narrow; its doctrines abstract; and thus Christianity is made a letter and not a life; an occasional affair of the understanding, not the daily business of the heart. The Ideal now held up to the public, as the highest word ever spoken to man, is not the ideal of Christ, the measure of a perfect man, not even the ideal of the Apostles and early Christians. Anointed teachers confess without shame, that Goodness is better than Christianity. True alas, it is better in degree, yes different in kind from the Christianity of the church. Hence in our pulpits, we hear but little of the great doctrines of Jesus; the worth of the soul; the value of the present moment; the brotherhood of all men, and their equality before God; the necessity of obeying that perfect law God has written on the soul; the consequences which follow necessarily from disobeying; consequences which even Omnipotence cannot remove; and the blessed results for now and forever, that arise from obedience, and the all importance of a divine life. The power of the soul to receive the Holy Ghost; the divine might of a regenerate man; the presence of God and Christ *now* in faithful hearts; the inspiration of good men; the Kingdom of God on the Earth—these form not the substance of the church's preaching. Still less are they applied to life, and the duties which come of them shown and enforced. The church is quick to discover and denounce the smallest deviation from the belief of dark ages, and to condemn vices no longer popular; it

is conveniently blind to the great fictions which lie at the foundation of Church and State; sees not the rents, daily yawning more wide, in the bowing walls of old institutions; and never dreams of those causes, which, like the drugs of the Prophet in the fable, are rending asunder the Idol of Brass and Clay men have set up to worship. So the mole, it has been said, within the tith of an inch its vision extends over, is keener of insight than the lynx or the eagle; but to all beyond that narrow range is stone blind.

Alas, what men call Christianity, and adore as the best thing they see, has been degraded; so that if men should be all that the pulpit commonly demands of them, they would by no means be Christians. To such a pass have matters reached, that if Paul should come upon the Earth now, as of old, it is quite doubtful that he could be admitted to the Christian Church; for though Felix thought much knowledge had made the Apostle mad, yet Paul ventured no opinion on points respecting the nature of God, and the history of Christ, where our pulpits utter dogmatic and arbitrary decisions, condemning as infidels and accursed all such as disagree therewith, be their life never so godly. These things are notorious. Still more, it may be set down as quite certain, that if Jesus could return from the other world, and bring to New England that same boldness of inquiry, which he brought to Judea; that same love of living truth, and scorn of dead letters; could he speak as he then spoke, and live again as he lived before, he also would be called an infidel by the church; be abused in our newspapers, for such is our wont, and only not stoned in the streets, because that is not our way of treating such men as tell us the truth.

Such is the Christianity of the church in our times. It does not look *forward* but *backward*. It does not ask truth at first hand from God; seeks not to lead men directly to Him, through the divine life, but only to make them walk in the old paths trodden by some good pious Jews, who, were they to come back to earth, could as little understand our circumstances as we theirs. The church expresses more concern that men should walk in these peculiar paths, than that they should reach the goal. Thus the means are made the end. It enslaves men to the Bible; makes it the soul's master, not its servant; forgetting

that the Bible, like the Sabbath, was made for man, not man for the Bible. It makes man the less and the Bible the greater. The Saviour said, Search the Scriptures; the Apostle recommended them as profitable reading; the church says, Believe the Scriptures, if not with the consent of reason and conscience, why without that consent or against it. It rejects all attempts to humanize the Bible, and separate its fictions from its facts; and would fain wash its hands in the heart's blood of those, who strip the robe of human art, ignorance, or folly, from the celestial form of divine Truth. It trusts the imperfect Scripture of the Word, more than the Word itself, writ by God's finger on the living heart. "Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty," says the Apostle. But where the spirit of the church is, there is slavery. It would make all men think the same thoughts; feel the same feelings; worship by the same form.

The church itself worships not God, who is all in all, but Jesus, a man born of woman. Grave teachers, in defiance of his injunction, bid us pray to Christ. It supposes the Soul of all our souls cannot hear, or will not accept a prayer, unless offered formally in the church's phrase, forgetting that we also are men, and God takes care of oxen and sparrows, and hears the young ravens when they cry, though they pray not in any form or phrase. Still, called by whatever name, called by an idol's name, the true God hears the living prayer. And yet perhaps the best feature of Christianity, as it is now preached, is its idolatrous worship of Christ. Jesus was the brother of all. He had more in common with all men, than they have with one another. But he, the brother of all, has been made to appear as the master of all; to speak with an authority greater than that of Reason, Conscience, and Faith;—an office his sublime and Godlike spirit would revolt at. But yet, since he lived divine on the earth, and was a hero of the soul, and the noblest and largest hero the world has ever seen, perhaps the idolatry that is paid him is the nearest approach to true worship, which the mass of men can readily make in these days. Reverence for heroes has its place in history; and though worship of the greatest soul ever swathed in the flesh, however much he is idealized and represented as incapable of sin, is

without measure below the worship of the ineffable God; still it is the purest and best of our many idolatries in the nineteenth century. Practically speaking, its worst feature is, that it mars and destroys the highest ideal of man, and makes us beings of very small discourse, that look only backward.

The influence of real Christianity is to disenthral the man; to restore him to his nature, until he obeys Conscience, Reason, and Religion, and is made free by that obedience. It gives him the largest liberty of the Sons of God, so that as faith in truth becomes deeper, the man is greater and more divine. But now those pious souls who accept the church's Christianity are, in the main, crushed and degraded by their faith. They dwindle daily in the church's keeping. Their worship is not faith, but fear; and bondage is written legibly on their forehead, like the mark set upon Cain. They resemble the dwarfed creed they accept. Their mind is encrusted with unintelligible dogmas. They fear to love man, lest they offend God. Artificial in their anxiety, and morbid in their self-examination, their life is sickly and wretched. Conscience cannot speak its mother tongue to them; Reason does not utter its oracles; nor Love cast out fear. Alas, the church speaks not to the hearty and the strong; and the little and the weak who accept its doctrines become weaker and less thereby. Thus woman's holier heart is often abased and defiled, and the deep-thoughted and true of soul forsake the church, as righteous Lot, guided by an angel, fled out of Sodom. There will always be wicked men who scorn a pure church, and perhaps great men too high to need its instructions. But what shall we say when the church as it is impoverishes those it was designed to enrich, and debilitates so often the trusting souls that seek shelter in its arms?

Alas for us, we see the Christianity of the Church is a very poor thing; a very little better than Heathenism. It takes God out of the world of nature and of man, and hides him in the church. Nay, it does worse; it limits God, who possesseth heaven and earth, and is from everlasting to everlasting, restricting his influence and inspiration to a little corner of the world, and a few centuries of history, dark and uncertain. Even in this narrow range,

it makes a deity like itself, and gives us not God, but Jehovah. It takes the living Christ out of the heart, and transfigures him in the clouds, till he becomes an anomalous being, not God, and not man; but a creature, whose holiness is not the divine image, he has sculptured for himself out of the rock of life, but something placed over him, entirely by God's hand, and without his own effort. It has taken away our Lord, and left us a being whom we know not; severed from us by his prodigious birth, and his alleged relation to God, such as none can share. What have we in common with such an one, raised above all chance of error, all possibility of sin, and still more surrounded by God at each moment, as no other man has been? It has transferred him to the clouds. It makes Christianity a Belief, not a Life. It takes Religion out of the world, and shuts it up in old books, whence, from time to time, on Sabbaths and fast-days and feast-days — it seeks to evoke the divine spirit, as the witch of Endor is fabled to have called up Samuel from the dead. It tells you with grave countenance, to believe every word spoken by the Apostles, — weak, Jewish, fallible, prejudiced, mistaken as they sometimes were — for this reason, because forsooth Peter's shadow, and Paul's pocket-handkerchief cured the lame and the blind. It never tells you, Be faithful to the spirit God has given; open your soul and you also shall be inspired, beyond Peter and Paul it may be, for great though they were, they saw not all things and have not absorbed the Godhead. No doubt the Christian church has been the ark of the world; no doubt some individual churches are now free from these disgraces; still the picture is true as a whole.

Alas, it is true that men are profited by such pitiful teachings; for the church is above the community, and the CHRISTIANITY OF SOCIETY is far below that of the church; even in *that* deep there is a lower deep. This is a hard saying no doubt. But let us look the facts in the face, and see how matters are. It is written in traveller's journals and taught in our school-books, that the Americans are Christians! It is said in courts of justice that Christianity is part of the law of the land. With the innocent meaning, it is likely, that the Law of the Land is part of Christianity. But what proofs have we that the men of



New England are Christians? We point to our churches. Lovely emblems they are of devotion. In city and village, by road-side and stream-side, they point meekly their taper finger to the sky, the enchanting symbol of Christian aspiration and a Christian life. Through all our land of hill and valley, of springs and brooks, they stand, and most beautiful do they make it, catching the earliest beam of day, and burning in the last flickering rays of the long-lingering sun. Sweet too is the breath of the Sabbath bell: dear to the hearts of New England; it floats undulating on the tranquil air, like a mother's brooding note calling her children to their home. We mention our Bibles and religious books, found in the houses of the rich, and read with blissful welcome beside the hearth-stone of the poor. We point to our learned clergy, the appointed defenders of the letter of Christianity. All this proves nothing. The Apostles could point to no long series of learned scribes; only to a few rough fishermen in sheepskins and goat-skins. They had no multitude of Bibles and religious books, for they cast behind them the Old Testament, as a law of sin and death, and the New Testament was not then written, save in the heart; they had no piles of marble and mortar; no silvery and sweet-noted bell to rouse for them the slumbering morn. Yet were those men Christians. They did not gather of a Lord's-day, in costly temples, to keep an old form, or kill the long-delaying hours;—but in small upper rooms; on the sea-shore; beneath a tree; in caves of the desert mountains; or the tombs of dead men in cities, met those noble hearts, to worship God at first hand, and exhort one another to a manly life, and a martyr's death, if need were.

We see indeed an advance in our people above all ancient time; we fondly say, the mantle of a more liberal culture is thrown over us all. The improved state of society brings many a blessing in its train. The arts diffuse comfort; industry and foresight afford us, in general, a competence; schools and the printing-press, which works indefatigably with its iron hand, day and night, spread knowledge wide. Our hospitals, our asylums, and churches for the poor give some signs of a Christian spirit. Crimes against man's person are less frequent than of old, and the legal punishments less frightful and severe. The rich do

not ride rough-shodden over the poor. These things prove that the age has advanced somewhat. They do not prove that the spirit of Religion, of Christianity, of Love, the spirit of Christ, of God, are present among us and active; for enlightened prudence, the most selfish of selfishness would lead to the same results; and who has the hardihood to look facts in the face, and call our society spiritual and Christian? The social spirit of Christianity demands that the strong assist the weak.

We appeal as proofs of our Christianity to our attempts at improving ruder tribes, to our Bibles and Missionaries, sent with much self-denial and sacrifice to savage races. Admitting the nobleness of the design, granting the Christian Spirit is shown in these enterprises, — for this at least must be allowed, and all heathen antiquity is vainly challenged for a similar case, — there is still a most melancholy reverse to this flattering picture. Where shall we find a savage nation on the wide world that has, on the whole, been blessed by its intercourse with Christians? Where one that has not most manifestly been polluted and cursed by the Christian foot? Let this question be asked from Siberia to Patagonia, from the ninth century to the nineteenth; let it be put to the nations we defraud of their spices and their furs, leaving them in return our Religion and our Sin; let it be asked of the Red-man, whose bones we have broken to fragments, and trodden into bloody mire on the very spot where his mother bore him; let it be asked of the Black-man, torn by our cupidity from his native soil, whose sweat, exacted by Christian stripes, fattens our fields of cotton and corn, and brims the wine-cup of national wealth; whose chained hands are held vainly up as his spirit strives to God, with great, overmastering prayers for vengeance, and seem to clutch at the volleyed thunders of just, but terrible retribution, pendent over our heads. Let it be asked of all these, and who dares stay to hear the reply, and learn what report of our Christianity goes up to God?

We need not compare ourselves with our fathers, and say we are more truly religious than they were. Shame on us if we are not. Shame on us if we are always to be babies in religion, and whipped reluctant into decent goodness by fear, never growing up to spiritual manhood.

Admitting we are a more Christian people than our fathers, let us measure ourselves with the absolute standard. What is religion amongst us? Is it the sentiment of the Infinite penetrating us with such depth of power, that we would, if need were, leave father and mother and child and wife, to dwell in friendless solitudes, so that we might worship God in peace? O no, we were very fools to make such a sacrifice, when called on for the sake of such a religion as that commonly preached, commonly accepted and lived. It is not worth that cost; so mean and degraded is religion among us. Religion does not possess us as the sun possesses the violets, giving them warmth, and fragrance, and color, and beauty. It does not lead to a divine character. One would fancy the bans of wedlock were forbidden between Christianity and Life, also, as we are significantly told, they have been between Religion and Philosophy; so that the feeling and the thought, like sterile monks and nuns, never approach to clasp hands, but dwell joyless, each in a several cell. Religion has become chiefly, and with the well clad mass of men, a matter of convention, and they write Christian with their name as they write "Mr.," because it is respectable; their fathers did so before them. Thus to be Christian comes to nothing, it is true, but it costs nothing, and is fairly worth what it costs.

Religion should be "a thousand-voiced psalm," from the heart of man to man's God, who is the original of Goodness, Truth, and Beauty, and is revealed in all that is good, true, and beautiful. But religion is amongst us, in general, but a compliance with custom; a prudential calculation; a matter of expediency; whereby men hope, through giving up a few dollars in the shape of pew-tax, and a little time in the form of church-going, to gain the treasures of heaven and eternal life. Thus Religion has become Profit; not Reverence of the Highest, but vulgar hope and vulgar fear; a working for wages, to be estimated by the rules of loss and gain. Men love religion as the mercenary worldling his well-endowed wife; not for herself, but for what she brings. They think religion is useful to the old, the sick, and the poor, to charm them with a comfortable delusion through the cloudy land of this earthly life; they wish themselves to keep some running

account therewith, against the day, when they also shall be old, and sick, and poor. Christianity has two modes of action, direct on the heart and life of a man, and indirect through conventions, institutions, and other machinery, and in our time the last is almost its sole influence. Hence men reckon Christianity as valuable to keep men in order; it would have been good policy for a shrewd man to have invented it on speculation, like other contrivances, for the utility of the thing. In their eyes the church, especially the church for the poor, is necessary as the Court-house or the Jail; the minister is a well-educated Sabbath-day constable; and both are parts of the great property establishment of the times. They value religion, not because it is true and divine, but because it serves a purpose. They deem it needful as the poll-tax, or the militia system, a national bank, or a sub-treasury. They value it among other commodities; they might give it a place in their inventories of stock, and hope of Heaven, or faith in Christ, might be summed up in the same column with money at one per cent.

The problem of men is not first the Kingdom of God, that is a perfect life on the earth, lived for its own sake, but first all other things, and then, if the Kingdom of God come of itself, or is thrown in to the bargain, like pack-thread and paper with a parcel of goods, why very well; they are glad of it. It keeps "all other things" from soiling. Does religion take hold of the heart of us? Here and there, among rich men and poor men, especially among women, you shall find a few really religious, whose life is a prayer; and Christianity their daily breath. They would have been religious had they been cradled among cannibals, and before the flood. They are divine men; of whom the spirit of God seems to take early hold, and Reason and Religion to weave up, by celestial instinct, the warp and woof of their daily life. Judge not the age by its religious geniuses. The mass of men care little for Christianity; were it not so, the sins of the forum and the market-place, committed in a single month, would make the land rock to its centre. Men think of religion at church, on the Sabbath; they make sacrifices, often great sacrifices, to support public worship, and attend it most sedulously, these men and women. But here the matter

ends. Religion does not come into their soul; does not show itself in their housekeeping and trading. It does not shine out of the windows of morning and evening, and speak to them at every turn. How many young men in the thousand say thus to themselves, Of this will I make sure, a Christian Character and Divine Life, all other things be as God sends? How many ever set their hearts on any moral and religious object, on achieving a perfect character, for example, with a fraction of the interest they take in the next election? Nay, woman also must share the same condemnation. Though into her rich heart God more generously sows the divine germs of Religion; though this is her strength, her loveliness, her primal excellence, yet she also has sold her birthright for tinsel ornaments, and the admiration of deceitful lips. Men think of religion when they are sick, old, in trouble, or about to die, forgetting that it is a crown of life at all times; man's choicest privilege; his highest possession; the chain that sweetly links him to Heaven. If good for anything, it is good to live by. It is a small thing to die religiously; a devil could do that; but to live divine is man's work.

Since Religion is thus regarded, or disregarded by men, we find that talent and genius, getting insight of this, float off to the market, the workshop, the senate, the farmer's field, or the court-house, and bring home with honor the fleece of gold. Meanwhile, anointed dulness, arrayed in canonicals, his lesson duly conned, presses, semi-somnous, the consecrated cushions of the pulpit, and pours forth weekly his impotent drone, to be blest with bland praises, so long as he disturbs not respectable iniquity slumbering in his pew, nor touches an actual sin of the times, nor treads an inch beyond the beaten path of the church. Well is it for the safety of the actual church, that genius and talent forsake its rotten walls, to build up elsewhere the church of the first-born, and pray largely and like men—Thy kingdom come. There is a concealed skepticism amongst us, all the more deadly because concealed. It is not a denial of God,—though this it is whispered to our ear is not rare,—for men have opened their eyes too broadly not to notice the fact of God, everywhere apparent, without and within; still less is it disbelief of the Scriptures; there has always been too much

belief in their letter, though far too little living of their Truths. But there is a doubt of man's moral and religious nature; a doubt if Righteousness be so super-excellent. We distrust Goodness and Religion, as the blind doubt if the sun be so fine as men tell of; or as the deaf might jeer at the extatic raptures of a musician. Who among men trusts conscience as he trusts his eye or ear? With them the Highest in man is self-interest. When they come to outside goodness, therefore, they are driven by fear of hell, as by a scorpion whip; or bribed by the distant pleasures of Heaven. Accordingly, if they embrace Christianity, they make Jesus, who is the archetype of a divine life, not a man like his brothers, who had human appetites and passions; was tempted in the flesh; was cold, and hungry, and faint, and tired, and sleepy, and dull—each in its season—and who needed to work out his own salvation, as we also must do. But they make him an unnatural character; passionless; amphibious; not man and not God; whose Holiness was poured on him from some celestial urn, and so was in no sense his own work, and who, therefore, can be no example for us, goaded as we are by appetite, and bearing the ark of our destiny in our own hands. It is not the essential element of Christianity, *love to man and love to God*, men commonly gather from the New Testament; but some perplexing dogma, or some oriental dream. How few religious men can you find, whom Christianity takes by the hand, and leads through the Saharas and Siberias of the world; men whose lives are noble, who can speak of Christianity as of their trading, and marrying, out of their own experience, because they have lived it? There is enough cant of Religion, creeds written on sanctimonious faces, as signs of that emptiness of heart, "which passeth show," but how little real Religion, that comes home to men's heart and life, let experience decide.

Yet, if he would, man cannot live all to this world. If not religious, he will be superstitious. If he worship not the true God, he will have his idols. The web of our mortal life, with its warp of destiny and its woof of free will, is most strangely woven up, by the flying shuttles of time, which rest not, wake we or sleep; but through this wondrous tissue of the perishing, there runs the gold

thread of eternity, and like the net Peter saw in his vision, full of strange beasts and creeping things, this web is at last seen to be caught up to heaven by its four corners, and its common things become no longer unclean. We cannot always be false to Religion. It is the deepest want of man. Satisfy all others, we soon learn, that we cannot live by bread only, for as an ancient has said, "it is not the growing of fruits that nourisheth man, but thy Word, which preserveth them that put their trust in thee." Without the divine life we are portionless, bereft of strength, without the living consciousness of God, we are orphans, left to the bleakness of the world.

But our paper must end. The Christianity of the Church is a very poor thing; it is not bread, and it is not drink. The Christianity of Society is still worse; it is bitter in the mouth and poison in the blood. Still men are hungering and thirsting, though not always knowingly, after the true bread of life. Why shall we perish with hunger? In our Father's house is enough and to spare. The Christianity of Christ is high and noble as ever. The Religion of Reason, of the Soul, the Word of God, is still strong and flame-like, as when first it dwelt in Jesus, the chiefest incarnation of God, and now the pattern-man. Age has not dimmed the lustre of this light that lighteneth all, though they cover their eyes in obstinate perversity, and turn away their faces from this great sight. Man has lost none of his God-likeness. He is still the child of God, and the Father is near to us as to him who dwelt in his bosom. Conscience has not left us. Faith and Hope still abide; and Love never fails. The Comforter is with us; and though the man Jesus no longer blesses the earth, the ideal Christ, formed in the heart, is with us to the end of the world. Let us then build on these. Use good words when we can find them, in the church, or out of it. Learn to pray, to pray greatly and strong; learn to reverence what is Highest: above all learn to live; to make Religion daily work, and Christianity our common life. All days shall then be the Lord's-day; our homes, the house of God, and our labor, the ritual of religion. Then we shall not glory in men, for all things shall be ours; we shall not be impoverished by success, but enriched by affliction. Our service shall be worship, not idolatry.

The burthens of the Bible shall not overlay and crush us; its wisdom shall make us strong, and its piety enchant us. Paul and Jesus shall not be our masters, but elder brothers, who open the pearly gate of Truth and cheer us on, leading us to the Tree of Life. We shall find the Kingdom of Heaven and enjoy it now, not waiting till Death ferries us over to the other world. We shall then repose beside the rock of ages, smitten by divine hands, and drink the pure water of life as it flows from the Eternal, to make earth green and glad. We shall serve no longer a bond-slave to tradition, in the leprous host of sin, but become free men, by the Law and Spirit of Life. Thus like Paul shall we serve the Christ within; and like Jesus serving and knowing God directly, with no mediator intervening, become one with Him. Is not this worth a man's wish; worth his prayers; worth his work, to seek the living Christianity; the Christianity of Christ? Not having this, we seem but bubbles, — bubbles on an ocean, shoreless and without bottom; bubbles that sparkle a moment in the sun of life, then burst to be no more. But with it we are men, immortal Souls, heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ.

P.

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#### WAYFARERS.

How they go by — those strange and dreamlike men!  
 One glance on each, one gleam from out each eye,  
 And that I never looked upon till now,  
 Has vanished out of sight as instantly.

Yet in it passed there a whole heart and life,  
 The only key it gave that transient look;  
 But for this key its great event in time  
 Of peace or strife to me a sealed book.

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#### FROM GOETHE.

If at a master's work I look,  
 What has been done with joy I see;  
 But if I read in mine own book,  
 I see what should have been done by me.



## PÆAN.

SING songs of joy by the foaming tide,  
 Beings of beauty who sit on the shore!  
 Let the sweeping winds and the waves that glide,  
 Bear your sweet notes the wide world o'er.  
 Stag and fawn through the forest bound;  
 Children are laughing with merry sound;  
 Sunlight is flashing all around;  
 Lovers are sitting holy and still;  
 The old man wanders at his will;  
 Gold! Gold! is all I can say,  
 For all is golden on this happy day.

The rushing river is molten gold,  
 The wealth of the trees could ne'er be told,  
 The bank is framed of golden ore,  
 A hundred golden-rods wave on the shore,  
 The laugh of the children, the lover's glance,  
 The motes, that mid the sunbeams dance,  
 The songs of the birds and their eyes of joy,  
 All are of gold without alloy.  
 E'en the old man's thoughts like butterfly's wings  
 Are woven of gold, and he too sings,  
 "Joy! oh joy for this golden day,  
 I know it shall never pass away!"

Z.

## LYRIC.

THE stars coldly glimmer—  
 And I am alone.  
 The pale moon grows dimmer,  
 And now it has gone.  
 Loud shrieks the owl, night presses round,  
 The little flowers lie low on the ground  
 And sadly moan.

Why is the earth so sad?  
 Why doth she weep?  
 Methinks she should be glad  
 Calmly to sleep.  
 But the dews are falling, heavy and fast,  
 Sadly sighs the cold night-blast,  
 Loud roars the deep.

I press my hands upon my heart,—  
 'T is very cold!  
 And swiftly through the forest dart  
 With footsteps bold.  
 What shall I seek? Where shall I go?  
 Earth and ocean shudder with woe!  
 Their tale is untold!

Z.

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 TRUTH AGAINST THE WORLD.

## A PARABLE OF PAUL.

ONE day Abdiel found Paul at Tarsus, after his Damascus journey, sitting meek and thoughtful at the door of his house; his favorite books, and the instruments of his craft, lying neglected beside him. "Strange tidings I hear of you," said the sleek Rabbi. "You also have become a follower of the Nazarene! What course shall you pursue after your precious conversion?" "I shall go and preach the Gospel to all nations," said the new convert, gently. "I shall set off to-morrow."

The Rabbi, who felt a sour interest in Paul, looked at him with affected incredulity, and asked, "Do you know the sacrifice you make? You must leave father and friends; the society of the Great and the Wise. You will fare hard and encounter peril. You will be impoverished; called hard names; persecuted; scourged, perhaps put to death." "None of these things move me," said Paul. "I have counted the cost. I value not life the half so much as keeping God's Law, and proclaiming the truth, though all men forbid. I shall walk by God's light, and fear not. I am no longer a slave to the old Law of sin and death, but a free man of God, made free by the Law of the Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus." "Here," rejoined the Rabbi, "you have ease, and fame; in your new work you must meet toil, infamy, and death." "The voice of God says Go," exclaimed the Apostle, with firmness, "I am ready to spend and be spent in the cause of Truth."

"Die then," roared the Rabbi, "like a Nazarene fool, and unbelieving Atheist, as thou art. He that lusts after

new things, preferring his silly convictions, and that whim of a conscience, to solid ease, and the advice of his friends, deserves the cross. Die in thy folly. Henceforth I disclaim thee. Call me kinsman no more!"

Years passed over; the word of God grew and prevailed. One day it was whispered at Tarsus, and ran swiftly from mouth to mouth in the market-place, "Paul, the apostate, lies in chains at Rome, daily expecting the Lions. His next trouble will be his last." And Abdiel said to his sacerdotal crones in the synagogue, "I knew it would come to this. How much better have kept to his trade, and the old ways of his fathers and the prophets, not heeding that whim of a conscience. He might have lived respectably. to an easy old-age, at Tarsus, the father of sons and daughters. Men might have called him RABBI in the streets."

Thus went it at Tarsus. But meantime, in his dungeon at Rome, Paul sat comforted. The Lord stood by him in a vision and said, "Fear not, Paul. Thou hast fought the good fight. Lo, I am with thee to the end of the world." The tranquil old man replied, "I know whom I have served, and am thoroughly persuaded God will keep what I have committed to him. I have not the spirit of fear, but of love, and a sound mind. I shall finish my course with joy, for I see the crown of Righteousness laid up for me, and now my salvation is more perfect, and my hope is higher, than when first I believed."

Then in his heart spoke that voice, which had spoken before on the Mount of Transfiguration; "Thou also art my beloved Son. In thee am I well pleased."

P.

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#### WAVES.

WITH never-ending steps along the beach,  
 Evermore washed by the sad-swelling sea,  
 I wandered — Ocean waves what would ye reach?  
 Waves of my soul, what do ye seek for me?

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On the surface by the waves thou shalt be tossed from side to side;  
 Go down into the depths and with the current calmly glide.

## NEW POETRY.

THE tendencies of the times are so democratical, that we shall soon have not so much as a pulpit or raised platform in any church or townhouse, but each person, who is moved to address any public assembly, will speak from the floor. The like revolution in literature is now giving importance to the portfolio over the book. Only one man in the thousand may print a book, but one in ten or one in five may inscribe his thoughts, or at least with short commentary his favorite readings in a private journal. The philosophy of the day has long since broached a more liberal doctrine of the poetic faculty than our fathers held, and reckons poetry the right and power of every man to whose culture justice is done. We own that, though we were trained in a stricter school of literary faith, and were in all our youth inclined to the enforcement of the strictest restrictions on the admission of candidates to the Parnassian fraternity, and denied the name of poetry to every composition in which the workmanship and the material were not equally excellent, in our middle age we have grown lax, and have learned to find pleasure in verses of a ruder strain,—to enjoy *verses of society*, or those effusions which in persons of a happy nature are the easy and unpremeditated translation of their thoughts and feelings into rhyme. This new taste for a certain private and household poetry for somewhat less pretending than the festal and solemn verses which are written for the nations really indicates, we suppose, that a new style of poetry exists. The number of writers has increased. Every child has been taught the tongues. The universal communication of the arts of reading and writing has brought the works of the great poets into every house, and made all ears familiar with the poetic forms. The progress of popular institutions has favored self-respect, and broken down that terror of the great, which once imposed awe and hesitation on the talent of the masses of society. A wider epistolary intercourse ministers to the ends of sentiment and reflection than ever existed before; the practice of writing diaries is becoming almost general; and every day witnesses new attempts to throw into verse the experiences of private life.

What better omen of true progress can we ask than an increasing intellectual and moral interest of men in each other? What can be better for the republic than that the Capitol, the White House, and the Court House are becoming of less importance than the farm-house and the book-closet? If we are losing our interest in public men, and finding that their spell lay in number and size only, and acquiring instead a taste for the depths of thought and emotion as they may be sounded in the soul of the citizen or the countryman, does it not replace man for the state, and character for official power? Men should be treated with solemnity; and when they come to chant their private griefs and doubts and joys, they have a new scale by which to compute magnitude and relation. Art is the noblest consolation of calamity. The poet is compensated for his defects in the street and in society, if in his chamber he has turned his mischance into noble numbers.

Is there not room then for a new department in poetry, namely, *Verses of the Portfolio*? We have fancied that we drew greater pleasure from some manuscript verses than from printed ones of equal talent. For there was herein the charm of character; they were confessions; and the faults, the imperfect parts, the fragmentary verses, the halting rhymes, had a worth beyond that of a high finish; for they testified that the writer was more man than artist, more earnest than vain; that the thought was too sweet and sacred to him, than that he should suffer his ears to hear or his eyes to see a superficial defect in the expression.

The characteristic of such verses is, that being not written for publication, they lack that finish which the conventions of literature require of authors. But if poetry of this kind has merit, we conceive that the prescription which demands a rhythmical polish may be easily set aside; and when a writer has outgrown the state of thought which produced the poem, the interest of letters is served by publishing it imperfect, as we preserve studies, torsos, and blocked statues of the great masters. For though we should be loath to see the wholesome conventions, to which we have alluded, broken down by a general incontinence of publication, and every man's and woman's diary flying into the bookstores, yet it is to be considered, on the other

hand, that men of genius are often more incapable than others of that elaborate execution which criticism exacts. Men of genius in general are, more than others, incapable of any perfect exhibition, because however agreeable it may be to them to act on the public, it is always a secondary aim. They are humble, self-accusing, moody men, whose worship is toward the Ideal Beauty, which chooses to be courted not so often in perfect hymns, as in wild ear-piercing ejaculations, or in silent musings. Their face is forward, and their heart is in this heaven. By so much are they disqualified for a perfect success in any particular performance to which they can give only a divided affection. But the man of talents has every advantage in the competition. He can give that cool and commanding attention to the thing to be done, that shall secure its just performance. Yet are the failures of genius better than the victories of talent; and we are sure that some crude manuscript poems have yielded us a more sustaining and a more stimulating diet, than many elaborated and classic productions.

We have been led to these thoughts by reading some verses, which were lately put into our hands by a friend with the remark, that they were the production of a youth, who had long passed out of the mood in which he wrote them, so that they had become quite dead to him. Our first feeling on reading them was a lively joy. So then the Muse is neither dead nor dumb, but has found a voice in these cold Cisatlantic States. Here is poetry which asks no aid of magnitude or number, of blood or crime, but finds theatre enough in the first field or brookside, breadth and depth enough in the flow of its own thought. Here is self-repose, which to our mind is stabler than the Pyramids; here is self-respect which leads a man to date from his heart more proudly than from Rome. Here is love which sees through surface, and adores the gentle nature and not the costume. Here is religion, which is not of the Church of England, nor of the Church of Boston. Here is the good wise heart, which sees that the end of culture is strength and cheerfulness. In an age too which tends with so strong an inclination to the philosophical muse, here is poetry more purely intellectual than any American verses we have yet seen, distinguished from all competi-

tion by two merits; the fineness of perception; and the poet's trust in his own genius to that degree, that there is an absence of all conventional imagery, and a bold use of that which the moment's mood had made sacred to him, quite careless that it might be sacred to no other, and might even be slightly ludicrous to the first reader.

We proceed to give our readers some selections, taken without much order from this rich pile of manuscript. We first find the poet in his boat.

*So we do*

BOAT SONG.

THE RIVER calmly flows,  
Through shining banks, through lonely glen,  
Where the owl shrieks, though ne'er the cheer of men  
Has stirred its mute repose,  
Still if you should walk there, you would go there again.

The stream is well alive;  
Another passive world you see,  
Where downward grows the form of every tree;  
Like soft light clouds they thrive:  
Like them let us in our pure loves reflected be.

A yellow gleam is thrown  
Into the secrets of that maze  
Of tangled trees, which late shut out our gaze,  
Refusing to be known;  
It must its privacy uncloze,— its glories blaze.

Sweet falls the summer air  
Over her frame who sails with me:  
Her way like that is beautifully free,  
Her nature far more rare,  
And is her constant heart of virgin purity.

A quivering star is seen  
Keeping his watch above the hill,  
Though from the sun's retreat small light is still  
Poured on earth's saddening mien:—  
We all are tranquilly obeying Evening's will.

Thus ever love the POWER;  
To simplest thoughts dispose the mind;  
In each obscure event a worship find  
Like that of this dim hour,—  
In lights, and airs, and trees, and in all human kind.

We smoothly glide below  
The faintly glimmering worlds of light:  
Day has a charm, and this deceptive night  
Brings a mysterious show;—  
He shadows our dear earth,— but his cool stars are white.

Is there any boat-song like this? any in which the harmony proceeds so manifestly from the poet's mind, giving to nature more than it receives? In the following stanzas the writer betrays a certain habitual worship of genius, which characterizes many pieces in the collection, breaking out sometimes into very abrupt expression.

## OCTOBER.

DRY leaves with yellow ferns,— they are  
Fit wreath of Autumn, while a star  
Still, bright, and pure, our frosty air  
    Shivers in twinkling points  
    Of thin celestial hair,  
And thus one side of heaven anoints.

I am beneath the moon's calm look  
Most quiet in this sheltered nook  
From trouble of the frosty wind  
    Which curls the yellow blade;  
    Though in my covered mind  
A grateful sense of change is made.

To wandering men how dear this sight  
Of a cold tranquil autumn night,  
In its majestic deep repose;  
    Thus will their genius be  
    Not buried in high snows,  
Though of as mute tranquility.

An anxious life they will not pass,  
Nor, as the shadow on the grass,  
Leave no impression there to stay;  
    To them all things are thought;  
    The blushing morn's decay,—  
Our death, our life, by this is taught.

O find in every haze that shines,  
A brief appearance without lines,  
A single word,— no finite joy;  
    For present is a Power  
    Which we may not annoy,  
Yet love him stronger every hour.

I would not put this sense from me,  
If I could some great sovereign be;  
Yet will not task a fellow man  
    To feel the same glad sense.  
    For no one living can  
Feel — save his given influence.



## WILLINGNESS.

An unendeavoring flower,— how still  
 Its growth from morn to eventime ;  
 Nor signs of hasty anger fill  
 Its tender form from birth to prime  
                   Of happy will.

And some, who think these simple things  
 Can bear no goodness to their minds,  
 May learn to feel how nature brings,  
 Around a quiet being winds,  
                   And through us sings.

A stream to some is no delight,  
 Its element diffused around ;  
 Yet in its unobtrusive flight  
 There trembles from its heart a sound  
                   Like that of night.

So give thy true allotment,— fair ;  
 To children turn a social heart ;  
 And if thy days pass clear as air,  
 Or friends from thy beseeching part,  
                   O humbly bear.

## SONNETS.

## I.

The brook is eddying in the forest dell,  
 All full of untaught merriment,— the joy  
 Of breathing life is this green wood's employ.  
 The wind is feeling through his gentle bell ; —  
 I and my flowers receive this music well.  
 Why will not man his natural life enjoy ?  
 Can he then with his ample spirit toy ?  
 Are human thoughts as wares now baked to sell ?  
 All up, all round, all down, a thrilling deep,  
 A holy infinite salutes the sense,  
 And incommunicable praises leap,  
 Shooting the entire soul with love intense,  
 Throughout the All,— and can a man live on to weep ?

## II.

There never lived a man who with a heart  
 Resolved, bound up, concentrated in the good,  
 However low or high in rank he stood,  
 But when from him yourself had chanced to start,  
 You felt how goodness always maketh art ;  
 And that an ever venerable mood

Of sanctity, like the deep worship of a wood,  
 Of its unconsciousness turns you a part.  
 Let us live amply in the joyous All;  
 We surely were not meant to ride the sea,  
 Skimming the wave in that so prisoned Small,  
 Reposing our infinite faculties utterly.  
 Boom like a roaring sunlit waterfall,  
 Humming to infinite abyssms; — speak loud, speak free.

## III.

Hearts of eternity, — hearts of the deep!  
 Proclaim from land to sky your mighty fate;  
 How that for you no living comes too late;  
 How ye cannot in Theban labyrinth creep;  
 How ye great harvests from small surface reap;  
 Shout, excellent band, in grand primeval strain,  
 Like midnight winds that foam along the main,  
 And do all things rather than pause to weep.  
 A human heart knows naught of littleness,  
 Suspects no man, compares with no man's ways,  
 Hath in one hour most glorious length of days,  
 A recompense, a joy, a loveliness,  
 Like eaglet keen, shoots into azure far,  
 And always dwelling nigh is the remotest star.

## LINES

WRITTEN IN THE EVENING OF A NOVEMBER DAY.

THEE, mild autumnal day,  
 I felt not for myself; the winds may steal  
 From any point, and seem to me alike  
 Reviving, soothing powers.

Like thee the contrast is  
 Of a new mood in a decaying man,  
 Whose idle mind is suddenly revived  
 With many pleasant thoughts.

Our earth was gratified;  
 Fresh grass, a stranger in this frosty time,  
 Peeped from the crumbling mould as welcome as  
 An unexpected friend.

How glowed the evening star,  
 As it delights to glow in summer's midst,  
 When out of ruddy boughs the twilight birds  
 Sing flowing harmony.

Peace was the will to-day,  
 Love in bewildering growth our joyous minds  
 Swelled to their widest bounds; the worldly left  
 All hearts to sympathize.

I felt for thee,— for thee,  
 Whose inward, outward life completely moves,  
 Surrendered to the beauty of the soul  
 Of this creative day.

OUR BIRTH DAYS.

I.

THESE are the solemnest days of our bright lives,  
 When memory and hope within exert  
 Delightful reign; when sympathy revives,  
 And that, which late was in the soul inert,  
 Grows warm and living, and to us alone  
 Are these a knowledge; nowise may they hurt,  
 Or cry aloud, or frighten out the tone,  
 Which we will strive to wear and as calm nature own.

II.

Whatever scenes our eyes once gratified,—  
 Those landscapes couched around our early homes,  
 To which our tender, peaceful hearts replied,  
 To those our present happy feeling roams,  
 And takes a mightier joy than from the tomes  
 Of the pure scholar; those ten thousand sights  
 Of constant nature flow in us, as foams  
 The bubbling spring; these are the true delights  
 Wherewith this solemn world the sorrowful requites.

These are proper Manuscript inspirations, honest, great, but crude. They have never been filed or decorated for the eye that studies surface. The writer was not afraid to write ill; he had a great meaning too much at heart to stand for trifles, and wrote lordly for his peers alone. This is the poetry of hope. Here is no French correctness, but Hans Sachs and Chaucer rather. But the minstrel can be sweet and tender also. We select from the sheaf one leaf, for which we predict a more general popularity.

A POET'S LOVE.

I CAN remember well  
 My very early youth,  
 My sumptuous Isabel,  
 Who was a girl of truth,  
 Of golden truth;— we do not often see  
 Those whose whole lives have only known to be.

So sunlight, very warm,  
 On harvest fields and trees,  
 Could not more sweetly form  
 Rejoicing melodies  
 For these deep things, than Isabel for me ;  
 I lay beneath her soul as a lit tree.

That cottage where she dwelt  
 Was all o'er mosses green ;  
 I still forever felt  
 How nothing stands between  
 The soul and truth ; why, starving poverty  
 Was nothing — nothing, Isabel, to thee.

Grass beneath her faint tread  
 Bent pleasantly away ;  
 From her ne'er small birds fled,  
 But kept at their bright play,  
 Not fearing her ; it was her endless motion,  
 Just a true swell upon a summer ocean.

Those who conveyed her home, —  
 I mean who led her where  
 The spirit does not roam, —  
 Had such small weight to bear,  
 They scarcely felt ; how softly was thy knell  
 Rung for thee that soft day, girl Isabel.

I am no more below,  
 My life is raised on high ;  
 My phantasy was slow  
 Ere Isabel could die ;  
 It pressed me down ; but now I sail away  
 Into the regions of exceeding day.

And Isabel and I  
 Float on the red brown clouds,  
 That amply multiply  
 The very constant crowds  
 Of serene shapes. Play on Mortality !  
 Thy happiest hour is that when thou may'st die.

The second of the two following verses is of such extreme beauty, that we do not remember anything more perfect in its kind. Had the poet been looking over a book of Raffaele's drawings, or perchance the villas and temples of Palladio, with the maiden to whom it was addressed ?

T O \*\*\*\*.

My mind obeys the power  
That through all persons breathes;  
And woods are murmuring,  
And fields begin to sing,  
And in me nature wreathes.

Thou too art with me here, —  
The best of all design; —  
Of that strong purity,  
Which makes it joy to be  
A distant thought of thine.

But here are verses in another vein — plain, ethical, human, such as in ancient lands legislators carved on stone tablets and monuments at the roadside, or in the precincts of temples. They remind us of the austere strain in which Milton celebrates the Hebrew prophets.

“In them is plainest taught and easiest learned  
What makes a nation happy and keeps it so.”

I.

THE Bible is a book worthy to read;  
The life of those great Prophets was the life we need,  
From all delusive seeming ever freed.

Be not afraid to utter what thou art;  
'T is no disgrace to keep an open heart;  
A soul free, frank, and loving friends to aid,  
Not even does this harm a gentle maid.

Strive as thou canst, thou wilt not value o'er  
Thy life. Thou standest on a lighted shore,  
And from the waves of an unfathomed sea,  
The noblest impulses flow tenderly to thee;  
Feel them as they arise, and take them free.

Better live unknown,  
No heart but thy own  
Beating ever near,  
To no mortal dear  
In thy hemisphere,

Poor and wanting bread,  
 Steeped in poverty,  
 Than to be a dread,  
 Than to be afraid,  
 From thyself to flee;  
 For it is not living  
 To a soul believing,  
 To change each noble joy  
 Which our strength employs,  
 For a state half rotten  
 And a life of toys.  
 Better be forgotten  
 Than lose equipoise.

How shall I live? In earnestness.  
 What shall I do? Work earnestly.  
 What shall I give? A willingness.  
 What shall I gain? Tranquillity.  
 But do you mean a quietness  
 In which I act and no man bless?  
 Flash out in action infinite and free,  
 Action conjoined with deep tranquillity,  
 Resting upon the soul's true utterance,  
 And life shall flow as merry as a dance.

## II.

Life is too good to waste, enough to prize;  
 Keep looking round with clear unhooded eyes;  
 Love all thy brothers, and for them endure  
 Many privations; the reward is sure.

A little thing! There is no little thing;  
 Through all a joyful song is murmuring;  
 Each leaf, each stem, each sound in winter drear  
 Has deepest meanings for an anxious ear.

Thou seest life is sad; the father mourns his wife and child;  
 Keep in the midst of heavy sorrows a fair aspect mild.

A howling fox, a shrieking owl,  
 A violent distracting Ghoul,  
 Forms of the most infuriate madness,—  
 These may not move thy heart to gladness,  
 But look within the dark outside,  
 Nought shalt thou hate and nought deride.

Thou meet'st a common man  
 With a delusive show of *can*.  
 His acts are petty forgeries of natural greatness,  
 That show a dreadful lateness  
 Of this life's mighty impulses; a want of truthful earnestness;

He seems, not does, and in that shows  
 No true nobility,—  
 A poor ductility,  
 That no proper office knows,  
 Not even estimation small of human woes.

Be not afraid,  
 His understanding aid  
 With thy own pure content,  
 On highest purpose bent.

Leave him not lonely,  
 For that his admiration  
 Fastens on self and seeming only ;  
 Make a right dedication  
 Of all thy strength to keep  
 From swelling that so ample heap  
 Of lives abused, of virtue given for nought,  
 And thus it shall appear for all in nature hast thou wrought.  
 If thou unconsciously perform what's good,  
 Like nature's self thy proper mood.

A life well spent is like a flower,  
 That had bright sunshine its brief hour ;  
 It flourished in pure willingness ;  
 Discovered strongest earnestness :  
 Was fragrant for each lightest wind ;  
 Was of its own particular kind ;—  
 Nor knew a tone of discord sharp ;  
 Breathed away like a silver harp ;  
 And went to immortality  
 A very proper thing to die.

We will close our extracts from this rare file of blotted paper with a lighter strain, which, whilst it shows how gaily a poet can chide, gives us a new insight into his character and habits.

#### T O R M E N T S .

YES! they torment me  
 Most exceedingly:—  
 I would I could flee.  
 A breeze on a river—  
 I listen forever ;  
 The yellowish heather  
 Under cool weather,—  
 These are pleasures to me.

What do torment me?  
 Those living vacantly,  
 Who live but to see;  
 Indefinite action,  
 Nothing but motion,  
 Round stones a rolling,  
 No inward controlling;—  
 Yes! they torment me.

Some cry all the time,  
 Even in their prime  
 Of youth's flushing clime.  
 O! out on this sorrow!  
 Fear'st thou to-morrow?  
 Set thy legs going,  
 Be stamping, be rowing,—  
 This of life is the lime.

Hail, thou mother Earth!  
 Who gave me thy worth  
 For my portion at birth:  
 I walk in thy azure,  
 Unfond of erasure,  
 But they who torment me  
 So most exceedingly  
 Sit with feet on the hearth.

We have more pages from the same hand lying before us, marked by the same purity and tenderness and early wisdom as these we have quoted, but we shall close our extracts here. May the right hand that has so written never lose its cunning! may this voice of love and harmony teach its songs to the too long silent echoes of the Western Forest.

E.

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#### ART AND ARTIST.

With dauntless eye the lofty one  
 Moves on through life;  
 Majestic as the mighty sun  
 He knows no strife.

He sees the thought flow to the form,  
 And rise like bubble bright;  
 A moment of beauty,— and it is gone,  
 Dissolved in light.



## ERNEST THE SEEKER.

## CHAPTER II.

“Then let the good be free to breathe a note  
 Of elevation — let their odors float  
 Around these Converts, and their glories blend,  
 Outshining nightly tapers, or the blaze  
 Of the noon-day. Nor doubt that golden cords  
 Of good works, mingling with the visions, raise  
 The soul to purer worlds.” — WORDSWORTH.

As Ernest entered the boudoir, Edith hastily closed her portfolio, and wiping away a tear, rose gracefully to greet him.

“Ah! Ernest! Is it you? How glad I am it is no stranger. I would not have an indifferent eye see me thus moved. My Saint has gone to join the blessed. Sister Luise died last night;” and after a moment gazing at him she added, “*You* shall see this sketch in which I have hinted to myself the lesson of her life.”

Ernest took her hand, and seating himself at the table, they looked together at the three pencilled outlines. The first represented a cavern’s mouth, on the edge of a garden, where in the distance dancing groupes were visible. Entering the vault, his face veiled, one arm wrapped in his heavy robe, extending behind him, an aged man seemed slowly drawing on a beautiful girl, — whose feet followed willingly; — while the averted head, the straining eye, the parted lips told, that the heart was with one of the rejoicers behind, who stood watching her. The second sketch was of a chamber in the rock, lighted only from a cleft, — and on the floor, as in a swoon, the female form alone, — her face hidden in her mantle, with one hand cast forward, grasping the crucifix. In the third was again a garden, and a cavern’s mouth, but now reversed; and near and far, under shading branches, placid figures seemed conversing. In the fore-ground his back to the beholder, stood with light, triumphant air a youth, from whose presence glory seemed to beam, while lowly in gesture, but with upraised and assured face, glided forth from the dark prison the Virgin.

“And so she has cast off her earthly dross,” said Ern-

est. "I know not whether the bishop was right, however, in persuading her to enter the convent. God does not fear liberty; why should the Church?"

"Not right! Why her lover was unworthy. Would you have had her thrown away, — a priceless treasure, to be trampled down by neglect and scorn? O! how beautifully maternal is the Church, that she thus gathers to her quiet breast the poor foot-sore wanderers. Think Ernest! She had loved, guilelessly, fully, one who could never have known her worth. The blossom opened on the dusty road, and drooped. Would you have had her live on, desolate, her secret whispered everywhere, each coarse eye scanning her pale face? The world offered nothing. And by the very entireness of her love was she fitted to be a bride of heaven! O, surely our good father was right! But it is nearly the hour! Will you attend me to the funeral!"

"The world offered much, Edith! Many a blighted stalk yields support to the vine, that otherwise would have trailed in the dust. The crowds are rich in occasions for sounding forth harmoniously, in the experience of others, the song we have marred in our own life-rehearsal. But peace to her slumbers! Let us go!"

The Church was in entire silence as they entered: and only a few poor people present, — who had heard the sad news, that their benefactress was dead. Edith was at once absorbed in her devotions; and Ernest gave himself to the study of his favorite altar-piece. The copy was poor; and yet the divine aura still pervaded it. With pliant, unexhausted strength, the radiant angel, his golden locks tossed back by the wind, his fine indignant face turned downward on the writhing monster, seemed with his light foot to crush the demon as he smote him, and stood victorious, the impersonation of Purity intolerant of passion.

"Terribly just," thought Ernest, "it is so! Forever, forever, must each angel spurn and oppose the foul, the selfish. Yet what an instinct of compassion have we! I cannot abandon that monster — though neither can I bear with him. Oh! surely, surely, evil is as *unnatural* to us as it is *hateful*. But the world is a poisonous atmosphere. The best grow sickly in it. Is not the Church right then

to sanctify some green circles, within whose borders devils dare not enter?"

His thoughts were broken by the entrance of the priest, and the murmured sound of those few words, so freshly pathetic, however monotonously chanted —

“*Miserere mei, Deus, secundum magnam misericordiam tuam.*”

The service proceeded as usual, till through the grating of the side chapel rose the soft mellow voices of the nuns, echoed from the opposite grating by the clear high tones of the children.

“And from the latticed gallery came a chant  
Of psalms, most saint-like, most angelical,  
Verse after verse sung out so holily,  
The strain returning, and still, still returning.”

Ernest felt deeply the mysterious power of this unseen music. Is not the ear a finer avenue to the spirit than the eye? Faint and more faint, the chant died away with the retiring voices; and then Edith beckoned Ernest to follow her. The Portress opened the door of the convent to one always there privileged; and leading the way through many passages to a window, she pointed silently out upon the church-yard. Nothing could have been more touching than that scene. Slowly the procession was winding among the simple crosses, which marked the graves, to where the hillock of fresh-dug earth showed the resting place for their sister. Four young girls, clad in white, with garlands of white roses followed the chanting priest, and the boys with swinging censers, two and two;— then came four nuns, in their long black veils, with white scarfs around their necks, supporting the coffin, itself covered with a long white pall, like nature's snowy winding sheet. Two by two the sisters followed; then two by two the children, — in long tapering files, — all, even to the littlest, bearing the lighted candles. Beautiful symbol! that the good fight is fought, the victory won, and that the conquering soul, unquenched by death, has ascended to brighter worlds of never dying light.

When the solemn rite was ended, as Edith calmly crossed herself, and turned to go, Ernest thought he had never seen her so serenely beautiful. It seemed to him

as though her parted friend had dropped the mantle of her peace. There was a depth in her dark eye, a sacred sweetness on her pale brow and colorless cheek, which awed him.

"I have spent hours and hours with her," said Edith, as they passed homeward. "She had imbibed from the world all its elegant tastes and high accomplishments, and had dedicated them to God. She never checked my prattle, but seemed to rejoice in the fresh springing flowers of a young heart. And then so gently she instilled her holy faith, never arguing, never explaining, but living so happily, so gently, in the pure wisdom of her spiritual love. I have watched her, kneeling by the sleeping children, in winter nights for hours, till I fell asleep, gazing at a bright star which shone over her, and when I awoke found her still kneeling there wrapped in her long robes, — and day was breaking. And then she was so patient. Once, after some rudeness, I remember seeking her pardon, and asking whether she could still love me; and her answer was so holy, yet so simple! 'I love you all in God, dear children. He loves us all.' I cannot mourn for her, I hardly dare to pray for her! But for myself I must pray. Adieu! I must be alone."

Thus speaking, as she entered the door, she took his hand, bowed gently, and withdrew to her apartment.

Ernest stepped for a moment into the boudoir, and in her album wrote these words from Novalis:

"Friendship, love, and piety should be mysteriously treated. It is only in very rare confiding moments we should speak of them. *Many things are too tender to be thought of, many more to be expressed.*"

He felt that the shrine of a sweet sister's inmost life had once again this day been opened to him, and he was a purer man. "When the world is redeemed," thought he, as he walked on, "will not women be the prophets to us? Surely, through a holy woman, infinite goodness smiles upon us in its gentle glory, as it does not elsewhere. And how heaven has marked her as his consecrated vessel. Beauty in her is hateful, loathsome, where it is not pure; and devoutness brightens the homeliest features into grace, as the lamp reveals the picture in the rough porcelain shade. And we would have them all be wives and moth-

ers;—wives of busy idlers, mothers of worldly slaves? Alas! it would be no mockery too commonly to decorate the marriage feast with cypress. How often is that promised Eden but a waste wilderness. Must innocence forever be driven out of the garden by seeking after unknown good, and find the flaming sword of remorse opposing its return? O Experience! Experience! can the elixir of life be found only by squeezing your thorny fruit! And then the world's insolent neglect, or selfish use of those who will not sell themselves to the stranger, and marry, for marriage's empty privileges, the unworthy. Wonder is indeed, that Protestants have no sacred retreats, no holy sisterhoods. Heaven keep thee ever his own, dear Edith! or give thee a fitting friend."

The scene of the morning had so deeply touched him, that the thought of study was irksome; and he determined to pay a visit to the bishop. Several persons, whose dress and manner proved them to be of quite different classes of society, were seated, each waiting his turn for conversation in the little parlor; and retiring till the good father's words of consolation and counsel had been given, Ernest withdrew into the recess to commune with the copy of Raphael's divinest Madonna. The picture was so hung, that light through a window above, and hidden from the spectator, was poured full upon the clouds of dim cherub faces, and on the heads of the mother and child. The colors had somewhat faded; but the drawing and expression were in a purer style than any work, which Ernest had ever seen. Soft deep shadows around the eyes gave a tender thoughtfulness to the Virgin's look. The name he had heard years before given to this picture, thrilled through him—"The Girl-Mother." Yes! There stood that sweet peasant, in the joyous innocence of her youth, full of all harmonious affections, sobered in prophetic awe. The dignity of womanhood had robed her suddenly; and gayety was veiled in blessedness. How lightly she rested on the light vapor, as if already ethereal,—how buoyantly her garments floated there. And O! what majesty, what calm, unconscious power, what pure swelling instincts, what conceptions, too grand for words, seemed to crown the divine boy, as with easy attitude he sat on the throne, which God had consecrated, of his mother's reverential love.

Ernest was thankful that chance had led him hither, thus to finish his morning's meditation; for the words of the German mystic rose to his memory: "The mysterious charm of the Virgin — that which renders her so unspeakably attractive — is the presentiment of maternity. *She is the aptest emblem of the Future.*"

He turned aside to examine the books upon the nearest shelves; and accidentally opening a volume of the Dublin Review, his eye was attracted by an article, headed "Galileo — The Roman Inquisition." This called to mind some startling statements he had heard in a late address, which he longed to have disproved or verified; and, as absorbed, he rapidly skimmed the pages, the bishop laid his hand upon his shoulder, and saluted him with; "Ah! my young friend! doubtless you think that excellent writer is but whitening, with the chalk of sophistry, the foul spots upon the skirts of the church."

"Not so! I was rather astonished at this new proof of how a pistol shot, well echoed, can be made to sound like thunder. The story of Galileo's sufferings for truth has been so often and so confidently told, I never doubted its truth; and from my youth have associated the name of the great astronomer with a vision of dungeons and of papal tyranny."

"No wonder! no wonder!" said the old man, mildly, "we are sadly, cruelly slandered. Shall I tell you, briefly, the true tale of Galileo's *prosecution*, not persecution.\* Nicholas, the Cusan, a poor ultramontane, first advanced the startling proposition, 'Quod cœlum stet, terra autem moveatur,' 'the earth moves, the heaven is at rest,' and for this noble service to science was raised by Nicholas the Fifth, before 1464, to the dignity of the Cardinal's hat, and to the bishopric of Brixen. Behold the *first punishment* of this "heresy." In 1510, Leonardo da Vinci adopted, as established, the same doctrine; for already in 1500, Copernicus, in the very heart of Rome, had taught it to overwhelming crowds. Ay! more! when in 1536, it was known that Copernicus was too poor to

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\*Vide Dublin Review, No. IX. for July, 1838, p. 79, from which what follows is condensed, as the Roman Catholic version of Galileo's life.

print his great work, Cardinal Scomberg, and after him Gisio, charged themselves, from unparalleled liberality, with all the necessary expenses of its publication; and thus, as has been beautifully said, 'the successor of St. Peter flung over the infant theory the shield of his high protection.' What reason then was there, after this long favoring of this new scientific discovery, and after deliberate inculcation of it, at a later day, to stifle it? And now to pass to Galileo, when he first visited Rome, for the purpose of making 'palpable and plain,' as he said, 'the thing that by God's help he had discovered,' how was he greeted? With suspicion and insult? No! prelates and cardinals vied to do him honor; gardens and palaces were flung open for his use."

"But surely," said Ernest, "there is some foundation for the story of his being a martyr for science, — some real face to hang the hideous mask upon."

"You shall hear, young friend, and verily I think, you will agree, the mask was hung upon a senseless block. Galileo, not content with scientific demonstrations, began a series of theological epistles, attacking the established mode of interpreting certain texts; and it was for this, and for this *alone*, that he was denounced and warned 'to confine himself to his system and its demonstration, and leave explaining views of Scripture to the theologians, whose particular province it was to discuss them.' Thus, as has been well said, 'Galileo was persecuted not for having been a good Astronomer, but a bad Theologian.' But Galileo was passionate, headstrong, heated; he would not limit himself; he absolutely forced the decision of this question of texts upon the Pope and Inquisition; and therefore, and only therefore, was it necessary, to bind him to *total* silence; which was done by Bellarmine in the kindest, and least public way; immediately after which he was admitted to a long and friendly audience with the Pope. And was he then disgraced? Far, far from it; he was admired, courted as before; Cardinal Barberini wrote verses in his praise and mounted the papal throne; and Galileo came to Rome loaded with honors. And now, young friend, mark me. What return did Galileo make? He published his Four-days-dialogues; and on the very first page, to the *Discreet Reader*, attacked with bitter

irony and sarcasm the decree of 1616. All this he did," continued the Bishop, opening the volume and reading aloud, "'till in an evil hour, intoxicated by success, he burst, in the wantonness of wayward pride, through the restraint of personal respect, public order, and even private gratitude; and levelled the shafts of his satire against the very highest personage in the land—the same, his own best benefactor. Then, and not till then, was he made to feel the heavy hand of power, when he had stung it to the quick; then, and not till then, was he made to bite the dust of humiliation before the authority he had insulted. Yet even then the sage was not forgotten in the delinquent, nor the claims of the High Priest of Science, lost on the clemency and consideration of his judges.' And what, after all, was the sentence? Simply this. '*The Church has not condemned the system, nor is it to be considered heretical, but only rash.*' In a word, young friend, the system, though probable, was not proved; and Galileo was bid to wait. This was all; and for this every pert protestant writer is to fling in the face of our venerable mother his insults at her bigotry. But I will pardon them! History has been hoodwinked long enough. We shall be better known in the next age. But I fear I have wearied you. Let us talk of other topics."

"No! dear Sir! No!" said Ernest. "I long to hear from your lips an explanation of your exercise of spiritual power over the mind. Tell me, if time and inclination are propitious, why and how far you would permit liberty."

The bishop looked at him steadfastly, for a moment, as if with his luminous grey eye he would throw a light into the most secret chambers of Ernest's consciousness, and then opening a large port-folio, he selected an engraving, and set it before him, with these few words:

"The rule of the Church is almost too simple and natural to explain; that divine picture embodies it."

It was Raphael's cartoon of Christ's last interview with his disciples on the lake of Galilee. How touching was the contrast between the calmness of the master, and the eager enthusiasm of the disciples. Firmly and gracefully, in perfect equipoise, stood Jesus, pointing with one hand to the feeding flock, and with the other to the kneeling Peter, who, overwhelmed in mingled shame and confidence,



seemed pleading the truth of his grateful affection. Ernest could almost hear the mild command from the opening lips, which he read in the beaming benignity of the soft eyes, "Feed my sheep."

"The duty of the Church is protection, you mean," said he looking up.

"Yes! my son! She is put in charge by the Great Shepherd of his little ones; and woe to her if she is not faithful. Can she allow the poor lambs to wander astray in the fogs of speculation, or be lost in the drifting snows of skepticism, or ruined by wolfish doubts?"

"Blessed be the meek-hearted, Father! who are willing to be led by the still waters in the green pastures; but I am a wild chamois, finding spare feed on the dizzy heights of thought, among the cataracts of untried instincts."

"Even so! even so! But I have hope of one so true. God forbid, that you should only be brought into the fold, bleeding and crippled. Why waste your years in seeking what is already stored up for you, if you will take it? Look there!" continued the bishop, pointing to long rows of volumes of the Fathers; "there is contained all, and far more than you will find in the superficial, half-grown writers of our time. Why drink always of the muddy pools, which have dripped from the fountain into the dusty road, when you may dip from the bubbling spring itself?"

"But how am I to know you have all truth?" asked Ernest. "I have little faith in human infallibility."

"Ah! what sad prejudices darken us all. The Church is infallible, young friend, only because it embraces the consenting testimony of all ages. No one man is infallible. But I ask you, is not our faith the most of all reasonable in the mere way of argument? The Lord promised to be with his church to the end of the world! Will he most readily visit the minds of the consecrated and devoted ministers of his truth, or the uncultured, wild minds of those perplexed in the world?"

Here a mother, leading in a truant and deceitful daughter to be exorcised of the demon by the good bishop's words, interrupted the conversation, and Ernest withdrew.

As he walked homeward, he murmured to himself, "wolfish doubts" — so Father, we must give up our free

thought. You may be right. But I am not yet ready. I must examine fresh suggestions, that come to my tent-door. They may be lepers to blast me with disease, but they may be also angels in disguise.

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WOODNOTES.

I.

For this present, hard  
 Is the fortune of the bard  
 Born out of time ;  
 All his accomplishment  
 From nature's utmost treasure spent  
 Booteth not him.  
 When the pine tosses its cones  
 To the song of its waterfall tones,  
 He speeds to the woodland walks,  
 To birds and trees he talks :  
 Cæsar of his leafy Rome,  
 There the poet is at home.  
 He goes to the river side, —  
 Not hook nor line hath he :  
 He stands in the meadows wide, —  
 Nor gun nor scythe to see ;  
 With none has he to do,  
 And none seek him,  
 Nor men below,  
 Nor spirits dim.  
 Sure some god his eye enchants : —  
 What he knows, nobody wants :  
 In the wood he travels glad  
 Without better fortune had,  
 Melancholy without bad.  
 Planter of celestial plants,  
 What he knows nobody wants ;  
 What he knows, he hides, not vaunts.  
 Knowledge this man prizes best  
 Seems fantastic to the rest ;  
 Pondering shadows, colors, clouds,  
 Grass buds, and caterpillars' shrouds,  
 Boughs on which the wild bees settle,  
 Tints that spot the violets' petal,  
 Why nature loves the number five,  
 And why the star-form she repeats ; —  
 Lover of all things alive,  
 Wonderer at all he meets,

Wonderer chiefly at himself,—  
 Who can tell him what he is;  
 Or how meet in human elf  
 Coming and past eternities?

## II.

And such I knew, a forest seer,  
 A minstrel of the natural year,  
 Foreteller of the vernal ides,  
 Wise harbinger of spheres and tides,  
 A lover true, who knew by heart  
 Each joy the mountain dales impart;  
 It seemed that nature could not raise  
 A plant in any secret place,  
 In quaking bog, on snowy hill,  
 Beneath the grass that shades the rill,  
 Under the snow, between the rocks,  
 In damp fields known to bird and fox,  
 But he would come in the very hour  
 It opened in its virgin bower,  
 As if a sunbeam showed the place,  
 And tell its long descended race.  
 It seemed as if the breezes brought him,  
 It seemed as if the sparrows taught him,  
 As if by secret sight he knew  
 Where in far fields the orchids grew.  
 There are many events in the field,  
 Which are not shown to common eyes,  
 But all her shows did nature yield  
 To please and win this pilgrim wise.  
 He saw the partridge drum in the woods,  
 He heard the woodcock's evening hymn,  
 He found the tawny thrush's broods,  
 And the shy hawk did wait for him.  
 What others did at distance hear,  
 And guessed within the thicket's gloom,  
 Was showed to this philosopher,  
 And at his bidding seemed to come.

## III.

In unploughed Maine he sought the lumberers' gang,  
 Where from a hundred lakes young rivers sprang,  
 He trode the unplanted forest floor whereon  
 The all-seeing sun for ages hath not shone;  
 Where feeds the moose, and walks the surly bear,  
 And up the tall mast runs the woodpecker.  
 He saw beneath dim aisles in odorous beds  
 The slight *Linnæa* hang its twin-born heads,  
 And blessed the monument of the man of flowers,  
 Which breathes his sweet fame through the northern bowers.

He heard when in the grove at intervals  
 With sudden roar the aged pinetree falls, —  
 One crash, the death-hymn of the perfect tree,  
 Declares the close of its green century.  
 Low lies the plant to whose creation went  
 Sweet influence from every element;  
 Whose living towers the years conspired to build,  
 Whose giddy top the morning loved to gild.  
 Through these green tents, by eldest nature drest,  
 He roamed content alike with man and beast :  
 Where darkness found him he lay glad at night,  
 There the red morning touched him with its light.  
 Three moons his great heart him a hermit made,  
 So long he roved at will the boundless shade.  
 The timid it concerns to ask their way,  
 And fear what foe in caves and swamps can stray,  
 To make no step until the event is known,  
 And ills to come as evils past bemoan.  
 Not so the wise ; no coward watch he keeps  
 To spy what danger on his pathway creeps ;  
 Go where he will, the wise man is at home,  
 His hearth the earth ; — his hall the azure dome,  
 Where his clear spirit leads him, there's his road,  
 By God's own light illumined and foreshowed.

## IV.

'Twas one of the charmed days,  
 When the genius of God doth flow,  
 The wind may alter twenty ways,  
 A tempest cannot blow :  
 It may blow north, it still is warm ;  
 Or south, it still is clear,  
 Or east, it smells like a clover farm ;  
 Or west, no thunder fear.  
 The musing peasant, lowly great  
 Beside the forest water sat :  
 The rope-like pine roots crosswise grown  
 Composed the network of his throne,  
 The wide lake edged with sand and grass  
 Was burnished to a floor of glass,  
 Painted with shadows green and proud  
 Of the tree and of the cloud.  
 He was the heart of all the scene ;  
 On him the sun looked more serene,  
 To hill and cloud his face was known,  
 It seemed the likeness of their own ;  
 They knew by secret sympathy  
 The public child of earth and sky.  
 You ask, he said, what guide  
 Me through trackless thickets led,  
 Through thick-stemmed woodlands rough and wide ;  
 I found the water's bed.

The watercourses were my guide,  
 I travelled grateful by their side,  
 Or through their channel dry;  
 They led me through the thicket damp,  
 Through brake and fern the beaver's camp,  
 Through beds of granite cut my road,  
 And their resistless friendship showed;  
 The falling waters led me,  
 The foodful waters fed me,  
 And brought me to the lowest land,  
 Unerring to the ocean sand.  
 The moss upon the forest bark  
 Was polestar when the night was dark,  
 The purple berries in the wood  
 Supplied me necessary food.  
 For nature ever faithful is  
 To such as trust her faithfulness.  
 When the forest shall mislead me,  
 When the night and morning lie,  
 When the sea and land refuse to feed me,  
 'T will be time enough to die;  
 Then will yet my mother yield  
 A pillow in her greenest field,  
 Nor the June flowers scorn to cover  
 The clay of their departed lover.

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LIFE AND DEATH.

THE moaning waves speak of other lands,  
 Where men have walked in noble bands;  
 Ages have passed since they trod the earth,  
 Yet they too had fallen from their high birth.  
 Like us for the pure and right they fought;  
 Like us they longed and earnestly sought;  
 And they too found little with all their pride;  
 He was the noblest who nobly died;  
 Not one of them all led a manly life;—  
 Alas for mankind with its ceaseless strife!

RECORD OF THE MONTHS.

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*The Works of William E. Channing, D. D.* Four Volumes. Third Edition. Glasgow: 1840.

WE welcome this beautiful edition, from a foreign land, of the writings of our eminent countryman. It is the only complete and correct collection of the works hitherto published, which he wishes to appear under his name; and on that account, as well as for the intrinsic value of its contents, we rejoice that a corresponding edition is soon to be issued from the press in this city.

The present volumes afford a striking illustration of the course of their author, as a believer in social progress, and the advocate of reform. There is a severe, logical consistency in the gradual unfolding of his views, which, to the inattentive reader, is frequently concealed by the rich and flowing style, of which Dr. Channing is such an admirable master. The statements, which are here brought together, in regard to the nature of man, the essential character of religion, the condition of society, and the hopes of the human race, may all be traced back to one or two predominant ideas, which have strongly acted on the mind of the author, which he clearly comprehends, and to which he is never false. He commences with the recognition of the moral principle as the highest element in human nature. The purpose of religion is to develop and mature this principle, to give it a practical ascendancy over the soul, and to preserve it from degradation by the corruptions of the world. This principle connects man with his Maker, makes him conscious of a Divinity within him, guarantees to him the enjoyment of immortality, imposes the obligation of duty, and calls him to a sublime destiny. Religion, accordingly, is not the reception of a creed, but the cultivation of life; not the observance of forms, but inward holiness; it cannot cramp, enfeeble, and depress the mind; but its true influence is joyous, and ennobling; it reveals God to his children, in the brightest and most attractive forms, and commands them to be like him. But if the moral principle is the highest attribute of man, and the medium of his connexion with God, all other distinctions become trivial and unimportant. The possession of a moral nature makes man the equal of man everywhere. Hence, all assumption of authority over the conscience, all restrictions on freedom of mind, all claims to property in man, all pretension to superiority on account of outward

privileges, are contrary to the Divine law. They do injustice both to the nature of man and the purposes of God. Now these principles give us a test of social arrangements. They must be applied as the measure of civilization. Every institution of man must be brought into judgment before their tribunal. The society, which does not ensure to every individual the means of unfolding and exercising his highest capacities, which permits any to pine in hopeless want, which values external prosperity more than moral perfection, which makes the pursuit of wealth the primary object, and neglects the culture of the soul, is not in accordance with the principles of religion, or the laws of human nature.

Such are the conclusions, at which Dr. Channing arrives, and which he enforces on the world, with the fearless earnestness of a martyr. He commenced with theology; here his purpose was not so much to attack, as to explain; to redeem the moral element of Christianity from the speculations which concealed it, and vindicate the spirit of Jesus, as a spirit of freedom, of charity, of holiness, of universal truth. His position now is that of a social reformer. In his mind, the religion of love cannot be unfruitful. He has faith in man, in Christ, and in God; and accordingly he looks forward to a better future than the past. His writings, which will be most honored by the coming generations, relate to this object. They cannot fail to appreciate aright the magnanimity with which he refuses to yield to popular prejudices, the calm wisdom with which he looks into prevailing abuses, the courage and firmness with which he withstands the current of obloquy that a divine charity for the welfare of man always at first calls forth, and the hopeful serenity with which he watches the struggle between light and darkness, that betokens the speedy dawning of a better day.

The Preface to this edition contains the following pregnant words, which may be regarded as his own confession of faith, and which embody the creed of the youth of this country, who are beginning, not so much to protest against the past, as to live in the present, and construct for the future.

“These volumes will show, that the author feels strongly the need of deep social changes, of a spiritual revolution in Christendom, of a new bond between man and man, of a new sense of the relation between man and his Creator. At the same time, they will show his firm belief, that our present low civilization, the central idea of which is wealth, cannot last forever; that the mass of men are not doomed hopelessly and irresistibly to the degradation of mind and heart in which they are now sunk; that a new comprehension of the end and dignity of a human being is to remodel social institutions and manners; that in Christianity and in the powers and principles of human nature, we have the promise of something holier and happier than now exists. It is a privilege to live in this faith, and a privilege to communicate it to others.”

*Two Sermons on the Kind Treatment and on the Emancipation of Slaves. Preached at Mobile, on Sunday, the 10th, and Sunday the 17th of May, 1840. With a Prefatory Statement.* BY GEORGE F. SIMMONS. Boston: William Crosby and Co.

THESE Sermons form a signal exception to the manner in which the instructions of the pulpit are usually dispensed. They were pronounced before an audience, scarce one of which could be presumed to sympathize with the views that were urged; they were intended not to set aside a speculative error, nor to enforce an abstract moral precept, but to rebuke a sin that was deeply fixed in the habits of the people; and, so far from being adapted to win for the preacher the golden opinions of his hearers, he uttered them at the risk of his popularity, his reputation, nay, of his personal safety. He might have had good reason to believe, that when he left that pulpit, in which he stood to discharge a painful, but imperative duty, he would never be suffered to lift up his voice in it again, if, indeed, he should not fall a prey to the wild wrath of those, whose social corruptions he had probed to the quick.

The position which Mr. Simmons occupied was one of no common privilege, calling for the exercise of a lofty valor, enabling him to accomplish an act of wise and noble self-sacrifice, presenting one of those solemn moments, in which a soul of true vitality lives more than in many years of sloth and worldly indulgence. Here was a young man, fresh from the cold refinement of the schools, nurtured in the enervating atmosphere of a dainty literature, connected with a religious sect, which reckons a cautious prudence among the cardinal virtues, and tempted by the counsels and customs of society to overlook a vice, that was so prevalent as to be feared. The sight of human beings in bondage moved his spirit to expressions of rebuke and pity. He could not conceal from himself the sin into the midst of which he was thrown. He saw it in its true light. He judged it by the standard of the divine law. He felt that it was one of the chief duties of a servant of Christ, to compare the practice of his hearers with the principles of his Master, and to give his public testimony to its character, with an emphasis and distinctness, that should not fail to be understood. It is easy to conceive of the struggle which such a mind must go through, before it could form the resolve to utter the most offensive truths to men, with whom the speaker had lived in intimacy, with whose characters, in many respects, he cherished a sincere sympathy, and from whom his faithfulness might alienate him forever.

The spirit, in which Mr. Simmons performed his difficult task,



was suited to disarm the opposition even of an enemy. His statements are nicely weighed; they are free from the semblance of exaggeration; not a particle of anger infects the purity of his rebuke; he approaches the wounds he would cleanse and heal not with rudeness, but with sorrow and love; he shows that he does not hate the slaveholder, while he defends the rights of the slave; he fully appreciates the circumstances which palliate the offence, recognizes the good qualities which grow in an ungenial soil, and admits the distinction between the victim of vicious institutions, and the deliberate, wilful violator of a Divine law. His language is like that of a brother pleading with a brother, of a Christian, whose moral indignation is mingled with deep grief; of a man, who, conscious of infirmity himself, can make a just allowance for the infirmity of others.

In his first Discourse, Mr. Simmons urges the duty of compassion and indulgence toward the slave. "The negro," says he, "is our brother. To be regarded with fraternal feeling is, therefore, his due. We bestow it on him not as a favor, but as a debt."

In the second Discourse, he points out the inferences that proceed from this principle. It entirely overthrows slavery. Christianity makes all men our brethren. Slavery makes men our tools. The spirit of Christianity must finally cast off every yoke. Slavery is wrong. We can own servants only as we own wives and children. They cannot be a part of our property; nor, without great injustice, can they be treated as such.

These are the general principles, on which all right endeavors for the emancipation of the slave are founded. It is the purpose of those, who are now laboring for this object, to give the widest currency to these principles, to bring them home to the moral sense of society, and to apply them to the heart and conscience of all, who are concerned in the perpetuation of slavery. Their triumph will be the triumph of moral truth over material interests.

The immediate effect of these Discourses might have been anticipated by those who are aware of the jealous and sensitive spirit, which is always produced by the assertion of an unjust claim. Truth courts discussion; the consciousness of right invites the most searching examination; it fears nothing so much as judgment without inquiry; it loves the light; and brings all its deeds and words to that test. No man wishes to wink out of sight what he does not know to be wrong. But evil always makes cowards of those whom it infects. Its anxiety to hush up the faintest whisper betrays its character. Hence the timidity of the slaveholder. Hence the frantic violence with which he opposes all discussion, by which his deeds may be reprov- ed. Hence the primitive manner in which a servant of Christ is

forced to leave the scene of his labors, reminding us of Paul let down by night in a basket, or the earlier disciples, as they were persecuted from one city, fleeing into another.

On Monday morning, Mr. Simmons was accused before the Grand Jury. They looked into the offence, examined many witnesses, and dismissed the complaint. He was then waited on by his friends, who were anxious for his welfare and for the public peace. They advised him to withdraw from the immediate presence of the multitude. He complied with their suggestions, and passed the night out of the city. The next day, the irritation increased; the neglect of the Grand Jury exasperated still more the minds of individuals; and the danger of personal violence became imminent. He was unanimously counselled to go away. He followed the counsel, and left the city. In his own opinion, he was expelled from Mobile not by the people of Mobile, but solely by a cabal in it.

We are inclined to think, that it would have been better had he remained on the post of danger, and submitted to the worst. We know not that his life would have been the sacrifice. If it had been, we believe that he would have found such a death not without joy. To die for the assertion of a truth, on which the welfare of man depends, is not the greatest of evils by far. The man, who dies for the freedom of the soul, for the meek defence of a brother's rights, for the rebuke of sin in high places, for sympathy with the down-trodden and forsaken, is happier than he, whom death finds in the carnage of the battle-field, or on the softest couch of selfish luxury. In this instance, he would have probably escaped with personal indignity and suffering. Every example of this manfully borne is a great gain. Every example of heroic fortitude, amidst the mistaken judgments, or the open hostility of the world, is an accession to its highest wealth. We need men who love their duty better than their lives, who can take joyfully the spoiling of their goods, and the destruction of their hopes, who are willing to be made of no reputation for the sake of advancing the progress of truth and good, and who have cheerfully volunteered their services on the forlorn hope of humanity. The author of these Discourses was not called to such a fiery trial. We trust, however, that he has a soul that will never shrink from it; and that the voice of popular applause, and the temptations of society, will never lead him to forget the dreams of his youth.

We have a few words to add, in regard to the manner in which Mr. Simmons has spoken of those, to whom our country is indebted for the most effectual assertion of freedom for all its inhabitants. We think the impartial verdict of history in their behalf will be of a different character from that which he has recorded. We say this without any personal bias; for our ac-

quaintance with individual abolitionists is very limited; we have never been in the habit of acting with them; we have no case to make out in their favor; but our opinion is formed from their published writings, which we have read diligently. Their object is to declare to the world the convictions which they have attained in private, to make it universally felt that the holding of property in man is a sin, and thus, by peaceful measures, to destroy the crying vice of this nation, and the disgrace of our age. In the defence of their principles, no doubt, there may be the leaven of human imperfection; for man still shares in the fall of Adam; there may be much bad rhetoric; there may be a violation of the decorous courtesies, which hold well-bred people in such fear of each other, that they dare not speak out their minds; they may sometimes utter the voice of rebuke and warning in tones that grate harshly on ears, which are daily soothed by the sweetest music of flattery. This is natural enough. It could hardly have been avoided. But they keep higher laws than they break. "We must pardon something to the spirit of liberty," which fills their souls. It is in their ranks that we must look for the most disinterested devotion to a great cause, for the deep sincerity which will not let the tongue stay dumb, for a noble disregard of fashion and prejudice, for the intense perception of the rights of universal man, and for a willingness to brave persecution, contumely, and death, in their defence. Such qualities cannot long be overlooked. Once seen, they cannot be despised. The heart is true as steel to their attractions. Though now condemned, in their most prominent displays, by the ephemeral society of this instant, to-morrow the voice of humanity will echo in their honor.

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*A Letter to those who think.* By EDWARD PALMER. Worcester. 1840.

THE author of this letter has been the pastor of a church in the vicinity of Boston, and is distinguished, as we understand from those to whom he is personally known, for the unpretending simplicity of his character, the purity of his intentions, and his fearless inquiries into the foundation of prevailing institutions and opinions. He is one of the increasing number in our free land, who do not regard the voice of the multitude as the test of truth, nor ask permission of society to express their convictions. We honor him, therefore, as a sincere thinker; and no difference of opinion shall prevent us from doing justice to the record of his ideas.

The tone of this letter is one of great calmness; it is attractive by the chaste simplicity of its style; and wins attention by

the air of genuine experience with which it is pervaded. The leading purpose of the writer is to express his desire for a pure and noble manifestation of religion, which shall comprehend all the elements of human nature, elevate the soul to the highest perfection of which it conceives, and advance society in freedom, holiness, and love. "Though it is no small matter to be a true Christian," says Mr. Palmer, "I now see that it is much more to be a whole, a simple, and a true man." He would have man disencumber himself of creeds and forms, not live by recorded precedents, or upon the experience of others, but go forth freely and spontaneously, in accordance with the promptings of his own moral nature. He needs but to know himself, to cultivate and exercise the noble nature with which he is endowed, to bring into harmony and beautiful order all that pertains to his interest and happiness as an individual and a social being.

These statements, considered in reference to prevalent religious ideas, will be assented to by many, over whose minds those ideas have no influence. It is in vain to disguise the fact, that the present administration of religion calls forth secret misgivings, or open dissent, from no small portion of those for whom it is designed. Men are fast coming to the conviction, that the highest sentiments of their nature demand a more generous culture than they have received; that the soul can be content with naught but the most severe and stern reality; and that to be truly religious is a thing of more vital and solemn import, than the frivolous and worldly spirit of our age has ever imagined. A higher form of religion, than that which lulls the drowsy soul to death-like sleep, in the midst of appalling corruptions and sins, is now looked for with as much earnestness by thousands of hearts, which as yet have only breathed out their longings in the faintest whispers, as was the coming of the Messiah, in those dark days of Jewish degradation, which preceded the advent of the truest light that has ever shone upon the spiritual eye of man. These hopes are to be realized, as we believe, by a clearer insight into the essential spirit of Christianity, and its application to the heart of society, in its simplest and most universal form. This is the problem which our age is called upon to solve, and it is now addressing itself to the task, with a calm, but intense determination, which guarantees its triumphant completion.

With these convictions, we do not assent to the conclusion which Mr. Palmer thus announces. "I am convinced that Christianity is to be superseded, as that has superseded Judaism. The human soul is outgrowing it, as it has previously outgrown other systems and technicalities." In this statement, we think, that Mr. Palmer has fallen into an error, by supposing that the

Christianity of Jesus is the popular religion of society. He confounds the pure, simple, divine ideas of Christ, which place him at such a wide distance from other religious teachers, with the "systems and technicalities," which from the days of Constantine to the present, have received the honors of Christian baptism. But there is an essential distinction between the ideas of Jesus, and the forms in which they have been represented; between the divine truth to which he came into the world to testify, and the construction which it has received from different ages; between the universal laws which he announced, and the enactments which have been added to them by the legislation of men. The former constitute the religion of Jesus: the latter, the dress which disguises it; the former are everlasting; the latter must pass away.

We do not believe, then, that society has outgrown Christianity; nor that it can ever outgrow it, any more than it can outgrow the divine laws of nature. The characteristic idea of Jesus was the supremacy of moral over physical power; he directed men to the manifestation of God within their souls; he assured them that all who received his word should enjoy the Spirit of Truth as their comforter and friend forever; and thus attain the dignity and freedom of "simple, true, and whole men." This idea is to be applied as a test to our present modes of worship, to the institutions of society, to the character of its members. So far as the prevailing religion of society is not in accordance with this, it must be superseded. But the superseding of this will be the exaltation of Christianity. A religion which concentrates the sanctities of life in certain days, which makes more account of formal worship than of the beauty of holiness, which gives divine authority to a priestly interpreter between conscience and God, which erects tribunals to sit in judgment on the human soul, which fails to recognise the spiritual equality and brotherhood of men, which takes no effectual means for the removal of oppression, social wrongs, and national sins, which exalts the service of Mammon over the service of God, and permits men to lay up treasures on earth, while any within their reach are starving for the bread of life, which has no faith in an order of society, established on the divine principles of justice and love.—such a religion, by whatever name it may be called, is not the religion of Christ. It is in opposition to his teachings; still more in opposition to his life; and as men are aroused from the slumbers of sin, made to comprehend the startling import of the ideas which now soothe the sleek transgressor in his Sabbath repose, and quickened to a new sense of responsibility by the stings of a faithful conscience, which wounds to heal, this religion will pass away, and the religion of Jesus be reinstated in its place.

We differ, moreover, from Mr. Palmer, in regard to the remedy which he proposes for the spirit of selfishness, the morbid love of gain, the low standard of morality, and the glaring inequalities of condition and opportunity, which to so great an extent characterize modern society. In his opinion, the present property system is the principal source of the crime and wretchedness which prevails; it compels a violation of the natural laws; and the selfish and exclusive principles, upon which the intercourse and business of men are now conducted, must be exchanged for the benevolent and fraternal. In this way, he supposes a community of interest, if not a community of property, would be established; the clashing interests of the many would be brought into unity; and the practice of giving and requiring bonds, notes, and metal pledges, at every turn, would be superseded.

With regard to the evils alluded to by Mr. Palmer, there is, we suppose, but one opinion among those who have made the condition of society an object of study. They now engross the attention of many of the most vigorous minds of Europe; they are beginning to awaken a deep interest in this country; philosophy forsakes its speculative abstractions to investigate the causes of social suffering; religion has learned that the salvation of the soul involves the elevation of man; and the age, which has perceived the great problem, will not be content till it is solved.

But the cure of these evils must not be looked for in a change of systems. The heart must be set right: the true purposes of life comprehended; the divine relations of man with man understood and acted on, before the most perfect outward organization could be carried into effect, even if it were discovered. The social ideas remaining the same, no good could come from the adoption of a new system. You do not destroy the love of gain, by dispensing with the tokens of value; you may give an egg for an apple, instead of a coin; but the difficulty is in nowise removed. Society must be inspired with correct social ideas; the divine law of love must be proclaimed, until it commands the universal heart; and the true idea will not fail, in due time, to organize itself in a true institution.

The great social evils of our day grow out of the lust of accumulation for personal objects. The remedy for these evils is the effectual assertion of Christian principles. If the spirit, which Jesus insisted on as the characteristic of his disciples, pervaded every community which bears his name, there would be no suffering for the want of means to sustain life, for every individual to unfold his whole nature, to attain the culture, gentleness, and dignity of a true man. The strong would help the infirmities of the weak, and the very thought of selfish gratification, at the expense of another's happiness or improvement, would be spurned. The

early Christians, we are told, had all things in common; no man said that aught which he had was his own; but they did not advocate the abolition of private property, nor a community of goods. They were impelled by a common sympathy to bring of their treasures to a common stock; the wants of the destitute were thus supplied; no man was suffered to need anything; but their reliance was placed on the soul, not on a system; they were led by the impulses of Divine love, not by the rules of an organization, to indulge themselves in no needless expense, while one of their brethren was destitute and suffering.

The Christian idea is not yet carried out in any Christian society. This idea, as clearly set forth in the character of Jesus, is that of entire self-abnegation, in obedience to God, for the benefit of man. The disciple is to have no will, other than the Divine will; his own interests cannot be regarded as superior to the interests of others; he is as much bound to labor for the good of all whom he can help, as if it were his own; he is commanded to sell all that he has, to consecrate his whole being, for the sake of the cause, in which his Master died. Christ renounced everything, called nothing his own, became of no reputation, had no certain dwelling-place, and died on the cross, in order that, by his sacrifices, truth and good might be advanced in the world. The disciple is called to essentially the same duty. The form may be different, but the spirit is identical. Unless he loves man as Christ loved him, he is false to the title in which he glories. If he has wealth, he is bound to use not a portion of it, but the whole of it, as the steward of the Lord; if he devotes it to his own selfish purposes, regardless of the claims of others, he is among the rich men who cannot enter into the kingdom of God; the moment he ceases to be a steward for man, he ceases to be the servant of Christ, and becomes faithless to the cause, which he is pledged to support.

This idea of the uses of wealth is clearly in accordance with the example of Jesus and his disciples, with the practice of the first Christians, and the natural laws of our being. If this idea were acted on, few external changes in the arrangements of property would be required; and until it were acted on, no external changes would be of permanent avail. Still we rejoice in every calm and temperate discussion of this subject. Men are looking for light, and will not rest till they find it. They perceive that the present system of intense competition for personal benefits is fatal to the healthy growth of the soul, destructive of the highest charms of social intercourse, at war with the bland and graceful amenities of life, and the progress of the largest civilization. Its tendency is to transform men into money-getting machines; to reduce the free and joyous varieties of natural character to the dead level of plodding mediocrity; and to smother

er the gushing life of the spirit beneath a silver veil. It adjusts social rank according to the successful pursuit of wealth; measures men by what they possess, not by what they are; identifies life with "getting a living;" makes our nation a nation of traffickers, not of thinkers; and substitutes the laws of trade for the laws of God. It is written, however, "Take no thought for the body; seek first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be given to you."

This is the Christian creed. The true Church must rest on this foundation. Wealth must be sought, not for our own personal advancement, but to promote the empire of justice and love; and then the fever of gain will be assuaged.

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#### PROFESSOR WALKER'S VINDICATION OF PHILOSOPHY.

THE manly and judicious Discourse of Dr. Walker before the Alumni of the Cambridge Theological School, produced a deep impression on the large audience which listened to its delivery. We hoped to have seen it before this time in print. It would afford an interesting subject of discussion. As it has not yet been brought before the public, we must content ourselves with copying a slight sketch of it, which appeared in the "Boston Daily Advertiser," soon after it was pronounced.

"The Annual Discourse before the 'Alumni of the Cambridge Theological School' was delivered on Friday last by the Rev. Dr. Walker, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University. The subject chosen for this occasion was 'The Connexion between Philosophy and Religion;' and, addressed by a philosophical teacher to an audience of religious teachers, was as appropriate as any that could be presented; while the manner in which it was treated, the vigor and independence of the speaker, his lucid discrimination of thought, his wise insight into the respective claims of philosophy and religion, his just description of the present state of speculation in the scientific world, and its connexion with the practical interests of society, gave it an importance which rarely belongs to our popular Anniversary Addresses. It is certainly a striking feature in our community, that the most abstract subjects are brought before the mass of the people; words of learned length and portentous sound are familiarly heard in the saloons and on 'Change; systems of philosophy, which in other countries are explained from the chair of the Professor, are here pronounced upon in the Insurance Office, and at the tea table. No true republican will find fault with this, of course; but, as a necessary consequence, we must, now and then, hear the expression of opinions that are more ludicrous than edifying, and characterized rather by ve-



hemence than wisdom. The ears, that have ached uncomplainingly under such inflictions, must have found something healing in the well-weighed words of a man who spoke from knowledge, not from hearsay, and who had taken the pains to comprehend the scientific questions on which he was called to pass judgment.

“The purpose of Dr. Walker was to show the importance of the study of philosophy to the teacher of religion. In introducing the subject, he set forth one or two just distinctions between religion, considered as the subject of philosophical discussion, and the religious character, or the condition of being religious; and between religion, as a system of absolute truths, and the views of religion which are taken by the human mind. Philosophy, he maintained, was by no means essential to a high degree of personal religious experience; a man might be truly devout, who did not understand the meaning of the word; nor was it the foundation of those realities which form the substance of religious faith, under all its various expressions. But it is the province of philosophy to enable us to give an account to ourselves; and, of course, to explain the facts of religion, no less than other facts which come under our cognizance.

“The necessity of an acquaintance with philosophy was argued, from the general tendency of thought at the present day. Men now look into the reason of things on all subjects. They desire to give an account to themselves of whatever engages their attention. The discussion of first principles awakens the deepest interest in the most active and cultivated minds. Hence the tendency of the age to philosophical investigation. This tendency is visible in the popular movements for social reform. They, who go to the greatest length in these attempts, are distinguished from reformers who preceded them, by the fact, that they seek to establish their principles on a philosophical basis, instead of appealing to the authority of the letter. They defend their views by an exposition of human nature, as well as by texts of Scripture. This tendency is also visible in modern literature. The greatest poets have not escaped its influence. Byron and Wordsworth are indebted to it for their popularity, as well as to their unquestioned genius. It is still more distinctly visible in theological literature. It is seen even in the title pages of books which have the widest circulation. Instead of ‘Essays,’ ‘Treatises,’ ‘Evidences,’ and so forth, we now have ‘The Philosophy of Man’s Moral Nature,’ ‘The Philosophy of the Evidence of Christianity,’ and the like. The taste for works on philology, criticism, the interpretation of the Scriptures, and the external evidences of religion, has yielded to a deeper interest in questions relating to the ultimate foun-

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dation of faith, and the testimony to religion presented by the human soul. A few years since, in this community, a valuable work on the Old Testament, on the Gospel history, or an original Commentary, would have produced a sensation; now such works may be published, without any sensation whatever. Men are seeking truth on a different order of questions; questions, which it is the business of philosophy to illustrate and expound.

“It is in vain for men to shut their eyes on the existence and importance of this philosophical movement, or to affect to wink it out of sight. They may correct it where it is wrong; but they must first study its character. They may endeavor to arrest its progress; but they must first understand its direction. They may put down Transcendentalism, if they can; but they must first deign to comprehend its principles.

“But it may be said, that philosophical systems are temporary, and, therefore, it is not worth while to make them the object of study. Admitting that systems are temporary, the truth which they embody is permanent. The discoveries of philosophy remain, are incorporated with the whole texture of popular thought, act on the institutions of society, long after the person to whom they owe their origin has passed into comparative obscurity, and ceased to number any professed followers. There are no Cartesians now; but the reasonings of Descartes on matter and spirit influence the opinions of every student of human nature. There are no Hartleins now; but the doctrines of Hartley, in regard to the association of ideas, belong to our established science. There are no Kantians now, it is said, in Germany; but it is certain, that the influence of the profound analysis of the mind by the great philosopher of Königsberg is everywhere visible.

“Besides, systems of philosophy are as permanent as any scientific systems, with the exception only of pure mathematics. Geology has experienced changes which well nigh baffle the student; and even now the experiments of Mr. Faraday bid fair to introduce a complete revolution into the science of chemistry.

“But it is said, moreover, that philosophy tends to infidelity, and that its connexion with religion endangers the interests of the latter. It is thought that the only safety for religion consists in never looking philosophy in the face.

“It is not a little remarkable, that this objection has been uniformly brought against the best systems of philosophy on their first promulgation. Their authors have been accused of atheism, decried as dangerous, and exposed to the attacks of popular clamor. Descartes was called an atheist; Locke was called an atheist; Kant was called an atheist; and recently, the

eminent French Eclectic, Cousin, has been called an atheist; in the latter case with as much propriety as in the former, and with not a whit more.

“But the objection, that philosophy tends to infidelity, is not sustained by historical facts. The skepticism of the most distinguished English infidel, David Hume, was not founded in philosophy, but in the want of philosophy. He called in question the power of the mind to gain a knowledge of truth; his purpose was to pick everything to pieces; he built up nothing, and argued against philosophy, with as much zeal as his religious opponents have done since. The French philosophy of the last century did not produce the infidelity of the French nation; it had its own origin in the infidelity which had long been prevalent; and the modern philosophical movement in that country, so far from being of an infidel character, exhibits an earnest faith in religion, and is friendly, to say the least, to Christianity. Neither did German infidelity proceed from German philosophy. It commenced with critics and philologists. Semler is usually regarded as at the head of this movement; it was carried on by Michaelis and Eichhorn, philologists both; and the return to a higher order of ideas, to a living faith in God, in Christ, and in the Church has been promoted by the philosophical labors of such men as Schleiermacher and De Wette. This tribute is due in justice to the last named individuals, ill-adapted as their views may be to meet the popular wants in our own country.

“After noticing some other less important objections to the study of philosophy, Dr. Walker closed his discourse with an admirable description of the spirit with which this study should be carried on, in connexion with religion. The philosopher, when approaching the loftiest themes of human thought, especially when he attempts to investigate the Divine essence and attributes, should be impressed with the solemn nature of his inquiries, should cherish a meek and reverent disposition, like the seraphim, who, when they bow before the presence of God, veil their faces with their wings.

“We trust that this powerful and luminous Discourse will be soon given to the public from the press. It may do much to correct many prevalent, and, at first view, almost hopeless errors with regard to the true nature and purposes of Transcendental inquiry. A religious community has reason to look with distrust and dread on a philosophy, which limits the ideas of the human mind to the information of the senses, and denies the existence of spiritual elements in the nature of man. They will welcome a philosophy of an opposite character, a philosophy which maintains a sublime harmony with the teachings of revelation, which brings home the most vital truths to individual

consciousness, and which establishes the reality of freedom and holiness, as the noblest object of human endeavor. Such a philosophy has been taught in Great Britain by Butler, Price, Stewart, Reid, and Coleridge; in Germany by Kant, Jacobi, and Schleiermacher; in France by Cousin, Jouffroy, and De Gerando; and we rejoice to add is now taught with signal ability, in the halls of our venerated University, by the author of this discourse."

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THE ATHENEUM EXHIBITION OF PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.

The gallery of paintings has been well worth visiting this year, if only to see the very beautiful copy of the Madonna, and the heads of Raphael, Guido, and the Fornarina, each of which unlocks a treasury of fine suggestions. The Fornarina shows to great advantage between Newton's two pictures, so excellent in their way, the Dutch girl and Spanish girl. These are such pretty pictures of modern fine ladies in costume, and seem to represent the idea which a highly cultivated fashionable society entertains of grace and romance, while the Fornarina represents the wild luxuriant growth of real romance, and suggests Wordsworth's lines—

"O, lavish Nature, why  
That dark unfathomable eye,  
Where lurks a spirit that replies  
To stillest mood of softest skies,  
Yet hints at peace to be o'erthrown,  
Another's first, and then her own."

"The Dream" is a fine picture in the romantic style. It is one of those works which, if not themselves of commanding excellence, waft to us the sweet breeze from an age capable of all excellence. Among the pictures by modern artists, we notice with great interest, several by Page. This artist has a fine eye for nature, and a contempt for all show and exaggeration. His pictures are always full of character. He does not seem born particularly for a portrait painter, inasmuch as these heads are not new revelations, but persons such as we have seen and known them. But all, that we do find, is true, full of life and freshness. His heads of children are excellent, in a style of great naiveté and sweetness; they are not well dressed little cherubs, but rich in the promise of sincere and natural manhood and womanhood. Should this artist ever be able to unfold his powers in a congenial element, he is able to go a great way and may turn over a new leaf for America. Two little landscapes by Miss Clarke deserve greater attention than from their

size and position they are likely to receive. They show a profound and quiet feeling of nature, perfect chasteness and delicacy of taste. They are deficient in freedom and fulness of expression, but give reason to hope for the attainment of these also. Several other pictures seem to claim our stay; but the present limits oblige us to hasten into the hall of Sculpture, which demands our special attention now from its novelty; the opening of which, indeed, forms to us quite an important era in the history of Boston.

We reflect with great pleasure, that these calm and fair ideals, manifested in this spotless and durable material, have for the most part adorned for some years the houses of our citizens, and, doubtless, have been the sources of love and thought to a great number of minds. But that the public should be sufficiently interested in such objects, to make it worth while to collect them yearly for exhibition, is none the less an important event. It is very pleasing to see how this influence has gone forth from the private to the public sphere. The movement has been gradual, genuine, and therefore has meaning; and it is of no trifling significance when men learn to love to see thoughts written in stone. They must look to a noble futurity; they must know how to value repose.

It is never so pleasant to see works of art in a collection, as when they are the ornaments of a home. Each picture, each statue, claims its niche, to be seen to due advantage. And yet, in this hall, there is an almost compensating pleasure in walking as it were amid a grove or garden of beautiful symbols, taken from the ages of mythus, and of beings worthy the marble, from the days of action. We can see many of them on all sides and study the meaning of every line.

And here are many objects worth study. There is Thorwaldsen's Byron. This is the truly beautiful, the ideal Byron. This head is quite free from the got up, caricatured air of disdain, which disfigures most likenesses of him, as it did himself in real life; yet sultry, stern, all-craving, all-commanding. Even the heavy style of the hair, too closely curled for grace, is favorable to the expression of concentrated life. While looking at this head you learn to account for the grand failure in the scheme of his existence. The line of the cheek and chin are here, as usual, of unrivalled beauty.

The bust of Napoleon is here also, and will naturally be named in connexion with that of Byron, as the one in letters, the other in arms, represented more fully than any other the tendency of their time; more than any other gave it a chance for reaction. There was another point of resemblance in the external being of the two, perfectly corresponding with that of

the internal, a sense of which peculiarity drew on Byron some ridicule. I mean that it was the intention of Nature, that neither should ever grow fat, but remain a Cassius in the commonwealth. And both these heads are taken, while they were at an early age, and so thin as to be still beautiful. This head of Napoleon is of a stern beauty. A head must be of a style either very stern or very chaste, to make a deep impression on the beholder; there must be a great force of will and withholding of resources, giving a sense of depth below depth, which we call sternness; or else there must be that purity, flowing as from an inexhaustible fountain through every lineament, which drives far off or converts all baser natures. Napoleon's head is of the first description; it is stern, and not only so, but ruthless. Yet this ruthlessness excites no aversion; the artist has caught its true character, and given us here the Attila, the instrument of fate to serve a purpose not his own. While looking on it, came full to mind the well known lines —

“ Speak gently of his crimes.

Who knows, Scourge of God, but in His eyes those crimes  
Were virtues.”

His brows are tense and damp with the dews of thought. In that head you see the great future, careless of the black and white stones; and even when you turn to the voluptuous beauty of the mouth, the impression remains so strong, that Russia's snows, and mountains of the slain, seem the tragedy that must naturally follow the appearance of such an actor. You turn from him, feeling that he is a product, not of the day, but of the ages, and that the ages must judge him.

Near him is a head of Ennius, very intellectual; self-centered and self-fed; but wrung and gnawed by unceasing thoughts.

Yet even near the Ennius and Napoleon, our American men look worthy to be perpetuated in marble or bronze, if it were only for their air of calm unpretending sagacity. If the young American were to walk up an avenue lined with such effigies, he might not feel called to such greatness as the strong Roman wrinkles tell of, but he must feel that he could not live an idle life, and should nerve himself to lift an Atlas weight without repining or shrinking.

The busts of Everett and Allston, though admirable as everyday likenesses, deserved a genius of a different order from Clevenger. Clevenger gives the man as he is at the moment, but does not show the possibilities of his existence. Even thus seen the head of Mr. Everett brings back all the age of Pericles, so refined and classic is its beauty. The two busts of Mr. Webster by Clevenger and Powers are the difference be-

tween prose, healthy, and energetic prose indeed, but still prose, and poetry. Clevenger's is such as we see Mr. Webster on any public occasion, when his genius is not called forth. No child could fail to recognise it in a moment. Powers's is not so good as a likeness, but has the higher merit of being an ideal of the orator and statesman at a great moment. It is quite an American Jupiter in its eagle calmness of conscious power.

Of the groups many are our old friends, and have been noticed elsewhere. The sleeping Cleopatra cannot be looked at enough, always her sleep seems sweeter and more graceful, always more wonderful the drapery. A little Psyche, by a pupil of Bartolini, pleases us much thus far. The forlorn sweetness with which she sits there, crouched down like a bruised butterfly, and the languid tenacity of her mood are very touching. The Mercury and Ganymede with the Eagle by Thorwaldsen are still as fine as on first acquaintance. Thorwaldsen seems the grandest and simplest of modern sculptors. There is a breadth in his thought, a freedom in his design, we do not see elsewhere.

A spaniel by Gott shows great talent and knowledge of the animal. The head is admirable; it is so full of playfulness and doggish knowingness.

But it is impossible in a short notice to particularize farther. For each of these objects, that claims attention at all, deserves a chapter to express the thoughts it calls out. Another year we hope to see them all again, and then to have space and time to do them such honor as feeling would prompt to-day.

We hope the beauty of the following lines, suggested to a "friend and correspondent" by a picture now in the Atheneum Gallery, called "The Dream," may atone for the brevity and haste of our little notice.

#### "THE DREAM."

A youth, with gentle brow and tender cheek,  
 Dreams in a place so silent, that no bird,  
 No rustle of the leaves his slumbers break;  
 Only soft tinkling from the stream is heard,  
 As its bright little waves flow forth to greet  
 The beauteous One, and play upon his feet.

On a low bank beneath the thick shade thrown,  
 Soft gleams over his brown hair are fitting,  
 His golden plumes, bending, all lovely shone;  
 It seemed an angel's home where he was sitting;  
 Erect beside a silver lily grew;  
 And over all the shadow its sweet beauty threw.

Dreams he of life? O, then a noble maid  
 Toward him floats, with eyes of starry light,  
 In richest robes all radiantly arrayed  
 To be his ladye and his dear delight.  
 Ah no! the distance shows a winding stream;  
 No lovely ladye comes, no starry eyes do gleam.

Cold is the air, and cold the mountains blue;  
 The banks are brown, and men are lying there,  
 Meagre and old. But what have they to do  
 With joyous visions of a youth so fair?  
 He must not ever sleep as they are sleeping,  
 Onward through life he should be ever sweeping.

Let the pale glimmering distance pass away;  
 Why in the twilight art thou slumbering there?  
 Wake and come forth into triumphant day,  
 Thy life and deeds must all be great and fair;  
 Canst thou not from the lily learn true glory,  
 Pure, lofty, lowly? — Such should be thy story.

But no! I see thou lov'st the deep-eyed Past,  
 And thy heart clings to sweet remembrances.  
 In dim cathedral-aisle thou'lt linger last  
 And fill thy mind with flitting fantasies.  
 Yet know, dear One, the world is rich to-day,  
 And the unceasing God gives glory forth alway.

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#### SELECT LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

*Airs of Palestine, and other Poems.* By John Pierpont.  
 Boston: James Munroe and Company. 12mo. pp. 334.

*Specimens of Foreign Standard Literature.* Edited by  
 George Ripley. Vols. VII., VIII., IX. Containing German  
 Literature, translated from the German of Wolfgang Menzel.  
 By C. C. Felton. In Three Volumes. Boston: Hilliard, Gray,  
 and Company. 12mo. pp. 352, 428.

*Two Years before the Mast.* A Personal Narrative of Life at  
 Sea. New York: Harper and Brothers. 12mo. pp. 483.

This is a voice from the fore-castle. Though a narrative of  
 literal, prosaic truth, it possesses something of the romantic  
 charm of *Robinson Crusoe*. Few more interesting chapters  
 of the literature of the sea have ever fallen under our notice.  
 The author left the halls of the University for the deck of a  
 merchant vessel, exchanging "the tight dress coat, silk cap,  
 and kid gloves of an undergraduate at Cambridge, for the loose  
 duck trowsers, checked shirt, and tarpaulin hat of a sailor,"  
 and here presents us the fruits of his voyage. His book



will have a wide circulation; it will be praised in the public prints; we shall be told that it does honor to his head and heart; but we trust that it will do much more than this; that it will open the eyes of many to the condition of the sailor, to the fearful waste of man, by which the luxuries of foreign climes are made to increase the amount of commercial wealth. This simple narrative, stamped with deep sincerity, and often displaying an unstudied, pathetic eloquence, may lead to reflections, which mere argument and sentimental appeals do not call forth. It will serve to hasten the day of reckoning between society and the sailor, which, though late, will not fail to come.

*Theory of Legislation*; by Jeremy Bentham. Translated from the French of Etienne Dumont, by R. Hildreth. In Two Volumes. Boston: Weeks, Jordan, and Company. 12mo. pp. 278, 268.

*The Law and Custom of Slavery in British India, in a Series of Letters to Thomas Fowell Buxton, Esq.* By William Adam. Boston: Weeks, Jordan, and Company. 12mo. pp. 279.

*The Laboring Classes.* An Article from the Boston Quarterly Review. By O. A. Brownson. Third Edition. Boston: Benjamin H. Greene. 8vo. pp. 24.

*Oration before the Democracy of Worcester and Vicinity, delivered at Worcester, Mass., by O. A. Brownson, July 4, 1840.* Boston and Worcester. 8vo. pp. 38.

*Remarks on the Bunker Hill Monument, addressed to the Ladies engaged in getting up the Fair for its Completion.* By Elliott. Portsmouth: C. W. Brewster. 12mo. pp. 12.

*A Discourse on Liberty, delivered before an Assembly of the Friends of Emancipation, in the Christian Chapel, in Providence, July 4, 1840.* By Thomas P. Rodman. Providence. 8vo. pp. 15.

*Faust; A Dramatic Poem, by Goethe.* Translated into English Prose, with Notes, &c. By A. Hayward, Esq. First American, from the third London Edition. Lowell and New York. 12mo. pp. 317.

*A Collection of the Political Writings of William Leggett, selected and arranged, with a Preface, by Theodore Sedgwick, Jr.* In Two Volumes. New York. 12mo. pp. 312, 336.

*Social Destiny of Man: or Association and Reorganization of Industry.* By Albert Brisbane. Philadelphia. 12mo. pp. 480.

This work is designed to give a condensed view of the system of M. Fourier, for the improvement and elevation of productive industry. It will be read with deep interest by a large class of our population. The name of Fourier may be placed at the

head of modern thinkers, whose attention has been given to the practical evils of society and the means of their removal. His general principles should be cautiously separated from the details which accompany their exposition, many of which are so exclusively adapted to the French character, as to prejudice their reception with persons of opposite habits and associations. The great question, which he brings up for discussion, concerns the union of labor and capital in the same individuals, by a system of combined and organized industry. This question, it is more than probable, will not be set aside at once, whenever its importance is fully perceived, and those who are interested in its decision will find materials of no small value in the writings of M. Fourier. They may be regarded, in some sense, as the scientific analysis of the coöperative principle, which has, within a few years past, engaged the public attention in England, and in certain cases, received a successful, practical application.

*The Ecclesiastical and Political History of the Popes of Rome, during the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.* By Leopold Ranke. Translated from the German, by Sarah Austin. In Three Volumes. London: Murray.

This beautiful work gives a sketch of the history of the Church from the time of Christ to Leo Tenth; then a minute history of the epoch of the Reformation, and especially of the attempts made in good faith, within the church, for its reformation, and shows how these proved abortive, notwithstanding the sincerity and enlightened views of many Catholic prelates. The rise and progress, corruption and destruction of the Jesuits is carefully told. The work closes with a view of the history of the church up to the time of Napoleon; and the present state of things. In design and execution, the work is truly a poem; and it has been adequately translated.

*Poetry for the People and other Poems.* By Richard Monckton Milnes. London: Moxon.

*Democracy in America. Part the Second.* By Alexis De Tocqueville. In Two Volumes. Translated by Henry Reeve, Esq. London.

*The Life of Luther; with Notices and Extracts of his Popular Writings.* Translated from the German of Gustavus Pfizer, by T. S. Williams. With an Introductory Essay, by the Author of "Natural History of Enthusiasm." London.

*The Universal Tendency to Association in Mankind, analyzed and illustrated. With Practical and Historical Notices of the Bonds of Society, as regards Individuals and Communities.* By John Dunlop, Esq. London.

*The Last Days of a Condemned.* From the French of M. Victor Hugo. By Sir P. Hesketh Fleetwood, Bart., M. P. London.

Account of the Recent Persecution of the Jews at Damascus : With Reflections thereon, and an Appendix, containing various Documents connected with the Subject. By David Solomons, Esq. London.

The Fine Arts in England, their State and Prospects, considered relatively to National Education. Part I. The Administrative Economy of the Fine Arts. By Edward Edwards, of the British Museum. London.

Memoirs and Letters of Sir Samuel Romilly, with his Political Diary. Edited by his Sons. Second Edition. In Three Volumes. London. 8vo.

Goethe's Theory of Colors. Translated from the German, and edited, with Notes, by Charles Lock Eastlake, R. A. London.

Materialism in Religion ; or Religious Forms and Theological Formulas. Three Lectures, delivered at the Chapel in South Place, Finsbury. By Philip Harwood. London.

The title of this pamphlet would lead one to expect somewhat significant in its contents. Such an expectation is not disappointed on the perusal. We find here no stale thoughts repeated till the breath of life is pressed out of them, but the fresh and bold, though now and then crude, expressions of a mind that is clearly in earnest, and wont to look at man and nature, through no veil. The spirit, which ceases not to work through evil report and good report in the midst of our own society, is quick and powerful abroad. It is indeed almost startling to listen to the echoes of familiar voices, as they are borne to us from strange lands. Let them be welcomed from whatever quarter they come, as proofs, pleasing though not needed, of the identity of truth, and its affinity with the human soul.

The author of these Lectures proposes to consider the tendency, more or less observable in all the great religious organizations of mankind, to materialize religion ; to clothe the religious idea in a material garb, and confine it in material forms. He pursues this tendency, through the religious history of the world, in three of the most remarkable phases which it has successively assumed, — Judaism, Catholicism, and sectarian Protestantism. The following passage explains his point of view.

“ I have no controversy, then, with the tendency to materialize religion. There is truth in it ; it is, in a manner, the beginning and the end, the Alpha and the Omega of all religion. To read the spiritual in the material, the infinite in the finite, and the invisible things of God in the things that he has made, and then to re-embody our spiritual conceptions in new material forms of life and action — this is all the religion that the wisest of us can have. The two principles of spiritualism and materialism are antagonistic in their lower developments only. In their perfected form they coincide: the climax of the one is

also the climax of the other. Thus a rude, coarse Christianity is material; clings to the mere personality of Christ; worships Christ; makes a God of him; will hear of nothing but faith in Christ, love to Christ, obedience to Christ. A more refined and spiritual Christianity (as represented for instance, by the Unitarians of Priestley's School) leaves the man Christ Jesus rather in the background; and takes his doctrines, his precepts, his religion, and worship these; and says that it does not very much matter what we think of him, or whose son he was, so that we take his religion, and believe that. A yet higher and more spiritual Christianity comes back to the personality of Christ, and sees that he is his own religion; that he is a sort of incarnation of God, a word of God made flesh; that *he* is the word, the revelation, the text—and all the rest mere marginal comment, more or less authentic. In like manner, a rude, coarse Natural Religion clings to material nature; makes graven images, and bows down to worship them. The first step in refinement is to leave the material; to break the images; to seize the conception of the Spirit that *made* the heavens and the earth, and dwells apart, outside the material world. At the next step the mind reunites the spiritual and the material, and grasps the mighty thought of the all-pervading Intelligence and Power, the all-quickening Love, in whom we live, and move, and have our being; who dwells in us, and we in Him, through whom, and by whom, and to whom are all things."—pp. 7, 8.

The spirit of life, however, tends always to break through the material forms, with which it is obstructed.

"Yet, after all, strong as the material form may be, the spirit—the living soul—is stronger still. Natural, vital growth is mighty even as a mechanical force. The softest seed, if there be but life in it, will burst the hardest shell; and the growing power of a principle will make its way through all the wrappings and encasings of a form. The prophetic administration of religion—free, bold, reaching forth and pressing forward to the future—will ever be too strong for the priestly—mechanical, servile, leaning lazily upon the past. There is Judaism, with all its passovers, and burnt-offerings, and golden candlesticks, down, sunk like lead in the depths of the past: and here is Christianity, up, now this moment at the top of the world, with its divine, everlasting symbols stimulating new thought, and yielding new results of life and action, (like the tree of life in the Apocalypse, that bare her fruit every month)—beaming light in life and hope in death, bracing the will of philanthropy and steadying its aims,—a Comforter, a Spirit of Truth and of God, a Holy Spirit, dwelling with us forever, with inspiration as new and fresh, as when Christ had it first in his cottage home at Nazareth."—pp. 16, 17.

There is unquestionable truth in the idea of the Catholic Church, which the author thus interprets.

"Undoubtedly there is, (or if not *is*, might, could and should be) a Church Universal, a Communion of Saints, a fellowship of good and true minds, reaching through all time and spread over all lands; a union of all minds and hearts in great moral convictions—in a faith—faith in one another, faith in truth, and in a true God: we can con-

ceive of such a fellowship, or Church, as this—a kingdom of heaven, of heavenly truth and love upon the earth; we can form the idea; it was the idea in which Christ lived and died;—we may conceive of such a Church (whether with or without what is called ‘ecclesiastical polity’)—a general pervasion of the spirit of humanity with Christ’s spirit, a kingdom of Christ and of God, which, beginning like a grain of mustard seed, should gradually grow up, by the expansive vitality that is in all true and good things, into a tree—a tree of life—giving fruit and shelter to all the kindreds of men. This is the Christian conception of a Church Catholic or Universal.—And such a Church would have authority; it would (to borrow the favorite old Jesuit illustration) be a kind of Soul of the World, whose will would be law to the body, guiding and governing all the movements of the body, circulating vitality to every limb, sending the light of faith and the life of love through all social institutions and organizations. Such a Church would be, in a manner, infallible; the united moral conceptions of a community of minds, each of them free, and dealing with reality on its own account—the conscience of the human race—cannot be false. We might almost say of such a Church, that its theological interpretations of Scripture would be infallible; since, if we could but know the general, collective impression which Scripture makes on the collective intellect of mankind—exercised freely, un-bribed and un-intimidated—we should have, in this united and consentaneous experience of myriads of minds, variously endowed and trained—what now we have not, and cannot have—the *natural sense* of Scripture, the sense which it is naturally fitted to convey: error would neutralize error, leaving a clear balance of truth; and, after striking out of the account, as accidental and exceptional, all interpretations that have not stood the test of the general intellectual experience of mankind, we should have, in the residual faith of the Church universal, something like a standard Scriptural theology. And such a Church would realize the idea of the Apostolical Succession, the Christian hierarchy, or royal priesthood; would be quickened by the same Holy Spirit, or divine breath, that made fishermen and mechanics kings and priests unto God; a spirit not at all confined to one little territory of some miles square, called ‘Apostolic See,’ or one solitary dynasty of Italian princes called ‘Popes’—but filling all things, with an omnipresence as of the God whose spirit it is.—There is an essential element of truth, then, in these favorite ideas of Catholicism.”—pp. 25, 26.

Neither are monastic institutions without beauty.

“By its monastic institutions, the Catholic Church materializes the idea of Unworldliness, Heavenly-mindedness. Here, likewise, is truth—vital, essential truth—but turned into pernicious falsehood by being hardened into mechanism. There is something grand and beautiful in the principle that prompted the aspiration after a diviner life than man lives here, that gave men strength to renounce earth for heaven, to escape from the world and the evil of the world together, and make a bright green garden spot—an Oasis of God—in the midst of the world’s wilderness, where piety, learning, meditation, kindheartedness should reign sequestered and alone, and the soul rest

in God, and serve him night and day in his temple, with prayer, and vigil, and solemn chant—where a thoughtful philanthropy could tend and trim the sacred fire which, then flickering on the verge of extinguishment, was, in after-days, to burn forth with a brightness as of the sun in his strength;—this is, or was, very grand and beautiful: who can read, even now, such a book as that of Thomas à Kempis, without the sympathy of reverence for the earnest, deep-thoughted pietism that it enshrines?—All this, or great part of it, was true once; and it is right that the debt which civilization and humanity owe to those gatherings of the gentle and the wise should be paid in a generous and kindly appreciation.”—pp. 29, 30.

We hope the imagination of the author has not thrown a false light around the tendencies of the age.

“Meanwhile there is, and increasingly must be, a mutual approximation of the simply and wisely good, of all churches and of no church. The great tendencies of modern thought and feeling are essentially unsectarianizing; move in the direction of an appreciating sympathy with the True, the Good, and the Beautiful, by whatever strange, uncouth nomenclature they may chance to disguise themselves. However it may fare with sects and churches, (which, after all, matters extremely little,) there is, and must be, a progressive and united approximation of free and true minds from all points, towards that Divine philosophy of the Peasant-Prophet, by whose name the world loves to call itself—a philosophy which lays the foundation of a spiritual theology and rears the superstructure of a spiritual religion—uttered in one of the sublimest sentences that ever fell from the lips of man, and there, from age to age, in the Bible that we all but worship, bringing the Finite Human into communion with the Infinite Divine—‘God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.’”—pp. 33, 34.

The distinction between the spirit and the letter, which is set forth in the following extract cannot be insisted on too strongly.

“The idea of Divine Inspiration, for instance—breathing of God upon the soul—is miserably mechanised, straitened, and shut up in a mechanical form. Instead of a vital moral impulse, touching the springs of thought and affection, a divine spirit of truth leading into truth—we have that poor, cold, artificial thing, *intellectual infallibility*. Thus we say, ‘The Bible is an inspired book’—(which it is, to a degree in which perhaps no other book is inspired, instinct with a life and living power that can only come from the Fountain of life)—‘the Bible is an inspired book, a kind of written word of God—therefore prophets and apostles were infallible, could not make mistakes. To say that a prediction has been falsified by history, that a train of reasoning is illogical, that a cosmogony is unphilosophical—is to deny inspiration, to disbelieve the word of God.’ Bible-worship has, with us, taken the place of the old Catholic image-worship. It really would seem that the Bible, and the Bible only, is the religion of Protestants. We worship the Book as devoutly as our fathers worshipped the Virgin and the Saints. The faith and reverence which our best human

sympathies and profoundest religious convictions cannot but give to this wonderful collection of writings—to the divine spirit of beauty, power, love, moral earnestness that breathes through it—is hardened into a mere theological homage to the letter; even to the letter of a particular text, of a particular translation; the text being known all the while to be partly fraudulent, and the translation to be considerably erroneous; yet both text and translation zealously maintained, that people's faith may not be shaken. We worship the Bible. We allow of no religious truth except biblically deduced opinions; no religious education without Bible, whole and unmutilated, for reading and spelling-book; no religious instruction for grown men and women without a Bible-text for motto and preface; no religious worship even, without a Bible-chapter interpolated at the right time and place between prayer and hymn. Morality, religion, theology, must all be biblical. Religion is not in ourselves, but in the book; the sense of which is to be got at by hard reading. Inspiration is a thing that was once; that is now past and distant, external to us, and to be brought near by 'evidences.' Christianity is a congeries of opinions to be proved; the materials of the proof lying in the Bible, or in books proving the authenticity and inspiration of the Bible. The end of all which is, that the Bible is not understood, is not appreciated, is precisely the least understood and appreciated book that men read." pp. 40–42.

*Early Days in the Society of Friends, exemplifying the Obedience of Faith in some of its First Members.* By Mary Ann Kely. London.

*The Protestant Exiles of Zillerthal; their Persecutions and Expatriation from the Tyrol, on separating from the Romish Church and embracing the Reformed Faith.* Translated from the German of Dr. Rheinwald, of Berlin, by John B. Saunders. Second Edition. London.

*Des Ameliorations Materielles dans leurs Rapports avec la Liberte,* par C. Pecqueur. Paris. 12mo. pp. 363.

*Cours d'Histoire de la Philosophie Morale au dix-huitième Siècle, Professè a la Faculte des Lettres en 1819 et 1820,* par M. V. Cousin, Première Partie.—Ecole Sensualiste, publiée par M. G. Vacherot. 8vo. pp. 354.

*Œuvres completes de Platon, traduites du Grec en Français, accompagnées d'Argumens philosophiques, de Notes historiques et philologiques.* Par Victor Cousin. Tome XIII. Appendice.

This volume completes the great enterprise of M. Cousin, to which he has devoted the labors of nearly twenty years. Every student of modern literature can now find easy access to the thoughts of the Athenian master, as they are here clothed in the enticing and graceful style of one of the best French prose writers. This admirable translation is not the least service, which M. Cousin has rendered to the interests of philosophical learning. The reception, which it has found among us, is a good omen for those who believe that the highest truth is not the ex-

clusive privilege of the scholar. May it help to diffuse more widely the pure love of beauty, the spirit of contemplation, and the clear perception of moral good, which alone can save our age!

Ueber Shakspeare's dramatische Kunst und sein Verhältniss zu Calderon und Goethe. Von Dr. Hermann Ulrici. Halle.

In this work the author gives a succinct history of the English Drama up to the time of Shakspeare, thus putting the reader in possession of the poet's point of sight; a picture of the age in which he lived, when the pomp of the middle ages acted strongly on the mind set free by the Protestant Reformation. Then follows an account of the poet's life, and the greater part of the book is devoted to "a development of Shakspeare's poetic vision of the world." This book is spoken of in the *Halle Allgemeine Literatur Zeitung* in terms of high commendation. The author has the "Philosophic depth," which we vainly look for in Schlegel's criticism of the great poet.

Geschichte des Urchristenthums durch A. Fr. Gfrörer, Professor Bibliothekar in Stuttgart. I. Das Jahrhundert des Heils. 2 vols. 8vo. II. Die Heilige Sage. 2 vols. 8vo. III. Das Heiligthum und die Wahrheit. Stuttgart. 1838-1840.

Professor Gfrörer is the author of another work, "Philo und die Alexandrinische Theosophie," which he regards as the vestibule of his present edifice. In the early volumes, as we understand, he attempts to derive Christianity from the Essenes, but in the latter, obeying the public cry against Strauss, he attempts to find its origin in Jesus. It appears to be a work of great pretensions and little merit, if we may judge from two able articles upon it, one in the *Berlin Jahrbücher*, and the other in the *Halle Allg. Literatur Zeitung*.

Rabbinsche Quellen und Parallelen zu neutestamentlichen Stellen mit Benutzung der Schriften von Lightfoot, Wetstein Meuschen, Schöttgen, Danz, etc. Zusammengestellt von F. Nork. Leipzig. 8vo.

This is the last production of a writer formerly hostile to Christianity. His real name is Korn; he has been a Jewish Priest, but has lately come over to Christianity.

Der Somnambulismus von Prof. Friedr. Fischer, in Basel. Vol. I. Das Schlafwandeln und die Vision. Vol. II. Der thierische Magnetismus. Vol. III. Das Hellsehen und die Besessenheit. 8vo.

Historische Entwicklung der speculativen Philosophie von Kant bis Hegel. Zu näherer Verständigung des wissenschaftlichen Publicums mit der neuesten Schule dargestellt, von Heinrich Chalybäus. 2d edition. 8vo. Dresden. Moritz.



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# THE DIAL:

A

## MAGAZINE

FOR

LITERATURE, PHILOSOPHY, AND RELIGION.

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THE purpose of this work is to furnish a medium for the freest expression of thought on the questions which interest earnest minds in every community.

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The DIAL, as its title indicates, will endeavor to occupy a station on which the light may fall; which is open to the rising sun; and from which it may correctly report the progress of the hour and the day.

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# THE DIAL.

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## MAN IN THE AGES.

THE ages have presented man in a two-fold aspect, as man, as not man. Human things, constitutions, politics, laws, religions, all have gone, either on the fact, rather we might say, have grown out of the intrinsic reality of man's individual worth, or else, and contrary to this, on the tacit assumption of man's individual worthlessness. With the one, man, the living soul, the individual in his sole being, is more than king, noble, hierarch, church, or state; not he theirs or for them, but they nothing save for him; with the other, state, church, hierarch, noble, king, each is more than man; he theirs and for them, he little or nothing save as a fraction of the general order, a part and instrument of the whole. Lactantius has preserved to us a quaint illustration, which he refers to an earlier antiquity than his own, in which the course of each man is compared to the letter Y, and as he comes forward into action, through the point whence it divides itself into two branches, he passes either in the direction of the one, or in that of the other, through sin to death, or through holiness to life. The ages of our race have presented a like divergency. They have parted off in a direction congruous to man's true nature, or into a direction incongruous and contrary to it, verging and branching out, now toward hell, now toward heaven.

These divergencies, whence are they? Not out of time, which rolls over man as a flood; not out of place, which surrounds him everywhere; not out of any outward power

pressing on him by laws of adamantine necessity; not out of such things exterior to his being. They are of himself, tendencies in his own nature to the high and the low, the true and the false, the free and the servile, the divine and the demoniac. The ages of man are not centuries of time or chronological periods of fact—history. They are the garments spun and woven out of man's own nature to clothe him with, which he wears till they are outworn, then drops off for a new robe, likewise self-evolved. Their quality is of course one with the nature out of which they grow. The robes are as the filaments, these latter as the interior life, out of which they are drawn.

The Fall of Man—that first great evolving of the lower nature, wherein his essential worth is lost in admiration and pursuit of something exterior—a mystery, which all nations hold in uncertain tradition, and of which the earliest records, even those of the Hebrew Scriptures, give but a very general notice—is indeed his fall; his fall from a spiritual preëminence over outward things into a vicious servitude to nature and outward things. The highest transcendentalism, reviled as it is, for soaring so far above the reach of humanity into the midst of remote skyey vapors, has never yet been able to soar up to the level of man's true height and destiny. It is the pure ethereal region of spirit, spirit that quickens and reduces to one all that exists, wherein man has his true life and abode. There spirit is all; phenomena of sense are but phantasms. The man lives within, and the inward life communicates itself to all without. God is first, dwelling in the soul, making body and nature his temple and his vesture. The soul converses first with God, through him with the world and itself. His fall is from this high state. He sinks from God under the world, from faith to sight, from spirit to flesh, from freedom to servitude. The ancient Grecians had an expressive mode of representing such servitude in any of its instances, saying that the man is less than pleasure, less than money, less than whatever it be which enthral him. In his fall, we may likewise say, man becomes less than nature, less than the world, less than the body. Now, the very moment this depression of the true manhood begins, that moment begins the merging of soul, of individual worth, in exterior worthless appendages. The



tree of knowledge of good and evil — call it what you will ; the whole wonderful narrative symbolizes this one thing, free spirit enslaved to sensual nature, soul lessened below flesh. The permanent *I* subjects and enthrals itself to the changeful MINE, all which can be brought within the compass of this same MINE is sought rather than the being and growth of the MYSELF. Such Man's first debasement, fountain of all his reputed worthlessness, in the successions of the ages.

In an Abel we have a type of the rise and return of the soul to its true dignity. He is the man, the soul living in faith ; that is the highest to be said of any man. But he stands almost solitary. Cain and his sons, morally his sons I mean, predominate as examples of all who prefer man's appendages to man, that is, sight to faith, nature to soul, flesh to spirit. Plato proposes as a fundamental principle of political institutions, that the soul shall be deemed of highest worth, the body next, property third and least. With reason, for soul alone is absolute being, the other two but relative contingencies, body least remote, property farthest off. Those men and those human things, which have Cain for their prototype, reverse the Platonic maxim ; with them body or property, we can hardly say which, is first and second, soul third, and either least, or, as some improvements of these later ages have taught us, nothing. Now and then, as in an Enoch or a Noah, man develops himself in his manhood above its appendages and accidents, strong in the strength of an inward life. But Noah is left alone. Universal corruption, unchecked, nay, cherished, diffused, is in the severe phrase of Tacitus, the *seculum*, the age, the morality of the times, into which others thrust themselves to be festive, frolicsome beasts, spending their mirth or rage upon the dreaming bigot, who fancies there is such a life as spirit, and dares to preach the obsolete doctrine of righteousness. The age ends, as we might look for, in violence filling it. Other end it could not have. Truth, Good, Rectitude ; this is infinite, and infinite to each and all. Thing, property, appendage, this is finite, and can come but in crumbling fragments to each and all. The more perfectly the inward self is developed in forms of faith and love and uprightness, the better it is for all ; the infinite of right and good is as boundless and

accessible as ever to each new man, like light which no man may appropriate, but it may be whole in every one. Nay, the revelation of this inexhaustible infinitude, open to all, is in each succeeding instance a new communication of blessedness; so that always,

“By an office, though, particular,  
Virtue’s whole common-weal obliged are;  
For in a virtuous act all good men share.”

The contrary with whatever is accidental and finite. Property is not only appropriation but exclusion; in what proportion it holds, in that repelling; what it keeps in itself, that keeping away from all others. In proportion as the havings of an individual become great and extended, himself meantime less than they, not their lord but their servant, does he either diminish the havings or cross the wishes of his neighbor, who seeks with the same desire the same things as he. The more land, for example, he has within a given space, the less is there of course for another; and although the greater growth of his own cannot lessen the growth of his neighbor’s absolutely, yet it does lessen it relatively, and he is so much the more rival or superior to him in amount of riches. So in the arts. He who does but embody in song or sculpture his own idea of beauty, for the love of infinite beauty, loses nothing, but enriches himself and others, though some other bard utter melodies, some other sculptor produce forms, beautiful as his own; but he who cherishes these divine arts, not as the effluences of his own soul, but for what of praise or money they may bring, feels himself injured in every rival, loses whatever another gains, and is high just as others are relatively low. Thus it is in all things. Whence emulations, whence extortions, whence oppressions, whence strifes, whence violence. What is infinite in man, man himself, is merged in exterior things, finite and mutually repulsive; which things, as feudal lords, draw out the whole train of vassal thoughts to potent or cunning warfare. So was it with man in his first age, dimly known to us as antediluvian; and the record of the flood bears in it that everlasting testimony, which God has left, that one soul, living in faith and truth, is of higher worth than nature and the world.

This first age is substantially the type of every other. Say but this at any given instant, 'Longer is it now than formerly, since man lived evolving the ages; more men are now in the world, new habitations, trades, cities, new names;' and you have said the whole. As vapors these, fair children of sun and water, ever-changing, always one, now just steaming up out of river or fountain, now lying thin over low ground, now resting heavy on hills, now gathering into thick clouds, now black like night, now again shining out in all hues, one in each, the same earthly element, obeying the same skye powers. The one human nature, thus endlessly modifying itself, we recognize in the two forms into which it perpetually goes out—Society, Worship. Society, instead of being as political fiction-makers would have us think, a cunning device, a thing of compact, grounded on a self-interest ascertained by experience, is in fact the first natural growth of the human instinct. Put two men together, or two thousand, or a million, and they will not live one day separate persons; they will flow like so many confluent streams into one centre, and seek after that unceasing goal of human effort, the realization of that unity pervading the whole, whereof each individual is a type in himself. So for worship. The apprehension of infinitude, the idea of eternity, the sentiment of reverence, is rooted in the depth and heart of man's soul. All toils of the flesh to root it out are vain. But the pure spiritual principle corrupted, Society becomes forthwith the organization of despotism, Worship the act of superstition. This process grows out of fixed law. Through greater strength or cunning, one man will seize and hold more than another; each inlet to gain will be self-multiplying; possessions will be enlarged, transmitted. By this accumulation of wealth and power, the stronger man will come to appropriate what another has to himself, ultimately to subdue his neighbors, and become their lord, their chief, their king, their tyrant. Come to worship. The idea which is left of God passes of course into kindred and affinity with the spirit thus lessened below the flesh, with the soul living an outward life. Divinity, of which man's inward nature is the image, will be mixed with these lower elements of humanity to which it has no true correspondence. Such is fact of history. So-

ciety soon after the flood appears in the aspect of vassalage to exterior power; worship in the aspect of perverted reverence to gods, shaped according to the fleshliness of man's lower nature. An arbitrary king represents the oneness of society; a bodily god, the oneness of the universe. Absolute monarchy absorbs society, fragmentary polytheism pollutes worship, hierarchal rights take the place of individual faith and love. If we might refer to the three forms of government, into which society shapes itself for the expression of its unity, we may say that monarchy and aristocracy come nearest to the representation of the appendage; democracy nearest to the representation of the man. Or if we look to the different systems of religion, although perhaps all surpass institutions of polity, yet it is only Christianity which stands forth as a faith and worship of the soul within itself, for itself; which finds in individual man the beginning and end of humanity; which takes off crowns, gowns, robes of state, all outward appendages, and sees nowhere on earth, king, noble, priest, master, slave, but man and only man. Quite unlike man reflected by the ages. In them we have Hebrew, Egyptian, Chaldean, Persian, Grecian, Roman, Gothic, Frank, Saxon, English, and the like, not man. Egypt a mighty kingdom, mother of ancient wisdom; Judæa, the seat of Solomon and his successors in their glory; Chaldea, that proud imperial power; Persia, the empire of the East, which had, we might almost say, but one man; Greece renowned for war, for song, for philosophy; Rome, the emblem of compacted strength; Gothic lands pouring out torrents of armed hosts; France, the beautiful; Germany, the strong and heavy; England, island empress; of these and such-like forms our historical ages are the apocalypse; who has condescended to remember that man is? Who thinks, as he reads Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Livy, Gibbon, Robertson, Hume, that the splendid things they point us to are but fringes and furbelows, which hide and impede the true man with their fickle flauntings? that the poorest man who tilled the banks of the Nile, or the vineyards of Palestine, or helped build the wall of Nineveh or Babylon, or walked unsung in the city of Minerva, or gazed on the triumphs of the first Cæsar, or dwelt in British or American forests, or wore wooden shoes in his fair France, is a

sublimier form than Greece or Rome ever framed or fancied?

Of the ages, so I have ventured to call them, of these evolings of man in time, we may say what has been said of that single portion of them, political institutions, they are not created, they grow; the leaves they are and flowerings of humanity. Observe, first, they are by consequence, what man is; spiritual, when man is spiritual, sensual usually, because man has been oftener sensual. Observe, secondly, they react upon man, shaping him to themselves. Thus the very leaves and flowers, which grow out of the tree, have their effluences into the air which hastens or retards vegetation, and even when they die, pass into the soil which sustains the root and aid in a new growth. Every thing indeed, which lives, besides its own inward vitality and essence, is in its turn a source of new outgoings, not only into the things which surround it, but back also to its own root, in ministrations of good or ill. As thus their deformity bespeaks an internal disorder for its origin, so does that same deformity likewise reproduce itself, and aggravate the disorder whence it flows. Thus do the ages distort and belie man.

Religiously, we have before regarded them as formations of sensual worship; politically as formations of forceful government. A law of works in opposition to faith and love in the former; a law of might in opposition to right and kindred sympathy in the latter. The vicious element of Popery, at the time of the Reformation, was not the Papacy, nor the vicious element of Feudalism in the middle ages the Feudal Tenure; not the fact of a church with an universal bishop, not the holding of all lands by grant of the king. Deeper the evil was than either; these, symptoms, not radical disease. Popery, so far as it went out into penances, masses, crusades, the whole aggregate of its works and forms, what mean it and they?—what the notion which they symbolized? Sanctity consisting in outward observances. The very worst age of popery was but one Christian form of this almost universal corruption. Plato contended against it in Greece as actually as Wickliffe in England, or Luther in Germany. For aught I know its first symbols were the fig-leaves sewed together in Eden. Certainly it was in the unaccepted offering of Cain.

It passed into the idolatries of the heathen, and the ancient poets are full of it in their delineations of incense and oblations, efficacious with the gods. It was Pharisaism in Christ's time among the Jews, Judaism in the Apostles' time among the Christians. While in the East, under Mohammedan form it appeared in war, or pilgrimage, or oblation, in the West, under Christian form it appeared in thousand forms of saintly merit. Reformers assailed it under the name of Popery, denominating the general evil by an occasional expression of that evil. In reality it passes into every sect — every sect indeed, so far as a sect is one of its shapes — Heathen or Jewish, Mohammedan or Christian, Popish or Protestant, so soon as faith is only the letter of a creed, and hope only the dream of reward, and love only the shadow of dead work — Feudalism, so far as it went out into proud kingship, and jealous baronies, and vassal homage, and fealty, and degrading villanage, and the whole aggregate of its social usurpations, what mean it and they? — What the notion which they symbolize? Soul which is man, bowed under strength, which is brute. Under numberless names and forms the same fact is, has been continually appearing. All ages bring it out to visibility, each in its own peculiar way. Myriad shapes are they to one form, ever-varying disclosures of one element. From the little village, where the selfish, cunning man reduces his poorer neighbors to dependance and servility, to the extended empire or commonwealth, tyrannous at home, unjust and rapacious abroad, we see this subjugation of the individual to the age, of the inward essential man to an exterior evolved force. The Jew stands by himself, strong in a fancied sanctity, and oppresses the Gentile. Which oppression the Gentile has met with reasonless scorn and unrelenting persecution. The Grecian has no other name for foreigners but barbarian, and is their enemy. To be repaid in kind by the barbarian. Within itself, Athens, that fierce democracie, holds its myriads of servants; Lacedemon, that anomalous military state, its wretched Helots; Rome, aggressor on the rights of all others, boastful of her own freedom, rears within the gates of the republic, that high wall between Patrician and Plebeian, that higher wall between freeman and bondman. Nay, the world over, the ages throughout,

beneath those deceptive words, king and subject, lord and vassal, republic and citizen, you may be sure of detecting everywhere this one vicious element, Soul bowed down beneath Force. Yet again; as all religious corruptions may be reduced to one, spirit lost in form; as all political tyrannies to one, right absorbed in might; so likewise, both these may be reduced to one, the absolute supplanted by the relative. To repeat a preceding phrase, for our one element we have Soul prostrate to Force, which Force, in worship, is misnamed God, in society, Government. God, Government! with true man, sacred names of the Divine; with false ages, desecrated titles of the British.

But why dwell on the evil which the ages have disclosed? First, the topic demands it; secondly, the evil is more prominent than the good. For the present, however, I desist from this view, passing to the antagonist principle, the mysterious man at once weaving the ages out of himself, and shaking off the bonds with which he is thereby straitened and enveloped. Man is man, despite of all the strengths which would strive to unman him. There is a spirit in man, an inspiration from the Almighty. Tyrants, Hierarchs, may wish it otherwise, may try to make it otherwise. Vain wish! fruitless attempt! What is, is. The eternal is eternal; the temporary must pass it by, leaving it to stand evermore. There is now, there has been always, power among men to subdue the ages, to dethrone them, to make them mere outgoings and servitors of man. It is needed only, that we assert our prerogative, — that man do with hearty faith affirm, ‘I am, in me Being is. Ages, ye come and go; appear and disappear; products, not life; vapors from the surface of the soul, not living fountain. Ye are of me, for me, not I of you, or for you. Not with you my affinity, but with the Eternal. I am; I live; spirit I have not, spirit am I.’ Every man, would he be but true to himself, might in lowliness say this, and so rise to supremacy above all exterior things. Whenever one man, as a Luther, a Knox, a Milton, a Wesley, does say this, then do Kingships and Lordships, Bishopricks and Hierarchies, Popedom and Heathenisms, then, do Universities, and Parliaments, and Priestly Dignities,

and all of man's workmanship and God's outward production, pass into brief accidents, and the self-conscious *I* is greater than they all. Shows these are, empty shows, not full, lasting entities. Nay, 't is only because in such pomps, more than in common things, Soul dreams of seeing its own infinite forms; only because disgusted with familiar, every-day trivialities, the spirit hopes here to regain its innate and diviner visions; that they reach and touch the soul, the spirit, at all. Mystery covers them; sacred words they continually speak, God, Truth, Law, Right, and mocking man draw him to homage. Well for him if he sees through the delusion, and goes back to find the divine idea in himself, and in the mirror of nature! Whence learns he to say, 'Tell me not henceforth of your Orators and Statesmen, your Priests and Scholars, your great heroes of all sorts; the true man I find to be more than any or all. Meaner things than these, houses, lands, money, what are they to me? Winged things, which light a moment on me, or pass me by, while I stand fixed in eternity. I have seen the butterfly hanging on a field-flower; shall ever the true Psyche hang for its life on shows? Let me rather control them all, make an age of my own to wear for its hour, servant to none or nothing.'

Inseparable from this principle of antagonism to corrupt ages is that essential element of spirit, Freedom. All things in the universe come under one or other of these two categories, freedom or servitude. Two grounds are there of all changes, mind, force. Freedom, of mind; Servitude, of Force. All which comes within the domain of sense is subject to the latter, to the mechanism of necessity; all which is within the sphere of spirit we assign to the former, the spontaneous life of freedom. The ages are complex. So far as wrought out of man's mechanical nature, they come under the laws of necessity; so far as the working of his spiritual power, they are out of the compass of those laws, free deeds, not fixed doom. This divine element unfolds itself, in every high, noble impulse of the internal being, and can never be wholly destroyed. The two ideas, spirit, freedom, are inseparable, as shadowed forth in their type, the wind, breathing at will over mountain or valley, land or water. Which inward Freedom is the archetype of all liberty. State, Church, family,



individual, is free just in proportion as this archetypal freedom dwells and develops itself from within, in opposition to necessity constraining, or impelling it from without. Now the ages, so far as developments of what may be termed the force element in our nature, have always sought to extinguish this inward power, at least to obscure the consciousness of its presence. Incapacity of man for self-government, ignorance and viciousness of the poor, necessity of property qualifications for a voice in protection of personal rights and interests, sacredness of ancient opinions and institutions, hereditary ranks, the whole array indeed of doctrines and ordinances, designed to transfer power from the man in whom it dwells, to the appendages of men, in which it dwells but constructively and unnaturally, have been resorted to for the purpose of suppressing the flame of freedom, which burns up out of the inmost depths of every soul toward its kindred element in heaven. That flame burns on forever despite of all. As of the divine nature itself some wise men have doubted to say, that it has been, it will be, but only, it is; so may we say concerning this celestial principle, It is; neither coming nor departing, never past, never future, always present, it is. Whence absolute and unqualified Slavery, save as absolute, unmitigated sin is it, there cannot be. No thanks to men, however. They have done their utmost to unmake the perennial life. Fetters, chains, monopolies, thefts, sales, statutes, all engines of tyranny, they have found insufficient to annihilate freedom, for the good reason, that they cannot annihilate the Soul whose first law of being is freedom. Despite of lies which the ages have told, of tyrannies which the ages have established, Freedom lives imperishable.

I have lived indeed to hear that blessed name taken in vain, used in caricature, uttered with a sneer. It will not be so always. It was not so once. It has been a sacred word. Bards sang it. Prophets proclaimed it. Noble men died for it, and felt the price cheap. None counted how much gold could be coined out of fetters. Dimly seen, imperfectly understood, its dimmest shapes, its shadowy visions, even rising amidst bloody clouds, have been heralds of joy. Not brighter, more glad, to the forlorn and weary traveller, the first rays which look out

through the golden dawn, than to commonwealths and men, the day-break of liberty; nor is light itself, or any exterior thing of good cheer to man conscious of bondage. Order, conservation, tradition, prescription, political constitutions, laws of nations, sanctions of the ages, these are all nothing to the unwritten, unseen, invisible law of true freedom in man's soul. Those are of men, this of man; those, of the world; this, of God. I may regret, to be sure, that a dagger should have ever been hidden in myrtle bough; I may mourn that in the name of Liberty the least wrong should ever be done; would that the blessed form needed never but voice soft as the gentlest evening wind! More deeply should I mourn, my tears more hopeless, if I saw her assailed, nor hand nor voice lifted in the defence. Nay, as in worst superstition I welcome the divine idea of Religion; as through dreams and filthy tales of mythology, I see and bless the living God, nor ever feel more sure, that God is, that Truth is, and that man is made for God and Truth; so in and through frantic excesses of an incomplete and infantile Freedom, I see, I feel, that Freedom is, and is sacred, and that it is everything to the soul of man. Carry me to Paris in the frenzy of its revolution; carry me to St. Domingo, in the storm of its insurrection; carry me to Bunker Hill, amid its carnage; carry me to Thermopylæ, while its three hundred wait the sure death; set me beside those whose names may scarce be uttered without contempt or hate, a Wat Tyler or a Nat Turner; set me where and with whom you will, be it but man struggling to be free, to be himself, I recognise a divine presence, and wish not to withhold homage. Pardon me; but in a slavish quietude of the ages, I see nothing but despondency; freedom, be it wild as it may, quickens my hope. The wildness is an accident which will pass soon; that slavish quietude is death. There is grandeur in the earthquake or the volcano; in the dank, dark, offensive vault, something else.

Soul, Freedom of soul, is thus evermore the antagonist of those ages, which man's lower nature has evolved. Revelations of what truth there is in the grounds and laws of society, of Worship, here without ceasing, joined in with this native life of man. God has spoken to man throughout time, now this way, now that, not through

lawgivers and prophets and apostles alone, but in more secret communications of his spirit to whose soever spirit of man is obedient. The aggregate and consummation of these his revelations we call Christianity. Of which we may say, whether regarded as a series of historical facts, or as a disclosure of doctrine, or as a mode of worship, or, in higher character, as the formation of Christ in us, it is no other than the revelation from God of man's absolute and inalienable worth. Beneath all words, unsaid in the record, unuttered, because unspeakable, unutterable, lives spirit for spirit to meet and interpret, deeper, mightier, than letter or word. Not engraving in stone, not law written in books, something more divine than this is there in the fountains of Christianity; Moses could give the letter, bondage and death in it; Jesus, the Lord, is the spirit, and where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty—there is eternal life. Where over the whole earth the spirit has gone, as strong wind, as gentle air, it has quickened the expiring breath, recalled life, restored man to himself, that he might stand forth in assertion of his worth, and in boundless love shake off his bonds, sever himself from the age, live and be free.

Thus in all time we have the divine element—in man—in the universe—against the ages evolved of man's sensualism. Thence the great unceasing conflict between that fundamental fact, of history, of ethics, of religion, MAN, and that sensual and proud selfishness, which would substitute exterior appendages. Farther in illustrating this topic, to my own mind of most solemn import, I cannot now go, save that I may be permitted to translate into rough words the songs which two unnamed bards once sang to my fancy—perhaps to my heart: The first said;—

Woe is me! I am born in the decay of nature and of man. Earth yielded once her fruit, spontaneous, free, as sun yields light, as air its balm. Nor more did man, living in the life and love of God, seek each to draw the whole to himself, than he would now seek to draw sun, stars, moon, air, sky, within his enclosure. As gods all lived, as brothers all conversed, unenvious, of wide heart; then slept as one in their mother's bosom. Blessed day, whose sun is set!

There is which no one can take for his own; a divine destiny holds it afar from his clutch. Proudest King! thine it is not to reach the sun, and part its tracts and its rays among thy vassals. Nor thine to catch the broad, blue sky, the boundless air, or ocean; here are not thine abodes, nor here thy lands to hold from any that breathes. Even I may see the blessed light, and drink of the hidden spring, and breathe God's free air; thou canst not stay nor let. This soul which lives of God, this spirit of divine inspiration, and the higher utterances it gives out in loneliness to infinite night or sunny day beneath vast mountain rocks or oaks by fountain side or margin of brook, lord of men! thou canst not destroy, thou canst not say, See, this is mine.

They may worship fire and light no more in the East. Priests pour out their libations no longer in Grecian, Italian fields or Isles. Druids dwell not in Celtic or British forests. God still is. My portion in him, my higher priesthood, can never cease, one with my human being, my fixed immortality. Into this sanctuary kings cannot enter; priests of man's making cannot pollute it; no power can take hold of it. There is freedom. Well that the universe has a harmony from the Father, which men's discord may not break. Else kings and lords and mightier men of all names would destroy the whole; and the spherical music go out in boundless dissonance.

There is which kings and barons by field and flood can win. This hard soil of Britain, these viny plains of Italy, forest and field of Germany, of France, stern coast of New England, lands watered by vast American rivers, the "coming" has called his own, and parcelled out to kirkmen or knights, and all proud vassals of the cunningest. Sometimes they kneel in false lowliness before him, their hands in his, and offer homage. Sometimes they come to us in our weakness, and take of us homage and fealty, and exact our service. And these poor villains, alas! they toil, they bend, they weep, they go to other's bidding from day to day, until death bids them rest in their first freedom.

Oh Nature! is it thus thou leavest thine offspring orphans, fatherless, motherless, cunning and strong men lording it over them? Father! whose glory shineth in

heaven, the earth thou givest to the sons of men. They have it of thee, of thee what it yields to their toils. They have it not, thy most free gift, for force and skill of proud ones who win and hold it all. One saith, England is mine; Scotland mine, saith another; these or others, Mine France, Italy, land of German tribes, worlds west of the Atlantic. Who holds of it, holds of my sufferance, for his money or his homage. And another saith, Essex is mine; and others, Normandy, borders of the Rhine or the Danube; let no man touch them. And another, This plantation is mine, and all it yields; and these men also who work on it, they are mine. So the world over. And in secret, where none eye seeth, nor ear heareth, nor any regard, cometh a lone one and poureth tears into the still stream: Ye rich, I envy you not; I complain not, I must yet weep, that ye are tyrannous, that the poor are comfortless. Ye tell me loudly of your charities, your gifts. Alms to the poor, forsooth! ye make them poor by your extortions, then feed your pride with largesses, which bespeak your wealth, their want. Give us back what God hath given, his earth, ourselves; then we shall no longer need your help. Priests, nobles, kings, men of wealth, cease to rob; then we shall cease to toil unrequited, un-honored.

Rich man, king, noble, priest, all men hear. Man in sorrow, God heareth alone. Bards of bright days, who sang in Ægean isles, by Scottish friths, or amid Druid forests, would that I might take your harp, and sing as ye once sang; then should this sorrow have voice. He who has none to comfort should be heard through strains of mine over sea and land, even to the heavy ear of courtiers and kings, of parliaments and congresses. Alas! in lonely wood I can but sing to Truth and Love the wrongs of men, nor any heed or hear but God.

I may take my harp to palace and castle, and sing of mighty deeds, of Arthur and Alfred, of Dane and Scottish chieftains, how Saxon and Briton warred, and Norman reigned, how king and knight loved and wooed and won the fairest of the land; then do cunning men applaud; and give me large gifts. Weep alone, ye poor; weep unpitied, ye who are only men; my strain is unbidden, unheard, if I but try to tell your rights and wants and woes and loves.

Not always so. Lift up your heads, ye poor; your redemption shall come, your hour is at hand. Jesus was poor; God's glad message is through him to your stricken hearts. Priest and King, Bishop and Noble, Mighty and Rich, are nothing to him. He knows nought but man, whom he shall restore to himself. Blessing on thee, man! Sacred, venerable, thy name! Thou shalt live, the divine germ of thy nature shall yet expand and grow, and bear celestial fruit, God's own Freedom and Truth and Love.

Deeper woe, surer hope, sang the second;—

Nor freedom, nor truth, nor love, groweth of redemption from these outward bonds. Broken be those bonds! God speed the rescue! But the holy fountain of life wells out from within. Oh! when shall that fountain be open and flow?

Through heaven, earth, ocean, moon, stars, one inward spirit lives, breathes, nourishes all. Through soul of man that spirit lives most vitally, breathes mightiest, as itself. Finds spirit but spirit to welcome and interpret its mysterious presence, there is holiest communion. God is in us; we in God; divinest life! fountain of freedom, of manhood, of a Godlike age!

Woe, woe, woe to the sons of men! they have belied their nature, belied God. Man a beast, so have they said; God mechanic power. In the universal spirit they behold but might and skill. Infinite love, once in God, in all spirit, whither is thy flight? Men see thee not. Thy light-life was in all, thy dove-wings hovered over all; where dwellest thou now?

Where thou art, there God is, in God, freedom, truth, blessedness. Where thou art not, in rich or poor, mighty or feeble, lord or vassal, God is not, nor aught divine. Deepest of laws, mightiest of powers! eternal fountain, whence true law, right power, hath flowed evermore! Men, ancient, modern, dream of some outward laws and powers, in nature, in their ages, and obey them. They have obeyed the soulless voice, and gained soulless wealth. See! These splendid palaces, these rich store-houses, these hunting-grounds, these fruitful plantations, these horses and coaches and gay dresses! All are of obedience to law; but what law? Sure, other than the deepest, the everlasting. Nothing here of divinity: Law there is, in

which God dwelleth evermore; law of spirit, prolific of spiritual fruit; divine, wherein God goeth forth to bless the soul, and in soul the universe; life of the Father, Love.

Proud things cannot raise thee without it. Low things cannot debase thee with it. Neither proud nor mean, neither high nor low, where this law dwells. All are one in God. Out of Him through all, one boundless blessed harmony. The ages themselves of men, it swayeth at will; woe to him who severs his age from its eternal oneness!

Law to winds, waves, heaving seas, of our time; in all through all; first, midst, last of all. Whoso walketh in it, is in freedom and joy. Whoso walketh out of it, is in slavery and wretchedness. Man fell, when he ceased to love; his rise is in the birth of love. Man! thou art wretched, for thou hast shut thy heart to God; open thy soul unto Him, be thyself again, thou in God, God in thee; then shalt thou be the life of new ages, central orb of boundless radiance. Evolve of thy purer self, let grow from thy reborn spirit, the epoch of a true manhood; so shalt thou be free, blessed within, without. So shalt thou meet anew thine inmost life reflected in the calmness and infinitude which surrounds thee. So shalt thou greet unceasingly the divine light, going forth of thy soul to reappear in all outward things, in this fair earth, in the serene moon, in stars and sun, in air and sky. So shall thy free soul dwell in the infinite of freedom; so thy being live and unfold itself in the communion of purest spirit. So, wherever man is, there shall the word of a highest inspiration be fulfilled. We have known and believed the love that God hath to us; God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.

S.

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AFTERNOON.

I LIE upon the earth and feed upon the sky,  
 Drink in the soft deep blue, falling from on high.  
 Walnut boughs all steeped in gold, quiver to and fro;  
 Winds, like spirits, murmur, as through the air they go,  
 My soul is filled with joy and holy faith and love,  
 For noble friends on earth and angels pure above.

## QUESTIONINGS.

HATH this world, without me wrought,  
 Other substance than my thought?  
 Lives it by my sense alone,  
 Or by essence of its own?  
 Will its life, with mine begun,  
 Cease to be when that is done,  
 Or another consciousness  
 With the self-same forms impress?

Doth yon fireball, poised in air,  
 Hang by my permission there?  
 Are the clouds that wander by,  
 But the offspring of mine eye,  
 Born with every glance I cast,  
 Perishing when that is past?  
 And those thousand, thousand eyes,  
 Scattered through the twinkling skies,  
 Do they draw their life from mine,  
 Or, of their own beauty shine?

Now I close my eyes, my ears,  
 And creation disappears;  
 Yet if I but speak the word,  
 All creation is restored.  
 Or—more wonderful—within,  
 New creations do begin;  
 Hues more bright and forms more rare,  
 Than reality doth wear,  
 Flash across my inward sense,  
 Born of the mind's omnipotence.

Soul! that all informest, say!  
 Shall these glories pass away?  
 Will those planets cease to blaze,  
 When these eyes no longer gaze?  
 And the life of things be o'er,  
 When these pulses beat no more?

Thought! that in me works and lives,—  
 Life to all things living gives,—  
 Art thou not thyself, perchance,  
 But the universe in trance?  
 A reflection inly flung  
 By that world thou fanciedst sprung  
 From thyself;—thyself a dream;—  
 Of the world's thinking thou the theme.

Be it thus, or be thy birth  
 From a source above the earth.



Be thou matter, be thou mind,  
 In thee alone myself I find,  
 And through thee alone, for me,  
 Hath this world reality.  
 Therefore, in thee will I live,  
 To thee all myself will give,  
 Losing still, that I may find,  
 This bounded self in boundless Mind.

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ENDYMION.

YES, it is the queenly Moon,  
 Gliding through her starred saloon,  
 Silvering all she looks upon;  
 I am her Endymion,  
 For by night she comes to me;  
 O, I love her wondrously!

She, into my window looks,  
 As I sit with lamp and books,  
 When the night-breeze stirs the leaves;  
 And the dew drops down the eaves;  
 O'er my shoulder peepeth she;  
 O, she loves me royally!

Then she tells me many a tale,  
 With her smile so sheeny pale,  
 Till my soul is overcast  
 With such dream-light of the past,  
 That I saddened needs must be,  
 And I love her mournfully.

Oft I gaze up in her eyes,  
 Raying light through winter skies;  
 Far away she saileth on;  
 I am no Endymion,  
 For she is too high for me,  
 And I love her hopelessly.

Now she comes to me again,  
 And we mingle joy and pain;  
 Now she walks no more afar,  
 Regal with train-bearing star,  
 But she bends and kisses me;  
 O we love now mutually!

C.

## HYMN AND PRAYER.

INFINITE Spirit! who art round us ever,  
 In whom we float, as motes in summer sky,  
 May neither life nor death the sweet bond sever,  
 Which joins us to our unseen Friend on high.

Unseen — yet not unfelt — if any thought  
 Has raised our mind from earth, or pure desire,  
 A generous act, or noble purpose brought,  
 It is thy breath, O Lord, which fans the fire.

To me, the meanest of thy creatures, kneeling,  
 Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin and shame,  
 Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,  
 That I may live to glorify thy name;

That I may conquer base desire and passion,  
 That I may rise o'er selfish thought and will,  
 O'ercome the world's allurements, threat, and fashion,  
 Walk humbly, softly, leaning on thee still.

I am unworthy.—Yet for their dear sake,  
 I ask, whose roots planted in me are found,  
 For precious vines are propped by rudest stake,  
 And heavenly roses fed in darkest ground.

Beneath my leaves, though early fallen and faded,  
 Young plants are warmed, they drink my branches' dew,  
 Let them not, Lord, by me be Upas-shaded,  
 Make me for their sake firm, and pure, and true,

For their sake too, the faithful, wise, and bold,  
 Whose generous love has been my pride and stay,  
 Those, who have found in me some trace of gold,  
 For their sake purify my lead and clay.

And let not all the pains and toil be wasted,  
 Spent on my youth by saints now gone to rest,  
 Nor that deep sorrow my Redeemer tasted,  
 When on his soul the guilt of man was prest.

Tender and sensitive he braved the storm,  
 That we might fly a well deserved fate,  
 Poured out his soul in supplication warm,  
 Looked with his eyes of love on eyes of hate.

Let all this goodness by my mind be seen,  
 Let all this mercy on my heart be sealed,  
 Lord, if thou wilt, thy power can make me clean,  
 O speak the word,— thy servant shall be healed.

## META.

Meta, the wife of Klopstock, is probably known to many readers through her beautiful letters to Richardson, the novelist, or Mrs. Jameson's popular work, "The Loves of the Poets." It is said that Klopstock wrote to her continually after her death.

THE poet had retired from the social circle. Its mirth was to his sickened soul a noisy discord,—its sentiment a hollow mockery. With grief he felt that the recital of a generous action, the vivid expression of a noble thought could only graze the surface of his mind; the desolate stillness of death lay brooding on its depths. The friendly smiles, the affectionate attentions, which had seemed so sweet in the days when Meta's presence was

"The boon prefigured in his earliest wish,  
Crown of his cup, and garnish of his dish,"

could give the present but a ghastly similitude to that blessed time. While his attention, disobedient to his wishes, kept turning painfully inward, the voice of the singer suddenly startled it back. A lovely maid with moist clear eye, and pleading, earnest voice, was seated at the harpsichord. She sang a sad and yet not hopeless strain, like that of a lover who pines in absence, yet hopes again to meet his loved one. The heart of the listener rose to his lips and natural tears suffused his eyes. She paused. Some youth of untouched heart, shallow as yet in all things, asked for a lively song, the expression of animal enjoyment, one of these mountain strains that call upon us to climb the most steep and rugged ascents with an untiring gayety. She hesitated and cast a sidelong glance at the mourner. Heedlessly the request was urged. She wafted over the keys an airy prelude,—a cold rush of anguish came over the awakened heart, Klopstock rose and hastily left the room.

He entered his chamber and threw himself upon the bed. The moon was nearly at the full. A tree near the large window obscured the radiance, and cast into the room a flickering shadow, as its leaves kept swaying to and fro with the breeze. Vainly Klopstock sought to soothe himself in that soft and varying light. Sadness is always deepest at this hour of celestial calmness. The soul real-

izes its wants and longs to be at harmony with itself far more than when any outward ill is arousing or oppressing it.

Weak, fond wretch that I am, cried he, — I the bard of Messiah — To what purpose have I nurtured my soul on the virtues of that sublime model for whom no renunciation was too hard. Four years an angel sojourned with me. Her presence brightened me into purity and benevolence like her own. Happy as the saints, who after their long strife rest in the bosom of perfect love, I thought myself good because I sinned not against a God of so apparent bounty, because my heart could spare some drops of its overflowing oil and balm for the wounds of others. Now what am I? My angel leaves me, but she leaves with me the memory of our perfect communion as an earnest of what awaits us, if I prove faithful to my own words of faith, to these religious strains which are even now cheering on many an inexperienced youth. And I, — the springs of life and love frozen, here I lie sunk in grief as if a grave were the bourne to all my thoughts; the joy of other men seems an insult, their grief a dead letter compared with mine own. Meta, Meta, couldst thou see me in mine hour of trial, thou wouldst disdain thy chosen.

A strain of sweet but solemn music swelled on his ear, — one of those majestic harmonies which, were there no other proof of the soul's immortality, would create the intellectual Paradise. It closed, and Meta stood before him. A long veil of silvery whiteness fell over her, through which might be seen the fixed but nobly serene expression of the large blue eyes, and a holy, a seraphic dignity of mein.

Klopstock knelt before her — his soul was awed to earth. "Hast thou come, my adored," said he, "from thy home of bliss to tell me that thou canst no longer love thy unworthy friend?"

"O speak not thus," replied the softest and most penetrating of voices. "Can purified beings look with contempt or anger on those suffering the ills from which they are set free? O no, my love, my husband, — I come to speak consolation to thy sinking spirit."

"When you left me to breathe my last sigh in the

arms of a sister who, however dear, was nothing to my heart in comparison with you, I closed my eyes, wishing that the light of day might depart also. The thought of what thou must suffer convulsed my heart with one last pang. Once more I murmured the wish I had so often expressed, that the sorrows of the survivor might have fallen to my lot rather than to thine. In that pang my soul extricated itself from the body, a sensation like that from exquisite fragrance came over me, and with breezy lightness I escaped into the pure serene. It was a moment of feeling wildly free and unobscured. I had not yet passed the verge of comparison. I could not yet embrace the infinite; and my joy was, like those of earth, intoxicating. Words cannot paint, even to thy eager soul, my friend, the winged swiftness, the glowing hopefulness of my path through the fields of azure. I paused at length in a region of keen, bluish light, such as beams from Jupiter to thy planet on a mild October evening.

“Here an immediate conviction pervaded me that this was home, was my appointed resting-place; a full tide of hope and satisfaction, similar to what I felt on first acquaintance with thy poem, flowed over this hour. Joyous confidence in Goodness and Beauty forbade me to feel the want even of thy companionship. The delicious clearness of every feeling exalted my soul into an entire life. Some time elapsed thus. The whole of my earthly existence passed in review before me. My thought, my actions, were brought in full relief before the cleared eye of my spirit. Beloved, thou wilt rejoice to know, that thy Meta could then feel her worst faults sprung from ignorance. As I was striving to connect my present with my past state, and, as it were, poising myself on the brink of space and time, the breath of another presence came upon me, and gradually evolving from the bosom of light, rose a figure, in grace, in sweetness, how excelling! Fixing her eyes on mine with the full gaze of love, she said in flute-like tones, ‘Dost thou know me, my sister?’

“‘Art thou not,’ I replied, ‘the love of Petrarch? I have seen the portraiture of thy mortal lineaments, and now I recognize that perfect beauty, the full violet flower which thy lover’s genius was able to anticipate.’

“‘Yes,’ she said, ‘I am Laura, on earth most happy, yet

most sad, most rich and most poor. I come to greet her, whom I recognise as the inheritress of all that was lovely in my earthly being, more happy than I in her earthly estate. I have sympathized, wife of Klopstock, in thy happiness, thy lover was thy priest and thy poet, thy model and oracle was thy bosom friend. All that one world could give was thine, and I joyed to think on thy fulfilled love, thy freedom of soul and unchecked faith. Follow me now; we are to dwell in the same circle, and I am appointed to show it to thee.'

"She guided me towards the source of the light I have described. We paused before a structure of dazzling whiteness. This stood on a slope and overlooked a valley of exceeding beauty. It was shaded by trees, which had that peculiar calmness, that the shadows of trees have below in the high noon of summer moonlight.

'Trees which are as still  
As the shades of trees below,  
When they sleep on the lonely hill  
In the summer moonlight's glow.'

"It was decorated by sculptures of which I may speak at some future interview, for they in manifold ways of wonderful subtlety express one thought, I had not then time to examine them. Before rose a fountain, which seemed, one silvery tree from off whose leaves that stream of light fell ever, and, flowing down the valley, divided it into two unequal parts. The larger and farther from us seemed as I first looked on it, populous with shapes beauteous as that of my guide. But when I looked more fixedly, I saw only the valley carpeted with large blue and white flowers which emitted a hyacinthine odor.

"Here Laura, turning round, asked—'Is not this a poetic home, Meta?'

"I paused a moment ere I replied, 'It is, indeed, a place of beauty;—yet more like the Greek Elysium than the home Klopstock and I were wont to picture for ourselves beyond the gate of death.'

"'Thou sayest well,' she replied, 'nor is this thy final home. Thou wilt but wait here for a season the coming of thy friend.'

"'What!' said I, 'alone? Alone in Eden?'

"Hast not Meta then collected aught on which she might meditate? Hast thou never read, 'While I was musing, the fire burned?'"

"Lady," said I, "spare the reproach. The love of Petrarch, whose soul grew up in golden fetters, whose strongest emotions, whose most natural actions were through a long life constantly repressed by the dictates of duty and honor, she might here pass long years in that contemplation, which was on earth her only solace. But I, whose life has all been breathed out in love and ministry, can I endure that existence to be reversed? Can I live without utterance of spirit, or would such be a stage of that progressive happiness we are promised?"

"True, little one," said she, with her first heavenly smile, "nor shall it be thus with thee. Thou art appointed to the same ministry which was committed to me while waiting here for that friend whom below I was forbidden to call my own."

"She touched me, and from my shoulders sprang a pair of wings, white and azure, wide and glistening. 'Meta,' she resumed, 'Spirit of love! Be this thine office. Wheresoever a soul pines in absence from all companionship, breathe in sweet thoughts of future sympathy to be deserved by steadfast virtue and mental growth. Bind up the wounds of hearts torn by bereavement, teach them where healing is to be found. Revive in the betrayed and forsaken that belief in virtue and nobleness, without which life is an odious, disconnected dream. Fan every flame of generous enthusiasm, and on the altars where it is kindled strew the incense of wisdom.

"'In such a ministry, thou couldst never be alone, since hope must dwell with thee. But I shall often come hither to speak of the future glories of thy destiny. Yet more; seest thou that marble tablet? Retire here when thy pinions are wearied. Give up the soul to faith, fix thy eyes on the tablet, and the deeds and thoughts which fill the days of Klopstock shall be traced on it. Thus shall ye not for an hour be divided. Hast thou, Meta, aught else to ask?'"

"Messenger of peace and bliss," said I, "dare I make yet one other request? O is it presumptuous to ask

that Klopstock may be one of those to whom I minister, and that he may know it is Meta who consoles him?"

"Even this to a certain extent I have power to grant. Most pure, most holy were your lives; you taught one another only good things, and peculiarly are ye rewarded. Thou mayest occasionally manifest thyself to Klopstock, and answer his prayers with words, so long,' she continued looking fixedly at me, 'as he shall continue true to himself and thee.'

"O my beloved, why tell thee what were my emotions at such a promise? — Ah! I must now leave thee, for dawn is bringing back the world's doings. Soon shall I visit thee again. Farewell; remember that thy every thought and deed will be known to me, and be happy."

She vanished.

1833.

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#### THE TRUE IN DREAMS.

I HAVE dreamed, I have dreamed,  
Under Beauty's star-lit sky,  
With the love unquestioning  
Of a Poet's eye;

I have roamed, I have roamed,  
Under Beauty's morning smile,  
Trees and fields and flowers and birds  
With all the while;

Idle hours, idle hours  
Lived I thus by night and day,  
Yet such Truth did Beauty bring,  
I could not say her nay.

I have pored, I have pored  
Over books of high repute,  
Filled with saws and arguments,  
Sophists to refute;

I have digged, I have digged  
In their Philistine soil,  
Wide awake on winter nights,  
Wasting all my oil,

Till I laughed, till I laughed  
At the counterfeit uncouth,  
Took me to my dreams, and saw  
Beauty one with Truth.

C.



## THE MAGNOLIA OF LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN.

THE stars tell all their secrets to the flowers, and, if we only knew how to look around us, we should not need to look above. But man is a plant of slow growth, and great heat is required to bring out his leaves. He must be promised a boundless futurity, to induce him to use aright the present hour. In youth, fixing his eyes on those distant worlds of light, he promises himself to attain them, and there find the answer to all his wishes. His eye grows keener as he gazes, a voice from the earth calls it downward, and he finds all at his feet.

I was riding on the shore of Lake Pontchartrain, musing on an old English expression, which I had only lately learned to interpret. "He was fulfilled of all nobleness." Words so significant charm us like a spell long before we know their meaning. This I had now learned to interpret. Life had ripened from the green bud, and I had seen the difference, wide as from earth to heaven, between nobleness, and the fulfilment of nobleness.

A fragrance beyond anything I had ever known came suddenly upon the air and interrupted my meditation. I looked around me, but saw no flower from which it could proceed. There is no word for it; exquisite and delicious have lost all meaning now. It was of a full and penetrating sweetness, too keen and delicate to be cloying. Unable to trace it, I rode on, but the remembrance of it pursued me. I had a feeling that I must forever regret my loss, my want, if I did not return and find the poet of the lake, which could utter such a voice. In earlier days I might have disregarded such a feeling; but now I have learned to prize the monitions of my nature as they deserve, and learn sometimes what is not for sale in the market-place. So I turned back and rode to and fro at the risk of abandoning the object of my ride.

I found her at last, the Queen of the South, singing to herself in her lonely bower. Such should a sovereign be, most regal when alone; for then there is no disturbance to prevent the full consciousness of power. All occasions limit, a kingdom is but an occasion, and no sun ever saw itself adequately reflected on sea or land.

Nothing at the south had affected me like the Magnolia. Sickness and sorrow, which have separated me from my kind, have requited my loss by making known to me the loveliest dialect of the divine language. "Flowers," it has been truly said, "are the only positive present made us by nature." Man has not been ungrateful, but consecrated the gift to adorn the darkest and brightest hours. If it is ever perverted, it is to be used as a medicine, and even this vexes me. But no matter for that. We have pure intercourse with these purest creations; we love them for their own sake, for their beauty's sake. As we grow beautiful and pure, we understand them better. With me knowledge of them is a circumstance, a habit of my life, rather than a merit. I have lived with them, and with them almost alone, till I have learned to interpret the slightest signs by which they manifest their fair thoughts. There is not a flower in my native region, which has not for me a tale, to which every year is adding new incidents, yet the growths of this new climate brought me new and sweet emotions, and, above all others, was the Magnolia a revelation. When I first beheld her, a stately tower of verdure, each cup, an imperial vestal, full-displayed to the eye of day, yet guarded from the too hasty touch even of the wind by its graceful decorums of firm, glistening, broad, green leaves, I stood astonished as might a lover of music, who after hearing in all his youth only the harp or the bugle, should be saluted on entering some vast cathedral by the full peal of its organ.

After I had recovered from my first surprise, I became acquainted with the flower, and found all its life in harmony. Its fragrance, less enchanting than that of the rose, excited a pleasure more full of life, and which could longer be enjoyed without satiety. Its blossoms, if plucked from their home, refused to retain their dazzling hue, but drooped and grew sallow, like princesses captive in the prison of a barbarous foe.

But there was something quite peculiar in the fragrance of this tree; so much so, that I had not at first recognised the Magnolia. Thinking it must be of a species I had never yet seen, I alighted, and leaving my horse, drew near to question it with eyes of reverent love.

"Be not surprised," replied those lips of untouched purity,

“stranger, who alone hast known to hear in my voice a tone more deep and full than that of my beautiful sisters. Sit down, and listen to my tale, nor fear, that I will overpower thee by too much sweetness. I am indeed of the race you love, but in it I stand alone. In my family I have no sister of the heart, and though my root is the same as that of the other virgins of our royal house, I bear not the same blossom, nor can I unite my voice with theirs in the forest choir. Therefore I dwell here alone, nor did I ever expect to tell the secret of my loneliness. But to all that ask there is an answer, and I speak to thee.

“Indeed, we have met before, as that secret feeling of home, which makes delight so tender, must inform thee. The spirit that I utter once inhabited the glory of the most glorious climates. I dwelt once in the orange tree.”

“Ah?” said I! “then I did not mistake. It is the same voice I heard in the saddest season of my youth, a time described by the prophetic bard.

‘Sconosciuto pur cammina avanti  
Per quella via ch’è piu deserta e sola,  
E rivolgendo in se quel che far deggia,  
In gran tempesta di pensieri on deggia.’

“I stood one evening on a high terrace in another land, the land where ‘the plant man has grown to greatest size.’ It was an evening, whose unrivalled splendor demanded perfection in man, answering to that he found in nature, a sky ‘black-blue,’ deep as eternity, stars of holiest hope, a breeze promising rapture in every breath. To all I might have answered, applying still farther the prophecy,

‘Una ombra oscura al mondo toglie.  
I varj aspetti e i color tinge in negro.’

“I could not long endure this discord between myself and such beauty, I retired within my window, and lit the lamp. Its rays fell on an orange tree, full clad in its golden fruit and bridal blossoms. How did we talk together then, fairest friend; thou didst tell me all; and yet thou knowest, that even then, had I asked any part of thy dower, it would have been to bear the sweet fruit, rather than the sweeter blossoms. My wish had been expressed by another.

‘O that I were an orange tree,  
 That busy plant!  
 Then should I ever laden be  
 And never want  
 Some fruit for him that dresseth me.’

“Thou didst seem to me the happiest of all spirits in wealth of nature, in fulness of utterance. How is it that I find thee now in another habitation?”

“How is it, Man, that thou art now content that thy life bears no golden fruit?”

“It is,” I replied, “that I have at last, through privation, been initiated into the secret of peace. Blighted without, unable to find myself in other forms of nature, I was driven back upon the centre of my being, and there found all being. For the wise, the obedient child from one point can draw all lines, and in one germ read all the possible disclosure of successive life.”

“Even so,” replied the flower, “and ever for that reason am I trying to simplify my being. How happy I was in the ‘spirit’s dower when first it was wed,’ I told thee in that earlier day. But after a while I grew weary of that fulness of speech, I felt a shame at telling all I knew and challenging all sympathies. I was never silent. I was never alone. I had a voice for every season, for day and night. On me the merchant counted, the bride looked to me for her garland, the nobleman for the chief ornament of his princely hall, and the poor man for his wealth. All sang my praises, all extolled my beauty, all blessed my beneficence. And, for a while, my heart swelled with pride and pleasure. But as years passed, my mood changed. The lonely moon rebuked me as she hid from the wishes of man, nor would return till her due change was passed. The inaccessible sun looked on me with the same ray as on all others; my endless profusion could not bribe him to one smile sacred to me alone. The mysterious wind passed me by to tell its secret to the solemn pine. And the nightingale sang to the rose, rather than me, though she was often silent, and buried herself yearly in the dark earth.

“I had no mine or thine, I belonged to all, I could never rest, I was never at one. Painfully I felt this want, and from every blossom sighed entreaties for some being to

come and satisfy it. With every bud I implored an answer, but each bud only produced — an orange.

“At last this feeling grew more painful and thrilled my very root. The earth trembled at the touch with a pulse so sympathetic, that ever and anon it seemed, could I but retire and hide in that silent bosom for one calm winter, all would be told me, and tranquillity, deep as my desire, be mine. But the law of my being was on me, and man and nature seconded it. Ceaselessly they called on me for my beautiful gifts; they decked themselves with them, nor cared to know the saddened heart of the giver. O how cruel they seemed at last, as they visited and despoiled me, yet never sought to aid me, or even paused to think that I might need their aid; yet I would not hate them. I saw it was my seeming riches that bereft me of sympathy. I saw they could not know what was hid beneath the perpetual veil of glowing life. I ceased to expect aught from them, and turned my eyes to the distant stars. I thought, could I but hoard from the daily expenditure of my juices, till I grew tall enough, I might reach those distant spheres, which looked so silent and consecrated, and there pause a while from these weary joys of endless life, and in the lap of winter, find my spring.

“But not so was my hope to be fulfilled. One starlight night I was looking, hoping, when a sudden breeze came up. It touched me, I thought, as if it were a cold white beam from those stranger worlds. The cold gained upon my heart, every blossom trembled, every leaf grew brittle, and the fruit began to seem unconnected with the stem. Soon I lost all feeling, and morning found the pride of the garden black, stiff, and powerless.

“As the rays of the morning sun touched me, consciousness returned, and I strove to speak, but in vain. Sealed were my fountains and all my heart-beats still. I felt that I had been that beauteous tree, but now only was — what — I knew not; yet I was, and the voices of men said, It is dead; cast it forth and plant another in the costly vase. A mystic shudder of pale joy then separated me wholly from my former abode.

“A moment more and I was before the queen and guardian of the flowers. Of this being I cannot speak to thee in any language now possible betwixt us. For this is a

being of another order from thee, an order whose presence thou mayst feel, nay, approach step by step, but which cannot be known till thou art it, nor seen nor spoken of till thou hast passed through it.

“ Suffice it to say, that it is not such a being as men love to paint, a fairy, — like them, only lesser and more exquisite than they, a goddess, larger and of statelier proportion, an angel, — like still, only with an added power. Man never creates, he only recombines the lines and colors of his own existence; only a deific fancy could evolve from the elements the form that took me home. ”

“ Secret, radiant, profound ever, and never to be known, was she; many forms indicate and none declare her. Like all such beings she was feminine. All the secret powers are ‘ Mothers.’ There is but one paternal power.

“ She had heard my wish while I looked at the stars, and in the silence of fate prepared its fulfilment. ‘ Child of my most communicative hour,’ said she, ‘ the full pause must not follow such a burst of melody. Obey the gradations of nature, nor seek to retire at once into her utmost purity of silence. The vehemence of thy desire at once promises and forbids its gratification. Thou wert the keystone of the arch and bound together the circling year; thou canst not at once become the base of the arch, the centre of the circle. Take a step inward, forget a voice, lose a power; no longer a bounteous sovereign, become a vestal priestess and bide thy time in the Magnolia.’ ”

“ Such is my history, friend of my earlier day. Others of my family that you have met, were formerly the religious lily, the lonely dahlia, fearless decking the cold autumn, and answering the shortest visits of the sun with the brightest hues, the narcissus, so wrapt in self-contemplation, that it could not abide the usual changes of a life. Some of these have perfume, others not, according to the habit of their earlier state, for as spirits change, they still bear some trace, a faint reminder of their latest step upwards or inwards. I still speak with somewhat of my former exuberance, and over-ready tenderness to the dwellers on this shore, but each star sees me purer, of deeper thought, and more capable of retirement into my own heart. Nor shall I again detain a wanderer, luring him from afar, nor shall I again subject myself to be ques-

tioned by an alien spirit to tell the tale of my being in words that divide it from itself. Farewell stranger, and believe that nothing strange can meet me more. I have atoned by confession; further penance needs not, and I feel the Infinite possess me more and more. Farewell, to meet again in prayer, in destiny, in harmony, in elemental power.

The Magnolia left me, I left not her, but must abide forever in the thought to which the clue was found in the margin of that lake of the South.

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### LOVE AND INSIGHT.

THE two were wandering mid the bursting spring;  
 They loved each other with a lofty love;  
 So holy was their love that now no thing  
 To them seemed strange. The golden light above  
 And all around was part of it, and flowed  
 From out their souls; so did the clouds which showed  
 A changing glory. Birds on rustling wing,  
 Flowers upon slender waving stems did spring  
 Forth from their feelings — tender, full of mirth,  
 Swift soaring, or more lowly loving earth.  
 Old Ocean ceased its vast complaint. Its voice  
 Of mystery grew articulate. Waves rejoice  
 Beholding souls far greater than the abyss  
 Wherein they swelled. Earth stood enriched  
 With wondrous beauty. Over each bare stone  
 Spread clinging moss. Nothing did stand alone  
 Or mournful now. All wild, fierce sounds were hushed.  
 The wind that once on wilful whirlwinds rushed,  
 Now bore aloft sweet sounds of jubilee.  
 The glorious hour had come; Earth did see  
 Herself no longer orphaned, and with song  
 Of love and life joined the high harmony,  
 Which through the universe forever rolls along.

Z.

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### SUNSET.

THE sun's red glory vanishes amid complaining waves,  
 Bright beings always go thus, sink down into dark graves;  
 Not only death but life hath graves than death, O, far more dreary;  
 High hopes and feelings melt away and then come days most weary;  
 Angels from heaven on earth appear, but soon their light grows dim,  
 And all forlorn they mourn the past — must it be so with him!

## GIVE US AN INTERPRETER.

THE winning waves with whispers low,  
 The wafting winds that gently blow,  
 Call me away to a land most fair, —  
 “Come, we will bear thee safely there.”  
 So my silken sail I must unfurl,  
 And bound o'er the billows that proudly curl;  
 Sunny sea-birds sail round me on high,  
 Shooting like sun-beams o'er all the sky;  
 With the swelling waves does my bonny bark heave,  
 Like a sword-fish through them all I cleave;  
 “Where shall I go? What shall I find?”  
 Affectionate hearts, ever gentle and kind  
 Such have I here!  
 “Old age serene, and earnest youth,  
 Forgetting all else in its search for truth.”  
 Such have I here!  
 “Men who build cities and armies lead,  
 Forward to venture in noble deed.”  
 Such have I here!  
 “Beautiful forms, with eyes that are made  
 Of sunbeams in softest dew-drops arrayed.”  
 Such have I here!  
 “Burst forth loud carols sweet and free.  
 Hark to the music that swells o'er the sea.”

We have all that on this shore.  
 “Then what wouldst thou more?”

A man who with power shall backward throw  
 The curtain that hangs o'er the infinite now,  
 That forth on the earth a glory may stream,  
 Startling all souls from their mournful dream.  
 By that piercing light men shall see with surprise,  
 From their souls sprang the earth, the stars, and the skies.  
 Z.

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BIRDS shooting swiftly through air and light,  
 Pause oftentimes in their rapid flight.  
 Poised on the wing, a joyous song,  
 They wildly warble — then sweep along.  
 Songs of high triumph thus should we pour  
 Forth from our souls as upward we soar,  
 Through boundless Truth — forevermore.  
 Z.



## IDEALS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

## No. I.

Is it yet so settled *what life is*? Has experience long since tried and made the most of it? Shall the son plod on in the footsteps of the father? Shall the first child's blunders be fastened upon his children's children, and the experiment of the ignorant first-comer be law to all them that come after? Is there no room for improvement? May not life, in all its forms, be lifted up, and hackneyed drudgery be inspired with an idea, an energy, a heartiness, which shall make it drudgery no longer? Must man forever continue the slave of habit, doing things for no more convincing reason than custom, and positively *making* life a dull thing, lest he should be guilty of finding it in his experience not quite so dull as represented (for it would be a shame to differ from all the world in such a comforting conclusion)?

Let us see then. There are certain things which fall to the lot of all humanity; certain things which every man must do and bear. In what spirit does he do them and bear them? In what spirit does he work, walk abroad, talk with his neighbor, bury his dead, store himself with knowledge, betake himself to the house of worship? According to the spirit with which he does these things, will the field or shop, the school or study, the walk, the fireside circle, the church, the scene of suffering, be to him dull, discouraging, and degrading, or beautiful and full of ever increasing interest and hope. The Christian finds his heaven in each of these; and each of them may be enumerated among the pleasures of religion.

1. First, then, behold the religious man *at work*. The first question asked about every one is: What does he *do*? What is his business? And this very justly; for, until a man have something to do, he has no right to be *thought* of in any other relation.

It is the law of nature, that man must *work*. An outward necessity, if not an inward one, compels him to it. Two causes keep us always active. A restlessness of our own, an inward natural tendency to do things, or what is

called an active impulse, keeps us busy always, with one or more of our faculties, creating or destroying; keeps us working for the pleasure of it, whether profitably or not. But should this inward impulse fail, Want, our stern taskmaster, threatening to cut off our supplies, still warns us from without that we must either work or die. All men work, then, somehow, either because they love to do so, or because they must. Labor affords the only means of keeping ourselves alive; and when life is secured, labor still becomes the first condition of enjoying it. Yet labor is full of hardship. It is oftentimes degrading, narrowing, and enslaving to the mind. It is so precisely in proportion as it is the labor of necessity, rather than of choice. Man's daily occupation may be a dull routine, to which he dooms himself, although a weariness; or it may be a cheerful, entertaining, instructive, and improving exercise. Most men only *support* themselves by labor. A wise man both supports and educates and amuses himself by it. To one it is all drudgery, to another a delight. One man by the labor of his hands is rendered coarse and ignorant, the slave of habit, slow to detect opportunities of improvement, unaware of his own resources and capabilities, blind to the beauties there are around him, uninteresting for lack of thought, with nothing to say for himself when he meets his friends, a weariness to himself and others, a mere *hand* on the field, a mere eater and sleeper at home, to whom life is an old story altogether, slightly varied from day to day, but always growing duller, want and vexations of all sorts continually pressing upon him without, balanced by little mental faculty or cheerful occupation of the mind within. The slave of circumstances he, spending all his life in these dull arts of keeping himself alive. Another man from the same labor gains strength and dignity and intelligence, and becomes more and more a *man*, with every task to which he stoops. His labor is occupation not only to his hands, but also to his mind. His observation grows more active, his judgment more sound, his heart warmer and stouter; he learns to rely upon himself, he finds what resources he has within himself to draw from, he sees the significance of common sights and sounds, nature becomes full of meaning to him, the beauty of the world increases upon

him, God is manifest to him in every shifting cloud, or opening flower; in the mysterious processes of growth he traces analogies and correspondencies with his own mental and moral growth, his soul fills with wisdom, his heart with hope and confidence, and to him life becomes more new and beautiful and interesting, the longer he lives.

So different a thing may the same work be to two men working side by side. It is the end that dignifies the means. The meanest occupation, through which shines a lofty purpose, becomes glorious. No work is low or degrading in itself. The coarsest handicraft is as honorable as the most respectable profession, when the laborer respects himself, and is working for a noble end, namely, the perfection of his own nature, or the happiness of those he loves. Let a man propose to himself the higher object for which to live, and all he does partakes of the dignity of his life-plan, of his being's end and aim. Then the toil which looks immediately to bread and subsistence, looks farther too, and becomes in a higher sense part of the eternal culture of the soul; and the fruits of one's labor are not only bread to eat, but bread of life.

The religious man lives for one great object;—to perfect himself, to unite himself by purity with God, to fit himself for heaven by cherishing within him a heavenly disposition. He has discovered that he has a soul; that his soul is himself; that it changes not with the changing things of life, but receives its discipline from them; that man does not live by bread alone, but that the most real of all things, inasmuch as they are the most enduring, are the things which are not seen; that faith and love and virtue are the sources of his life, and that he realizes nothing, except he lay fast hold upon them. For these, then, he lives. And, whatever may be his trade, to whatever work, impelled by physical necessity, or the habits of his neighborhood, he turns his hand, this purpose of his life appears in it. He extracts a moral lesson, a lesson of endurance or of perseverance, for himself, or a new evidence of God and of his own immortal destiny, from every day's hard task. He builds up not only his fortune, but himself by it; he stores not only his garners, but his mind. As he drops the seeds into the earth, all-instructive nature having caught his eye, drops other seeds, that bear

fruit more than once, into his soul. As he clears the ground of weeds, with unseen hand the while he pulls away the weeds of prejudice and wrong desire, that are growing up to choke the plants of Paradise within the garden of his heart. The sunshine on his fertile fields looks doubly clear to him, because of the sunshine of conscience in his breast. And, as he reaps his golden grain, his soul reaps golden hopes and golden approbation in the field which he is tilling for his God.

Drudgery is one thing. True labor is another. No man has any right to be a drudge; no man was ever made for that. If true to himself, he cannot *but* be something more. The seeds of something more are in him. In his very nature there wait faculties to be unfolded, which he has no right whatever to neglect, faculties religious, moral, intellectual, in exercising which he lifts himself above the sense of want, above the power of fear, of fortune, or of death, feels his immortality, becomes himself, what God intended him to be. In any kind of business or labor he can find sphere for the exercise of these, his greatest faculties; if he cannot, he is bound to labor somewhere else. No one has a right to live, merely to "*get a living.*" And this is what is meant by *drudgery*. Drudgery is not confined to the labor of the hands, not to any one class of occupations. There are intellectual and fashionable drudges. And there are hard-working, humble laborers, more free, more dignified and manly, in all they do, or look, or think, than any who look down upon them. Some soil their hands with the earth; others soil their minds indelibly by the pride and vanity which keep their hands so delicate. The true man "*stoops to conquer.*" The vain man wears his head aloft, while the rock is wasting from under his feet, and the glow of disinterested activity, the beauty on which he prides himself, fades from his face.

The Christian makes his business, of whatsoever sort, contribute equally to his acquisition of knowledge, to his amusement, to the trial of his faith, the growth of his affections, no less than to his health and his support. In-to all his work he carries *thought*. He makes it a science; and so saves time for other things, while he makes his labor interesting, not the same old story every day, but

full of new and valuable suggestions to his mind. To his curious mind the work of his hands, becomes a practical illustration of principles; and so the thorough-going *doer* becomes the healthy *thinker*. He thinks for whom and for what he labors and his faith and his affections are increased. Haply, too, his imagination, his sense of beauty, becomes quickened. Daily conversant with nature, the glorious scenery of his labors, a quiet enthusiasm kindles in the heart of the farmer, and a new source of happiness is now unlocked to him. An intelligent farmer is certainly the happiest of men. His daily toil is reconcilable with every kind of higher culture. He may make himself in every sense a man. He need not be a mere *hand*. He may trace out the laws of nature, and let the sight of principles inspire him. He may be a philosopher on the field. He may cultivate a sympathy for all men, while everything around him may fill him with sweet gratitude to God. The all-surrounding beauty make take possession of his soul, till in his heart unconsciously he becomes a poet. To ensure this, it only needs a religious spirit, a spirit of constant self-improvement. For religion unlocks all the fountains of the soul, and puts a man gradually in possession of all his powers. He first finds out what he is and what is in him, when he devotes himself to God. If he is truly religious, he will grow intelligent, free, and happy; and life to him will never lose its interest; rest will not be idleness; toil will not be drudgery. But while he bends to his work, he will be seeking truth, loving his neighbor, and communing with his God.

In labor, too, the Christian feels a sweet renunciation, when he makes himself independent of his comforts; and so is he both happy in himself without them, enjoying the triumph of his own spirit; and he returns to them with keener zest. We know not the sweetness of any pleasure, until we can forego it; we appreciate none of our advantages, until we cease to depend upon them. All things become more beautiful to us, when we find we can do without them. There can be no rest where there has been no labor. There is no sabbath to him who has not had his week of work.

D.

## TO NYDIA.

“CALL it a *moment's* work, (and such it seems,)
   
This tale's a fragment from the life of dreams;
   
But say, that years matured the silent strife,
   
And 't is a record from the dream of life.”

Lady — I bring a flower, a token
   
Of all the thousand deep heart-beatings,
   
So warmly felt, yet all unspoken,
   
Which thrilled me at our former meetings;
   
When I hung o'er thy form, and dwelt
   
In quiet luxury of vision,
   
Nought but thy fairy beauty felt,
   
And our dull world — a home Elysian.

A token of the better power,
   
Thy purity of soul has given,
   
To strengthen me in trial's hour,
   
And lead me nearer on to Heaven.
   
For, gazing in thy eyes, I scanned
   
In them thy nature, trusting, mild,
   
Unchanged since from thy Maker's hand
   
Thou cam'st, his gentle, loving child.
   
A nobler love upon me came,
   
My heart adored with prayer and hymn,
   
That *truth*, thy being's central flame,
   
Which no earth-mists had power to dim.
   
Alas! that time and change must ever
   
Round this pale orb united go;
   
Alas! that love is constant never,
   
And human faith so weak below!
   
Could we have thought, when, side by side,
   
The thickly sparkling stars have seen us,
   
That this dark cloud of fear and pride
   
And cold distrust could roll between us?
   
Lady! by thy deep trusting eyes,
   
By thy most lovely smile, I swore
   
That, firm as these o'er-arching skies,
   
Our hearts were chained forevermore.
   
They still are chained — nor stars, nor storms,
   
Nor severing length of lonely years,
   
Can break the tie young passion forms,
   
The links of thy past smiles and tears,
   
Though, dearest, thou forget my name,
   
Though memory's tear-dimmed glass be broken,
   
The Past will ever live the same,
   
And hold what we have done and spoken.
   
The summer flower forgets the dew,
   
Which fed its young buds through the spring,
   
But, in its ripe leaf's burning hue,
   
Those pure May-drops are revelling.

I know my fate — to drift alone  
 Across life's many-tinted ocean,  
 Singly to hear its tempests moan,  
 Singly to feel its heavy motion ;  
 Love's waves, turned backward on my breast,  
 Must stagnate, and grow bitter there,  
 To live, un blessing and unblest,  
 This is my fate ; I know and bear.

But round *thee*, dearest, there shall cling  
 And cluster many hearts ; another,  
 A better love than mine shall bring  
 To the fair bride and happy mother.  
 Though a few years have wasted all  
 My youthful powers of deep affection,  
 Yet, on my sunless day shall fall  
 From thy calm joy a warm reflection.

Farewell ! — and when this flower has faded,  
 Let each too tender thought decay,  
 Each memory too deeply shaded  
 Die, when its leaves have dropped away.  
 But I — within my secret heart —  
 All thy kind deeds and words will treasure,  
 Each scene where thou hast borne a part,  
 Shall be my mind's loved home of pleasure.  
 Farewell ! — I dwell upon the word,  
 For, though we oft may meet again,  
 Nought in our cold tones shall be heard  
 To tell of bygone joy or pain.  
 T' is the last time that I shall speak,  
 Freely, as I so oft have spoken,  
 When lit thine eye and burned thy cheek,  
 At hopes now blighted, pledges broken.  
 And now 't is past. For me, no more  
 Has Heaven a sunbeam, earth a flower,  
 I see life's poetry is o'er,  
 And welcome duty's trial-hour.  
 I call on toil, to wear away  
 These trembling feelings, ill-repressed ;  
 I call on custom's wintry sway  
 To freeze the hot blood of my breast.  
 The caged bird dies whose mate has flown,  
 Why should my heart's sensation last,  
 Its twin-soul fled, its love-bowers on  
 The dim horizon of the Past !

## THE VIOLET.

Why lingerest thou, pale violet, to see the dying year;  
 Are autumn's blasts fit music for thee, fragile one, to hear;  
 Will thy clear blue eye, upward bent, still keep its chastened glow,  
 Still tearless lift its slender form above the wintry snow?

Why wilt thou live when none around reflects thy pensive ray?  
 Thou bloomest here a lonely thing in the clear autumn day.  
 The tall green trees, that shelter thee, their last gay dress put on;  
 There will be nought to shelter thee when their sweet leaves are gone.

O violet, like thee, how blest could I lie down and die,  
 When summer light is fading, and autumn breezes sigh;  
 When winter reigned I'd close my eye, but wake with bursting spring,  
 And live with living nature, a pure, rejoicing thing.

I had a sister once who seemed just like a violet;  
 Her morning sun shone bright and calmly purely set;  
 When the violets were in their shrouds, and summer in its pride,  
 She laid her hopes at rest, and in the year's rich beauty died.

## STANZAS.

NATURE doth have her dawn each day,  
 But mine are far between;  
 Content, I cry, for sooth to say,  
 Mine brightest are, I ween.

For when my sun doth deign to rise,  
 Though it be her noontide,  
 Her fairest field in shadow lies,  
 Nor can my light abide.

Sometimes I bask me in her day,  
 Conversing with my mate;  
 But if we interchange one ray,  
 Forthwith her heats abate.

Through his discourse I climb and see,  
 As from some eastern hill,  
 A brighter morrow rise to me  
 Than lieth in her skill.

As 't were two summer days in one,  
 Two Sundays come together,  
 Our rays united make one Sun,  
 With fairest summer weather.

D. H. T.



## GERMAN LITERATURE.

OPINIONS are divided respecting German literature. If we are to believe what is currently reported, and generally credited, there is, somewhere in New England, a faction of discontented men and maidens, who have conspired to love everything Teutonic, from Dutch skates to German infidelity. It is supposed, at least asserted, that these misguided persons would fain banish all other literature clean out of space; or, at the very least, would give it precedence of all other letters, ancient or modern. Whatever is German, they admire; philosophy, dramas, theology, novels, old ballads, and modern sonnets, histories, and dissertations, and sermons; but above all, the immoral and irreligious writings, which it is supposed the Germans are chiefly engaged in writing, with the generous intention of corrupting the youth of the world, restoring the worship of Priapus, or Pan, or the Pope, — it is not decided which is to receive the honor of universal homage, — and thus gradually preparing for the Kingdom of Misrule, and the dominion of Chaos, and “most ancient Night.” It is often charitably taken for granted, that the lovers of German works on Philosophy and Art amongst us, are moved thereto either by a disinterested love of whatever is German, or else, which is the more likely, by a disinterested love of evil, and the instigation of the devil, who, it is gravely said, has actually inspired several of the most esteemed writers of that nation. This German epidemic, we are told, extends very wide. It has entered the boarding-schools for young misses, of either sex, and committed the most frightful ravages therein. We have been apprised that it has sometimes seized upon a College, nay, on Universities, and both the Faculty and the Corporation have exhibited symptoms of the fatal disease. Colleges, did we say?

“No place is sacred, not the Church is free.”

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\* Specimens of Foreign Standard Literature, edited by GEORGE RIPLEY, Vol. VII., VIII., and IX., containing German Literature, translated from the German of Wolfgang Menzel, by C. C. FELTON; in Three Volumes. Boston: Hilliard, Gray and Co. 1840.

It has attacked clergymen, in silk and in lawn. The Doctors of Divinity fall before it. It is thought, that

“Fever and ague, jaundice and catarrh,  
The grim-looking tyrant’s heavy horse of war ;  
And apoplexies, those light troops of death,  
That use small ceremony with our breath,”

are all nothing to the German epidemic. We meet men with umbrellas and over-shoes, men “shawled to the teeth,” and suppose they are prudent persons, who have put on armor against this subtle foe. Histories of this plague, as of the cholera, have been written ; the public has often been called to defend itself from the enemy, and quarantine regulations are put in force against all suspected of the infection. In short the prudent men of the land, men wise to foresee, and curious to prevent evil, have not failed to advise the public from time to time of the danger that is imminent, and to recommend certain talismans, as effectual safeguards. We think a copy of the “Westminster Catechism,” or the “Confessions of Faith adopted by the Council of Trent,” or the “Athanasian Creed,” perhaps, if hung about the neck, and worn next the skin, might save little children, and perhaps girls nearly grown up, especially, if they read these amulets every morning, fasting. But a more important specific has occurred to us, which we have never known to fail, and it has been tried in a great many cases, in both hemispheres. The remedy is simple ; it is a strong infusion of Dulness. Continued applications of this excellent nostrum, will save any person, we think, from all but very slight attacks of this epidemic. Certainly it will secure the patient from the worst form of the disease,—the philosophical frenzy, which it is said prevails in colleges, and among young damsels. We think it does not attack the pulpit. The other forms of the malady are mainly cutaneous, and easily guarded against.

It has often been matter of astonishment to us, that the guardians of the public welfare did not discover German literature when it first set foot in America, and thrust it back into the ocean ; and we can only account for the fact of its extension here, from the greater activity of Evil in general. “Rank weeds do grow apace.” So this evil has grown up in the absence of our guardians, as the golden calf was made, while Moses was in the mount, fasting.

While the young men and maidens have been eating the German lotus, the guardians of the public weal have been "talking, or pursuing, or journeying, or peradventure, they slept, and must needs be awaked." However this may be, they are now awake, and in full cry.

Now for our own part, we have never yet fallen in with any of these dangerous persons, who have this exaggerated admiration for whatever is Teutonic, still less this desire to overthrow Morality, and turn Religion out of the world. This fact may be taken as presumptive evidence of blindness on our part, if men will. We sometimes, indeed, meet with men, and women also, well read in this obnoxious literature; they are mostly, — yes, without a single exception, as we remember, — unoffending persons. They "gang their ain gait," and leave others the same freedom. They have tastes of their own; scholarly habits; some of them are possessed of talent, and no contemptible erudition, judging by the New England standard. They honor what they find good, and to their taste, in German literature as elsewhere. Men and women, some of them are, who do not think all intellectual and æsthetic excellence is contained in a hundred volumes of Greek and Roman authors, profound and beautiful as they are. They study German Philosophy, Theology, Criticism, and Literature in general, as they would the similar works of any nation, for the good they contain. This, we think, is not forbidden by the Revised Statutes, or any other universal standard of right and wrong. Why should not a man study even Sanscrit Philosophy, if he will, and profit by it, in peace, if he can? We do not say there are no enthusiastic or fanatical admirers of this literature; nor, that there are none, who "go too far" in their admiration, — which means, in plain English, farther than their critic, — but that such persons are by no means common; so that there seems, really, very small cause for the panic, into which some good people have seen fit to fall. We doubt the existence, therefore, of this reputed faction of men and maidens, who design to reinstate Confusion on her throne.

But, on the other hand, we are told, — and partly believe it, — that there is a party of cool-headed, discreet, moderate, sound, and very respectable persons, who hate German literature. Of these we can speak from knowledge.

Most men have heard of them, for they have cried out like Bluebeard in the tale, "till all shook again." They are plenty as acorns in autumn, and may be had for the asking. This party has, to speak gently, a strong dislike to German literature, philosophy, and theology. Sometimes this dislike is founded on a knowledge of facts, an acquaintance with the subject, in which case no one will find fault; but far oftener it rests merely on prejudice,—on the most utter ignorance of the whole matter. Respecting this latter class of haters without knowledge, we have a few words to say. We have somewhere seen it written, "he that answereth a matter before he heareth it, it is a folly and shame unto him." We commend it to the attention of these judges. They criticise German literature by wholesale and retail,—to adopt the ingenious distinction of Dr. Watts. They issue their writs, and have the shadow of some poor German brought into the court of their greatness, and pass sentence with the most speedy justice, never examining the evidence, nor asking a question, nor permitting the prisoner at the bar to say a word for himself, till the whole matter is disposed of. Before this honorable bench, Goethe, and Schleiermacher, and Schiller, and Arndt, and Kant, and Leibnitz, Henry Heine, and Jacob Böhme, Schelling of universal renown, and Schefer of Muskau in Nieder-Lausitz, and Hegel, and Strauss, with their aids and abettors, are brought up and condemned as mystics, infidels, or pantheists; in one word, as Germans. Thus the matter is disposed of by the honorable court. Now we would not protest against this method of proceeding, ancient as it is, and supported by precedents from the time of Jethro to General Jackson. Such a protest would be "a dangerous innovation," no doubt. We would have no exceptions from the general method made in favor of German letters. No literature was ever written into more than temporary notice, and certainly none was ever written down. German literature among us encounters just the same treatment the classic authors received at the hands of the middle ages. When those old sages and saints began to start out of the corners where night had overtaken them, men were alarmed at their strange faces and antique beards, and mysterious words. "What," said they, as they gaped on one another, in the parlor, the court, the

camp, or the church, with terror in their faces, — “What! study Greek and Roman letters! Greek and Roman philosophy? shall we men of the TENTH century, study authors who lived two thousand years ago, in an age of darkness? Shame on the thought! Shall we, who are Christians, and live in an age of light, look for instruction to Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, or Seneca, men from dark pagan times? It were preposterous! Let such works perish, or sink back to their original night.”\* So it goes with us, and it is said, “Shall we Americans, excellent Christians as we are, who live in a land of education, of righteousness, of religion, and know how to reconcile it all with our three millions of slaves; in the land of steamboats and railroads, we Americans, possessed of all needed intelligence and culture, shall we read the books of the Germans, infidels as they are? Germans, who dwell in the clouds, and are only fitted by divine grace to smoke tobacco and make dictionaries! Out upon the thought.”

No doubt this decision is quite as wise as that pronounced so gravely by conservatives and alarmists of the middle ages. “Would you have me try the criminal before I pass sentence?” said the Turkish justice; “that were a waste of words and time, for if I should condemn him after examination, why not before, and so save the trouble of looking into the matter?” Certainly the magistrate was wise, and wherever justice is thus administered, the traditional complaint of the “law’s delay” will never dare lift up its voice. Honor to the Turkish judge and his swift decision; long may it be applied to German literature. Certainly it is better that ninety-and-nine innocent persons should suffer outrageous torture, than that one guilty should escape. Why should not public opinion lay an embargo on German words, as on India crackers, or forbid their sale? Certainly it costs more labor to read them, than the many excellent books in the mother tongue. No doubt a ready reader

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\* The following anecdote is quite to the point: One day, in the year 1530, a French monk *said in the pulpit*, “a new language has been discovered, which is called Greek. You must take good heed, and keep out of its way. This language engenders all heresies. I see in the hands of many, a book written in this language. It is called the New Testament. It is a book full of thorns and vipers. As for the Hebrew language, all who study that become Jews immediately.” — *Simondi, Histoire des Francaise*, T. XVI. p. 364, cited in Michelet’s *Hist. Luther*.

would go over the whole ninety-eight volumes of Sir Walter Scott in less time than he could plod through and master the single obstinate book of Kant's *Kritik of the Pure Reason*. Stewart, and Brown, and Reid, and Paley, and Thomas Dick, and Abercrombie, are quite easy reading. They trouble no man's digestion, though he read them after dinner with his feet on the fender. Are not these writers, with their illustrious progenitors, successors, and coadjutors, sufficient for all practical purposes? Why, then, allow our studious youth in colleges and log-cabins to pore over Leibnitz and Hegel till they think themselves blind, and the red rose yields to the white on their cheek?

In the name of good sense, we would ask if English literature, with the additions of American genius, is not rich enough without our going to the Hercynian forest, where the scholars do not think, but only dream? Not to mention Milton, and Shakspeare, and Bacon, — names confessedly without parallel in the history of thought, — have we not surpassed the rest of the world, in each department of science, literature, philosophy, and theology? Whence come the noble array of scientific works, that connect general laws with single facts, and reveal the mysteries of nature? Whence come the most excellent works in poetry, criticism and art? Whence the profound treatises on ethics and metaphysics? Whence the deep and wide volumes of theology, the queen of all sciences? Whence come works on the classics of Greece and Rome? Whence histories of all the chief concerns of man? Do they not all come, in this age, from England and our own bosom? What need have we of asking favors from the Germans, or of studying their literature? As the middle-age monks said of the classics, — ANATHEMA SIT. It is certainly right, that the ghost of terror, like Mr. Littlefaith in the story, should cross itself in the presence of such a spirit, and utter its APAGE SATHANAS. Such an anathema would, no doubt, crush the Monadnock — or a sugar-plum.

But let us come out of this high court of Turkish justice, and for a moment look German literature in the face, and allow it to speak for itself. To our apprehension, German literature is the fairest, the richest, the most original, fresh, and religious literature of all modern times. We say this

advisedly. We do not mean to say Germany has produced the greatest poetic genius of modern times. It has no Shakspeare, as the world has but one, in whom the Poetic Spirit seems to culminate, though it will doubtless rise higher in better ages. But we sometimes hear it said, admitting the excellence of two or three German writers, yet their literature is narrow, superficial, and poor, when compared with that of England. Let us look at the facts, and compare the two in some points. Classical taste and culture have long been the boast of England. There is a wealth of classical allusion in her best writers, which has an inexpressible charm, and forms the chief minor grace, in many a work of poetic art. Classical culture is the pride, we take it, of her two "ancient and honorable universities," and their spirit prevails everywhere in the island. The English scholar is proud of his "quantity," and the correctness of his quotations from Seneca and Demosthenes. But from what country do we get editions of the classics, that are worth the reading, in which modern science and art are brought to bear on the ancient text? What country nurtures the men that illustrate Homer, Herodotus, the Anthology of Planudes, and the dramatic poets? Who explain for us the antiquities of Athens, and write minute treatises on the law of inheritance, the castes, tribes, and manners of the men of Attica? Who collect all the necessary facts, and reproduce the ideas lived out, consciously or unconsciously, on the banks of the Eurotas, the Nile, or the Alpheus? Why, the Germans. We do not hesitate to say, that in the present century not a Greek or a Roman classic has been tolerably edited in England, except through the aid of some German scholar. The costly editions of Greek authors that come to us from Oxford and London, beautiful reprints of Plato, Aristotle, Aristophanes, Euripides, Sophocles, Æschylus, Herodotus, the Attic orators, and Plotinus; all these are the work of German erudition, German toil, German genius sometimes. The wealthy islanders, proud of their classic culture, furnish white paper and luminous type; but the curious diligence that never tires; the profound knowledge and philosophy which brings the whole light of Grecian genius to illuminate a single point; all this is German, and German solely. Did it not happen within ten years, that the translation of a German

work, containing some passages in Greek, incorrectly pointed in the original edition, and, therefore, severely censured at home, was about being published in Edinburgh, and no man could be found in the Athens of the North, and "no man in all Scotland," who could correctly accent the Greek words! The fact must be confessed. So the book was sent to its author, — a Professor of Theology, — and he put it into the hands of one of his pupils, and the work was done. These things are trifles, but a straw shows which way the stream runs, when a mill-stone would not. Whence come even the grammars and lexicons, of almost universal use in studying the ancient authors? The name of Reimer, and Damm, and Schneider, and Büttmann, and Passow, give the answer. Where are the English classical scholars in this country, who take rank with Wolf, Heyne, Schweighauser, Wytttenbach, Boeckh, Herrmann, Jacobs, Siebelis, Hoffmann, Siebenkis, Müller, Creutzer, Wellauer, and Ast? Nay, where shall we find the rivals of Dindorf, Schafer, Stallbaum, Spitzner, Bothe, and Bekker, and a host more, for we have only written down those which rushed into our mind? What English name of the present century can be mentioned with the least of these? Not one. They labor, and we may enter into their labors, if we are not too foolish. Who write ancient history like Niebhühr, and Müller, and Schlosser? But for the Germans, the English would have believed till this day, perhaps, all the stories of Livy, that it rained stones, and oxen spoke, for so it was written in Latin, and the text was unimpeachable.

But some may say, these are not matters of primary concern; in things of "great pith and moment," we are superior to these Teutonic giants. Would it were so. Perhaps, in some of the physical sciences, the English surpass their German friends, though even here we have doubts, which are strengthened every month. One would expect the most valuable works on physical geography from England; but we are disappointed, and look in vain for any one to rival Ritter, or even Mannert. In works of general civil and political history in the present century, though we have two eminent historians in our own country, one of whom must take rank with Thucydides and Tacitus, Gibbon and Hume, England has nothing to equal the great work of Von Hammer, Wilkins, and Schlosser. Why need we mention the



German histories of inventions, of art, of each science, of classical education, of literature in general? Why name their histories of Philosophy, from Brucker down to Brandis and Michelet? In English, we have but Stanley, good in his time, and valuable even now, and Enfield, a poor compiler from Brucker. The Germans abound in histories of literature, from the beginning of civilization down to the last Leipsic fair. In England, such works are unknown. We have as yet no history of our own literature, though the Germans have at least one, quite readable and instructive. Even the dry and defective book of Mr. Hallam, — for such it is with all its many excellencies — is drawn largely from its German predecessors, though it is often inferior to them in vigor, and almost always in erudition and eloquence.

Doubtless, the English are a very learned people; a very Christian people likewise, no doubt. But within the present century, what has been written in the English tongue, in any department of theological scholarship, which is of value, and makes a mark on the age? The Bridgewater Treatises, and the new edition of Paley, — we blush to confess it, — are the best things. In the criticism and explanation of the Bible, Old Testament or New Testament, what has been written, that is worth reading? Nothing, absolutely nothing of any permanent value, save some half dozen of books, it may be, drawn chiefly from German sources. Who have written the grammars and lexicons, by which the Hebrew and Greek Testaments are read? Why, the Germans. Who have written critical introductions to the Bible, useful helps in studying the sacred letters? Why, the Germans. Who have best, and alone developed the doctrines of the Bible, and explained them, philosophically and practically? Why, the Germans again. Where are the men, who shall stand up in presence of Gesenius, Fürst, Schleusner, and Wahl; Winer, and Ewald, and Nordheimer; Michaelis, Eichhorn, Jahn, and Bertholdt, Hug, and De Wette; the Rosenmüllers, Maurer, Umbreit, Credner, Paulus, Kuinoel, Fritzsche, Von Meyer, Lücke, Olshausen, Hengstenberg, and Tholuck, and take rank as their peers? We look for them, but in vain. "We put our finger on them, and they are not there." What work on theology, which has deserved or attracted general notice, has been written in English, in the present century? We know of none. In Ger-

many, such works are numerous. They have been written by pious men, and the profoundest scholars of the age. Wegscheider's *Theology* is doubtless a poor work; but its equal is nowhere to be found in the English tongue. Its equal, did we say? There is nothing that can pretend to approach it. Where, then, shall we find rivals for such theologians as Ammon, Kase, Daub, Baumgarten Crusius, Schleiermacher, Breschneider, and De Wette? even for Zachariz, Vatke, and Kaiser?

In ecclesiastical history every body knows what sort of works have proceeded from the English and American scholars. Jortin, Milner, Priestley, Campbell, Echard, Erskine, Jones, Waddington, and Sabine; these are our writers. But what are their works? They are scarcely known in the libraries of scholars. For our knowledge of ecclesiastical history we depend on the translations from Du Pin, and Tillemont, or more generally on those from the German Mosheim and Gieseler. All our English ecclesiastical histories, what are they when weighed against Mosheim, the Walchs, Vater, Gieseler, Schröekh, Planck, Muenscher, Tzschirner, and Neander? Why they might make sumptuous repasts on the crumbs which fall from these men's table. The Germans publish the Fathers of the Greek and Latin church, and study them. To the English they are almost "a garden shut up and a fountain sealed." It is only the Germans in this age, who study theology, or even the Bible, with the aid of enlightened and scientific criticism. There is not even a history of theology in our language.

But this is not all, by no means the chief merit of the German scholars. Within less than threescore years there have appeared among them four philosophers, who would have been conspicuous in any age, and will hereafter, we think, be named with Plato, Aristotle, Bacon, Descartes, and Leibnitz — among the great thinkers of the world. They are Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel. Silently these lights arose and went up the sky without noise, to take their place among the fixed stars of Genius and shine with them, names that will not fade out of heaven until some ages shall have passed away. These men were thinkers all; deep, mighty thinkers. They knelt reverently down before Nature, with religious hearts, and asked her questions. They sat on the brink of the well of Truth, and continued to draw

for themselves and the world. Take Kant alone, and in the whole compass of thought, we scarce know his superior. From Aristotle to Leibnitz, we do not find his equal. No, nor since Leibnitz. Need we say it? Was there not many a Lord Bacon in Immanuel Kant? Leibnitz himself was not more capacious, nor the Stagyrte more profound. What revolutions are in his thoughts. His books are battles. Philosophical writers swarm in Germany. Philosophy seems epidemic almost, and a score of first rate American, or half a dozen English reputations, might be made out of any of their philosophical writers of fourth or fifth magnitude. Here, one needs very little scholarship to establish a name. A small capital suffices for the outfit, for the credit system seems to prevail in the literary, as well as the commercial world; and one can draw on the Bank of Possibilities, as well as the fund of achievements. One need but open any number of the Berlin Jahrbucher, the Jena Allgemeine Literatur Zeitung, or the Studien and Kritiken, to see what a lofty spirit prevails among the Germans in philosophy, criticism, and religion. There, a great deal is taken for granted, and supposed to be known to all readers, which here is not to be supposed, except of a very few, the most learned. Philosophy and theology, we reckon as the pride of the Germans. Here their genius bursts into bloom, and ripens into fruit. But they are greatly eminent, likewise, in the departments of poetry, and elegant letters in general. Notwithstanding their wealth of erudition, they are eminently original. Scandinavia and the East, Greece and the middle ages, all pour their treasures into the lap of the German muse, who not only makes trinkets therefrom, but out of her own stores of linen, and wool, and silk, spins and weaves strong and beautiful apparel for all her household, and the needy everywhere. "She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple." No doubt, among the Germans there is an host of servile imitators, whose mind travels out of itself, so to say, and makes pilgrimages to Dante, or Shakspeare, or Pindar, or Thucydides. Some men think they are very Shakspeares, because they transgress obvious rules. The sickly negations of Byron, his sensibility, misanthropy, and affectation, are aped every day in Berlin and Vienna. Horace and Swift, Anacreon and Bossuet, and Seneca and Walter Scott, not to name

others, have imitators in every street, who remind one continually of the wren that once got into the eagle's nest, set up to be king of the birds, and attempted a scream. Still the staple of their literature is eminently original. In point of freshness, it has no equal since the days of Sophocles. Who shall match with Wieland, and Lessing, the Schlegels, Herder, so sweet and beautiful, Jean-Paul, Tieck, and Schiller, and Goethe? We need not mention lesser names, nor add more of their equals.

In what we have said, we would not underrate English literature, especially the works of former ages. We would pay deep and lasting homage to the great poets, historians, philosophers and divines of the mother country, in her best days. Their influence is still fresh and living throughout the world of letters. But as these great spirits ascended, the mantle of their genius, or inspiration, has fallen on the Germans, and not the English. Well says a contemporary, "Modern works are greatly deficient both in depth and purity of sentiment. They seldom contain original and striking views of the nature of man, and of the institutions which spring from his volition. There is a dearth of thought and sterility of sentiment among us. Literature, art, philosophy, and life, are without freshness, ideality, verity, and spirit. Most works, since the days of Milton, require little thought; they want depth, freshness; the meaning is on the surface; and the charm, if any, is no deeper than the fancy; the imagination is not called into life; the thoughts are carried creepingly along the earth, and often lost amid the low and uncleanly things of sense and custom." "I do not, at this time, think of any writer since Milton, excepting Coleridge and Wordsworth, whose works require a serene and thoughtful spirit, in order to be understood."\*

As little would we be insensible to the merits of the rising literature of our own land. Little could be expected of us, hitherto. Our business has been, to hew down the forest; to make paths and saw-mills; railroads and steam-boats; to lay the foundation of a great people, and provide for the emergencies of the day. As yet, there is no American literature, which corresponds to the first principles of our institutions, as the English or French literature corre-

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\* A. B. Alcott in "Record of a School."

sponds to theirs. We are, perhaps, yet too young and raw to carry out the great American idea, either in literature or society. At present, both are imitations, and seem rather the result of foreign and accidental circumstances, than the offspring of our own spirit. No doubt the time will come, when there shall be an American school, in science, letters, and the elegant arts. Certainly, there is none now. The promise of it must be sought in our newspapers, and speeches, oftener than in our books. Like all other nations, we have begun with imitations, and shall come to originals, doubtless, before we end.

But there is one peculiar charm in this literature, quite unequaled, we think, in modern days, that is, the RELIGIOUS character of German works. We know it is often said, the Germans are licentious, immoral in all ways, and above all men, — not the old giants excepted, — are haters of religion. One would fancy Mezentius or Goliath was the archetype of the nation. We say it advisedly, that this is, in our opinion, the most religious literature the world has seen since the palmy days of Greek writing, when the religious spirit seemed fresh, and warm, coming into life, and playing grateful with the bland celestial light, reflected from each flower-cup, and passing cloud, and received direct and straightway from the source of all. It stands an unconcious witness to the profound piety of the German heart. We had almost said it was the only Christian national literature the world had ever seen. Certainly, to our judgment, the literature of Old England, in her best days, was less religious in thought and feeling, as it was less beautiful in its form, and less simple in its quiet, loving holiness, than this spontaneous and multiform expression of the German soul. But we speak not for others; let each drink of "that spiritual rock," where the water is most salubrious to him. But we do not say that German literature comprises no works decidedly immoral and irreligious. Certainly we have read such, but they are rare, while almost every book, not entirely scientific and technical, breathes a religious spirit. You meet this, coming unobtrusively upon you, where you least of all expect it. We do not say, that the idea of a Christian literature is realized in Germany, or likely to be realized. No; the farthest from it possible. No nation has yet dreamed of realizing it. Nor can this

be done, until Christianity penetrates the heart of the nations, and brings all into subjection to the spirit of life. The Christianity of the world is yet but a baptized heathenism, so literature is yet heathen and profane. We dare not think, lest we think against our Faith. As if Truth were hostile to Faith, and God's house were divided against itself. The Greek literature represents the Greek religion; its ideal and its practical side. But all the literature of all Christian nations, taken together, does not represent the true Christian religion, only that fraction of it these nations could translate into their experience. Hence, we have as yet only the cradle song of Christianity, and its nursery rhymes. The same holds true in art, — painting, sculpture, and architecture. Hitherto it is only the church militant, not the church triumphant, that has been represented. A Gothic cathedral gives you the aspiration, not the attainment, the resting in the fulness of God, which is the end of Christianity. We have Magdalens, Madonnas; saints, emaciated almost to anatomies, with most rueful visage, and traditional faces of the Saviour. These, however, express the penitence, the wailing of the world lying in darkness, rather than the light of the nations. The SON OF MAN risen from the grave, is yet lacking in art. The Christian Prometheus, or Apollo, is not yet; still less the triple graces, and the Olympian Jove of Christianity. What is Saint Peter's to the Parthenon, considered as symbols of the two religions? The same deficiency prevails in literature. We have inherited much from the heathen, and so Christianity, becoming the residuary legatee of deceased religions, has earned but little for itself. History has not yet been written in the spirit of the Christian scheme; as a friend says, hitherto it has been the "history of elder brothers." Christianity would write of the whole family. The great Christian poem, the Tragedy of Mankind, has not yet been conceived. A Christian philosophy founded on an exhaustive analysis of Man, is among the things that are distant. The true religion has not yet done its work in the heart of the nations. How, then, can it reach their literature, their art, their society, which come from the nation's heart? Christianity is still in the manger, wrapped in swaddling bands, and unable to move its limbs. Its Jewish parent watches fearful, with a pondering heart. The shep-

herds that honor the new-born are Jewish still, dripping as yet with the dews of ancient night. The heathen magicians have come up to worship, guided by the star of truth, which goes before all simple hearts, and lighteth every man that cometh into the world. But they are heathen even now. They can only offer "gold, and frankincense, and myrrh." They do not give their mind, and still less their heart. The celestial child is still surrounded by the oxen, that slumber in their stalls, or wake to blame the light that prevents their animal repose. The Herod of superstition is troubled, and his city with him. Alarmed at the new tidings, he gathers together his mighty men: his chief priests and scribes, to take counsel of his twin prophets, the Flesh and the Devil, and while he pretends to seek only to worship, he would gladly slay the young child, that is born King of the world. But Christianity will yet grow up to manhood, and escape the guardianship of traditions, to do the work God has chosen. Then, and not till then, will the gospel of beautiful souls, fair as the light, and "terrible as an army with banners," be written in the literature, arts, society, and life of the world. Now when we say that German literature is religious, above all others, we mean, that it comes nearer than any other to the Christian ideal of literary art. Certainly it by no means reaches the mark.

Such then is German literature. Now with those among us, who think nothing good can come of it, we have nothing to say. Let them rejoice in their own cause, and be blessed in it. But from the influence this rich, beloved, and beautiful literature will exert on our infant world of letters, we hope the most happy results. The diligence which shuns superficial study; the boldness which looks for the causes of things, and the desire to fall back on what alone is elementary and eternal, in criticism, philosophy, and religion; the religious humility and reverence which pervades it, may well stimulate our youth to great works. We would not that any one should give in his adhesion to a German master, or copy German models. All have their defects. We wonder that clear thinkers can write so darkly as some do, and that philosophers and theologians are content with their slovenly paragraphs, after Goethe has written such

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luminous prose. We doubt, that their philosophical or theological systems can ever take root in the American mind. But their method may well be followed; and fortunate will it be for us if the central truths, their systems are made to preserve, are sown in our soil, and bear abundant fruit. No doubt, there is danger in studying these writings; just as there is danger in reading Copernicus, or Locke, Aristotle, or Lord Brougham, or Isaiah and St. John. As a jocose friend says, "it is always dangerous for a young man to think, for he may think wrong, you know." It were sad to see men run mad after German philosophy; but it is equally sad to see them go to the same excess in English philosophy. If "Transcendentalism" is bad, so is Paleyism, and Materialism. Truth is possessed entire by no sect, German or English. It requires all schools to get at all Truth, as the whole Church is needed to preach the whole Gospel. Blessed were the days when Truth dwelt among men in her wholeness. But alas! they only existed in fable, and now, like Osiris in the story, she is cut into fragments and scattered world-wide, and sorrowing mortals must journey their life-long, to gather here a piece and there a piece. But the whole can never be joined and reanimated in this life. Where there is much thought, there will be some truth, and where there is freedom in thinking, there is room for misconduct also. We hope light from Germany; but we expect shadows with it. The one will not eclipse the sun, nor the other be thicker than the old darkness we have "felt" from our youth up. We know there is SIN among the Germans; it is so wherever there are men and women. Philosophy, in Germany or England, like the stout man a journeying, advances from day to day; but sometimes loses the track and wanders, "not knowing whither he goeth;" nay, sometimes stumbles into a ditch. When this latter accident, — as it is confessed, — has befallen Philosophy in America and England, and men declare she is stark dead, we see not why her friends might not call on her German sister, to extricate her from the distress, and revive her once more, or at least give her decent burial. We are sorry, we confess it, to see foolish young men, and old men not burthened with wisdom, trusting wholly in a man; thinking as he thinks, and moving as he pulls the strings. It is dangerous to yield



thus to a German, or a Scotch philosopher. It were bad to be borne off on a cloud by Fichte and Hegel, or to be made "spouse of the worm and brother of the clay," by Priestley or Paley. But we fancy it was better to fall into the hands of Jove than Pluto. We cannot predict the result of the German movement in philosophy; but we see no more reason in making Henry Heine, Gutzkow, and Schefer the exponents of that movement, — as the manner of some is, — than for selecting Bulwer, Byron, Moore, and Taylor the infidel, to represent the Church of England. Seneca and Petronius were both Roman men, but which is the type? Let German literature be weighed in an even balance, and then pass for what it is worth. We have no fear that it will be written down, and should be sorry to see any exaggerated statement of its excellence, which would in the end lead to disappointment.

We turn now to the book named at the head of our article. The author's design is to give a picture of German literature. His work does not pretend to be a history, nor to point out the causes which have made the literature what it is. His aim is to write of subjects, rather than to talk about books. His work is merely a picture. Since this is so, its character depends on two things, namely, the artist's point of sight, and the fidelity with which he has painted things as they appear, from that point. The first question then is, from what point does he survey the field? It is not that of philosophy, theology, or politics. He is not adept in either of these sciences. He is eminently national, and takes the stand of a German amateur. Therefore it is his duty to paint things as they appear to a disinterested German man of letters; so he must treat of religion, philosophy, education, history, politics, natural science, poetry, law, and criticism, from this point of view. It would certainly require an encyclopedical head to discuss ably all these subjects, and bring them down to the comprehension of the unlearned. It was scarcely to be expected, that any one man should be so familiar with all departments of thought in a literature so wide and rich as this, as never to make mistakes, and even great mistakes. Now Mr. Menzel does not give us a faithful picture of things as seen from this position, as we shall proceed to show in some details. He

carries with him violent prejudices, which either blind his eyes to the truth, or prevent him from representing it as it is. On his first appearance, his unmanly hostility to Goethe began to show itself.\* Nay, it appeared, we are told, in his *Streckverse*, published a little before. This hostility amounts to absolute hatred, we think, not only of the works, but of the man, himself. This animosity towards distinguished authors, vitiates the whole work. Personal feelings and prepossessions perpetually interrupt the cool judgment of the critic. When a writer attempts, as Menzel does, to show that an author who has a reputation, which covers the world, and rises higher and higher each year; who is distinguished for the breadth of his studies, and the newness of his views, and his exquisite tastes in all matters of art, — is only a humbug, what can we do but smile, and ask, if effects come without causes? Respecting this hostility to Goethe, insane as it obviously is, we have nothing to say. Besides, the translator has ably referred to the matter in the preface. That Goethe, as a man, was selfish to a very high degree, a debauchee and well-bred epicurean, who had little sympathy with what was highest in man, so long as he could crown himself with rose-buds, we are willing to admit. But let him have justice, none the less. Mr. Menzel sets up a false standard, by which to judge literary productions. Philosophy, ethics, art, and literature, should be judged of by their own laws. We would not censure the *Laocöon*, because it did not teach us agriculture, nor the *Iliad*, because it was not republican enough for our tastes. Each of these works is to be judged by its own principles. Now we object to our friend, that he judges literary works by the political complexion of their author. Thus, for example, not to mention Goethe, he condemns Johann von Müller, — whom, as a Swiss, he was not bound to mention among German writers, — and all his works, because he was no patriot. For him “of all the German writers, I entertain the profoundest contempt.” No doubt the venerable historian, as some one has said, would be overwhelmed as he stands in

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\* *Eurosassischen Blättern* for 1824, I. B. 8, 101–108, and IV., and 233, seq. But these we have never seen, and only a few stray numbers of the *Literatur-Blatt*.

the Elysian fields, with Tacitus and Thucydides, to be despised by such an historian as Menzel! \* So Krug is condemned, not for his fustiness and superficiality, but because he wrote against the Poles.† It is surprising to what a length this is carried. He ought to condemn the "Egoism" of Fichte, no less than that of Hegel. But because the former is a liberal, and the latter a conservative, the same thing is tolerated in the one and condemned in the other. Words cannot express his abhorrence of Hegel. Fries is commended as a philosopher, because he was "almost the only true patriot among our philosophers." Oken must not be reproached with his coarse Materialism, because he resigned his professorship at Jena, rather than give up his liberal journal. These few instances are sufficient to show the falseness of his standard.

He indulges in personal abuse; especially does he pour out the vials of his calumny on the "young Germans," whom he censures for their personal abuse. He seems to have collected all the "little city twaddle," as the Germans significantly name it, as the material for his work, and very striking are the colors, indeed. His abuse of this kind is so gross, that we shall say no more of it.‡ Mr. Menzel is the Berserker of modern critics. He scorns all laws of literary warfare, scalp, and gouges and stabs under the fifth rib, and sometimes condescends to tell a downright lie, as we shall show in its place. He often tries the work he censures by a moral, and not a critical or artistic standard. No doubt the moral is the highest, and a work of art, wherein the moral element is wanting, deserves the severest censure. No man can insist on this too strongly. But when a man writes for the artistic point of view, we think it his duty to adhere to his principles. If a work is immoral, it is so far false to the first principles of art. It does very little good, we fancy, merely to cry out, that this book of Gutzkow, or that of Goethe, is immoral. It only makes foolish young men the more eager to read it. But if the critic would show, that the offending parts were false, no

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\* See an able defence of Von Müller, in Strauss's *Streitschriften*, Heft 2. Tübingen: 1837. p. 100.

† Vol. I. p. 235, seq.

‡ Read who will, Vol. III, p. 228, for an example.

less than wicked, and mere warts and ulcers on the body of the work, he would make the whole appear loathsome, and not attractive. Mr. Menzel is bound to do this, for he believes that the substance and the form of art are inseparable, or in plain English, that virtue is beautiful, and vice ugly. Having made this criticism, he might justly pronounce the moral sentence also. If truth is harmonious, then a licentious work is false and detestable, as well in an artistic as in a moral point of view. But we cannot enlarge on this great question at the end of an article.

Judging Menzel from his own point of view, this work is defective in still graver points. He carries his partisan feelings wherever he goes, and with very superficial knowledge passes a false sentence on great men and great things. His mistakes are sometimes quite amusing, even to an American scholar, and must be doubly ludicrous to a German, whose minute knowledge of the literature of his own country would reveal more mistakes than meet our eye. We will point out a few of these in only two chapters. That on philosophy and religion. In the first, we think the author may safely defy any one to divine from his words the philosophical systems of the writers he treats of. Take, for a very striking example, his remarks upon Leibnitz, (Vol. I. p. 219.) "The great Leibnitz, who stood on the boundary line between the old times of astrology, magic, and sympathetic influences, and the latter times of severe scientific method, united the labyrinth of life, belonging to these austere dark days, with the clear light of our own. He was animated with deep religious faith, but still had the full vigor of thought. Living faith in God was his rock; *but his system of world-harmony*,\* showed nothing of the darkly-colored cathedral light of the ancient mystics; it stood forth in the clear white light of the day, like a marble temple on the mountain-top." From this statement, one would naturally connect Leibnitz with Pythagoras, Kepler, and Baron Swedenborg, who really believed and taught the world-harmony. But who would ever dream of the Monads, which play such a part in the system of Leib-

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\* Mr. Felton has translated *Weltharmonie* "Preëstablished Harmony," which Leibnitz believed in, but it is not the meaning of the word.

nitz? He tells us, that Eberhard has written a onesided and Kantian history of philosophy, which is very strange in a man who lived a Wolfian all his days, and fought against the critical philosophy, though with somewhat more zeal than knowledge, it is thought. Besides, his history of Philosophy was published in 1788, before the Kantian philosophy had become lord of the ascendant. As he criticises poets by the patriotic standard, so he tries the philosophers by his æsthetic rule, and wonders they are hard to understand. But these are minor defects; come we to the greater. His remarks on Kant are exceedingly unjust, not to speak more harshly. "The philosophical century wanted an earth without a heaven, a state without a church, man without a God. No one has shown so plainly as Kant, how with this limitation earth may still be a paradise, the state a moral union, and man a noble being, by his own reason and power, subjected to law." (Vol. I. p. 223.) We do not see how any one could come to this conclusion, who had read Kant's *Kritik of Judgment*, and *Practical Reason*, and conclude our critic, forgetting to look into these books, in his abhorrence of scholastic learning, and "study, that makes men pale," cut the matter short, and rode over the "high priori road," in great state to the conclusion. We pass over his account of Fichte and Schelling, leaving such as have the ability to determine, from his remarks, what were the systems of these two philosophers, and reconstruct them at their leisure. There is an old remark we have somewhere heard, that it takes a philosopher to judge a philosopher; and the truth of the proverb is very obvious to the readers of this chapter. Hegel seems the object of our author's most desperate dislike. His sin, however, is not so much his philosophy, as his conservative politics, as it appears. He does not condescend, — as an historian might do once in a while, — to give us a portrait, or even a caricature of his system; but contents himself with such abuse as the following precious sentences. "Hegel first reduced God to a mere speculation, led about by an evil spirit, in the void of his heavenly heath, who does nothing but think, indeed, nothing but think of thinking." (Vol. I. p. 259.) "He makes no distinction between himself and God; he gives himself out for God." He says God first came to a clear consciousness of himself "in the philosopher who has the

only right philosophy, therefore in himself, in the person of Hegel. Thus we have, then, a miserable, hunch-backed, book-learned God; a wooden and squinting academical man, a man of the most painful and pompous scholasticism; in a word, a German pedant on the throne of the world." We need make no comments on the spirit which suggests such a criticism upon a philosopher like Hegel. Still farther, he says, Förster "declared, over the grave of Hegel, that, beyond all doubt, Hegel was himself the Holy Ghost, the third person in the Godhead." When we read this several years ago, we believed the words were uttered by some man of an Oriental imagination, who meant no harm by his seeming irreverence. But on inquiry we find it is not so. One who heard Mr. Förster's Oration, who had it lying before him, in print, at the time of writing, declares, there was no such thing in it, but the strongest passage was this; "*Was it not he, who reconciled the unbelievers with God, inasmuch as he taught us truly to understand Jesus Christ?*" \*

But enough on this subject. Let us say a word respecting the chapter on Religion, more particularly on that part relating to theology. Here the learned author's abhorrence of book-learning is more conspicuous than elsewhere, though obvious enough in all parts of the book. We pass over the first part of the chapter, — which contains some very good things, that will come to light in spite of the smart declamations in which they are floating, — and proceed to his account of Catholicism in Germany. (Vol. I. p. 114–139.) Here, in a work on German literature, we naturally expect a picture of the Catholic theology, at least a reference to the chief Catholic writers in this department. But we are disappointed again. We find declamations and anecdotes well fitted for the Penny Magazine, as a German critic says, to whom we are indebted for some hints on this topic. † He throws together such remarks as would make excellent and smart paragraphs in a newspaper; but gives no calm, philosophical view of the subject. He can enlarge on the Jesuits, or Jansenists, on the influence of Kant's and Schelling's philosophy, and the reaction in favor of Catholicism,

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\* Strauss, ubi sup. p. 212, 213.

† A writer in Rheinwald's Repertorium, Vol. XV., p. 14, seq.

for these subjects are in all mouths ; but he scarce looks at the great philosophical question, on which the whole matter hinges. His acquaintance with modern Catholic writers seems to be as narrow as his philosophy is superficial. Gunther, Pabst, Möhler, Singler, Staudenmaier, Klee, and Hermes, have escaped the sharp glance of our author.\* In the portion of the chapter which relates to Protestantism, we find the same defects. The sketch of the history of theology since Luther is hasty and inaccurate. It does not give the reader a clear conception of the progress of ideas. He makes some amusing misrepresentations on pages 159 and 173, to which we will only refer. Among the most celebrated of German preachers, since the middle of the last century, he forgets to mention Teller, Löffler, Zollikofer, Lavater, Herder, Tzschirner, Schmalz, Rohr, Zimmermann, De Wette, Marheineke, Nitzsch, Tholuck, Ehrenberg, Strauss, Reinhard, Therimin, Couard, Lisco, and many others of equal fame. Mosheim is mentioned as a distinguished writer on morals, Ammon and Bretschneider are dispatched in a word. Wetstein is mentioned among the followers of Ernesti and Semler, and is put after Eichhorn, though he died only two years after the latter was born. But it is an ungrateful task to point out these defects. Certainly we should but name them, if there were great and shining excellencies beside. But they are not to be found. The chapter gives a confused jumble of ideas, and not a true picture. True, it contains passages of great force and beauty, but throughout the whole section, order and method, accurate knowledge and an impartial spirit, are grievously wanting. Who would guess what great things had been done in Biblical criticism, from Mr. Menzel's words? Who would know that De Wette had written profound works in each of the four great departments of theology ; indeed, that he wrote anything but a couple of romances? But we are weary with this fault-finding. However, one word must be said, by way of criticism upon his standing point itself. German literature is not to be surveyed by an amateur merely. The dilettante has no rule and compasses in his pocket, by which he can measure all the objects in this German ocean of books. No doubt his-

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\* See Rheinwald, ubi sup. 16.

ories of literature have hitherto been too often "written in the special interest of scholastic learning," and are antiquarian lists of books and not living histories. It is certainly well to write a history of literature so that all men may read. But it would require a most uncommon head to treat ably of all departments of literature and science. In one word, it is quite impossible to judge all by one rule. The writer, therefore, must change his position as often as he changes his subject. He must write of matters pertaining to religion, with the knowledge of a theologian; on philosophical subjects, like a philosopher, and so of the rest. Any attempt to describe them all from one point of sight seems as absurd as to reckon pounds, shillings, and pence, and drachms, ounces, quarters, and tons in the same column. A sketch of German theological literature ought to tell what had been done, and what was now doing by Protestants and Catholics, in the four great departments of exegetical, historical, systematic, and practical theology. It should put us in possession of the idea, which lies at the bottom of Catholicism and Protestantism, and tell what form this idea assumes, and why it takes this form, and no other. But to this Mr. Menzel makes no pretension. He has not the requisite knowledge for this. His learning seems gathered from reviews, newspapers, the conversations lexicon, literary gossip, and a very perfunctory perusal of many books. The whole work lacks in plan. There is no unity to the book. It seems a compilation of articles, written hastily in the newspapers, and designed for immediate effect. So the spirit of the partisan appears everywhere. We have declamation instead of matter-of-fact and cool judgment. Still the work is quite entertaining. Its author, no doubt, passes for a man of genius; but as a friend says, who rarely judges wrong, "he has more show than sinew, and makes up in smartness, what he wants in depth." We are glad to welcome the book in its English dress, but we hope it will be read with caution, as a guide not to be trusted. Its piquant style, and withering sarcasm, remind us often of Henry Heine, and the young Germans, with whom the author would not wish to be classed. We think it will not give a true idea of the German mind and its workings, to the mere English, or aid powerfully the student of German to find his way amid



that labyrinthian literature. The book is very suggestive, if one will but follow out the author's hints, and avoid his partialities and extravagance.

Professor Felton seems to have performed the work of translation with singular fidelity. His version is uncommonly idiomatic and fresh. It reads like original English. But here and there we notice a slight verbal inaccuracy in translating, which scarce any human diligence could avoid.\* We regard the version as a monument of diligence and skill. The metrical translations are fresh and spirited.

P.

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### THE SNOW-STORM.

ANNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky  
Arrives the snow, and driving o'er the fields,  
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air  
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,  
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.  
The sled and traveler stopped, the courier's feet  
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit  
Around the radiant fire-place, enclosed  
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the north-wind's masonry.

Out of an unseen quarry evermore  
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer  
Curves his white bastions with projected roof  
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.  
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work  
So fanciful, so savage, nought cares he  
For number or proportion. Mockingly  
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;  
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;  
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,  
Maugre the farmer's sighs, and at the gate  
A tapering turret overtops the work.  
And when his hours are numbered, and the world  
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,  
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art  
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,  
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,  
The frolic architecture of the snow.

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\* It would have been a convenience to the readers, if it had been stated in the preface, that the version was made from the second German edition, published at Stuttgart, 1836: for the author only treats of things as they were at that time, or before it.

## MENZEL'S VIEW OF GOETHE

Is that of a Philistine, in the least opprobrious sense of the term. It is one that has long been applied in Germany to petty cavillers and incompetent critics. I do not wish to convey a sense so disrespectful in speaking of Menzel. He has a vigorous and brilliant mind, and a wide, though imperfect, culture. He is a man of talent, but talent cannot comprehend genius. He judges of Goethe as a Philistine, inasmuch as he does not enter into Canaan, and read the prophet by the light of his own law, but looks at him from without, and tries him by a rule beneath which he never lived. That there *was* something he saw, what that something was *not* he saw, but *what* it was he could not see, none could *see*; it was something to be felt and known at the time of its apparition, but the sight of it was reserved to a day far enough removed from its sphere to get a commanding point of view. Has that day come?—A little while ago it seemed so; certain features of Goethe's personality, certain results of his tendency, had become so manifest. But as the hours mature the plants he planted, they shed a new seed for a yet more noble growth. A wider experience, a deeper insight, make rejected words come true, and bring a more refined perception of meaning already discerned. Like all his elder brothers of the elect band, the forlorn hope of humanity, he obliges us to live and grow, that we may walk by his side; vainly we strive to leave him behind in some niche of the hall of our ancestors, a few steps onward and we find him again, of yet serener eye and more towering mien than on his other pedestal. Former measurements of his size have, like the girdle bound by the nymphs round the infant Apollo, only served to make him outgrow the unworthy compass. The still rising sun, with its broader light, shows us it is not yet noon. In him is soon perceived a prophet of our own age, as well as a representative of his own, and we doubt whether the revolutions of the century be not required to interpret the quiet depths of his Saga.

Sure it is that none has yet found his place, as sure that none can claim to be his peer, who has not sometime, aye, and for a long time, been his pupil!

Yet much truth has been spoken of him in detail, some by Menzel, but in so superficial a spirit, and with so narrow a view of its bearings, as to have all the effect of falsehood. Such denials of the crown can only fix it more firmly on the head of the "Old Heathen." To such, the best answer may be given in the words of Bettina Brentano, "The others criticize thy works;—I only know that they lead us on and on (fort und fort) till we live in them." And thus will all criticism end in making more men and women read these works, and on and on, till they forget whether the author be a patriot or a moralist, in the deep humanity of thought, the breathing nature of the scene. While words they have accepted with immediate approval fade from memory, these oft-denied words of keen, cold truth return with every new force and significance.

Man should be true, wise, beautiful, pure, and aspiring. This man was true and wise, capable of all things. Because he did not in one short life complete his circle, can we afford to lose him out of sight? Can we, in a world where so few men have in any degree redeemed their inheritance, neglect a nature so rich and so manifestly progressive?

Historically considered, Goethe needs no apology. His so called faults fitted him all the better for the part he had to play. In cool possession of his wide-ranging genius, he taught the imagination of Germany, that the highest flight should be associated with a steady sweep and undazzled eye of the eagle. Was he too much the connoisseur, did he attach too great an importance to the cultivation of taste, where just then German literature so much needed to be refined, polished, and harmonized? Was he too skeptical, too much an experimentalist; how else could he have formed himself to be the keenest, and, at the same time, most nearly universal of observers, teaching theologians, philosophers, and patriots that nature comprehends them all, commands them all, and that no one development of life must exclude the rest. Do you talk, (in the easy cant of the day,) of German obscurity, extravagance, pedantry, and bad taste,—and will you blame this man, whose Greek—English—Italian—German mind steered so clear of these rocks and shoals, clearing, adjusting, and calming on each side, wherever he turned his prow? Was

he not just enough of an idealist, just enough of a realist, for his peculiar task? If you want a moral enthusiast, is not there Schiller? If piety, or pure mystic sweetness, who but Novalis? Exuberant sentiment, that treasures each withered leaf in a tender breast, look to your Richter. Would you have men to find plausible meaning for the deepest enigma, or to hang up each map of literature, well painted and dotted on its proper roller, there are the Schlegels. Men of ideas were numerous as migratory crows in autumn, and Jacobi wrote the heart into philosophy (as well as he could.) Who could fill Goethe's place to Germany, and to the world, of which she is now the teacher? His much-reviled, aristocratic turn was at that time a reconciling element. It is plain why he was what he was, for his country and for his age.

Whoever looks into the history of his youth, will be struck by a peculiar force with which all things worked together to prepare him for his office of artist-critic to the then chaotic world of thought in his country. What an unusually varied scene of childhood and of youth! What endless change and contrast of circumstances and influences! Father and mother, life and literature, world and nature, playing into one another's hands, always by antagonism! Never was a child so carefully guarded by fate against prejudice, against undue bias, against any engrossing sentiment. Nature having given him power of poetical sympathy to know every situation, would not permit him to make himself at home in any. And how early what was most peculiar in his character manifested itself, may be seen in these anecdotes, related by his mother to Bettina.

Of Goethe's childhood. — "He was not willing to play with other little children, unless they were very fair. In a circle he began suddenly to weep, screaming, 'Take away the black, ugly child, I cannot bear to have it here.' He could not be pacified; they were obliged to take him home, and there the mother could hardly console him for the child's ugliness. He was then only three years old."

"His mother was surprised, that when his brother Jacob died, who had been his playmate, he shed no tears, but rather seemed annoyed by the lamentations of those around him. But afterwards, when his mother asked whether he had not loved his brother, he ran into his room and brought

from under his bed a bundle of papers, all written over, and said he had done all this for Jacob."

Even so in later years, had he been asked if he had not loved his country and his fellow men, he would not have answered by tears and vows, but pointed to his works.

In the first anecdote is observable that love of symmetry in external relations which, in manhood, made him give up the woman he loved, because she would not have been in place among the old fashioned furniture of his father's house; and dictated the course which, at the crisis of his life, led him to choose an outward peace rather than an inward joy. In the second, he displays at the earliest age, a sense of his vocation as a recorder, the same which drew him afterwards to write his life into verse, rather than clothe it in action. His indirectness, his aversion to the frankness of heroic meetings, is repulsive and suspicious to generous and flowing natures, yet many of the more delicate products of the mind seem to need these sheaths, lest bird and insect rifle them in the bud. And if this subtlety, isolation, and distance be the dictate of nature, we submit, even as we are not vexed that the wild bee should hide its honey in some old moss-grown tree, rather than in the glass hives of our gardens. We believe it will repay the pains we take in seeking for it, by some peculiar flavor from unknown flowers. Was Goethe the wild bee? We see that even in his boyhood, he showed himself a very Egyptian, in his love for disguises, forever expressing his thought in round-about ways, which seem idle mummery to a mind of Spartan or Roman mould. Had he some simple thing to tell his friend, he read it from the newspaper, or wrote it into a parable. Did he make a visit, he put on the hat or wig of some other man, and made his bow as Schmidt or Schlosser, that they might stare when he spake as Goethe. He gives, as the highest instance of passionate grief, that he gave up one day watching the tedious ceremonies of the imperial coronation. In daily life many of these carefully recorded passages have an air of platitude, at which no wonder the Edinburgh Review laughed. Yet, on examination, they are full of meaning. And when we see the same propensity writing itself into Ganymede, Mahomet's song, the Bayadere, and Faust, telling all Goethe's religion in

Mignon and Makaria, all his wisdom in the Western-Eastern Divan, we respect it, accept, all but love it.

This theme is for a volume, and I must quit it now. A brief summary of what Goethe was suffices to vindicate his existence, as an agent in history and a part of nature, but will not meet the objections of those who measure him, as they have a right to do, by the standard of ideal manhood.

Most men, in judging another man, ask, Did he live up to our standard?

But to me, it seems desirable to ask rather, Did he live up to his own?

So possible is it that our consciences may be more enlightened than that of the Gentile under consideration. And if we can find out how much was given him, we are told, in a pure evangelium, to judge thereby how much shall be required.

Now Goethe has given us both his own standard, and the way to apply it. "To appreciate any man, learn first what object he proposed to himself; next, what degree of earnestness he showed with regard to attaining that object."

And this is part of his hymn for man made in the divine image, "The Godlike."

"Hail to the Unknown, the  
Higher Being  
Felt within us!

"Unfeeling  
Is nature  
Still shineth the sun  
Over good and evil,  
And on the sinner,  
Smile as on the best  
Moon and stars.  
Fate, too, &c.

"There can none but man  
Perform the Impossible.  
He understandeth,  
Chooseth, and judgeth,  
He can impart to the  
Moment duration.

"He alone may  
The Good reward,  
The guilty punish,  
Mend and deliver;  
All the wayward, anomalous  
Bind in the useful.

“ And the Immortals,  
 Them we reverence  
 As if they were men, and  
 Did, on a grand scale,  
 What the best man in little  
 Does, or fain would do.

“ Let noble man  
 Be helpful and good ;  
 Ever creating  
 The Right and the Useful ;  
 Type of those loftier  
 Beings of whom the heart whispers.”

This standard is high enough. It is what every man should express in action, the poet in music !

And this office of a judge, who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, and of a sacred oracle, to whom other men may go to ask when they should choose a friend, when face a foe, this great genius does not adequately fulfil. Too often has the priest left the shrine, to go and gather similes by the aid of spells whose might no pure power needs. Glimpses are found in his works of the highest spirituality, but it is blue sky seen through chinks, in a roof which should never have been built. He has used life to excess. He is too rich for his nobleness, too judicious for his inspiration, too humanly wise for his divine mission. He might have been a priest ; he is only a sage.

An Epicurean sage, says the foregoing article. This seems to me unjust. He is also called a debauchee. There may be reason for such terms, but it is partial, and received, as they will be by the unthinking, they are as false as Menzel's abuse, in the impression they convey. Did Goethe value the present too much ? It was not for the Epicurean aim of pleasure, but for use. He, in this, was but an instance of reaction, in an age of painful doubt and restless striving as to the future. Was his private life stained by profligacy ? That far largest portion of his life, which is ours, and which is expressed in his works is an unbroken series of efforts to develop the higher elements of our being. I cannot speak to private gossip on this subject, nor even to well-authenticated versions of his private life. Here are sixty volumes, by himself and others, which contain sufficient evidence of a life of severe labor, steadfast forbearance, and an intellectual growth almost unpar-

alleled. That he has failed of the highest fulfilment of his high vocation is certain, but he was neither epicurean nor sensualist, if we consider his life as a whole.

Yet he had failed to reach his highest development, and how was it that he was so content with this incompleteness, nay, the serenest of men? His serenity alone, in such a time of skepticism and sorrowful seeking, gives him a claim to all our study. See how he rides at anchor, lordly, rich in freight, every white sail ready to be unfurled at a moment's warning. And it must be a very slight survey, which can confound this calm self-trust with selfish indifference of temperament. Indeed, he in various ways, which I shall mention in a future essay, lets us see how little he was helped in this respect by temperament. But we need not his declaration; the case speaks for itself. Of all that perpetual accomplishment, that unwearied constructiveness, the basis must be sunk deeper than in temperament. He never halts, never repines, never is puzzled, like other men; that tranquility, full of life, that ceaseless but graceful motion, "without haste, without rest," for which we all are striving, he has attained. And is not his lore of the noblest kind, — Reverence the highest, have patience with the lowest. Let this day's performance of the meanest duty be thy religion. Are the stars too distant, pick up that pebble that lies at thy foot, and from it learn the All. Go out, like Saul, the son of Kish, look earnestly after the meanest of thy father's goods, and a kingdom shall be brought thee. The least act of pure self-renunciation hallows, for the moment, all within its sphere. The philosopher may mislead, the devil tempt, yet innocence, though wounded and bleeding as it goes, must reach at last the holy city. The power of sustaining himself, and guiding others, rewards man sufficiently for the longest apprenticeship. Is not this lore the noblest?

Yes, yes, but still I doubt. 'T is true, he says all this in a thousand beautiful forms, but he does not warm, he does not inspire me. In his certainty is no bliss, in his hope no love, in his faith no glow. How is this?

A friend, of a delicate penetration, observed, "His atmosphere was so calm, so full of light, that I hoped he would teach me his secret of cheerfulness. But I found, after long search, that he had no better way, if he wished to



check emotion of clear thought, than to go to work. As his mother tells us, 'My son, if he had a grief, made it into a poem, and so got rid of it.' This mode is founded in truth, but does not involve the whole truth. I want the method which is indicated by the phrase, 'Perseverance of the Saints.'"

This touched the very point. Goethe attained only the perseverance of a man. He was true; for he knew that nothing can be false to him who is true, and that to genius nature had pledged her protection. Had he but seen a little farther, he would have given this covenant a higher expression, and been more deeply true to a diviner nature.

I hope, in the next number of the Dial, to give some account of that period, when a too determined action of the intellect limited and blinded him for the rest of his life. I mean only in comparison with what he should have been. Had it been otherwise, what would he not have attained, who, even thus self-enchained, rose to Ulyssean stature. Connected with this is the fact, of which he spoke with such sarcastic solemnity to Eckerman, "My works will never be popular."

I wish, also, to consider the Faust, Elective Affinities, Apprenticeship and Pilgrimages of Wilhelm Meister, and Iphigenia, as affording indications of the progress of his genius here, of its wants and prospects in future spheres of activity. For the present, I bid him farewell as his friends always have done, in hope and trust of a better meeting.

F.

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SUUM CUIQUE.

THE rain has spoiled the farmer's day;  
 Shall sorrow put my books away?  
 Thereby are two days lost.  
 Nature shall mind her own affairs,  
 I will attend my proper cares,  
 In rain, or sun, or frost.

## THE SPHINX.

THE Sphinx is drowsy,  
 Her wings are furled,  
 Her ear is heavy,  
 She broods on the world.  
 "Who 'll tell me my secret  
 The ages have kept?  
 I awaited the seer  
 While they slumbered and slept."

"The fate of the manchild, —  
 The meaning of man, —  
 Known fruit of the unknown, —  
 Dædalian plan.  
 Out of sleeping a waking,  
 Out of waking a sleep,  
 Life death overtaking,  
 Deep underneath deep.

"Erect as a sunbeam  
 Upspringeth the palm;  
 The elephant browses  
 Undaunted and calm;  
 In beautiful motion  
 The thrush plies his wings,  
 Kind leaves of his covert!  
 Your silence he sings.

"The waves unashamed  
 In difference sweet,  
 Play glad with the breezes,  
 Old playfellows meet.  
 The journeying atoms,  
 Primordial wholes,  
 Firmly draw, firmly drive,  
 By their animate poles.

"Sea, earth, air, sound, silence,  
 Plant, quadruped, bird,  
 By one music enchanted,  
 One deity stirred,  
 Each the other adorning,  
 Accompany still,  
 Night veileth the morning,  
 The vapor the hill.

"The babe, by its mother  
 Lies bathed in joy,  
 Glide its hours uncounted,  
 The sun is its toy;

Shines the peace of all being  
Without cloud in its eyes,  
And the sum of the world  
In soft miniature lies.

“ But man crouches and blushes,  
Absconds and conceals;  
He creepeth and peepeth,  
He palter and steals;  
Infirm, melancholy,  
Jealous glancing around,  
An oaf, an accomplice,  
He poisons the ground.

“ Outspoke the great mother  
Beholding his fear; —  
At the sound of her accents  
Cold shuddered the sphere; —  
‘ Who has drugged my boy’s cup  
Who has mixed my boy’s bread?  
Who, with sadness and madness,  
Has turned the manchild’s head?’ ”

I heard a poet answer  
Aloud and cheerfully,  
“ Say on, sweet Sphinx! — thy dirges  
Are pleasant songs to me.  
Deep love lieth under  
These pictures of time,  
They fade in the light of  
Their meaning sublime.

“ The fiend that man harries  
Is love of the best,  
Yawns the Pit of the Dragon  
Lit by rays from the Blest;  
The Lethe of Nature  
Can’t trance him again,  
Whose soul sees the Perfect  
Which his eyes seek in vain.

“ Profounder, profounder  
Man’s spirit must dive:  
To his aye-rolling orbit  
No goal will arrive.  
The heavens that now draw him  
With sweetness untold,  
Once found, — for new heavens  
He spurneth the old.

“ Pride ruined the angels,  
Their shame them restores:  
And the joy that is sweetest  
Lurks in stings of remorse.

Have I a lover  
 Who is noble and free,—  
 I would he were nobler  
 Than to love me.

“Eterne alternation  
 Now follows, now flies,  
 And under pain, pleasure,—  
 Under pleasure, pain lies.  
 Love works at the centre  
 Heart heaving alway,  
 Forth speed the strong pulses  
 To the borders of day.

“Dull Sphinx, Jove keep thy five wits!  
 Thy sight is growing blear;  
 Hemlock and vitriol for the Sphinx  
 Her muddy eyes to clear.”  
 The old Sphinx bit her thick lip,—  
 Said, “Who taught thee me to name  
 Manchild! I am thy spirit;  
 Of thine eye I am eyebeam.

“Thou art the unanswered question:  
 Couldst see thy proper eye,  
 Alway it asketh, asketh,  
 And each answer is a lie.  
 So take thy quest through nature,  
 It through thousand natures ply,  
 Ask on, thou clothed eternity,  
 Time is the false reply.”

Uprose the merry Sphinx,  
 And crouched no more in stone,  
 She hopped into the baby's eyes,  
 She hopped into the moon,  
 She spired into a yellow flame,  
 She flowered in blossoms red,  
 She flowed into a foaming wave,  
 She stood Monadnoc's head.

Thorough a thousand voices  
 Spoke the universal dame,  
 “Who telleth one of my meanings  
 Is master of all I am.”

## ORPHIC SAYINGS.

BY A. BRONSON ALCOTT.

## LI. REFORM.

The trump of reform is sounding throughout the world for a revolution of all human affairs. This issue we cannot doubt; yet the cries are not without alarm. Already is the axe laid at the root of that spreading tree, whose trunk is idolatry, whose branches are covetousness, war, and slavery, whose blossom is concupiscence, whose fruit is hate. Planted by Beelzebub, it shall be rooted up. Abaddon is pouring his vial on the earth.

## LII. REFORMERS.

Reformers are metallic; they are sharpest steel; they pierce whatsoever of evil or abuse they touch. Their souls are attempered in the fires of heaven; they are nailed in the might of principles, and God backs their purpose. They uproot institutions, erase traditions, revise usages, and renovate all things. They are the noblest of facts. Extant in time, they work for eternity; dwelling with men, they are with God.

## LIII. ARMS.

Three qualities are essential to the reformer,—insight, veneration, valor. These are the arms with which he takes the world. He who wields these divinely shall make an encroachment upon his own age, and the centuries shall capitulate to him at last. To all else, are institutions, men, ages, invulnerable.

## LIV. HERESY.

The reformer substitutes things for words, laws for usage, ideas for idols. But this is ever a deed, daring and damned, for which the culprit was aforesaid cropped, exiled, or slain. In our time, his sentence is commuted to slight and starvation.

## LV. SIMPLICITY.

The words of a just man are mirrors in which the felon

beholds his own features, and shrinks from the portrait painted therein by the speaker. Beware of a just man, he is a limner of souls; he draws in the colors of truth. Cunning durst not sit to him.

#### LVI. PERSON.

Divinely speaking, God is the only person. The personality of man is partial, derivative; not perfect, not original. He becomes more personal as he partakes more largely of divinity. Holiness embosoms him in the God-head, and makes him one with Deity.

#### LVII. PORTRAITS.

We are what we seek; desire, appetite, passion, draw our features, and show us whether we are gods or men, devils or beasts. Always is the soul portraying herself; the statue of our character is hewn from her affections and thoughts.—Wisdom is the soul in picture; holiness in sculpture.

#### LVIII. PERSONALITY.

Truth is most potent when she speaks in general and impersonal terms. Then she rebukes everybody, and all confess before her words. She draws her bow, and lets fly her arrows at broad venture into the ages, to pierce all evils and abuses at heart. She wounds persons through principles, on whose phylactery, "thou art the man," is ever written to the eye of all men.

#### LIX. POPULARITY.

The saints are alone popular in heaven, not on earth; elect of God, they are spurned by the world. They hate their age, its applause, its awards, their own affections even, save as these unite them with justice, with valor, with God. Whoso loves father or mother, wife or child, houses or lands, pleasures or honors, or life, more than these, is an idolater, and worships idols of sense; his life is death; his love hate; his friends foes; his fame infamy.

#### LX. FAME.

Enduring fame is ever posthumous. The orbs of virtue and genius seldom culminate during their terrestrial periods.

Slow is the growth of great names, slow the procession of excellence into arts, institutions, life. Ages alone reflect their fulness of lustre. The great not only unseal, but create the organs by which they are to be seen. Neither Socrates nor Jesus is yet visible to the world.

## LXI. TEMPTATION.

The man of sublime gifts has his temptation amidst the solitudes to which he is driven by his age as proof of his integrity. Yet nobly he withstands this trial, conquering both Satan and the world by overcoming himself. He bows not down before the idols of time, but is constant to the divine ideal that haunts his heart, — a spirit of serene and perpetual peace.

## LXII. LIGHT.

Oblivion of the world is knowledge of heaven, — of sin, holiness, — of time, eternity. The world, sin, time, are interpolations into the authentic scripture of the soul, denoting her lapse from God, innocence, heaven. Of these the child and God are alike ignorant. They have not fallen from their estate of divine intuition, into the dark domain of sense, wherein all is but shadowy reminiscence of substance and light, of innocence and clarity. Their life is above memory and hope, — a life, not of knowledge, but of sight.

## LXIII. PROBITY.

The upright man holds fast his integrity amidst all reverses. Exiled by his principles from the world, a solitary amidst his age, he stands aloof from the busy haunts and low toils of his race. Amidst the general sterility he ripens for God. He is above the gauds and baits of sense. His taskmaster is in heaven; his field eternity; his wages peace. Away from him are all golden trophies, fames, honors, soft flatteries, comforts, homes, and couches in time. He lives in the smile of God; nor fears the frowns, nor courts the favor of men. With him the mint of immortal honor is not in the thronged market, but in the courts of the heart, whose awards bear not devices of applauding hosts, but of reviling soldiery, — of stakes and gibbets,

— and are the guerdon not of the trial imposed, but of the valor that overcame it.

#### LXIV. SOPHISTRY.

Always are the ages infested with dealers in stolen treasures. Church, state, school, traffic largely in such contraband wares, and would send genius and probity, as of old, Socrates and Jesus, into the markets and thoroughfares, to higgler with publicans and sophists for their own properties. But yet the wit and will of these same vagrants is not only coin, but stock in trade for all the business of the world. Mammon counterfeits the scripture of God, and his partners, the church, the state, the school, share the profit of his peculations on mankind.

#### LXV. BREAD.

Fools and blind! not bread, but the lack of it is God's high argument. Wouldst enter into life? Beg bread then. In the kingdom of God are love and bread consociated, but in the realm of mammon, bread sojourns with lies, and truth is a starvling. Yet praised be God, he has bread in his exile which mammon knows not of.

#### LXVI. LABOR.

Labor is sweet; nor is that a stern decree that sends man into the fields to earn his bread in the sweat of his face. Labor is primeval; it replaces man in Eden,—the garden planted by God. It exalts and humanizes the soul. Life in all its functions and relations then breathes of groves and fountains, of simplicity and health. Man discourses sublimely with the divinities over the plough, the spade, the sickle, marrying the soul and the soil by the rites of labor. Sloth is the tempter that beguiles him of innocence, and exiles him from Paradise. Let none esteem himself beloved of the divine Husbandman, unless he earn the wages of peace in his vineyard. Yet now the broad world is full of idlers; the fields are barren; the age is hungry; there is no corn. The harvests are of tares and not of wheat. Gaunt is the age; even as the seedsman winnows the chaff from the wheat, shall the winds of reform blow this vanity away.



## LXVII. DIABOLUS.

Seek God in the seclusion of your own soul ; the prince of devils in the midst of multitudes. Beelzebub rules masses, God individuals. *Vox populi vox dei*, — never, (save where passion and interest are silent,) but *vox populi vox diaboli*.

## LXVIII. DOGMATISM.

The ages dogmatize, and would stifle the freest and boldest thought. Their language is, — our possessions skirt space, and we veto all possible discoveries of time. We are heirs of all wisdom, all excellence ; none shall pass our confines ; vain is the dream of a wilderness of thought to be vanquished by rebellion against us ; we inherit the patrimony of God, — all goods in the gift of omnipotence.

## LXIX. GENIUS AND SANCTITY.

A man's period is according to the directness and intensity of his light. Not erudition, not taste, not intellect, but character, describes his orbit and determines the worlds he shall enlighten. Genius and sanctity cast no shadow ; like the sun at broad noon, the ray of these orbs pours direct intense on the world, and they are seen in their own light.

## LXX. CHARACTER.

Character is the genius of conscience, as wit is of intellect. The prophet and bard are original men, and their lives and works being creations of divine art, are inimitable. Imitation and example are sepulchres in which the ages entomb their disciples. The followers of God are alone immortal.

## LXXI. LIFE.

It is life, not scripture ; character, not biography, that renovates mankind. The letter of life vitiates its spirit. Virtue and genius refuse to be written. The scribe weaves his own mythus of superstition always into his scripture.

## LXXII. BARRENESS.

Opinions are life in foliage ; deeds, in fruitage. Always is the fruitless tree accursed.

## LXXIII. SCRIPTURE.

All scripture is the record of life, and is sacred or profane, as the life it records is holy or vile. Every noble life is a revelation from heaven, which the joy and hope of mankind preserve to the world. Nor while the soul endures, shall the book of revelation be sealed. Her scriptures, like herself, are inexhaustible, without beginning or end.

## LXXIV. SACRED BOOKS.

The current version of all sacred books is profane. The ignorance and passions of men interpolate themselves into the text, and vitiate both its doctrine and ethics. But this is revised, at successive eras, by prophets, who, holding direct communication with the source of life and truth, translate their eternal propositions from the sacred into the common speech of man, and thus give the word anew to the world.

## LXXV. RESURRECTION.

A man must live his life to apprehend it. There have been few living men and hence few lives; most have lived their death. Men have no faith in life. There goes indeed a rumor through the ages concerning it, but the few, who affirm knowledge of the fact, are slain always to verify the popular doubt. Men assert, not the resurrection of the soul from the body, but of the body from the grave, as a revelation of life. Faithless and blind! the body is the grave; let the dead arise from these sepulchres of concupiscence, and know by experience that life is immortal. Only the living know that they live; the dead know only of death.

## LXXVI. MIRACLES.

To apprehend a miracle, a man must first have wrought it. He knows only what he has lived, and interprets all facts in the light of his experience. Miracles are spiritual experiences, not feats of legerdemain, not freaks of nature. It is the spiritual sight that discerns whatsoever is painted to sense. Flesh is faithless and blind.

## LXXVII. FACT AND FABLE.

Facts, reported, are always false. Only sanctity and genius are eyewitnesses of the same; and their intuition, yet not their scriptures, are alone authentic. Not only all scripture, but all thought is fabulous. Life is the only pure fact, and this cannot be written to sense; it must be lived, and thus expurgate all scriptures.

## LXXVIII. REVELATION.

Revelation is mediate or immediate; speculative or intuitive. It is addressed to conscience or reason,—to sight or sense. Reason receives the light through mediums and mediators; conscience direct from its source. The light of one is opaque; of the other, clear. The prophet, whose eye is coincident with the celestial ray, receives this into his breast, and intensifying there, it kindles on his brow a serene and perpetual day. But the worldling, with face averted from God, reflects divinity through the obscure twilight of his own brain, and remains in the blindness of his own darkness, a deceptive meteor of the night.

## LXXIX. PROPHET.

The prophet appeals direct to the heart. He addresses the divine in the breast. His influence is subtle; the reverence he inspires occult. His words are winged with marvels; his deeds mysteries; his life a miracle. Piety kneels at the shrine of his genius, and reads his mystic scriptures, as oracles of the divinity in the breasts of all men.

## LXXX. TEACHER.

The true teacher defends his pupils against his own personal influence. He inspires self-trust. He guides their eyes from himself to the spirit that quickens him. He will have no disciples. A noble artist, he has visions of excellence and revelations of beauty, which he has neither impersonated in character, nor embodied in words. His life and teachings are but studies for yet nobler ideals.

## LXXXI. EXPERIENCE.

A man's idea of God corresponds to his ideal of himself. The nobler he is, the more exalted his God. His own

culture and discipline are a revelation of divinity. He apprehends the divine character as he comprehends his own. Humanity is the glass of divinity; experience of the soul is a revelation of God.

## LXXXII. OBEDIENCE.

Obedience is the mediator of the soul. It is the organ of immediate inspiration; the hierophant of the Godhead. It is the method of revelation; the law of all culture.

## LXXXIII. RETRIBUTION.

The laws of the soul and of nature are forecast and preordained in the spirit of God, and are ever executing themselves through conscience in man, and gravity in things. Man's body and the world are organs, through which the retributions of the spiritual universe are justified to reason and sense. Disease and misfortune are memoranda of violations of the divine law, written in the letter of pain and evil.

## LXXXIV. WORSHIP.

The ritual of the soul is preordained in her relations to God, man, nature, herself. Life, with its varied duties, is her ordained worship; labor and meditation her sacraments. Whatsoever violates this order is idolatry and sacrilege. A holy spirit, she hallows all times, places, services; and perpetually she consecrates her temples, and ministers at the altars of her divinity. Her censer flames always toward heaven, and the spirit of God descends to kindle her devotions.

## LXXXV. BAPTISM.

Except a man be born of water and of spirit, he cannot apprehend eternal life. Sobriety is clarity; sanctity is sight. John baptizes Jesus. Repent, abstain, resolve;—thus purify yourself in this laver of regeneration, and become a denizen of the kingdom of God.

## LXXXVI. CARNAGE.

Conceive of slaughter and flesh-eating in Eden.

## LXXXVII. TRADITION.

Tradition suckles the young ages, who imbibe health or disease, insight or ignorance, valor or pusillanimity, as the

stream of life flows down from urns of sobriety or luxury, from times of wisdom or folly, honor or shame.

## LXXXVIII. RENUNCIATION.

Renounce the world, yourself; and you shall possess the world, yourself, and God.

## LXXXIX. VALOR.

Man's impotence is his pusillanimity. Duty alone is necessity; valor, might. This bridles the actual, yokes circumstance to do its bidding, and wields the arms of omnipotence. Fidelity, magnanimity, win the crown of heaven, and invest the soul with the attributes of God.

## XC. MEEKNESS.

All men honor meekness; and make her their confessor. She wins all hearts; all vulgar natures do her homage. The demons flee, and the unclean Calabans and Satyrs become menials in her imperial presence. She is the potentate of the world.

## XCI. GENTLENESS.

I love to regard all souls as babes, yet in their prime and innocence of being, nor would I upbraid rudely a fellow creature, but treat him as tenderly as an infant. I would be gentle alway. Gentleness is the divinest of graces, and all men joy in it. Yet seldom does it appear on earth. Not in the face of man, nor yet often in that of woman (O apostacy,) but in the countenance of childhood it sometimes lingers, even amidst the violence, the dispathy that beset it; there, for a little while, fed by divine fires, the serene flame glows, but soon flickers and dies away, choked by the passions and lusts of sense — its embers smouldering alone in the bosoms of men.

## XCII. INDIVIDUALS.

Individuals are sacred: creeds, usages, institutions, as they cherish and reverence the individual. The world, the state, the church, the school, all are felons whensoever they violate the sanctity of the private heart. God, with his saints and martyrs, holds thrones, polities, hierarchies, amenable to the same, and time pours her vial of just retri-

bution on their heads. A man is divine ; mightier, holier, than rulers or powers ordained of time.

#### XCI. MESSIAS.

The people look always for a political, not spiritual Messiah. They desire a ruler from the world, not from heaven — a monarch who shall conform both church and state to their maxims and usages. So church and state become functions of the world, and mammon, with his court of priests and legislators, usurps the throne of conscience in the soul, to rule saints and prophets for a time.

#### XCIV. CHRISTENDOM.

Christendom is infidel. It violates the sanctity of man's conscience. It speaks not from the lively oracles of the soul, but reads instead from the traditions of men. It quotes history, not life. It denounces as heresy and impiety the intuitions of the individual, denies the inspiration of souls, and intrudes human dogmas and usages between conscience and God. It excludes the saints from its bosom, and with these excommunicates, as the archheretic, Jesus of Nazareth also.

#### XCV. CHRISTIANS.

Christians lean on Jesus, not on the soul. Such was not the doctrine of this noble reformer. He taught man's independence of all men, and a faith and trust in the soul herself. Christianity is the doctrine of self-support. It teaches man to be upright, not supine. Jesus gives his arm to none save those who stand erect, independent of church, state, or the world, in the integrity of self-insight and valor. Cast aside thy crutch, O Christendom, and by faith in the soul, arise and walk. Thy faith alone shall make thee whole.

#### XCVI. PENTECOST.

The pentecost of the soul draws near. Inspiration, silent long, is unsealing the lips of prophets and bards, and soon shall the vain babblings of men die away, and their ears be given to the words of the Holy Ghost ; their tongues cloven with celestial eloquence.

## XCVII. IMMORTALITY.

It is because the soul is immortal that all her organs de-  
 cease, and are again renewed. Growth and decay, sepul-  
 ture and resurrection, tread fast on the heel of the other.  
 Birth entombs death; death encradles birth. The incor-  
 ruptible is ever putting off corruption; the immortal mor-  
 tality. Nature, indeed, is but the ashes of the departed  
 soul, and the body her urn.

## XCVIII. OBITUARY.

Things are memoirs of ideas; ideas the body of laws;  
 laws the breath of God. All nature is the sepulchre of the  
 risen soul, life her epitaph, and scripture her obituary.

## XCIX. ETERNITY.

The soul doth not chronicle her age. Her consciousness  
 opens in the dimness of tradition; she is cradled in mystery,  
 and her infancy invested in fable. Yet a celestial light  
 irradiates this obscurity of birth, and reveals her spiritual  
 lineage. Ancestor of the world, prior to time, elder than  
 her incarnation, neither spaces, times, genealogies, publish  
 her date. Memory is the history, Hope the prophecy of  
 her inborn eternity. Dateless, timeless, she is coeval with  
 God.

## C. SILENCE.

Silence is the initiative to wisdom. Wit is silent, and  
 justifies her children by their reverence of the voiceless  
 oracles of the breast. Inspiration is dumb, a listener to the  
 oracles during her nonage; suddenly she speaks, to mock  
 the emptiness of all speech. Silence is the dialect of  
 heaven; the utterance of Gods.

## WOMAN.

THERE have been no topics, for the last two years, more generally talked of than woman, and "the sphere of woman." In society, everywhere, we hear the same oft-repeated things said upon them by those who have little perception of the difficulties of the subject; and even the clergy have frequently flattered "the feebler sex," by proclaiming to them from the pulpit what lovely things they may become, if they will only be good, quiet, and gentle, attend exclusively to their domestic duties, and the cultivation of religious feelings, which the other sex very kindly relinquish to them as their inheritance. Such preaching is very popular!

Blessed indeed would that man be, who could penetrate the difficulties of this subject, and tell the world faithfully and beautifully what new thing he has discovered about it, or what old truth he has brought to light. The poet's lovely vision of an ethereal being, hovering half seen above him, in his hour of occupation, and gliding gently into his retirement, sometimes a guardian angel, sometimes an unobtrusive companion, wrapt in a silvery veil of mildest radiance, his idealized Eve or Ophelia, is an exquisite picture for the eye; the sweet verse in which he tells us of her, most witching music to the ear; but she is not woman, she is only the spiritualized image of that tender class of women he loves the best, — one whom no true woman could or would become; and if the poet could ever be unkind, we should deem him most so when he reproves the sex, planted as it is in the midst of wearing cares and perplexities, for its departure from this high, beatified ideal of his, to which he loves to give the name of woman. Woman may be soothed by his sweet numbers, but she cannot be helped by his counsels, for he knows her not as she is and must be. All adjusting of the whole sex to a sphere is vain, for no two persons naturally have the same. Character, intellect creates the sphere of each. What is individual and peculiar to each determines it. We hear a great deal everywhere of the religious duties of women. That heaven has placed man and woman in different positions, given them different starting points, (for what is the whole of life, with its varied temporal relations, but a starting



point,) there can be no doubt; but religion belongs to them as beings, not as male and female. The true teacher addresses the same language to both. Christ did so, and this separation is ruinous to the highest improvement of both. Difference of position surely does not imply different qualities of head and heart, for the same qualities, as we see every day, are demanded in a variety of positions, the variety merely giving them a different direction.

As we hear a great deal in society, and from the pulpit, of the religious duties of women, so do we hear a great deal of the contemplative life they lead, or ought to lead. It seems an unknown, or at least an unacknowledged fact, that in the spot where man throws aside his heavy responsibilities, his couch of rest is often prepared by his faithful wife, at the sacrifice of all her quiet contemplation and leisure. She is pursued into her most sacred sanctuaries by petty anxieties, haunting her loneliest hours, by temptations taking her by surprise, by cares so harassing, that the most powerful talents and the most abundant intellectual and moral resources are scarce sufficient to give her strength to ward them off. If there is a being exposed to turmoil and indurating care, it is woman, in the retirement of her own home; and if she makes peace and warmth there, it is not by her sweet religious sensibility, her gentle benevolence, her balmy tenderness, but by a strength and energy as great and untiring as leads man to battle, or supports him in the strife of the political arena, though these sturdier qualities unfold often, both in man and woman, in an atmosphere of exquisite refinement and sensibility. The gentle breeze of summer pauses to rest its wing upon the broad oak-leaf, as upon the violet's drooping flower. If woman's position did not bring out all the faculties of the soul, we might demand a higher for her; but she does not need one higher or wider than nature has given her. Very few of her sex suspect even how noble and beautiful is that which they legitimately occupy, for they are early deprived of the privilege of seeing things as they are.

In our present state of society woman possesses not; she is under possession. A dependant, except in extreme hours of peril or moral conflict, when each is left to the mercy of the unfriendly elements alone, for in every mental or physical crisis of life the Infinite has willed each soul to be alone,

nothing interposing between it and himself. At times, when most a being needs protection, none but the highest can protect. Man may soothe, but he cannot shelter from, or avert the storm, however solemnly he may promise it to himself or others in the bright hours. When most needed he is most impotent.

Woman is educated with the tacit understanding, that she is only half a being, and an appendage. First, she is so to her parents, whose opinions, perhaps prejudices, are engrafted into her before she knows what an opinion is. Thus provided she enters life, and society seizes her; her faculties of observation are sharpened, often become fearfully acute, though in some sort discriminating, and are ever after so occupied with observing that she never penetrates. In the common course of events she is selected as the life-companion of some one of the other sex; because selected, she fixes her affections upon him, and hardly ventures to exercise upon him even her powers of observation. Then he creates for her a home, which should be constructed by their mutual taste and efforts. She finds him not what she expected; she is disappointed and becomes captious, complaining of woman's lot, or discouraged and crushed by it. She thinks him perfect, adopts his prejudices, adds them to her early stock, and ever defends them with his arguments; where she differs from him in taste and habits, she believes herself in the wrong and him in the right, and spends life in conforming to him, instead of moulding herself to her own ideal. Thus she loses her individuality, and never gains his respect. Her life is usually bustle and hurry, or barren order, dreary decorum and method, without vitality. Her children perhaps love her, but she is only the upper nurse; the father, the oracle. His wish is law, hers only the unavailing sigh uttered in secret. She looks out into life, finds nothing there but confusion, and congratulates herself that it is man's business, not hers, to look through it all, and find stern principle seated tranquilly at the centre of things. Is this woman's destiny? Is she to be the only adventurer, who pursues her course through life aimless, tossed upon the waves of circumstance, intoxicated by joy, panic-struck by misfortune, or stupidly receptive of it? Is she neither to soar to heaven like the lark, nor bend her way, led by an unerring guide, to climes

congenial to her nature? Is she always to flutter and flutter, and at last drop into the wave? Man would not have it so, for he reveres the gently firm. Man does not ridicule nor expose to suffering the woman who aspires, he wishes not for blind reverence, but intelligent affection; not for supremacy, but to be understood; not for obedience, but companionship; it is the weak and ignorant of her own sex who brand her, but the enigma still remains unsolved, why are so many of the sex allowed to remain weak and frivolous?

The minor cares of life thronging the path of woman, demand as much reflection and clear-sightedness, and involve as much responsibility, as those of man. Why is she not encouraged to think and penetrate through externals to principles? She should be seen, after the first dreamlike years of unconscious childhood are passed, meekly and reverently questioning and encouraged to question the opinions of others, calmly contemplating beauty in all its forms, studying the harmony of life, as well as of outward nature, deciding nothing, learning all things, gradually forming her own ideal, which, like that represented in the sculptured figures of the old Persian sovereigns, should cheeringly and protectingly hover over her. Society would attract her, and then gracefully mingling in it, she should still be herself, and there find her relaxation, not her home. She should feel that our highest hours are always our lonely ones, and that nothing is good that does not prepare us for these. Beautiful and graceful forms should come before her as revelations of divine beauty, but no charm of outward grace should tempt her to recede one hair's breadth from her uncompromising demand for the noblest nature in her chosen companion, guided in her demands by what she finds within herself, seeking an answering note to her own inner melody, but not sweetly lulling herself into the belief that she has found in him the full-toned harmony of the celestial choirs. If her demand is satisfied, let her not lean, but attend on him as a watchful friend. Her own individuality should be as precious to her as his love. Let her see that the best our most sympathising friend can do for us is, to throw a genial atmosphere around us, and strew our path with golden opportunities; but our path can never be another's, and we must always walk alone. Let no drudgery degrade

her high vocation of creator of a happy home. Household order must prevail, but let her ennoble it by detecting its relation to that law which keeps the planets in their course. Every new relation and every new scene should be a new page in the book of the mysteries of life, reverently and lovingly perused, but if folded down, never to be read again, it must be regarded as only the introduction to a brighter one. The faults of those she loves should never be veiled by her affection, but placed in their true relation to character, by the deep insight with which she penetrates beneath them. With high heroic courage, she should measure the strength of suffering before it comes, that she may not meet it unprepared. Her life-plan should be stern, but not unyielding. Her hours, precious treasures lent to her, carefully to be protected from vulgar intrusion, but which women are constantly scattering around them, like small coin, to be picked up by every needy wayfarer. Thought should be her atmosphere; books her food; friends her occasional solace. Prosperity will not dazzle her, for her own spirit is always brighter than its sunshine, and if the deepest sorrow visits her, it will only come to lift her to a higher region, where, with all of life far beneath her, she may sit regally apart till the end.

Is this the ideal of a perfect woman, and if so, how does it differ from a perfect man?

W. N.

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SONNET.

TO A VOICE HEARD IN MOUNT AUBURN, JULY, 1839.

LIKE the low warblings of a leaf-hid bird,  
 Thy voice came to me through the screening trees,  
 Singing the simplest, long-known melodies;  
 I had no glimpse of thee, and yet I heard  
 And blessed thee for each clearly-carolled word;  
 I longed to thank thee, and my heart would frame  
 Mary or Ruth, some sisterly sweet name  
 For thee, yet could I not my lips have stirred;  
 I *knew* that thou wert lovely, that thine eyes  
 Were blue and downcast, and methought large tears,  
 Unknown to thee, up to their lids must rise,  
 With half-sad memories of other years,  
 As to thyself alone thou sangest o'er  
 Words that to childhood seemed to say, "No more!"

M. L. O.

## THOUGHTS ON ART.

EVERY department of life at the present day, — Trade, Politics, Letters, Science, Religion, — seem to feel, and to labor to express the identity of their law. They are rays of one sun; they translate each into a new language the sense of the other. They are sublime when seen as emanations of a Necessity contradistinguished from the vulgar Fate, by being instant and alive, and dissolving man as well as his works, in its flowing beneficence. This influence is conspicuously visible in the principles and history of Art.

On one side, in primary communication with absolute truth, through thought and instinct, the human mind tends by an equal necessity, on the other side, to the publication and embodiment of its thought, — modified and dwarfed by the impurity and untruth which, in all our experience, injures the wonderful medium through which it passes. The child not only suffers, but cries; not only hungers, but eats. The man not only thinks, but speaks and acts. Every thought that arises in the mind, in its rising, aims to pass out of the mind into act; just as every plant, in the moment of germination, struggles up to light. Thought is the seed of action; but action is as much its second form as thought is its first. It rises in thought to the end, that it may be uttered and acted. The more profound the thought, the more burdensome. Always in proportion to the depth of its sense does it knock importunately at the gates of the soul, to be spoken, to be done. What is in, will out. It struggles to the birth. Speech is a great pleasure, and action is a great pleasure; they cannot be forborne.

The utterance of thought and emotion in speech and action may be conscious or unconscious. The sucking child is an unconscious actor. A man in an extasy of fear or anger is an unconscious actor. A large part of our habitual actions are unconsciously done, and most of our necessary words are unconsciously said.

The conscious utterance of thought, by speech or action, to any end, is Art. From the first imitative babble of a child to the despotism of eloquence; from his first pile of toys or chip bridge, to the masonry of Eddystone lighthouse or the Erie canal; from the tattooing of the Owhy-

hees to the Vatican Gallery; from the simplest expedient of private prudence to the American Constitution; from its first to its last works, Art is the spirit's voluntary use and combination of things to serve its end. The Will distinguishes it as spiritual action. Relatively to themselves, the bee, the bird, the beaver, have no art, for what they do, they do instinctively; but relatively to the Supreme Being, they have. And the same is true of all unconscious action; relatively to the doer, it is instinct; relatively to the First Cause, it is Art. In this sense, recognising the Spirit which informs Nature, Plato rightly said, "Those things which are said to be done by Nature, are indeed done by Divine Art." Art, universally, is the spirit creative. It was defined by Aristotle, "The reason of the thing, without the matter," as he defined the art of ship-building to be, "All of the ship but the wood."

If we follow the popular distinction of works according to their aim, we should say, the Spirit, in its creation, aims at use or at beauty, and hence Art divides itself into the Useful and the Fine Arts.

The useful arts comprehend not only those that lie next to instinct, as agriculture, building, weaving, &c., but also navigation, practical chemistry, and the construction of all the grand and delicate tools and instruments by which man serves himself; as language; the watch; the ship; the decimal cipher; and also the sciences, so far as they are made serviceable to political economy.

The moment we begin to reflect on the pleasure we receive from a ship, a railroad, a dry dock; or from a picture, a dramatic representation, a statue, a poem, we find that they have not a quite simple, but a blended origin. We find that the question, — What is Art? leads us directly to another, — Who is the artist? and the solution of this is the key to the history of Art.

I hasten to state the principle which prescribes, through different means, its firm law to the useful and the beautiful arts. The law is this. The universal soul is the alone creator of the useful and the beautiful; therefore to make anything useful or beautiful, the individual must be submitted to the universal mind.

In the first place, let us consider this in reference to the useful arts. Here the omnipotent agent is Nature; all

human acts are satellites to her orb. Nature is the representative of the universal mind, and the law becomes this,—that Art must be a complement to nature, strictly subsidiary. It was said, in allusion to the great structures of the ancient Romans, the aqueducts and bridges, — that their “Art was a Nature working to municipal ends.” That is a true account of all just works of useful art. Smeaton built Eddystone lighthouse on the model of an oak tree, as being the form in nature best designed to resist a constant assailing force. Dollond formed his achromatic telescope on the model of the human eye. Duhamel built a bridge, by letting in a piece of stronger timber for the middle of the under surface, getting his hint from the structure of the shin-bone.

The first and last lesson of the useful arts is, that nature tyrannizes over our works. They must be conformed to her law, or they will be ground to powder by her omnipresent activity. Nothing droll, nothing whimsical will endure. Nature is ever interfering with Art. You cannot build your house or pagoda as you will, but as you must. There is a quick bound set to our caprice. The leaning tower can only lean so far. The verandah or pagoda roof can curve upward only to a certain point. The slope of your roof is determined by the weight of snow. It is only within narrow limits that the discretion of the architect may range. Gravity, wind, sun, rain, the size of men and animals, and such like, have more to say than he. It is the law of fluids that prescribes the shape of the boat,—keel, rudder, and bows,—and, in the finer fluid above, the form and tackle of the sails. Man seems to have no option about his tools, but merely the necessity to learn from Nature what will fit best, as if he were fitting a screw or a door. Beneath a necessity thus almighty, what is artificial in man’s life seems insignificant. He seems to take his task so minutely from intimations of Nature, that his works become as it were hers, and he is no longer free.

But if we work within this limit, she yields us all her strength. All powerful action is performed, by bringing the forces of nature to bear upon our objects. We do not grind corn or lift the loom by our own strength, but we build a mill in such a position as to set the north wind to play upon our instrument, or the elastic force of steam, or

the ebb and flow of the sea. So in our handiwork, we do few things by muscular force, but we place ourselves in such attitudes as to bring the force of gravity, that is, the weight of the planet, to bear upon the spade or the axe we wield. What is it that gives force to the blow of the axe or crowbar? Is it the muscles of the laborer's arm, or is it the attraction of the whole globe below it, on the axe or bar? In short, in all our operations we seek not to use our own, but to bring a quite infinite force to bear.

Let us now consider this law as it affects the works that have beauty for their end, that is, the productions of the Fine Arts.

Here again the prominent fact is subordination of man. His art is the least part of his work of art. A great deduction is to be made before we can know his proper contribution to it.

Music, eloquence, poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture. This is a rough enumeration of the Fine Arts. I omit rhetoric, which only respects the form of eloquence and poetry. Architecture and eloquence are mixed arts, whose end is sometimes beauty and sometimes use.

It will be seen that in each of these arts there is much which is not spiritual. Each has a material basis, and in each the creating intellect is crippled in some degree by the stuff on which it works. The basis of poetry is language, which is material only on one side. It is a demi-god. But being applied primarily to the common necessities of man, it is not new created by the poet for his own ends.

The basis of music is the qualities of the air and the vibrations of sonorous bodies. The pulsation of a stretched string or wire, gives the ear the pleasure of sweet sound, before yet the musician has enhanced this pleasure by concords and combinations.

Eloquence, as far as it is a fine art, is modified how much by the material organization of the orator, the tone of the voice, the physical strength, the play of the eye and countenance! All this is so much deduction from the purely spiritual pleasure. All this is so much deduction from the merit of Art, and is the attribute of Nature.

In painting, bright colors stimulate the eye, before yet they are harmonized into a landscape. In sculpture and in architecture, the material, as marble or granite; and in



architecture, the mass, — are sources of great pleasure, quite independent of the artificial arrangement. The art resides in the model, in the plan, for it is on that the genius of the artist is expended, not on the statue, or the temple. Just as much better as is the polished statue of dazzling marble than the clay model; or as much more impressive as is the granite cathedral or pyramid than the ground-plan or profile of them on paper, so much more beauty owe they to Nature than to Art.

There is a still larger deduction to be made from the genius of the artist in favor of Nature than I have yet specified.

A jumble of musical sounds on a viol or a flute, in which the rhythm of the tune is played without one of the notes being right, gives pleasure to the unskilful ear. A very coarse imitation of the human form on canvass, or in wax-work, — a very coarse sketch in colors of a landscape, in which imitation is all that is attempted, — these things give to unpracticed eyes, to the uncultured, who do not ask a fine spiritual delight, almost as much pleasure as a statue of Canova or a picture of Titian.

And in the statue of Canova, or the picture of Titian, these give the great part of the pleasure; they are the basis on which the fine spirit rears a higher delight, but to which these are indispensable.

Another deduction from the genius of the artist is what is conventional in his art, of which there is much in every work of art. Thus how much is there that is not original in every particular building, in every statue, in every tune, in every painting, in every poem, in every harangue. Whatever is national or usual; as the usage of building all Roman churches in the form of a cross, the prescribed distribution of parts of a theatre, the custom of draping a statue in classical costume. Yet who will deny that the merely conventional part of the performance contributes much to its effect?

One consideration more exhausts, I believe, all the deductions from the genius of the artist in any given work.

This is the adventitious. Thus the pleasure that a noble temple gives us, is only in part owing to the temple. It is exalted by the beauty of sunlight, by the play of the clouds, by the landscape around it, by its grouping with the houses, and trees, and towers, in its vicinity. The pleasure of

eloquence is in greatest part owing often to the stimulus of the occasion which produces it; to the magic of sympathy, which exalts the feeling of each, by radiating on him the feeling of all.

The effect of music belongs how much to the place, as the church, or the moonlight walk, or to the company, or, if on the stage, to what went before in the play, or to the expectation of what shall come after.

In poetry, "It is tradition more than invention helps the poet to a good fable." The adventitious beauty of poetry may be felt in the greater delight which a verse gives in happy quotation than in the poem.

It is a curious proof of our conviction that the artist does not feel himself to be the parent of his work and is as much surprised at the effect as we, that we are so unwilling to impute our best sense of any work of art to the author. The very highest praise we can attribute to any writer, painter, sculptor, builder, is, that he actually possessed the thought or feeling with which he has inspired us. We hesitate at doing Spenser so great an honor as to think that he intended by his allegory the sense we affix to it. We grudge to Homer the wise human circumspection his commentators ascribed to him. Even Shakspeare, of whom we can believe everything, we think indebted to Goethe and to Coleridge for the wisdom they detect in his Hamlet and Anthony. Especially have we this infirmity of faith in contemporary genius. We fear that Allston and Greenough did not foresee and design all the effect they produce on us.

Our arts are happy hits. We are like the musician on the lake, whose melody is sweeter than he knows, or like a traveller, surprised by a mountain echo, whose trivial word returns to him in romantic thunders.

In view of these facts, I say that the power of Nature predominates over the human will in all works of even the fine arts, in all that respects their material and external circumstances. Nature paints the best part of the picture; carves the best part of the statue; builds the best part of the house; and speaks the best part of the oration. For all the advantages to which I have adverted are such as the artist did not consciously produce. He relied on their aid, he put himself in the way to receive aid from some of them, but he saw that his planting and his watering waited for the sunlight of Nature, or was vain.

Let us proceed to the consideration of the great law stated in the beginning of this essay, as it affects the purely spiritual part of a work of art.

As in useful art, so far as it is useful, the work must be strictly subordinated to the laws of Nature, so as to become a sort of continuation, and in no wise a contradiction of Nature; so in art that aims at beauty as an end, must the parts be subordinated to Ideal Nature, and everything individual abstracted, so that it shall be the production of the universal soul.

The artist, who is to produce a work which is to be admired not by his friends or his townspeople, or his contemporaries, but by all men; and which is to be more beautiful to the eye in proportion to its culture, must disindividualize himself, and be a man of no party, and no manner, and no age, but one through whom the soul of all men circulates, as the common air through his lungs. He must work in the spirit in which we conceive a prophet to speak, or an angel of the Lord to act, that is, he is not to speak his own words, or do his own works, or think his own thoughts, but he is to be an organ through which the universal mind acts.

In speaking of the useful arts, I pointed to the fact, that we do not dig, or grind, or hew, by our muscular strength, but by bringing the weight of the planet to bear on the spade, axe, or bar. Precisely analogous to this, in the fine arts, is the manner of our intellectual work. We aim to hinder our individuality from acting. So much as we can shove aside our egotism, our prejudice, and will, and bring the omniscience of reason upon the subject before us, so perfect is the work. The wonders of Shakspeare are things which he saw whilst he stood aside, and then returned to record them. The poet aims at getting observations without aim; to subject to thought things seen without (voluntary) thought.

In eloquence, the great triumphs of the art are, when the orator is lifted above himself; when consciously he makes himself the mere tongue of the occasion and the hour, and says what cannot but be said. Hence the French phrase *l'abandon*, to describe the self-surrender of the orator. Not his will, but the principle on which he is horsed, the great connexion and crisis of events thunder in the ear of the crowd.

In poetry, where every word is free, every word is necessary. Good poetry could not have been otherwise written than it is. The first time you hear it, it sounds rather as if copied out of some invisible tablet in the Eternal mind, than as if arbitrarily composed by the poet. The feeling of all great poets has accorded with this. They found the verse, not made it. The muse brought it to them.

In sculpture, did ever any body call the Apollo a fancy piece? Or say of the Laocöon how it might be made different? A masterpiece of art has in the mind a fixed place in the chain of being, as much as a plant or a crystal.

The whole language of men, especially of artists, in reference to this subject, points at the belief, that every work of art, in proportion to its excellence, partakes of the precision of fate; no room was there for choice; no play for fancy; for the moment, or in the successive moments, when that form was seen, the iron lids of Reason were unclosed, which ordinarily are heavy with slumber: that the individual mind became for the moment the vent of the mind of humanity.

There is but one Reason. The mind that made the world is not one mind, but *the* mind. Every man is an inlet to the same, and to all of the same. And every work of art is a more or less pure manifestation of the same. Therefore we arrive at this conclusion, which I offer as a confirmation of the whole view: That the delight, which a work of art affords, seems to arise from our recognising in it the mind that formed Nature again in active operation.

It differs from the works of Nature in this, that they are organically reproductive. This is not: but spiritually it is prolific by its powerful action on the intellects of men.

In confirmation of this view, let me refer to the fact, that a study of admirable works of art always sharpens the preceptions of the beauty of Nature; that a certain analogy reigns throughout the wonders of both; that the contemplations of a work of great art draws us into a state of mind which may be called religious. It conspires with all exalted sentiments.

Proceeding from absolute mind, whose nature is goodness as much as truth, they are always attuned to moral nature. If the earth and sea conspire with virtue more than vice, — so do the masterpieces of art. The galleries

of ancient sculpture in Naples and Rome strike no deeper conviction into the mind than the contrast of the purity, the severity, expressed in these fine old heads, with the frivolity and grossness of the mob that exhibits, and the mob that gazes at them. These are the countenances of the first-born, the face of man in the morning of the world. No mark is on these lofty features of sloth, or luxury, or meanness, and they surprise you with a moral admonition, as they speak of nothing around you, but remind you of the fragrant thoughts and the purest resolutions of your youth.

Herein is the explanation of the analogies which exist in all the arts. They are the reappearance of one mind, working in many materials to many temporary ends. Raphael paints wisdom; Handel sings it, Phidias carves it, Shakspeare writes it, Wren builds it, Columbus sails it, Luther preaches it, Washington arms it, Watt mechanizes it. Painting was called "silent poetry;" and poetry "speaking painting." The laws of each art are convertible into the laws of every other.

Herein we have an explanation of the necessity that reigns in all the kingdom of art.

Arising out of eternal reason, one and perfect, whatever is beautiful rests on the foundation of the necessary. Nothing is arbitrary, nothing is insulated in beauty. It depends forever on the necessary and the useful. The plumage of the bird, the mimic plumage of the insect, has a reason for its rich colors in the constitution of the animal. Fitness is so inseparable an accompaniment of beauty, that it has been taken for it. The most perfect form to answer an end, is so far beautiful. In the mind of the artist, could we enter there, we should see the sufficient reason for the last flourish and tendril of his work, just as every tint and spine in the sea-shell preëxists in the secreting organs of the fish. We feel, in seeing a noble building, which rhymes well, as we do in hearing a perfect song, that it is spiritually organic, that is, had a necessity in nature, for being, was one of the possible forms in the Divine mind, and is now only discovered and executed by the artist, not arbitrarily composed by him.

And so every genuine work of art has as much reason for being as the earth and the sun. The gayest charm of

beauty has a root in the constitution of things. The Iliad of Homer, the songs of David, the odes of Pindar, the tragedies of Æschylus, the Doric temples, the Gothic cathedrals, the plays of Shakspeare, were all made not for sport, but in grave earnest, in tears, and smiles of suffering and loving men.

Viewed from this point, the history of Art becomes intelligible, and, moreover, one of the most agreeable studies in the world. We see how each work of art sprang irresistibly from necessity, and, moreover, took its form from the broad hint of Nature. Beautiful in this wise is the obvious origin of all the known orders of architecture, namely, that they were the idealizing of the primitive abodes of each people. Thus the Doric temple still presents the semblance of the wooden cabin, in which the Dorians dwelt. The Chinese pagoda is plainly a Tartar tent. The Indian and Egyptian temples still betray the mounds and subterranean houses of their forefathers. The Gothic church plainly originated in a rude adaptation of forest trees, with their boughs on, to a festal or solemn edifice, as the bands around the cleft pillars still indicate the green withs that tied them. No one can walk in a pine barren, in one of the paths which the woodcutters make for their teams, without being struck with the architectural appearance of the grove, especially in winter, when the bareness of all other trees shows the low arch of the Saxons. In the woods, in a winter afternoon, one will see as readily the origin of the stained glass window with which the Gothic cathedrals are adorned, in the colors of the western sky, seen through the bare and crossing branches of the forest. Nor, I think, can any lover of nature enter the old piles of Oxford and the English cathedrals, without feeling that the forest overpowered the mind of the builder, with its ferns, its spikes of flowers, its locust, its oak, its pine, its fir, its spruce. The cathedral is a blossoming in stone, subdued by the insatiable demand of harmony in man. The mountain of granite blooms into an eternal flower, with the lightness and delicate finish, as well as aerial proportions and perspective of vegetable beauty.

There was no wilfulness in the savages in this perpetuating of their first rude abodes. The first form in which they built a house would be the first form of their public

and religious edifice also. This form becomes immediately sacred in the eyes of their children, and the more so, as more traditions cluster round it, and is, therefore, imitated with more splendor in each succeeding generation.

In like manner, it has been remarked by Goethe, that the granite breaks into parallelepipeds, which, broken in two, one part would be an obelisk; that in Upper Egypt the inhabitants would naturally mark a memorable spot by setting up so conspicuous a stone. Again, he suggested we may see in any stone wall, on a fragment of rock, the projecting veins of harder stone, which have resisted the action of frost and water, which has decomposed the rest. This appearance certainly gave the hint of the hieroglyphics inscribed on their obelisk. The amphitheatre of the old Romans, — any one may see its origin, who looks at the crowd running together to see any fight, sickness, or odd appearance in the street. The first comers gather round in a circle; those behind stand on tiptoe; and further back they climb on fences or window sills, and so make a cup of which the object of attention occupies the hollow area. The architect put benches in this order, and enclosed the cup with a wall, and behold a coliseum.

It would be easy to show of very many fine things in the world, in the customs of nations, the etiquette of courts, the constitution of governments, the origin in very simple local necessities. Heraldry, for example, and the ceremonies of a coronation, are a splendid burlesque of the occurrences that might befall a dragoon and his footboy. The College of Cardinals were originally the parish priests of Rome. The leaning towers originated from the civil disorders which induced every lord to build a tower. Then it became a point of family pride, — and for pride a leaning tower was built.

This strict dependence of art upon material and ideal nature, this adamant necessity, which it underlies, has made all its past, and may foreshow its future history. It never was in the power of any man, or any community, to call the arts into being. They come to serve his actual wants, never to please his fancy. These arts have their origin always in some enthusiasm, as love, patriotism, or religion. Who carved marble? The believing man, who wished to symbolize their gods to the waiting Greeks.

The Gothic cathedrals were built, when the builder and the priest and the people were overpowered by their faith. Love and fear laid every stone. The Madonnas of Raphael and Titian were made to be worshipped. Tragedy was instituted for the like purpose, and the miracles of music ;— all sprang out of some genuine enthusiasm, and never out of dilettantism and holidays. But now they languish, because their purpose is merely exhibition. Who cares, who knows what works of art our government have ordered to be made for the capitol? They are a mere flourish to please the eye of persons who have associations with books and galleries. But in Greece, the Demos of Athens divided into political factions upon the merits of Phidias.

In this country, at this time, other interests than religion and patriotism are predominant, and the arts, the daughters of enthusiasm, do not flourish. The genuine offspring of our ruling passions we behold. Popular institutions, the school, the reading room, the post office, the exchange, the insurance company, and an immense harvest of economical inventions, are the fruit of the equality and the boundless liberty of lucrative callings. These are superficial wants ; and their fruits are these superficial institutions. But as far as they accelerate the end of political freedom and national education, they are preparing the soil of man for fairer flowers and fruits in another age. For beauty, truth, and goodness are not obsolete ; they spring eternal in the breast of man ; they are as indigenous in Massachusetts as in Tuscany, or the Isles of Greece. And that Eternal Spirit, whose triple face they are, moulds from them forever, for his mortal child, images to remind him of the Infinite and Fair.



## GLIMMERINGS.

WHAT is there in the full moon, that it should disturb the soul with these thousand old dim recollections? Why should her long shadows point ever to the past? Why should they waken melancholy? Childhood and youth, romance and love, sad and merry hours, — ye are all out there in the moonlight! Ye have gone out from my soul, and hang all around me in this silvered darkness. Mysterious power of association! How strangely Nature mirrors the soul! How her phases reflect back, and give us again our long-lost dreams! He who has never hung with fond sadness on the wondrous moon, has never loved.

All human knowledge is but approximation. Man can never compass the Infinite, any more than he can inhale the whole atmosphere. Yet what he does know, mirrors the Infinite. Every drop of night-dew reflects the whole star-firmament; every pure night-thought hath a glimmer of the All-True within its bosom. All is prophesied in each. Every part is an evangel inspired by the whole. Each opening flower is a Messiah of the uncontained dispensation of Beauty; each visitation of high thought a herald, who proclaims the coming of the kingdom of Truth; — and each virtuous deed a voice crying in the wilderness, “Make straight the pathway of our God.”

What should we be but for the gentle teachings of this green summer time? I feel that I am at God’s school, when I sit on the grass, under these elms, and look about me, and think upon Nature’s impersonality. Man has not broken into the charmed circle in any way. Least of all does Nature imitate the obtrusiveness of our moral codes. She reads her mysterious fables, but we are not pestered by the word “application” at the bottom of the picture. What lesson, before another, shall she point us to, who is thus infinitely wealthy? Generously she lets the soul feed its own instincts, grazing where it will in her green pastures, — knowing that if we love her wisely, we cannot be poisoned or starved in her company. Thus she feeds us as she does the bee and butterfly, with many flowers and odors, trust-

ing that like theirs, our appropriative instincts will be unfolded harmoniously, and that we shall come evermore to *her* law by coming to ourselves.

And here come the bee and the butterfly themselves to tell us about it. But, as I said, they obtrude not their precepts upon us. Nay, they seem rather shy than not. And yet these two insects have been, unconsciously to themselves and to man, preachers and parable-bringers since Thought began.

So come here, thou little citizen of this green republic, and tell us more than the dull books, which prate as if they knew all about thee. We may fling aside Kirby and Spence, now *thou* art here. Come, leave that clover-blossom awhile, where thou art rolling thyself about and packing away thy nectar; — cease that monotonous talking to thyself, — that hurried merchant-like air: — leave dunning the poor, drooping, insolvent field-flowers, for they will pay thee one day: — come out of the sunshine, thou hot, petulant, systematic little worker, and tell us why thou hast ever been a stirrer of deep thoughts and resolves to the earnest soul! And thou, my lady butterfly, — gay dancer in the breeze, living air-flower, — silent ever, but not from thought, — making thy demure morning calls on the very flowers at whose doors the disappointed bee has been grumbling; — who made thee a proverb and a perpetual homily in the courts of kings, — or saw thee fitting along in thy relations of the street or the ball-room? Did some poet invent these correspondences, or stand they not as they have ever stood, written in the double-leaved book of the Most High?

For indeed God writes all his decrees dually. They are simultaneously proclaimed at the two open gates of His city, to the inhabitants of the suburbs, — which open gates are nature and the soul. They who hear one proclamation rejoice, but feebly. But they who hear both, mingle faith and wisdom with their joy. The gliding river tells me of this fleeting time; the sunrise, of the appearing of God's truth; the fragrance of the fields, going forever silently up to heaven, teaches me how to pray without ceasing; the young green spring says more to me of the New Birth than libraries of sermons; — and so all the world over, and from the beginning of time, has nature been a scroll, whose letters

and pages are nought, till the soul's language, in which it is written, be mastered.

I am no Swedenborgian, nor must the following lines be bound down to a dogmatic meaning; yet I will confess that they were written after rising from an hour or two spent over the attractive writings of the great Seer of Sweden.

#### CORRESPONDENCES.

All things in Nature are beautiful types to the soul that will read them;  
 Nothing exists upon earth, but for unspeakable ends.  
 Every object that speaks to the senses was meant for the spirit:  
 Nature is but a scroll, — God's hand-writing thereon.  
 Ages ago, when man was pure, ere the flood overwhelmed him,  
 While in the image of God every soul yet lived,  
 Everything stood as a letter or word of a language familiar,  
 Telling of truths which *now* only the angels can read.  
 Lost to man was the key of those sacred hieroglyphics, —  
 Stolen away by sin, — till with Jesus restored.  
 Now with infinite pains we here and there spell out a letter;  
 Now and then will the sense feebly shine through the dark.  
 When we perceive the light which breaks through the visible symbol,  
 What exultation is ours! *wæ* the discovery have made!  
 Yet is the meaning the same as when Adam lived sinless in Eden,  
 Only long-hidden it slept and now again is restored.  
 Man unconsciously uses figures of speech every moment,  
 Little dreaming the cause why to such terms he is prone, —  
 Little dreaming that everything has its own correspondence  
 Folded within it of old, as in the body the soul.  
 Gleams of the mystery fall on us still, though much is forgotten,  
 And through our commonest speech illumines the path of our thoughts.  
 Thus does the lordly sun shine out a type of the Godhead;  
 Wisdom and Love the beams that stream on a darkened world.  
 Thus do the sparkling waters flow, giving joy to the desert,  
 And the great Fountain of Life opens itself to the thirst.  
 Thus does the word of God distil like the rain and the dew-drops,  
 Thus does the warm wind breathe like to the Spirit of God,  
 And the green grass and the flowers are signs of the regeneration.  
 O thou Spirit of Truth! visit our minds once more!  
 Give us to read, in letters of light, the language celestial,  
 Written all over the earth — written all over the sky:  
 Thus may we bring our hearts at length to know our Creator,  
 Seeing in all things around types of the Infinite Mind.

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#### COLOR AND LIGHT.

The word unto the nations came  
 And shone o'er many a darkened spot;  
 The pure white lustre of its flame  
 The darkness comprehended not;

Till broken into colored light,  
 Within the prism of the mind,  
 It traced upon the murky night  
 A rainbow arch with hues defined.

And where the narrowed sunbeams turned  
 To colors all distinct, yet blended,  
 The soul of man within him burned, —  
 The darkness dimly comprehended.

When shall the pure ethereal fire  
 Glow with a white interior heat?  
 When shall the Truth of God inspire  
 The shaping mind with light complete?

Never, — until a second youth  
 Renews the earth; then may we see  
 The primal Light, — the uncolored Truth,  
 And gather life eternally.

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#### MY THOUGHTS.

Many are the thoughts that come to me  
 In my lonely musing;  
 And they drift so strange and swift,  
 There's no time for choosing  
 Which to follow, for to leave  
 Any, seems a losing.

When they come, they come in flocks,  
 As on glancing feather,  
 Startled birds rise one by one  
 In autumnal weather,  
 Waking one another up  
 From the sheltering heather.

Some so merry that I laugh,  
 Some are grave and serious.  
 Some so trite, their least approach  
 Is enough to weary us: —  
 Others flit like midnight ghosts,  
 Shrouded and mysterious.

There are thoughts that o'er me steal,  
 Like the day when dawning;  
 Great thoughts winged with melody  
 Common utterance scorning,  
 Moving in an inward tune,  
 And an inward morning.

Some have dark and drooping wings,  
 Children all of sorrow;  
 Some are as gay, as if to-day  
 Could see no cloudy morrow, —  
 And yet like light and shade they each  
 Must from the other borrow.

One by one they come to me  
 On their destined mission :  
 One by one I see them fade  
 With no hopeless vision ;  
 For they've led me on a step  
 To their home Elysian.

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THE RIDDLE.

" Ye bards, ye prophets, ye sages,  
 Read to me if ye can,  
 That which hath been the riddle of ages,  
 Read me the riddle of MAN !"

Then came the bard with his lyre  
 And the sage with his pen and scroll,  
 And the prophet with his eye of fire,  
 To unriddle a human soul.

And the soul stood up in its might,  
 Its stature they could not scan,  
 And it rayed out a dazzling mystic light,  
 And shamed their wisest plan.

Yet sweetly the bard did sing,  
 And learnedly talked the sage,  
 And the seer flashed by with his lightning wing,  
 Soaring beyond his age.

Of life-fire snatched from Jove ;  
 Of a forfeited age of gold ;  
 Of providence and deathless love  
 The chanting minstrel told.

The sage of wisdom spoke,  
 Of doctrines, books, and schools,  
 And how when they broke from learning's yoke,  
 All men were turned to fools.

And the prophet told of heaven,  
 And the golden age to come, —  
 " Ye must follow the sun through the gates of even,  
 And he will see you home."

Many a dream they saw,  
 And many a creed did build ;  
 Each in its turn was truth and law,  
 While they who sought were filled.

But the soul stood up, still freed  
 From the prison of each plan, —  
 He was a riddle they could not read,  
 This simple-seeming man.

He stood in his mystery still,  
 Of ever-changing light ;

Many, yet one, he baffled their skill,  
And put their dreams to flight.

His feet on the earth were planted,  
His head o'er the stars rose dim,  
And ever unto himself he chanted  
A half articulate hymn.

In words confused and broken,  
He chanted his mystic dream,  
And but half of the half his lips had spoken,  
Floated on Time's dull stream.

They, who heard of the song which he  
Sang on from time to time,  
Gave it the name Philosophy,  
And echoed the olden rhyme.

But their systems all are vain,  
And the overflowing soul  
Sweeps lyre and song to the dark inane,  
And blots the old sage's scroll.

And man, the great riddle, is still  
Unread to the dreamer's eye,—  
We are ever afloat, as we ply our skill,  
On the sea of mystery.

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### THE OCEAN.

————— "In a season of calm weather  
Though inland far we be,  
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
That brought us hither,  
Can in a moment travel thither,  
And see the children sport upon the shore,  
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."—

WORDSWORTH.

Tell me, brother, what are we,  
Spirits bathing in the sea  
Of Deity!  
Half afloat, and half on land,  
Wishing much to leave the strand,  
Standing, gazing with devotion,  
Yet afraid to trust the ocean,—  
Such are we.

Wanting love and holiness,  
To enjoy the wave's caress;  
Wanting faith and heavenly hope,  
Buoyantly to bear us up;  
Yet impatient in our dwelling,  
When we hear the ocean swelling,  
And in every wave that rolls

We behold the happy souls  
Peacefully, triumphantly  
Swimming on the smiling sea,  
Then we linger round the shore,  
Lovers of the earth no more.

Once, — 't was in our infancy,  
We were drifted by this sea  
To the coast of human birth,  
To this body and this earth :  
Gentle were the hands that bore  
Our young spirits to the shore ;  
Gentle lips that bade us look  
Outward from our cradle-nook  
To the spirit-bearing ocean  
With such wonder and devotion,  
As, each stilly sabbath day,  
We were led a little way,  
Where we saw the waters swell  
Far away from inland dell,  
And received with grave delight  
Symbols of the Infinite : —  
Then our home was near the sea ;  
" Heaven was round our infancy ;"  
Night and day we heard the waves  
Murmuring by us to their caves ;  
Floated in unconscious life  
With no later doubts at strife,  
Trustful of the Upholding Power,  
Who sustained us hour by hour.

Now we've wandered from the shore,  
Dwellers by the sea no more ;  
Yet at times there comes a tone  
Telling of the visions flown,  
Sounding from the distant sea  
Where we left our purity :  
Distant glimpses of the surge  
Lure us down to ocean's verge ;  
There we stand with vague distress,  
Yearning for the measureless,  
By half-wakened instincts driven,  
Half loving earth, half loving heaven,  
Fearing to put off and swim,  
Yet impelled to turn to Him,  
In whose life we live and move,  
And whose very name is Love.

Grant me courage, Holy One,  
To become indeed thy son,  
And in thee, thou Parent-Sea,  
Live and love eternally.

C.

LETTERS FROM ITALY ON THE REPRESENTATIVES  
OF ITALY.

I HAVE promised to write to you from Italy of the Italians. Not of those of to-day, late and imperfectly ripened fruits of the great tree, beneath which the nations once feasted in the shade, but of the great ones who represent the June day in the garden of the world.

When we were most devoted to the literature of Italy, and found no repose from the bustle and noise of every-day life, so sweet and profound as in the solitudes of Vaucluse, or the garden of Boccaccio, you would say, after declaiming some favorite passage with a superabundant emphasis, which would, perhaps, have called a smile to the lip even of the Italian most addicted to the *issimos*. "But, after all, we do not entirely feel the beauty of this. No work of literature or art can be felt as it ought, except in those relations of climate and scenery, in which it was produced. This, true of all countries, it is peculiarly so of Italy; for the Italian is educated by his climate, and lives in the open air. The Italian sun paints this description, the Italian breeze breathes in these cadences, the happy constitution of the people gives a smoothness and subtle delicacy to this witticism, which we cannot appreciate beside a coal fire, and with the keen wind of our hills blowing the snow drifts before our eyes."

I often laughed at this theory; yet here upon the spot I find it true. The Italian sonnet is another thing to me, since I heard the language day by day; and the wine and honey of the Italian prose never, I find, were tasted in their true flavor till my eye became acquainted with the sky beneath which it grew up.

Of none is this truer than of our friend Boccaccio. And I will begin the promised correspondence by noting down a few thoughts suggested by my new acquaintance with the Decameron. They are not many, for I do not read or think much; in this climate mere living is enjoyment enough.

Giovanni Boccaccio; it is a famous name, and yet how few seem to appreciate or even know anything about him, except that he is one of three whose names we are in the habit



of jingling together, — Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio. Neither is there much chance of his being better known, for the world grows more and more delicate as it grows older, and Boccaccio is nature itself, and the most unclad nature withal. And here, once for all, let me say what occurs to me on this subject. When we see a picture or statue, on what is our judgment of it founded? We look to see if the sentiment is true to nature, if the drawing is correct, if the *nature* is beautiful and true, if the spirit in which it is conceived be refined, and if we find these we are satisfied. But do we ask ourselves, when we see a drunken and sensual faun carved in Parian stone, whether the subject is moral, whether it is decent? Thank Heaven! I believe not, naturally, — such an inquiry is always suggested to the mind by the habit of using a conventional standard. When a Michael Angelo carves a Bacchus, (and his was no ideal Bacchus, but the deity of drunkenness,) do we ask such a question? Never. The art is its own reason. We recognise the presence of a wider law than that of our conventions, and, self-forgetful, are lost in the power of design. We recognise in the artist, not a law-giver to man, but a seer of the law of God. I saw, not long since, an engraving of an ancient marble, which represented a sea-monster, half-fish, half-man, carrying away a woman over the ocean, who seems to struggle and look back in vain, and rarely have I received from any design more pure delight. For the whole was full of Grecian grace; you could fancy the gentle waves, curling about the group, the blue sky above, all the earth young and loving about them. The genius of the artist so carried you at once to his ideal world, that it required an effort of thought to remember the actual subject, or figure to yourself that some Philistine, with no idea of any world beyond the one present at this moment, might say, “What a disgusting subject!” And so, Giovanni Boccaccio, do I think of thee! In thy noble mind this world was no decrepid debauchee, shunning the light, and hiding his unseemly person; but young, as if fresh from creation, not ashamed to utter all the thoughts that came into its head, sad or gay, tragic or fantastic. And this leads me to speak of a characteristic of Boccaccio; it is this perpetual youth. If he would describe a delicious scene, it is always with the dewy freshness of sunrise on

every leaf,—his descriptions of morning are unrivalled. His persons are always “*giovani, e costumati, e piacevoli assai* ;” young and fair to look upon, gentle, and of good manners, but frank and free ; so that, if you were now to see such an one, fresh and full of fun and feeling, you would say, “*There is one of Boccaccio’s young men.*” His characters have not those minute and delicate traits, marking man from man as an individual, which Shakspeare, and, in a less degree, so many moderns have taught us to look for. Rather are they all drawn after one noble pattern ; not like the work of a mannerist, but as if the author had lived in an early stage of society, when the lines are rather between class and class than between man and man. But I am afraid of making my distinction too marked, without making plain enough what it consists in. You will understand me, if I recall to your mind some of the painters whose figures have no mannerism, and yet seem all of one homogeneous race.

Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio,—I repeated to myself ; and then asked what is it that entitles the author of the *Decameron* to such companionship ? For I need not tell you in what estimation I hold the two first, and how they seem to me, with Shakspeare, to make the great Three in modern literature. Now, I will own Boccaccio as a not unworthy fourth. For I should say that it belongs to them more than any other modern writers, to have sprung from the earth,—original, sitanic, the first of their race. We like to trace back the filiations of genius, to see how circumstances, or the contact with other minds, have influenced its growth ; to trace an idea growing toward perfection through many minds, till at last it comes to flower in one, but we look in vain for the progenitors of these. Most men are the sons of time,—these are its “*prophetic lords.*” Many a poet has expressed what his century taught him. These wrote as if they stood at the beginning of time, and had the centuries to teach. To sympathize with me here, you must look through the costume, the manners of their times, their systems of religion and morals, to the elemental forms they cover. In Boccaccio, what delights me is his constant freedom. He saw through the spirit of his time. He understood its littleness and bigotry. He despised its prejudices. What is mean, or low, or vicious,

he attacks, sometimes with bitter and unsparing reproof, (as in his denunciation of the Florentines, for their treatment of Dante,) with grave irony, or, more often, and this suits better his cheerful nature, with overpowering wholesale ridicule. At what is deformed or vicious he will rather laugh than weep, but what is true or beautiful finds no more sincere lover and interpreter than he.

At a time when the church was preëminent; when all Europe was filled with monks and monasteries; he feared not their power nor their enmity; but gaily and gravely, decorously and indecorously, attacked their saintly and respected hypocrisy in the most vulnerable parts. Dante's bitter, though often veiled denunciation, had opened the minds of the few; the gay and fearless assaults of Boccaccio dragged the cowl from the satyr, and exposed him to the ridicule of the mob. He had no compassion for a class, or for a sanctity that was cut off by its very nature from the common sympathies of humanity; and yet true religion never encountered an enemy in him. As a proof of this, I translate the opening of the first novel, which seems to me admirable and most truly christian in its spirit, at once devout and liberal.

“It is meet, O dearest ladies! that whatsoever work a man enters upon, should be prefaced with the wondrous and holy name of him who was the Creator of all. Wherefore, since I am to begin our story-telling, I mean to make a beginning with one of his wonderful truths, so that by hearing it our faith in Him, as in something not to be changed, may become stronger, and we may always give praises to his name. It is manifest, that as all things temporal are transitory and mortal, so both within and without they are full of annoy, and anguish, and labor, and subject to infinite dangers, so as to be beyond the endurance and the powers of us who are mixed up with, and are a part of them, if the special grace of God did not afford us strength and light,—the which, let us not suppose, descends upon us for any merit of ours; but moved by its own goodness, and vouchsafed to the prayers of those who were once mortal as we are, and doing his will while they were in this life, are now become eternal and happy in his presence. To whom we address our prayers for those things we desire, as if to solicitors, acquainted by experience with our frailty, and as if fearful to bring our prayers before the face of so great a judge. And still more does his compassion and goodness towards us become manifest, when we consider that since the brightness of mortal eye cannot pierce the secrets

of the divine mind, it may happen that we, deceived in our estimation, have chosen as our intercessor before his face, one who is driven thence into eternal banishment; and still, He from whom nothing is hidden, regarding the purity of him that prays, and not his ignorance, or the absence of his intercessor, hears the prayers, as if he through whom it is addressed were among the happy in his presence. The which will appear plainly in the novel I mean to relate,—plainly, I mean, to the judgment of man—not to that of God.”

One must know the narrow and unsparing dogmatism of the church in those times, to appreciate the liberality of this,—and how far he was in advance of his time. And is not the doctrine of the intercession of saints beautiful in this simple statement? The same liberality may be seen in his treatment of the Jews. It seems as if prejudice against them were inborn in the nations. Scott has a Rebecca to be sure, and Shakspeare a Jessica; and among a thousand heroines in modern fictions, we now and then see an amiable Jewess; but here liberality stops,—and we remember with how little tenderness Shylock and Isaac are pictured by their creators. Not so Boccaccio, whose Jews are noble figures, and the only novels in which, so far as I remember, he has introduced them, he has chosen to set forth lessons that we too have not come so late into the world that we can derive no profit from them. The first of these relates to a Jew, by name Abraham, who lived in Paris, and who, as the story goes, was in all things an upright and honorable man. Now he had a Christian friend,—Giannotto da Civigni, a great merchant and excellent man, who was much attached to him, and who, seeing the life he led, sought by every means in his power to turn him from his belief, and make him a Christian. The Jew, after a while, began to take a pleasure in hearing him, but was not to be shaken in his faith. At last he announced his intention of going to Rome, to see and judge for himself how far their faith rendered the pastors of the church more excellent than other men. Now was Giannotto at his wit's end; for, thinks he, if Abraham goes to Rome and sees what the heads of the church really are, alas! it is all over with making him to a Christian. However, the Jew was not be moved from his purpose, and accordingly goes to Rome; when he finds the vices and depravity of the clergy beyond belief,—finds them sensual, avaricious, and given without remorse



















after a while, as there were no signs of fair weather, and they wished to be in Florence before night, they borrowed of the countryman two old cloaks, and two hoods, all ragged with age, but the best that were to be had, and set out. As they went along they soon found themselves soaked with water and covered with mud, by the splashing of their horses' feet, circumstances which do not add much to the respectability of one's appearance. For a while they rode in silence, but as the weather cleared up a little entered into conversation. And Messer Forese, riding along and listening to Giotto, who had a remarkable talent for conversation, began to consider him, his body, and head, and all over, and seeing everything so unshapely and out of order, without thinking of himself, began to laugh, and said, 'Giotto! suppose a stranger should come to meet us, who had never seen you, how long would it be before he would suspect you of being the greatest painter in the world, as you are?' To which Giotto presently replied: 'As soon, Messere, as he would suppose, from looking at you, that you knew your a, b, c.' At which Messer Forese perceived his error, and found himself paid in his own coin."

Since writing the above some days have passed, and I have nearly read through the Decameron. Naturally the subject has grown upon me, and I feel that it would be a work of time to give a complete account of my view of it. So take these imperfect notes in good part for the present.

Boccaccio did not act upon me with immediate attraction; to me he was not what we call "magnetic." My respect and liking for him grow each time I renew the acquaintance. Manliness, tenderness, nobleness, simplicity, nature, I find and admire in him. He is a true painter of man, *the creature of passion and circumstance*. "The plant man," he knows; but on the nobler side of this subject is unsatisfactory. With delicacy, refinement, *morbidezza*, he has little to do, and it is because we are aware of his almost entire deficiency in these attributes, that the broad jokes and broad nature of Boccaccio do not disgust us. Here is both his wealth and his poverty. But for us moderns, who, inheriting the civilization of all past time, have run the gauntlet of sentiment and refinement, so busy in adjusting the drapery of feeling, that the bone and sinew it should cover are well nigh forgotten, it is well to come back to Boccaccio, and his healthy morning freshness. One feeling, of which I am often aware, yet am not sure,

is this, that he is in a sense a mechanical artist. His figures seem too much made, too little conceived from within outwards. This effect may be attributable to the advanced age at which he embraced literature as a profession. What say you ?

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TO THE IDEAL.

Oh ! what avails it thus to dream of thee,  
Thou life above me, and aspire to be  
A dweller in thy air serene and pure ;  
I wake and must this lower life endure.

Look no more on me with sun-radiant eyes,  
Mine droop so dimmed, in vain my weak sense tries  
To find the color of this world of clay, —  
Its hue has faded, its light died away.

In charity with life, how can I live ?  
What most I want, does it refuse to give.  
Thou, who hast laid this spell upon my soul,  
Must be to me henceforth a hope and goal.

Away, thou vision ! Now must there be wrought  
Armor from life in which may yet be fought  
A way to thee, — thy memory shall inspire,  
Although thy presence is consuming fire.

As one who may not linger in the halls,  
And fair domains of his ancestral home,  
Goes forth to labor, yet resolves those walls  
Redeemed shall see his old age cease to roam.

So exile I myself, thou dream of youth,  
Thou castle where my wild thoughts wandered free.  
Yet bear a heart, which through its love and truth,  
Shall earn a right to throb its last with thee.

To work ! with heart resigned and spirit strong,  
Subdue by patient toil Time's heavy wrong ;  
Through nature's dullest, as her brightest ways  
We will march onward, singing to thy praise.

Yet when our souls are in new forms arrayed,  
Like thine, immortal, by immortal aid,  
And with forgiving blessing stand beside  
The clay in which they toiled and long were tried.

When comes that solemn " undetermined " hour,  
Light of the soul's light ! present be thy power ;  
And welcome be thou, as a friend who waits  
With joy, a soul unsphered at heaven's gates.

## RECORD OF THE MONTHS.

*Michael Angelo, considered as a Philosophic Poet, with Translations.* By JOHN EDWARD TAYLOR. London: Saunders & Otley, Conduit Street. 1840.

WE welcome this little book with joy, and a hope that it may be republished in Boston. It would find, probably, but a small circle of readers, but that circle would be more ready to receive and prize it than the English public for whom it was intended, if we may judge by the way in which Mr. Taylor, all through his prefatory essay, has considered it necessary to apologize for, or, at least, explain views very commonly received among ourselves.

The essay is interesting from the degree of acquaintance it exhibits with some of those great ones, who have held up the highest aims to the soul, and from the degree of insight which reverence and delicacy of mind have given to the author. From every line comes the soft breath of green pastures where "walk the good shepherds."

Of the sonnets, we doubt the possibility of making good translations into English. No gift of the Muse is more injured by change of form than the Italian sonnet. As those of Petrarch will not bear it, from their infinite grace, those of Dante from their mystic and subtle majesty; so these of Angelo, from the rugged naiveté with which they are struck off from the mind, as huge splinters of stone might be from some vast block, can never be "done into English," as the old translators, with an intelligent modesty, were wont to write of their work. The grand thought is not quite evaporated in the process, but the image of the stern and stately writer is lost. We do not know again such words as "conchetto," "superna" in their English representatives.

But since a knowledge of the Italian language is not so common an attainment as could be wished, we ought to be grateful for this attempt to extend the benefit of these noble expressions of the faith which inspired one of the most full and noble lives that has ever redeemed and encouraged man.

Fidelity must be the highest merit of these translations; for not even an Angelo could translate his peer. This, so far as we have looked at them, they seem to possess. And even in the

English dress, we think none, to whom they are new, can read the sonnets, —

“Veggio nel volto tuo col pensier mie.”  
 “S'un casto amor, s'una pietá superna.”  
 “La vita del mio amor non é cuor mio.”

and others of the same pure religion, without a delight which shall

“Cast a light upon the day,  
 A light which will not go away,  
 A sweet forewarning.”

We hope they may have the opportunity. It is a very little book with a great deal in it, and five hundred copies will sell in two years.

We add Mr. Taylor's little preface, which happily expresses his design.

“The remarks on the poetry and philosophy of Michael Angelo, which are prefixed to these translations have been collected and are now published in the hope that they may invite the student of literature to trace the relation which unites the efforts of the pure intelligence and the desires of the heart to their highest earthly accomplishment under the complete forms of Art. For the example of so eminent a mind, watched and judged not only by its finished works, but, as it were, in its growth and from its inner source of Love and Knowledge cannot but enlarge the range of our sympathy for the best powers and productions of man. And if these pages should meet with any readers inclined, like their writer, to seek and to admire the veiled truth and solemn beauty of the elder time, they will add their humble testimony to the fact, that whatever be the purpose and tendencies of the time we live in, we are not all unmindful of the better part of our inheritance in this world.”

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#### SELECT LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

**THE Worship of the Soul.** A Discourse preached to the Third Congregational Society in Chelsea at the Dedication of their Chapel, on Sunday morning, September 13, 1840. By Samuel D. Robbins. Chelsea and Boston: B. H. Greene. 1840. 8vo. pp. 16.

This Discourse is pervaded by a deeper vein of thought than we are wont to look for, or to find in the occasional services of the pulpit. We should rejoice to know that there is any considerable number of persons among the congregations that assemble in the churches for Sabbath worship, who take delight in such simple, fervent, and practical expositions of religious truth as are here set forth. This Discourse, however, indicates more than it unfolds; it is not a complete and harmonious whole; and it will



be read with greater profit by those who watch for every gleam of sun-light, than by those whose eyes are open only to the broadest glare of noon.

The following passage expresses the feelings of many who are accustomed to distinguish between religion, as it existed in the divine idea of Jesus, and the religion which ventures to assume his name, as an exclusive badge at the present day.

“The occasion which assembles us is one of thrilling interest. At a day when the whole aspect of the church and the world seems to present strong tendencies toward revolution; while on all sides men seem to be overthrowing the tyranny of forms, and overleaping all former barriers which have been raised between themselves and perfect freedom, we come to consecrate this temple to the worship of the Father of our Spirits, and thus bear our humble testimony that we can find in Christian usages, and the Christian's faith, all that we need for our mental and spiritual advancement in the path to heaven. We feel, however others may consider the subject, that in the Bible and in the Saviour, are revealed to us Infinite Truths, which man can never outgrow, which as yet the world have scarcely imagined. And although we do not believe that the Christianity of Society, or the Christianity of the Church, as they appear in the present age, are by any means perfect, we do feel that the Christianity of Jesus is perfect, perpetual, and eternal: that the age will never arrive when man cannot draw from the fountain of God's truth, the waters of life and salvation.” — pp.3,4.

The characteristics of Christianity, as described by Mr. Robbins, and the offices of the church, are worthy of attention. In reading this statement, we cannot but be struck with the incongruity between the ideal church of the preacher, and the actual church of modern society.

“I have said that Christianity is emphatically the science of the soul; and I regard this view of the religion of Jesus as infinitely important. We have our Universities and our Schools which are instituted for the purpose of teaching and explaining the natural sciences and the philosophy of the intellect. But the Church is consecrated only to the higher purposes of instruction in the knowledge of the human heart and conscience; in the mysteries of the soul, its laws and duties and destiny. We gather ourselves into this holy place to learn those mighty truths which relate to God and man. We come up hither from the world and its trials and dangers to listen to the wisdom of Jesus, and learn those deep lessons of faith and obedience and love, by which we are to become ripened daily into the image of Infinite Holiness.

“There is a higher life than that which most spirits live. A higher love than most spirits know. There is an infinity in the human soul which few have yet believed, and after which few have aspired. There is a lofty power of moral principle in the depths of our nature, which is nearly allied to omnipotence; compared with which the whole force of outward nature is more feeble than an infant's grasp. There is a might within the soul which sets at nought all outward things; and there is a joy unspeakable and full of glory, dwelling in the recesses of the good man's heart too vast for utterance. There is a spiritual

insight to which the pure soul reaches, more clear and prophetic, more wide and vast than all telescopic vision can typify. There is a faith in God and a clear perception of his will and designs and Providence and Glory, which gives to its possessor a confidence and patience and sweet composure, under every varied and troublous aspect of events, such as no man can realize, who has not felt its influences in his own heart. There is a communion with God in which the soul feels the presence of the unseen One, in the profound depths of its being, with a vivid distinctness, and a holy reverence, such as no word can describe. There is a state of union of spirit with God, I do not say often reached, yet it has been attained in this world, in which all the past and present, and future seem reconciled, and Eternity is won and enjoyed; and God and man, earth and heaven with all their mysteries are apprehended in truth, as they lie in the mind of the Infinite. But the struggle with most beings is to spiritualize the actual, to make those things which are immediately around them subserve the higher interests of their immortal nature; and finding that it is almost impossible to do this, they faint in the way, and postpone to a future life that higher being which their thought apprehends, and their hearts long for, but cannot reach. Hence it is that the advanced powers of the soul of which I have been speaking are not believed to exist for us, in this world at least; and therefore the few who will strive for them, because they dare not compromise their highest thought and life and love, are looked upon as spiritual star-gazers, as visionaries dwelling amid the beautiful creations of their own ardent hearts. Hence it is that in our age the Church and its highest influences is needed, to declare to the wide world those precious promises which are destined to carry comfort and peace to the deepest emotions of the struggling soul; to speak to all men everywhere in the name of Jesus, teaching them that the highest and loveliest visions which the human mind in its most rapt hour of aspiration, has enjoyed of Truth and Life, of Holiness and Love of duty and denial of growth and glory of Faith and God, are only the faintest sketches of that reality which Christianity has brought to light." — pp. 9–11.

The Envoy from Free Hearts to the Free. Pawtucket, R. I. 1840. 12mo. pp. 112.

A Voice from the Prison, being Articles addressed to the Editor of the New Bedford Mercury; and a Letter to G. B. Weston, Esq., and other Directors of the Duxbury Bank. To which are added Leaves from a Journal. By B. Rodman. New Bedford: Benjamin Lindsey. 1840. pp. 62. 8vo.

Here is a new chapter in the literature of prisons. Since the secrets of St. Pelagie and Clichy have been brought to light, by the powerful pen of M. Barthelmy Maurice, we need not ask of what materials this literature must consist. It is a record of human nature, under strange and fearful circumstances, a lucid commentary on the depravation of man and the boasted wisdom of society; and should be faithfully studied by every friend of the happiness and improvement of his race. The present work has the advantage of being autobiographical. It is a record of per-

sonal experience. It unveils the interior of the debtor's prison in Massachusetts, as it appears to one who has enjoyed a seat in her councils, and been a prince among her merchants. The author is a gentleman of liberal education and refined habits; once the possessor of an ample fortune, and distinguished for the extent as well as the rectitude of his transactions in business; a shrewd observer of men and things; and with a quick perception of facts, and with as quick a sympathy with suffering, well qualified to become the tenant of a prison for the benefit of the public. Those who have known him in what might be deemed better days, will regard him with still more honor as they read his almost picturesque descriptions of life in prison; and the testimony, he has here left on record against some of the most crying evils of the day, cannot fail to produce a deep impression, both on account of the facts with which it is sustained, and the source from which it proceeds.

Emancipation. By William E. Channing. Boston: E. P. Peabody. 1840. pp. 111. 12mo.

History of the United States from the Discovery of the American Continent. By George Bancroft. Vol. III. Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown. 1840. 8vo. pp. 468.

Grandfather's Chair: A History for Youth. By Nathaniel Hawthorne, Author of Twice Told Tales. Boston: E. P. Peabody. New York: Wiley and Putnam. 1840.

We are glad to see this gifted author employing his pen to raise the tone of children's literature; for if children read at all, it is desirable that it should be the production of minds able to raise themselves to the height of childhood's innocence, and to the airy home of their free fancy. No one of all our imaginative writers has indicated a genius at once so fine and rich, and especially with a power so peculiar in making present the past scenes in our own history. There is nothing in this volume quite equal to the sketch of "Endicott and his Men," in one of the Tokens. But the ease with which he changes his tone from the delicate satire that characterizes his writings for the old, to the simpler and more venerable tone appropriate to his earnest *little* auditors, is an earnest of the perfect success which will attend this new direction of his powers. We are glad to learn that he is engaged in other writings for the little friends, whom he has made in such multitudes by Grandfather's Chair. Yet we must demand from him to write again to the older and sadder, and steep them in the deep well of his sweet, humorsome musings.

The Little Dove. By Krummacher. Boston: Weeks, Jordan, and Co. 1840.

Here also is another book for the young from the pen of genius. The religious simplicity of this little story is invaluable in an age of formulas. There is nothing fanciful in the fiction, and yet it

is free from everything vulgar and mean; and the humanity which might redeem the world is called forth towards the animal creation, unmingled with any mawkish sensibility.

**Knicht's Miscellanies.** London: C. Knight and Co. 1840.

This is a series of curious works, of which are published, —

I. **Davis's Chinese; or General Description of China and its inhabitants;** in which is given an account of the English intercourse from earliest times to the present, a geographical description of China, a summary of its history; the principle and actual administration of its government; its legislation; institutions, manners, and customs. This work is also illustrated with sixty illustrations, which materially help the descriptions.

II. **The English Causes Celebres.** The actual trials of Count Konigsmark in 1682; the Turners, 1664; Robert Hawkins, 1669; the great Huntingdonshire case of *Day vs. Day*, 1797; Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, 1678; the Perrys, 1661; Arthur Norkott, 1628; Philip Handsfred, 1688; all for capital crimes. These trials not only present a rich fund for the knowledge of human nature, but are admirable illustrations of the manners and customs of the times.

III. **The Pastor Letters.** These are private letters from various persons of consequence, on all familiar subjects, during the reigns of Henry VI, Edward IV, and Richard III. A very curious book.

**Architecture of the Heavens.** By Professor Nichol. Edinburgh. 1839.

This work gives the result of the last observations of the Herschels, and a general view of the universe, as at present appreciated by astronomical science. It is full of facts, new to the public, and in its general effect magnificent as a poem. It is a series of letters to a lady, written in a very agreeable style, perhaps sometimes a little too *fine*, and yet the mood into which the reader is put by it, explains the inevitable exaltation of the author, in his solitude among the stars.

**The Solar System.** By the same author.

**The Structure of the Earth.** Also by the same author.

We wonder that some of our publishers do not republish these remarkable works. It is most desirable that they should also be illustrated like the Edinburgh editions; and could not these same illustrations be imported for the American editions?

**Poetry, Romance, and Rhetoric,** being the articles under these heads, contained in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. Seventh Edition. Edinburgh: 1839.

The two first of these treatises are by George Moir, the Professor of Rhetoric in Edinburgh University, and the "Delta" of *Blackwood's Magazine*; and the last was written by William Spalding, esq.

The History of English Poetry. By Thomas Wharton. Three Volumes. London: 1840.

This is a new edition, republished from Dr. Price's edition of 1824, and enriched by new notes and editorial matter.

A Letter to the Human Race. By A Brother. London: 1840.

Religion and Crime; or the Distress of the People and the Remedies. Third Edition. By John M. Morgan. London: 1840.

Religion and Education in America; with Notices of the State and Prospects of American Unitarianism, Popery, and African Colonization. By John D. Lang. London: 1840.

Ecclesiastical Chronology; or Annals of the Christian Church from its Foundation to the present time; to which are added Lists of Councils, and of Popes, Patriarchs, and Archbishops of Canterbury. By the Rev. J. C. Riddle, M. A. London: Longman, Orme, and Co. 1840. 8vo.

The Poetical Works of Thomas Moore, Esq. Collected and Edited by himself, with New Notes, &c. To be completed in Ten Monthly Volumes. London: 8vo.

Human Physiology, Part the Third, comprising the Generation, Growth, Decay, and Varieties of Mankind. With an Appendix on Mesmerism. Last Part. By John Elliotson, M. D. London.

The Natural History of Society in the Barbarous and Civilized State; an Essay towards discovering the Origin and Course of Human Improvement. By W. Cooke Taylor, Esq., LL. D., M. R. A. S. London: Two Volumes. 8vo.

Lectures on Natural Philosophy. By the Rev. James William McGauley, Professor of Natural Philosophy to the National Board of Education. London.

Organic Chemistry, in its Applications to Agriculture and Physiology. By Dr. Justus Liebig, F. R. S., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Giessen. Edited from the Manuscript of the Author, by Lyon Playfair, Ph. D. 8vo. London: Taylor and Walton.

"This work is written with a rare degree of sagacity, and is full of immediate practical applications of incalculable importance. From its appearance we may date a new era in agriculture, and the imagination cannot conceive the amount of improvement which may be expected from the application of the principles here developed."—*Dr. W. Gregory, British Association, Glasgow.*

Elements of Chemistry; including the Recent Discoveries and Doctrine of the Science. By the late Edward Turner, M. D. Seventh edition. Edited by Justus Liebig, M. D., and William Gregory, M. D., of King's College, Aberdeen. 8vo.

Organic Chemistry. By Professor Liebig. Edited by Wilton G. Turner, Ph. D., and Professor Gregory, M. D. Forming the

third and concluding part of the sixth edition of Turner's Chemistry. Part Third.

The Autobiography of Archibald Hamilton Rowan, Esq., with Additions and Illustrations by W. Hamilton Drummond, D. D. 8vo. London.

The Life and Times of Saint Cyprian. By the Rev. George Ayliffe Poole, M. A. 8vo. London.

Die Lehre vom christlichen Kultus, nach den Grundsätzen der evangelischen Kirche in wissenschaftlichen Zusammenhange dargestellt von Karl Wilhelm Vetter. Berlin. 8vo.

Wilhelm Heinse's sämmtliche Schriften. Herausgegeben von Heinrich Laube. Zehn Bände. Leipzig.

Grundsätze des Kirchenrechts der Katholischen und evangelischen Religionsparthei in Deutschland von Karl Freidrich Eichhorn.

Daub's philosophische und theologische Vorlesungen, herausgegeben von Ph. Marheineke und Th. W. Dittenberger. Vierter Baud. System der theologischen Moral. Erster Theil.

The reputation of Daub, unlike that of most German theologians, appears to be increasing since his death. He was a scholar of almost universal accomplishments, a deep and subtle thinker, especially on subjects connected with the philosophy of religion, and a singularly just and candid inquirer on problems of speculative science; but his style is so shaded with the obscurity which few of Hegel's followers have escaped, that his works can hardly command a general interest, even in his own country. They form a curious study, however, and one not altogether without attractions to the theologian.

Die Kirchenverfassung nach Lehre und Recht der Protestanten. Von Dr. Freid. Tul. Stahl.

Lebensnachrichten über G. B. Niebühr aus Briefen desselben und aus Erinnerungen einiger seiner nächsten Freunde. Drei Bände. Hamburg: Perthes.

This is a complete and very satisfactory biography of the celebrated historian. Its interest is much enhanced by the addition of a copious selection from his correspondence.

Franz Passow's Leben und Briefe. Eingeleitet von Dr. Ludwig Wachler. Breslaw.

Passow is worthy to be mentioned in company with Voss and Jacobs, as one of the most distinguished classical scholars of whom German literature can boast. His labors in Greek lexicography give him a conspicuous place in the history of philology. His personal character presents great attractions for the contemplation of the literary man; and we rejoice that he has found a biographer to do justice to his memory, with so much truth and beauty as characterize the present work.

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# THE DIAL

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# THE DIAL.

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VOL. I.

A P R I L , 1 8 4 1 .

No. IV.

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## THE UNITARIAN MOVEMENT IN NEW ENGLAND.

THE Unitarian movement in New England has a deeper signification for the philosopher and historian, than is brought out in the controversial works of those engaged in it. It is quite likely, too, that there is a deeper one than those in the midst of the dust, and smoke, and tumult of the contest, whether friends or foes, can discover for themselves, or even see when it is pointed out by others. It will be well for us, therefore, to retire, if we can, for a while from the scene of contention and turmoil, to some eminence from which we may view the field, unbiassed by personal feelings and interests, not only to see how goes the day, but also to see more clearly what the nature and object of the contest really are. This we now propose to do. We call the movement in the church, the Unitarian movement, because it is now known by that name, and because a better does not readily occur to us, rather than because we like it.

As it is probable that the results, to which we shall arrive, will not be satisfactory to the Unitarians in every particular, we wish to bespeak their good will, by showing that we fully appreciate their labors and motives, and the necessity there was that something should have been done. We are not, however, satisfied with the solution of the Unitarian movement that is now common; namely, that certain noble and manly souls, feeling the oppression and tyranny of the prevalent form of church-government and discipline, and gifted with a keener insight and a more sensitive con-

science than their contemporaries, seeing absurdity in their doctrines, deadness in their faith, and hollowness in their worship, and whatever other ill effects there might be of the prevalent theology and church-discipline, did, like brave men and true Christians, take their stand for liberty of conscience and freedom of inquiry; that, therefore, their preaching was necessarily controversial, occupied with tearing down Calvinism, rather than with building up any new system; that now, when this kind of preaching has done its work, and ceases to be interesting, there must, of course, be a temporary *still-stand*, in appearance at least, while this sect, having done its work as a reforming, is becoming a conservative one; and that in a fitting time, even now at hand, they will put forth and systematize the positive part of their faith, and be recognised in Christendom as a communion, whose position and views are well defined and generally known and respected. This solution of the phenomenon is plausible, and as true and philosophical perhaps, as any popular one that can be given. But there are some among us who desire something more than a popular solution. For such it is that we write, and with what degree of success, we humbly submit it to their judgment to decide.

We, however, agree with this popular solution in the main, so far as it goes. It describes only the surface. We would look into the nature of the deadness, corruption, and abuses of the church from which the Unitarians dissented. We would also look into the nature of the change they would bring us. The freedom for inquiring minds, and the liberty for the conscience, for which they so manfully and successfully contended, — are jewels beyond all price, — are the condition of all progress, — are the very atmosphere in which souls do grow; and while they labored for an end, which was felt by every living soul to be indispensable to its life, they had a strong hold on the heart of the community, and might calculate upon almost any degree of success. But these, indispensable as they are, are but the means to an ulterior end. They are the air we breathe, and therefore necessary; but they are not the food that we can live upon, nor the work to occupy our hearts and hands. When the Unitarians have secured these preparatory conditions, they must furnish the bread of life, or the souls that

have stood by them in their contest will perish off. While, then, we acknowledge what they have done, and look to them for a revival of Christianity, and a more full development of the Christian idea than can be effected by any other existing sect, which does not come upon the Unitarian platform of freedom for every inquiring mind, and liberty to conscience to decide for itself, in all cases, upon truth and duty, principles and measures; let us also be faithful to them, and point out their imperfections, the obstacles that oppose their progress, and the rocks and shoals that endanger their course.

Every system of theology grows out of and is shaped by the philosophical system of those by whom it is first digested and scientifically taught. For our present purpose, we shall divide all systems of philosophy into two classes, those that recognise innate ideas, and those that do not; and shall endeavor to show, in the course of our article, that there are but three distinct systems of theology founded upon the idea of one God, namely, Pantheism, Trinitarianism, and Unitarianism; the first two growing out of the philosophy that recognises innate ideas, and the last out of that which does not. Leaving Pantheism for the present out of view, the great question upon which the other two systems split, the point upon which individuals and sects turn in deciding upon the views they will adopt, is native depravity; and, therefore, we will in this article, for convenience' sake, call all those systems that hold to depravity, by the general name Trinitarian, and those that do not hold to depravity, and the dogmas generally and logically connected with it, Unitarian. On the side of the Trinitarians, there is greater logical consistency and completeness of system than there is on the other. The only thing that essentially modifies the Trinitarian systems, and furnishes a good ground for a subdivision, is the view they take of the freedom of the will, — or the answer they would give the question, whether man, in his unregenerate state, is able of himself to will or desire to be born of the Spirit and become holy. Edwards and Hopkins, for instance, answer the question in the negative. The Methodists and Lutherans, we believe, answer it in the affirmative. The doctrine of infant damnation, and a few others that might be named, we do not consider as either included in or excluded by the Trinitarian theory.

We would remark here, that by Trinitarianism in this article we mean exclusively the *Trinitarian theology*, without any reference to the form of church-government with which it may happen to be connected, or the degree of liberty which the different churches may allow their members, or the charity they may have for those who do not belong to them. Hence we include Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Orthodox Congregationalists, and Roman Catholics. So too, by Unitarianism we mean the *Unitarian theology* exclusively; for we can see no necessary or logical connexion between this theology, and that liberty of conscience, that freedom of inquiry, and that liberality of the construction put upon Christianity, which have characterized the Unitarians in our age, and which have done more, in our estimation, than the peculiarities of their theology, to give them that degree of success with which their efforts have been attended. We must request the reader to bear especially in mind that we speak of the different systems in the *abstract*, rather than as they have appeared in any of their particular manifestations. We by no means intend that the Orthodox of our New England in this nineteenth century, shall pocket all the good things that we shall say of Trinitarianism; much less would we have the Unitarians suppose that we think that all the hard things we are compelled in truth to say of their system, are applicable to them. They are better than their system, and, therefore, we have a hope of them; while the Orthodox are worse than theirs, and this, if anything, would lead us to despair of them.

Unitarianism has made its appearance frequently in the Church — in Paul of Samosata, Arius, Pelagius, the Waldenses, Socinus, and the Polish Unitarians: and in England some of her brightest ornaments and best scholars are now acknowledged to have been Unitarians. Under Constantine it well nigh gained the ascendancy, and in the succeeding reigns it was for several years the predominant faith. But the general, and perhaps we may say the uniform voice of the Church has been against it. Of course we would not so far beg the question as to include the Apostolic Age in our assertion. So far, then, as the Church of Christ is our authority in interpreting the religion of Christ, that authority is against Unitarianism.

This fact, and we are anxious not to overstate it, is so important, that we will pause a moment to give it a little more consideration. Should we regard Christ merely as a teacher, — the lowest view that can be taken of him, — and suppose that his spirit has no influence upon his followers, except through his doctrines, as that of Plato and Zeno also had; still the uniform testimony of the body of his followers, who had professedly made his doctrines their study, and who had disciplined their lives upon his principles, that such or such a doctrine was the Christian, and the true one, would be a very great authority to prove that it is so. This principle we recognise, and make use of in our inquiries into the system of any other founder of a religious sect, or school in philosophy, and then we regard it as sound and legitimate. Why is it not as sound and safe in our inquiries into Christianity, as in our inquiries into Platonism? But if we take a more spiritual view of Christ, as of a being that came to communicate himself to his followers; and consider how many promises he made to his disciples that he would be with them always, even unto the end of the world; that when two or three were gathered together in his name, he would be there in the midst of them; how he promised the Comforter, which is the Spirit of Truth, which should lead them into all truth; how the Church is spoken of by Paul as the body of which Christ is the life, the soul, — we shall see that there is a reason for regarding the authority of the Church, when opposed to an individual, or a comparatively small body of dissenters, which there is not in the case of Plato and other teachers. This, we are aware, is going very near to the basis of Episcopacy; but we ought not to be scared from the truth, by its proximity to what we in many respects very much dislike. Carry this view to the extreme point to which it tends, and it will make no difference to the disciple, whether a doctrine were uttered by the lips of Jesus Christ in person, or by Christ living in Paul or John; or finally, by Christ as the life and soul of the Church. To one who holds this view, the testimony of the Church would be decisive against Unitarianism. But we design to make no use of this argument any farther than merely to state it.

During the whole of this controversy, it has been maintained that the dogmas of the Trinitarian theology were

corruptions of Christianity, introduced into the popular faith by the Platonic fathers, in the early ages of the Church. This position was maintained by an array of arguments, sufficient to convince any one that could be convinced by such arguments. It contained the shell of the truth, but not its substance. It is true that the Trinitarian view of Christianity was first reduced to dogmatic formulas by these fathers. It was many years, and required the labors of many and great geniuses, before the Trinitarian scheme received its full development, and an adequate scientific statement. Theophilus of Antioch, we believe, first introduced the word Trinity, as applied to the Godhead. Clement of Alexandria uses it once, and then in reference to Paul's triad, Faith, Hope, and Charity. But at the time of the Council of Nice the doctrine of the Trinity had received a pretty definite statement. This scheme is of such a nature that one needs but to receive one of its points, to be in the way to embrace the rest; for it is a unity, and each of its parts implies all the rest. It is a little remarkable that every writer upon dogmatics, whose name has come down to us, associated with recollections of any permanent influence exerted upon or important service done to the Church, helped, in one way or other, to develop the Trinitarian scheme, until it may be said to have received its completion by the hand of Augustine.

The arguments adduced by the Unitarians prove nothing more, and from the nature of the case they could prove no more, than that the Trinitarian scheme received its development, systematic arrangement, and scientific statement, from these Platonic Fathers. This, we suppose, every intelligent Trinitarian will admit. The Unitarians further maintain that these Fathers received the substance of their system from the Platonic Philosophy, while the Trinitarians maintain that they derived it from Christianity. There can be but little if any doubt in the minds of those acquainted with the writings of Plato, that the Trinitarian scheme can be made out from them, or at least from principles contained in them. Thus far the presumption is in favor of the Unitarians. But the question then arises, whether it cannot equally well be made out from the Christian Scriptures. This the Trinitarians affirm, but the Unitarians deny it. We waive the question for the present.



But all agree that the Trinitarian scheme received its development, and was introduced into the Church, by the friends of the Platonic Philosophy; and this is all that we had in view in alluding to its origin as a system. Now Platonism is a spiritual philosophy. It is transcendental, — it is dynamical. Unitarianism, on the other hand, has very rarely, so far as we know, been taught or held by any man of eminence in the church who was a Platonist. Many adherents, indeed, of the sensuous philosophy have received the Trinitarian scheme. Indeed this was generally the case at the commencement of the Unitarian movement, and this it was, we think, which gave rise to that movement. Men with a sensuous philosophy, and material conceptions of spirit and spiritual things, made but sorry work in teaching dogmas that were developed, and could be understood, only by means of a spiritual philosophy. These dogmas, thus taught, became absurdities, and all persons who had boldness to think for themselves, and the sagacity to discern these absurdities, were dissatisfied with what was called Christianity. Out of this dissatisfaction grew the Unitarian movement. We think we do not err when we say that the Unitarian theology owes its reception, more to the fact of its having brought relief from a theology that was felt to be absurd and enslaving to the soul, than to any convictions, which it produced in the minds of men, of its own intrinsic worth. When the Trinitarian scheme, from a living spirit warm from the heart, became congealed into dogmas, its incongruity with the quickening truths of the gospel, and with the best instincts of humanity, were strongly felt. This made it unwelcome to the hearts of men. The Church, bent on self-preservation, and confident, even beyond a doubt, that she was right, resorted to every means she could, to enforce the reception of her doctrines. She threatened all the unconverted with eternal torments in the world to come. She represented every calamity that befel men in this world, as an indication of the displeasure of God at the stiff-necked generation who would not receive his statutes. And in proportion to the absurdity and shallowness and self-contradictions of her theology, *as her ministers taught it*, was the necessity for her to watch over the action of the minds and consciences of her members, lest

error and heresy should creep in. Hence too all free inquiry must be checked that heresy might be forestalled. Hence spiritual despotism.

The authors of the Unitarian movement, dissatisfied with this state of things, took their stand boldly for freedom and truth. They probably were too much permeated with the philosophy of their age, to have much sympathy with the Platonic Philosophy, through which alone they could come to such an understanding of Trinitarianism, as to make it seem intelligible and rational. They therefore associated with the liberty of conscience and freedom of inquiry, for which they so manfully contended, the Unitarian theology. This association, it seems to us, was wholly accidental; since there is nothing in Unitarianism itself that is more congenial to free inquiry and liberty of conscience, than there is in Trinitarianism. While its reformers opposed the popular theology, which so many disliked, and held out such promises of freedom and encouragement in all inquiries after the truth, and of toleration for the opinions of honest minds, they met with great success. But they were thus living upon the crumbs that fell from another's table. They did not live and grow from a principle of life within themselves. The talk about freedom soon got to be an old story. The Unitarians had, however, from the first, insisted upon morality and good works, much more than was common in any other of the denominations of their day. This gave them some life of their own, underived from and independent of any other denomination. But they need, in order to their success, a quickening and lifegiving theology. Have they got it? This is the question we propose to discuss.

We have before alluded to the fact, that Unitarianism had frequently made its appearance in one form or another, and had as frequently been repudiated by the general and constant voice of the Church. This would seem to indicate that it is inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity.

We have before said that all systems of philosophy may be divided into two classes, — those which recognise innate ideas, and those which do not. There can be no other class. For those who do not believe in innate ideas, there is but one system of theology logically possible, and that is Unitarianism. For those who adopt the spiritual philos-

ophy, and hold to innate ideas, there are two systems logically possible. If one take ideas as his starting point, he comes to Pantheism. If he start from the fact of sin, he comes to Trinitarianism. Hence there are and can be but three systems of theology radically and specifically different from each other, based upon the idea of one God, — Unitarianism, Pantheism, and Trinitarianism.

If one deny innate ideas, he adopts a system of philosophy that is sensuous, for it traces the origin of all ideas to the senses; — it is empirical, for it teaches that we can know nothing except by experience; — and it is mechanical, for it ascribes to nature a causality different from that of God. If he have logical consistency in all his opinions and feelings, he is a Unitarian in his theology, a Whig in his politics, (if he be a citizen of our own country,) and a conservative in everything.

When we speak of one's adopting one or another system of philosophy, we do not mean to have it understood that we suppose that one in a hundred of those of whom we thus speak, has ever studied the different systems of philosophy, and deliberately chosen between them. Systems of philosophy are not made as we get up a constitution for a state or society; but they are foreordained in the constitutions of the men who receive them, and in the state of things in which they appear. One will belong to the school of philosophy that is most congenial to his temperament. Hence he may be said to belong to that school, even if he have never read a book or heard a lecture upon philosophy in his life. But suppose he begins to study philosophy. He examines the various systems, and it is certain that he will deliberately adopt that which he had before unconsciously acquiesced in. He will find it more true to the facts and experience of his own mind than any other. He will find that it harmonizes better with all his thoughts, feelings, and opinions, than any other, and therefore he will finally adopt it. Although it is very rare to find one logically consistent in all his opinions, still there is always a tendency that way, and one advances with a rapidity proportioned to the free, unbiassed, and unconstrained activity of his mind. The soul is such a unity in itself, that it tends with strength and speed proportioned to its vigor and spontaniety, to a unity in all

its opinions. This tendency to unity is an invariable law of our minds, and of all mind. Its influence is great, — far greater than the unreflecting suppose. It acts upon our thoughts and feelings both before they come into consciousness, and when they first come under the influence of the will, and does much to mould them during the process of their formation into opinions.

From this consideration of the law of unity, we are often led to speak of men as holding opinions, which in point of fact they do not hold, and to classify them with those from whom they thus apparently disagree. We classify them, not by the opinions they have adopted from interest, policy, or authority; but by those they have adopted from the free, unbiassed activity of their own minds, and which are therefore congenial to them. It requires but little sagacity to discriminate between the two.

The sensuous philosophy recognizes no source of ideas but the senses. These connect the mind with the outward material world, and consequently, since they have no originating power of their own, they can furnish us with the ideas of nothing except what is out of them. Now since there is nothing but material things out there, we can have no conception of spirit; and since all matter is limited, we can have no idea of the Infinite, the Eternal; and finally since there is no source of ideas but the senses, all our knowledge is empirical, and experience can give us no idea of the Absolute and the Necessary. Hence it follows that the Author and Cause of Nature cannot be called Infinite and Eternal, but only Indefinitely Powerful, Wise, Good. As we can know no absolute truth, all truths that we can know are conditional; and the condition upon which they all depend in the last analysis, is the will of the First Cause. Hence we can know nothing of our duty and destiny except by a revelation of His will, made through some chosen messenger; and this messenger can authenticate his claim to be received in his official capacity, only by doing what the First Cause alone can do, namely, work miracles. We can then know nothing more of the message, than that it is the will and the opinion of the Creator. Hence duty is nothing but the will of God, and truth is nothing but the opinion of God. Some of the conclusions, that we have now drawn from this sensuous premiss,

will be acknowledged by the disciples of this school, and some will not; yet all of them will be assumed and implied in their discourse and writings.

We have thus a God that is not Infinite, but only Indefinite; whose will is duty and whose opinion is truth,—and for no other assignable reason than because they are His will and opinion. We get at Him through the material outlying world, with which our senses acquaint us, and at abstract truth and duty only through Him. Now as the senses can bring in ideas of only what is in the material world, they can bring in nothing but ideas and conceptions of material things; and as, according to this theory, the mind in its action upon these ideas and conceptions can add no new element, our idea of spirit must be material, or, strictly speaking, we can have no idea of spirit. We only christen matter in some exceedingly subtle and attenuated form with that name. Hence spirit, or what this school call so, is treated in all their thoughts and speculations, as subject to material formulas and categories. It is treated as having impenetrability. Hence its relation to number, as one or more, its relation to time, past, present, and future; to space, as here or elsewhere, and as being in but one place at a time. Hence God, who is the living spirit, is only man purified from sin, and indefinitely enlarged. He yet sustains, like man, relation to quantity, number, time, and place. He is therefore called a person,—in a sense involving these relations. Now to say that three persons, one of whom is like what is above described, are one person in the same sense of the word that they are three persons, is an absurdity,—a contradiction in terms. Thus the sensuous philosophy denies the possibility of a Trinity; and, as men will never find in Revelation what their philosophy, or their reason, as they usually call it, tells them to be impossible, one who adopts this philosophy will feel obliged, especially if he be opposed to mysteries, to interpret every passage of Scripture which others regard as proving the Trinity, as proving no such doctrine.

This philosophy, by making the soul a mere *tabula rasa*, a mere capacity, denies the possibility of innate depravity or original sin. It denies all spontaneity of soul. It denies that there is a tendency of any kind, and maintains that we sin through the influence of bad education, exam-

ple, and so forth. Giving, as it does, all the properties of matter to spirit, such as extension, impenetrability, it denies the possibility of a common soul. I am one man, one individual unit. Adam is another, and we can be one in no other sense than I and my pen are one. The corruption of his nature can no more affect mine, than it can that of my pen. My soul is inclosed within this body of mine. It never saw Adam, had no opportunity to assent to or dissent from his transgression, and it must therefore be the height of injustice to punish or disable me in any way for it. I cannot be answerable for his act, and no more can I have been created with a tendency or proclivity to sin, in consequence of his sin. Thus we see that this philosophy denies innate depravity, and consequently we need no Saviour. Born free and pure, we can, if we will, keep a righteous law, and all that we need is a teacher of that law; it will indeed be of great service to us, if he will set us an example of obedience to it. It is unjust to require of any individual what he cannot do; so that even if one cannot keep a perfect law, he cannot justly be punished for it. He is justified if he do all that he can.

So too there can be no regeneration. Such a change can mean nothing more than improvement, — the becoming more pure, more prudent, more industrious, more benevolent, more honest. It is not a new birth, into a world of new thoughts, new hopes and feelings, new lights and new life. It is an improvement in the life, effected by breaking off bad habits and practices, and cultivating those that are good and reputable; it is not a thorough purging of the fountain of life. As there is nothing in the soul except what has been brought in from some outward, foreign source, there can be no need of a change more radical than that effected in what flows from, and is reflected back into, the outward world by the soul. Now as the moral character was formed by the influence of education, example, — what is outward to the soul, and to the free will of the individual, — so it can be changed, — regeneration can be effected, — by the proper change in the external influences that environ the individual, and by his resolutions to that purpose. As there is no power or tendency to evil intrinsic to the soul, behind and controlling the will, there is no need of any foreign influence. Man can effect his own regeneration.

Such is the sensuous philosophy, and the theology which it gives, when applied to the interpretation of divine things. We do not describe these views as being those held by the Unitarians in our neighborhood, nor, indeed, as those that have ever been held by any considerable number of Christians. Yet such we believe to be the logical deductions from their premises, and, consequently, the goal towards which they tend. Such would be the views held by any who should adopt this system of philosophy in all its logical consequences and scientific proportions. But this system is counteracted more or less, probably, in every mind by the influence of its better nature.

Another simultaneous movement in Christianity is the Rationalistic, which is Pantheistic, according to our classification. This movement grew out of the Unitarian movement. It did not, however, grow out of the Unitarian theology; it is not a carrying out of Unitarianism, for the two systems have different starting points, and tend in different directions. Unitarianism and Rationalism are, however, associated in the present case; but the association is, philosophically speaking, purely accidental. We have before remarked, that the liberty allowed to the individual conscience, and the encouragement given to free inquiry, have no necessary connexion with Unitarian theology any more than with the Trinitarian. Perhaps they have generally been associated wherever Unitarianism has appeared, under some of its various names, in the Church. But this is not attributable to their theology, but rather to the fact, that the Unitarians have always been, as a sect, inferior both in point of numbers and general influence, to the other sects with whom they are compared in these respects. Small, persecuted sects are always more tolerant than large and predominant ones are, except in cases where the small sect is under the influence of fanaticism. There is, perhaps, another reason why Unitarians have generally been more tolerant and liberal than other sects, and that is to be found in the fact that, as a general thing, they attach much less importance to theological opinions than to a moral and religious life. The connexion between the Unitarian and the Pantheist in the present case, however, is to be found in the encouragement which the former gave to freedom of inquiry. Had the popular theology, at the commencement

of the nineteenth century, been Unitarian, instead of being, as it was, an ossification of Trinitarianism, then the movement which was really made in favor of liberty of conscience and freedom of inquiry, would have been connected with the Trinitarian theology, and Trinitarianism would have sustained the same relation to Pantheism that Unitarianism now does.

The introduction of Pantheism and Rationalism into our country was thus. The sensuous philosophy, which had just before received its best statement, by one of England's best men and brightest ornaments, John Locke, and which then almost exclusively prevailed in the schools and in the reading of the common people, as well as in that of the learned classes, had laid its iron hand upon nearly or quite all men. It took from the books that stimulating and nourishing influence which they should have exerted upon the minds of their readers. It did not quicken men to sufficient mental activity and keenness of insight to make them perceive its imperfections. Hence the multitude received it with never a question of its truth. But the more enthusiastic and expansive minds felt the pressure severely. Perhaps they were not able to say what caused their misery. They were ignorant of the definite object they were to seek, and the Church forbade any general research, except on condition that the adventurer should return at last to rest in her own bosom. Moved by an instinct which she probably did not understand herself, she greatly preferred to have none wander in quest of truth and rest, to the strongest pledges they could give of their return. The Unitarian movement disenfranchised the minds of men, and bade them wander wheresoever they might list in search of truth, and to rest in whatsoever views their own consciences might approve.

The attention of our students was then called to the literature of foreign countries. They wished to see how went the battle against sin and error there. They soon found a different philosophy in vogue, and one which seemed to explain the facts of their own experience and observation more to their satisfaction, than the one they had been accustomed to meet with in their books. In most cases the pleasure of the discovery was greatly heightened by the fact, that these men, in their previous inquiries, had come to



the same or similar conclusions. In some cases they had been too diffident to express them, while in others the expression of them had called forth manifest indications of disapprobation, if not open persecution.

The first fact that fixed the attention of these inquirers was the recognition of innate ideas, — a source of truth and spiritual influence hidden in the depths of soul. A fact so expansive in its nature, and so important in its consequences, filled the whole of their field of vision. They thus found that the whole of one side of the soul of man lay open to the Spiritual and the Ideal. This was the source of those ideas that are not of earth, earthy, — not of matter, material, but which transcend the outward world, and are beyond its power to give, — the ideas of the Infinite, the Eternal, the Absolute, the Necessary. They thus became acquainted with entities that have no relation to time, and place, and condition. They saw that God must be of this nature, or else they had found a greater than He. They saw too that there were essences that sustain no relation to quantity and number. Quantity, number, time, place, all belong to matter, but have no application to the eternal verities of God. Taking these for their point of departure, they come to a One, — the Essence of all things, — eternal, immutable, indivisible, excluding all idea of duality and plurality, of infinite attributes, and perfect in each, existing in its wholeness and entirety in each and every point of space, at any and every moment of time.

Pantheism in philosophy and religion in general is Rationalism in Christianity. This system is the result arrived at by all who take eternal and necessary ideas for their point of departure. By holding to a unity of essence, underlying as the basis all the diversities of things existent in nature, it rejects the doctrine of the Trinity, not like Unitarianism, by denying it, but by making an omni-unity, — not a three-in-one, but an all-in-one. Christ differs from other men only in degree, and the miracles he wrought differ from other men's acts, only as he differs from them. He is to other religious teachers, to Moses, Zoroaster, Socrates, Confucius, — what Shakspeare is to other poets, Phidias to sculptors, or Cuvier to naturalists; his relative superiority indeed being far greater than theirs.

Holding as they do to but one essence of all things,

which essence is God, Pantheists must deny the existence of essential evil. All evil is negative, — it is imperfection, non-growth. It is not essential, but modal. Of course there can be no such thing as hereditary sin, — a tendency positively sinful in the soul. Sin is not a wilful transgression of a righteous law, but the difficulty and obstruction which the Infinite meets with in entering into the finite. Regeneration is nothing but an ingress of God into the soul, before which sin disappears as darkness before the rising sun. Pantheists hold also to the atonement, or at-one-ment between the soul and God. This is strictly a unity or oneness of essence, to be brought about by the incarnation of the spirit of God, which is going on in us as we grow in holiness. As we grow wise, just, and pure, — in a word, holy, — we grow to be one with Him in mode, as we always were in essence. This atonement is effected by Christ, only in as far as he taught the manner in which it was to be accomplished more fully than any other, and gave us a better illustration of the method and result in his own person than any one else that has ever lived.

Such is the theology which those who believe in innate ideas arrive at, if they take those ideas as their point of departure. This system, as well as the Unitarian, and, indeed, almost all systems, appears naked and lifeless in a scientific statement. As systems, they have but little, if any, power.

The introduction of a spiritual philosophy into our community was, however, an incalculable good. The movement of Unitarians in favor of freedom and toleration had prepared a field for it. Their theology was a comparatively unimportant affair, and we think is destined to give place to another gradually, and perhaps imperceptibly to all except the closest observers. This will take place so soon as the object upon which their attention was at first mainly fixed, namely, freedom and toleration, shall have been made so secure as to allow their best minds to direct the full activity of their energies to this matter. We predict that the Unitarians of New England will be known in church history, not so much as reformers in theology, as in the character of champions for the rights of the soul, and advocates of investigation and progress. They prepared the way for the introduction of a better philosophy; which in

its turn will, if we mistake not, introduce a better theology. So soon as familiarity with the spiritual philosophy will allow all of its parts to assume their just proportions in their minds, the theologians will take sin, which seems to be one of the most prominent and obvious facts in the universe, as their point of departure; and then, relying upon the law of unity, which rules all minds to some extent, we predict Trinitarianism as the result.

The one object and aim, in which all theological systems and all religious culture centre, is the extermination of evil, — the great fact that everywhere stares us in the face, when we look abroad upon the world. It is natural, therefore, to ask in the outset, what is evil? To this question each of the three theological systems gives an answer, so different from those of the other two, as to modify every other part of its system, and the measures and efforts to which it tends. We have already said that the peculiarity of the Trinitarian system is, that it takes the spiritual philosophy as its guide and interpreter, and the fact of evil or sin as its point of departure. To get rid of evil is the problem; it is therefore necessary to a right solution, that one should have a definite notion of what evil is, — and one that is correct; at least it must be correct so far as the purposes of this problem are concerned. The development of the Trinitarian theory should therefore be preceded by a disquisition upon the nature of evil. This theory assumes it to be something positive. A question might be raised between the Trinitarian and the Pantheist, in which the Unitarian can have no part or interest, whether evil be essential or modal. But the answer has no bearing upon our present purpose. The Pantheist, by acknowledging but one essence of all things, must necessarily make that one essence homogeneous and good; and by ascribing, as he necessarily does, all causality to that one essence, which is God, he must deny not only that evil is essential, and this the Trinitarian may concede, but he must also deny that it is positive, which it must be to be causal. This the Trinitarian must maintain, and here join issue with the Pantheist. We do not propose to argue this question here. With the Pantheist evil is negative, like cold and dark; being negative, — nothing, — it can do nothing, it can make no resistance to good, and it

cannot influence the will and lead man to sin. Good can act upon the will. Love, Justice, Truth influence the will, and move us to do good. There is the day and the warm summer of life. When they cease to act there is sin, the winter of life, in which nothing can grow, the night without aurora or stars, in which no beauty can be seen. The Trinitarian says that evil is as causal as good. When good is absent the mind is not left vacant; the will is not left uninfluenced, but evil is present with us. Hate, for instance, is as influential upon the will to lead us to sin, as love is to lead us to good. You may say, if you please, that hate and love are essentially one and the same, different only in form. This is quite possible and even probable. The position has much, which if not decisive, is very weighty, in its favor. Thus it is impossible for one to hate that which under other circumstances he could not love; and the bitterness of one's hate is measured by the ardor with which he would love that same object or person under other circumstances. These considerations go far to show that hate and love are only different forms of the same essential feeling. Hate is only inverted love. Still, if it be so, the Trinitarian will maintain, this inversion takes place in the feeling before it comes into the consciousness, and consequently before it comes under the influence of the will; so that in relation to our actions, — our outward moral character, it is the same as though hate were in its essence different from love. Self-love, hate, lust, arise from those unexplored depths where the light of consciousness never shone, and where the influence of the will never extended. They come up behind the will, like an enemy from the dark, and force it into their service. You may explain the nature of these enemies as you please, their extensive control over the will is as certain as any fact of psychology.

These three views of evil can now be seen at a glance. The Unitarian denies that there is any such region from which influences, good or bad, may come up behind consciousness and the will. All actions, good or bad, issue from the will, and originate in the consciousness. One wills to love, and thereupon he loves. One wishes to weep, or repent and love God; he sets himself about it, and grief, repentance, and love to God ensue. Hence men are born free from sin, and the will is unbiassed and uncon-

strained in its choice of good or evil. The other two systems maintain that freewill is not the only source of influence, nor the only agent in forming the character. Its warp is spun and laid by God himself, and the woof only is the work of freewill. They agree in acknowledging a backdoor to the soul, through which messengers may come and go unperceived. The Pantheist says that through this door God sends his angels on messages of holy influence. Thereby enter love, hope, faith, truth. But the Trinitarian says that the Devil has discovered this private entrance, and comes in also with his foul and pestilential breath, bringing with him the servants of hell, — death, fear, envy, hate, lust, self-love, and all the train of ills that desolate the earth. In short, the Unitarian says that every act originates in freedom and from the will. The other two systems acknowledge the agency and influence of the will, but hold also to an influence exerted upon it, which originates behind consciousness, and biasses, and in some cases entirely controls the will. The Pantheist holds that these influences are good, and good only, while the Trinitarian holds that they are both good and evil. With the Unitarian, holiness consists in choosing the good; with the Pantheist it consists in submitting the will wholly and entirely to these divine influences. But the Trinitarian holds with the Unitarian, that holiness consists in choosing the good; and with the Pantheist, that it requires submission of the will wholly to the good influences, both of which man can do of himself; — and still further he holds, that it implies not only a resistance to the evil influences, but it also implies a freedom from them. This freedom man cannot of himself effect. This is the work of Christ. The Holy Spirit may enter to lead us unto Christ, for no one can so much as call Jesus Lord, but by the Holy Spirit; and none can come to the Father but through the Son. “If,” says the Trinitarian, “we can always choose the good, — which is all that the Unitarian scheme requires, — and if we can always submit ourselves to the Holy Spirit, — which is all that Pantheism requires, — still the work is not done. We may have obeyed the law, and we may not have resisted the Holy Spirit; but we are not beyond temptation; we are not beyond the possibility of sinning. Though we may so choose, and so control our words and actions, that we never

do or say anything that is not kind and benevolent, still we find it quite beyond our power to keep ourselves wholly from feelings, which, unresisted, would lead us to be unkind and selfish. There will still be a fountain of evil within us; and, although we may possibly dam the current that flows from it, so that nothing wrong shall appear in our conduct, we can never remove the fountain itself. But this must be done; else our wills must run counter to the will of God, and we cannot be at one with Him."

Such is the Trinitarian view of evil. It is not our object here to prove it either true or false. We only seek to know what it is, that so we may have the point from which they take their departure,—the stand-point from which their system may be fairly seen and rightly understood. The fact, that there is this current setting towards evil in the human heart,—that every one is born into the world with a fountain of sin and corruption welling up in his soul, and to all appearance forming a part of it, is all that is necessary to the Trinitarian scheme. Other questions arise, and will be differently answered by different persons. But the discussion of these questions belongs to another place. The spiritual philosophy, by removing the enclosures that sunder soul from soul, and make a common humanity impossible, removes the difficulty lying in the way of the doctrine, that this common humanity, which is the basis and substratum of all individual souls, might have been not only represented by, but actually and substantially, embodied in Adam; and that as our bodies were formed from his, and partook of the diseases that were in it, so also our souls are formed of the essence of his. On this supposition, the corruption he introduced into his soul by transgression was introduced into all humanity, and in so far as each of us partakes of humanity we partake of this corruption. Divisions and enclosures which make many of one belong to matter. Spirit knows them not. Hence there is no presumption against the Adamic theory of the origin of sin. But the universal prevalence of sinful practices among the children of men seems to indicate a cause coextensive with the effect. A cause that resides in all men must reside in that which is common to them all. This is what we call humanity or human nature. It cannot reside in the freewill, for in that case its manifes-

tation would be contingent. For if all men are unbiassed and free to do or not to do a thing, we cannot suppose that all, without a single exception, would do it. If then all men commit sin, the inference is, that there is a tendency spontaneously active in every soul,—a tendency behind the will and prior to its activity. If it be not in the soul at the soul's birth, then it is born in the soul afterwards, and in either case we are entitled to call it innate depravity. It is not necessarily total, nor is it equal in all individuals. Its extent is to be ascertained by an examination of each individual case.

Now as this sinful nature is situated in the soul, behind the will, and must pass through, be augmented, restrained, or modified by the will on its way into activity, it is beyond the power of man to remove it. There must be some supernatural aid. This aid is found in Christ. Christ therefore cannot be a mere man. What then is he? He that made human nature can change it, and he only. This change is as much an act of supernatural agency as creation. Christ appeared in the world exercising the same power over material nature that was exercised over it at its creation. To call a dead man back into life is an act akin in its nature to the calling of the soul into a new body. So Christ's influence upon the soul is like to that of its creation. Was Christ then divine, one with God? We will not ask if he be *equal* with God, for that would imply a diversity of essence. But was he one with God, the same in essence and in power?

We have seen that the spiritual philosophy, by denying a human personality to God, removes all antecedent objection to this doctrine. To deny the personality of God, is to deny that He, being a spirit, sustains any relation to quantity, number, time, or space. It is not to deny that God is a free, self-determining, intelligent, self-conscious agent. God is one and not many. He is a unity, which is in its very nature indivisible. He is spirit. Now spirit, even in the chemical sense of the word, from which it is not unlikely that the other sense is derived, is not spoken of as subject to the relations of number. We speak of two bodies of water, two quantities of oxygen; but never of two waters or two oxygens. The names of fluids admit of no plural in grammar. There may be

many quantities or bodies, but not two fluids of the same kind. Now take away from a fluid, water, for instance, its extension, which is purely a property of matter, and you will destroy its relation to quantity, more and less. It then escapes our power of conception, but does not therefore become nothing. We have an idea of it still. By the same process it loses its relation to place. We can predicate things of it which we could not before. Thus I say of my blood, which sustains no relation to number, that it is in my hand, in my foot, and in my head, at one and the same time. Take away its extension, out of which grow its relations to quantity and place, and I should mean by it, as I cannot now, *all* of it, because in that case it would be indivisible, and I should never have an idea of a part in contradistinction from the whole. I should say that it, in its perfect unbroken wholeness and entirety, was in my hand, in my foot, and in my head, at one and the same time. Now it is said of Christ, that the fullness of the Godhead dwelt in him bodily, and if he had nothing in his nature heterogeneous to the divine nature, — nothing but sin is so, — then we may say of him that he is God. But unity is indivisible. While God is in his fulness and perfectness in Christ, he is not therefore absent from any other part or point of the universe. But, as in Christ there was no sin nor imperfection, but pure, free, unobstructed divinity, and as the divine unity is incapable of division or plurality, so he was very God. As it is one thing to create us, and another to guide us and lead us to Christ, through whom we have salvation and “justification from all that from which we could not be justified by the law of Moses,” or any other law, so a third agent is found necessary to guide us and lead us to Christ. This is called the Holy Spirit. Hence a Trinity. The influence of the Holy Spirit is general, anterior to, and in a sense independent of, the will. It leads us to Christ. The influence of Christ is special, and contingent upon the election of the individual will subject to the influence.

The necessity for regeneration grows out of the fact of a sinful nature, as the common ground and cause of sinful actions. The sin that men commit indicates a sinful nature, as clearly as the poetry they write indicates a poetic nature. The only way to make men secure against com-



mitting more sin, is to purge them from this sinful nature. Hence regeneration, to be complete and adequate to the necessity of the case, must be a change of nature, a radical change, though not necessarily a total one. Man must come to love God and his neighbor instead of the world and himself. His love which proceeds not from the will, but from a nature behind the will, must be changed. This must be done by a supernatural agent.

Being thus led by the Spirit of God to Christ, that we may have righteousness and holiness through him, we cease (gradually) to be influenced by those passions and appetites which had before led us to commit sin. We cease to live, and Christ liveth in us; so that we are saved not by our own righteousness, but by the righteousness of Christ living in us. We are justified by his faith. He by taking our nature upon him, and living in us, has fulfilled for us all righteousness, and wrought our salvation and acceptance with God, not out of us, but within us. Being purged from sin by him, we are brought to be one with the Father, even as he was one with him, and the atonement is made.

This, we believe, is a development of all the essential points of Trinitarianism, from sin as a point of departure, and the spiritual philosophy as the interpreter. We have entered thus into an examination of the three systems, to find data for a calculation of what is to be. Unitarianism, having often come up in the church, and been repudiated by it, is found to be contained in Trinitarianism. We regard it as the result of an attempt to explain Christianity by the sensual philosophy, instigated by a desire to get rid of mystery, and make everything clear and simple. If this philosophy is not true to psychology, then its interpretations of Christianity are wrong, and the soul is against them, and will finally triumph. We cannot enter into a general discussion of Unitarianism in a psychological view. Paul speaks of a "spiritual discernment" of things, which cannot well be a function of any one of the five senses. What is communion with the Holy Spirit? talking to him? or intercourse *with* him? Whence come the joy and peace in believing? through the five senses, or any one of them? By what avenue is that "manifestation of the Spirit given to every man to profit with," made, the

eye, or the ear? We might put many other like questions, and should perhaps put them, if it would not seem to imply that we supposed Unitarians among us do actually adopt the system in all of its details. But let it be understood that we speak of Unitarianism as a theory, and not of the views that one and another man or any body of men actually hold. This is also true of what we have said of other systems. Probably no person holds either of them in all of its logical connexions, and unmingled with the others. Still the theory to which a man's leading views belong exerts a great influence over the success of his efforts, through the domineering influence of the love of unity. He, who says anything that does not grow out of his theory, finds his efforts comparatively powerless. The fates seem to be against him. His inconsistency is felt by, and influences many, who cannot tell what has affected them.

The fact, that Pantheism has so seldom appeared and made so little figure in the church, leaves us but slight room to expect that it will or can prevail to any extent. It is congenial as a system only to minds that are of a rare and peculiar cast. It has but little to recommend it, and promote its introduction to popular favor and reception, except its own intrinsic merits. Creative geniuses, who are always inclined to this view of things, are very rare, and seldom or never have any taste for systems as such. Common minds will materialize it, and then it becomes Atheism. The Pantheistic views of prayer and religious duty are too refined for the uneducated laboring classes, and too subtle and evanescent for the matter-of-fact business men, — the merchants, physicians, and lawyers. We speak, of course, generally; being well aware of the many exceptions to what we say. We know, too, that there is much in the system, which, when stated in glowing poetic language is very inspiring to the reader or hearer. Still we cannot think it possible that it should ever be the popular faith. It does not declare itself to be essential to the salvation of men's souls; and a system that does not do this with some show of plausibility, will receive but little attention from this busy self-seeking age. It says sin is an imperfection or non-growth; and if it is no more than this, men will not feel that it is a very bad thing after all. It

can never make them more unhappy than it does now; and if all other causes of unhappiness were removed, they think they should be about as happy as they desire. This reasoning, we admit, is purely selfish; but if we mistake not, it is such as men will adopt. There will always be a few to whom Pantheism will be congenial, and who, while the popular theology may be what it now is, will advocate it. But it seems to us that it can never prevail.

The question then is between Unitarianism and Trinitarianism. We incline to give a verdict for the latter. But let it be borne in mind, that by Trinitarianism we do not understand the doctrines and practices of the Orthodox Church, as that Church now is. The Orthodox Church, in order to succeed, or even sustain itself, must allow greater liberty to individual conscience, and encourage greater freedom of inquiry than heretofore; and finally, which is more than all the rest, it must apply the spiritual philosophy, as some of its members are beginning to do, to the interpretation and explanation of its dogmas. Else these are a mass of absurdity and contradiction; and the prop upon which they have hitherto rested, — textual authority, — is fast falling away. A few years ago it was enough to quote a few texts from any part of the Bible indiscriminately, which had been so explained as to tell in favor of a position, and however inconsistent or absurd that position might be, the objector was silenced by the declaration that it was a sin to question the word of God, — to put carnal reason above revelation. No intelligent Orthodox man would do so now. In a controversy, instead of wholesale quotations from Scripture, as in the case of Stuart's reply to Channing, he would attempt to show the reasonableness and consistency of his doctrine. The appeal would not be to the letter of Scripture, but to reason and common sense. The Orthodox must prepare themselves for this trial, both in respect to their doctrines and church-discipline. Their discipline must be reasonable and Christian. Their doctrines they must explain and interpret by a higher philosophy than they have generally done. Will they do this? We cannot answer for them. We hope they will. If not, the vineyard will be taken from them and given to other servants, who will render its fruits in due season.

It is not an easy matter to speak of the prospects of the

Unitarian body as it exists now amongst us. They have, in several respects, incalculable advantages over Trinitarians. They have taken the position of reformers; and they have effected a glorious reform in church-government, and in the management of ecclesiastical affairs. They have made a great movement too in favor of freedom of inquiry, and thoroughness and fearlessness of investigation; and now, like the witch of Endor, they seemed terrified at the spirit they have called up. This would seem to indicate that the movement in favor of freedom and liberality was not the offspring of pure, disinterested love of truth and principle. They were oppressed by the existent state of things, and sought a better. There was nothing radical intended in the movement. It was made from convenience, rather than from a clear insight into, and a disinterested love of, first principles. What was their watchword? What spell would most move the souls of their hearers and readers? The Divine Unity? The Humanity of Christ? or any one of their theological doctrines? No; but liberty to the individual conscience, freedom of inquiry, and the encouragement of sound morality and good works. Now the encouragement of sound morality and good works is not the exclusive property of Unitarianism. It belongs equally to the various Trinitarian systems. Nay, it comes with more force and effect from them than from the Unitarians. But of what value are liberty of conscience and freedom for inquiring minds, *as ends?* Of none whatever. They are privileges and conditions by which we may do something; and as such they are invaluable. But unless we have something to do, and intend to do it too, they are worth nothing. We should therefore have much more hope of the ultimate success of those engaged in this movement, if they had made a distinct statement of the thing they intended to do, and in all their efforts for freedom and liberality, regarded them as only the means to some ulterior end, upon which they were intent. This would have given them greater earnestness and zeal. It would have called a more effective class of minds to their service. It would have awakened a greater enthusiasm in the congregations they address. The mass of the people felt none of those evils of which they complained, and by which they were moved to attempt a reformation. These

evils were felt by only a comparatively small and peculiarly situated class; and they only responded to the call. Hence the fact, that may be seen in almost any country village, where there is a Unitarian society, that the most wealthy, the most refined, the most highly educated, according to the standards of this world, belong, as a general thing, to that communion.

This fact, so far from being a source of encouragement, as it is generally considered, appears to us to be a source of discouragement. These same persons, of whom the boast is made, are not the class most given to religious enthusiasm. They are good, exemplary, well-meaning men; they are very benevolent and liberal in their contributions for the support of public worship, or of any other public good. But they are not the stuff that reformers are made of. We certainly would not accuse them of a want of feeling; but we would say that they are cool, deliberate, sound, practical men; nowise inclined to fanaticism. Now any religious movement, whether in the Church or out of it, from Moses until to-day, has owed its success mainly to something, which, if it be not fanaticism itself, has been so very like to it, that it has been called by that name by all contemporaries who did not sympathize with it. Now we say that these men, who form the body and substance of the Unitarian denomination, honest, respectable, useful, and worthy men as they are, are precisely the class that have always been found least inclined to devote themselves and all they have, so entirely and so unreservedly to the promotion of any social or religious reform, as is necessary to secure its success and triumph. These men then will not do the work. Will they countenance and support others in doing it? We hardly think they will. They have no taste for that particular kind of zeal and earnestness, that the cause requires. They will find fault, as in some cases it has already happened, that the preacher is a little too orthodox, when he approaches the orthodox only in point of zeal and earnestness.

The Unitarians, dissatisfied with the absurdities and contradictions in the popular faith, which were dignified and protected by the sacred name of mysteries, endeavored to make their system simple and intelligible to all. We cannot but think that in this they have gone a little too far.

If religion be nothing more than a statement of a man's duties to God, himself, and his neighbor, then clearly there can be no mysteries in it; and we may say with Foster, "that where mystery begins, religion ends." Many minds may be satisfied with such a religion, but we hardly believe that they were intended for guides and teachers to the people. If so, many in every congregation will know more than their teachers. They will see things that are mysteries, and of which such a preacher can give no satisfactory solution. Perhaps he cannot even see the difficulty at all. If he deny that it is any part of religion to enlighten men upon such points, then the inquirers will feel that there must be a something above religion. A religion that is perfectly plain, and clear, and intelligible, will not satisfy such souls; and they have but little sympathy for or interest in a sect that does not, as they are obliged to do, bow itself in humble reverence before the inexplicable. They have no confidence in the solutions given by those who see no mysteries nor difficulties, until they are pointed out to them by somebody else. They see that Unitarians make Christianity too plain, — plainer than from the very nature of the case it can possibly be; and they feel that this must be done by overlooking or denying the great facts which are either to be explained or believed as mysteries. Now it happens that this is precisely the class of minds that have most of the Promethean fire, and that are the most efficient as writers and speakers. Such men, if they are now engaged in the Unitarian movement at all, as doubtless many of them are, are so not from a love of their theology, but because they consider it the cause of freedom and humanity.

There is, moreover, a degree of religious experience that Unitarianism fails to satisfy. We will not say how genuine it may be; we only refer to the fact that it exists, and that too to a great extent. How common is the remark made by Trinitarians, that they hear from the Unitarians good moral essays, splendid literary performances, but no Christianity, no religion. In other words, the preaching of Unitarians does not satisfy their religious feelings and experience. These feelings may all be morbid and extravagant; but they exist, and oppose the progress of Unitarianism. The most ardent and enthusiastic, so long as they

feel no particular interest in religion, except as a promoter of good morals, and as a means of keeping the state in order, go to the Unitarian churches, and are satisfied for a while. They have no wants that are not satisfied, no feelings that are not met. While they are in this state there is much to attach them to this denomination. But no sooner are their religious feelings excited, than they go to their church hungering and thirsting for the bread of life, and receive the cold injunction, "go and be fed." They go; and some one else feeds them, and gathers them into his fold. There is usually a reaction in favor of the Unitarians, after the excitement is over. But the Trinitarians prosper when religious feeling is the highest; and the Unitarians after the excitement is passed. In such case, action and reaction are never equal in their final results. Such things are, and always have been, in the church. It does not answer the purpose to call them extravagant and mad, or to apply to them any other opprobrious epithet. The church should be the nursing mother to such spirits, and, even if it does not approve of such tumultuous out-breakings of the religious feelings, it must treat those subject to them with tenderness and respect, and show them that within her ample folds there is room enough for every variety and manifestation of the spirit.

To these discouragements we must add another, and we hardly know by what name to designate it. Perhaps it might be said that Unitarianism is too intellectual, too argumentative and explanatory; that it addresses itself too much to the intellect. It preaches good morals, it labors hard upon the evidences. We believe that a very great portion of the printed sermons of that denomination consists of attempts to prove what other denominations wisely take for granted, or to explain what others believe without an attempt to explain. Thus, while Unitarians are laboring to build up the faith, they are unconsciously pandering to the spirit of infidelity. They are explaining away what the infidels object to; or at least trying to see if they cannot interpret Christianity, so that the objectors will consent to receive it. They are attempting to convince doubters by arguments that must fall powerless upon the doubting mind. They are trying to make Christianity intelligible to the unregenerate, while they seem to have forgotten that

“the natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, *because they are spiritually discerned.*” We cannot but think that it is a wiser and more successful course, even when the object is to prove a doctrine to be true, to assume it in the outset to be true, and by treating it as true beyond a doubt, produce the feeling that it is so in the hearts of those who listen. One will convince an audience of doubters of the existence of God, much quicker, and produce a much more permanent conviction, by awakening their feelings, so that they shall feel him stirring and moving in their inmost hearts, than he can by the most logical and best constructed argument coldly addressed to the understanding. A preacher will much sooner bring his hearers to an understanding of Christianity, by assuming it to be true, and then proceeding to urge upon them the repentance and religious discipline it requires, than he will by making use of the most ingenious explanations and the most happy and striking illustrations.

The last discouraging circumstance that we will mention, and by far the greatest, is one of those we brought against Pantheism; namely, that it does not declare itself to be necessary to the salvation of man. Systems, like men, must convince the world of their own importance, or they will be neglected. If the Unitarian preacher tells his congregation that regeneration and a religious life are necessary to salvation, the system that he adopts contradicts him while he is saying so. Sin, it says, is a mistake, tremendous in its consequences, but it can be avoided by more light and a firmer resolution. This is quite a different thing from telling one's hearers that they have the poison in the very essence of their souls; and that, unless it be washed out by some supernatural aid they are forever lost.

The Unitarian would convince us that our deeds are wrong. But we do not believe that any one ever became truly religious, without having felt, not only that his deeds were wrong, but that he, in his self-most self, was wrong; that he needed not only to *do* better, but to *be made* better. If so, then the doctrine of depravity is one that is found in the course of religious experience to be a most solemn and humiliating truth. We need not call it *total* depravity. Neither need it be so preached, as to discour-



age effort, or make one despair of salvation. But we do think that it must be felt to be true, before one can be truly a Christian. We have not the least doubt that it has been felt to be true, by the great mass of those who are now members of Unitarian churches. Yet if one were to ask them if they believed in the doctrine of depravity, they would say no; and truly; for they would have in their minds not the true doctrine, but the exaggerated view of it held forth by the popular Orthodox theology. If then this doctrine has been felt to be true by the most religious of the denomination, why should they not receive it into their theology, and profess to the world that they believe it? We think they will; but at present they are, as they have hitherto been, prevented, in a great measure, no doubt, by certain speculative difficulties connected with it.

You may tell people, if you please, how beautiful or pleasant a thing it is to attend public worship, and lead a pure and religious life. But if the present pleasure of the thing is all that you can advance in its favor, we fear you will find people too intent upon other pleasures to give you much attention. You must make them feel that it is necessary; and we do not see how this can be done, without convincing them that there is a depravity of soul, of which all partake, and from which they cannot free themselves, — but from which they must be washed, or there is no salvation for them. This depravity needs not to be represented as a failure or thwarting of the divine purposes. Who can tell but what God designed it and introduced it into human nature, as a means of bringing it to greater glory and happiness than it could otherwise be brought to; and provided in Christ a remedy from all eternity for this evil? In this case, the goodness of God is left untarnished; the heart is none the less humbled, and the dignity of human nature remains the same inspiring theme that it has ever been. But without a belief in depravity, you may convince people that religion is a good thing, and a pleasant thing, but you cannot convince them that it is necessary. Throw away this doctrine, and you throw away what gives the weight to your blow, — the momentum to your motion.

Unitarianism is sound, sober, good sense. But the moment a preacher rises to eloquence he rises out of his sys-

tem. What topics are there that belong to this system peculiarly, which are inspiring? Is there any one doctrine that is peculiar to Unitarian theology, and which serves to distinguish it from that of other denominations, which makes a man eloquent? Or rather does not each depend upon him for eloquence, to make it interesting and acceptable? Now a sect or party that would succeed, must have a leading and distinguishing idea that is inspiring, that gives eloquence,—a mouth and wisdom which no adversaries can either gainsay or resist. We say now that whatever inspiring topics the Unitarians have in their theology, they have in common with the Trinitarian denominations. The Universalists have the love of God, as shown in the final salvation of all men; the Orthodox have the depravity of man, and his salvation through Christ; but we look in vain for anything that the Unitarians have that can give eloquence, which other denominations have not also. Does one refer to the unity of God? Do not Trinitarians hold to it too? Besides, it is a truth that has but little to do with practical life, or the welfare of men.

We have spoken freely of the prospects of Unitarianism in the church. We are aware that we have represented these difficulties to be greater than they really are, *as they exist among us*. We repeat again, for we are anxious not to be misunderstood, that we have aimed to speak of Unitarianism and Unitarians in general, rather than of the particular Unitarians that live here in our midst, in New England. For them we have the highest respect; and we think we appreciate their labors and efforts as highly as any one can well do. Still we think their theology imperfect and inefficient. We think that in its principles and logical tendency, it is *allied* to the most barren of all systems. But we do not well see how, under all the circumstances of the case, it could have been much different. If we were situated as the pioneers in this movement were, and left to choose the course that we would pursue, we are not sure that we should have chosen a different one. We should have spoken loudly for freedom, and against the abuses and absurdities of the church, and of the popular theology. This we esteem a fair beginning; and now, having secured those ends, and cleared a way for our own theology, we would propose it and introduce it. The

theological views and the style of preaching of the Unitarian body among us, have changed very perceptibly within a few years. We think they will change more in as many years to come. No denomination stands on so good ground as it does. Free from creeds, free from church censure for heresy, professing a toleration for any opinion honestly held by any upright and conscientious man, and encouraging freedom of thought and inquiry, there is no measure of success too great to be hoped for its members, if they will adopt theological views that are lifegiving and spiritual, — if they will make their theology as good as, or rather the expression and statement of, their religious experience. It is much easier for them to do this, than for the Orthodox to breathe life into their dead formulas, and adopt that liberality and freedom without which no denomination can flourish in our age and country.

Perhaps what we expect is nothing more than would be *popularly* represented by saying, that the Unitarians must become more zealous and more deeply religious in their public teaching; that they must insist more upon the religious life; that they must preach from a deeper religious experience. This indeed would be a representation of the outer phase of the change we look for. But we are now seeking for the inner phase, — the change that takes place inwardly and not its outward appearance. We say then that they must have a deeper religious experience; or if they now have it, as we believe they have, they must allow it to have its legitimate influence upon their preaching and theology. This will effect the change we expect. And this surely will produce an approach towards the Trinitarianism we have described. Depravity, the Divinity of Christ, the Influence of the Holy Spirit, Election, Justification by Faith, will be facts of the religious life; not dogmas to be enforced upon the belief of the hearer, but the spontaneous and natural expressions of one's own experience.

While then we confidently expect this change in the theology of the Unitarians, we do not expect a return to scholastic or doctrinal preaching. The religious life, not the moral one, and the sanctification of the soul, will be the great topics dwelt upon. But these cannot be preach-

ed with much force without a recognition of the fact of depravity. Exhortation, without this, will be powerless. It is a fact of conscious experience. There may be, here and there, one so pure by nature as not to feel himself very depraved; but most people, we think, will recognise the truthfulness of the doctrine of depravity, when it is fairly stated. When this is admitted, all the rest follows, not as doctrine and science, but as life; not as something that the preacher is to insist upon, but as something that he may permit the members of his flock to say.

This system can, and probably will, embrace all that is good in the other two. It will embrace enough of Pantheism to recognise the presence and agency of God everywhere,—to take a lifeless nature from between God and the soul, and lay it open to his influences. It will also include all that is valuable in Unitarianism, properly so called,—the divine unity unbroken, the dignity of human nature, the example and sympathy of Jesus Christ, and a scrupulous attention to the outward life. Minds of all classes will then find themselves at home in the church. They will then find their duties explained and enforced, their hopes encouraged, their feelings interpreted and sympathized with, and their feeble aspirations directed to their proper object. Then will the divine idea of Christ be realized, and there will be founded upon him a church that shall be indeed a mother to the souls of men. No radical shall be so latitudinarian, as not to find the church broader than his most far-reaching thought;—no genius so aspiring, but it shall find the church lofty enough for all the creations of his fancy, and even towering with height on height far beyond them;—and no saint shall be so pious but that the church shall be more pious still.

But it will need great souls to be pillars in such an edifice; greater, we fear, than will find themselves at home or welcome in this unpropitious age. We would not complain of the age; but we must concede to those that do so, that it is not the mother of giants. The philosophy, the theology, the literature of an age, are the exponents of the greatness of the soul in that age, and of its general culture. Men may get together, calling themselves the heads of the church, and say such and such was the theology of the church in some palmy period, and therefore it shall be

now. But it is all in vain. Nothing real is ever thus effected by main force. Changes in the church and society come not of the flesh, neither by the will of man, but by the will of God. Let some General Assembly, or Convocation of the Clergy, resolve to remodel the church upon the theology of some more flourishing period; they may do it in form and in name, but not in reality. They are like David clothed in Saul's armor. They cannot carry it to the field, much less do battle when there. They would do better to go with their simple sling, and the five smooth stones, — truth, honesty, faith, hope, and charity. Any system, however liberal and generous it may be in itself, is contracted by its entrance into a narrow mind. It then loses its form and comeliness; and straightway all lofty and poetic souls become dissatisfied with it, and seek something nobler and more beautiful.

We had intended to say a word on the prospects of the theological discussions and controversies, but our article has already reached such a length that we forbear.

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#### DREAM.

"Mine eyes are closed; but open left the cell  
Of fancy, my internal sight." — *Paradise Lost*.

WHERE am I? Leaves and blossoms glittering,  
Ancient shades and lofty trees  
I have seen you, — when, — I know not.  
How familiar is this breeze,  
Bearing coolness, fragrance bearing  
From that darkly wooded grot,  
With the tinkling sound of water! —  
O! I know thee, lovely spot!  
Has my youth returned, or has it  
Never left me, save in dreams? —  
Matters not; since, warmly glowing,  
Now, my heart is in its beams.  
Now another dim foreboding  
Draws me toward yon old gray wall,  
Climbing o'er, I see a garden —  
Yes! I'll soon discover all.

Something, yet but half-remembered,  
 Will not let me here remain ;  
 Onward ! Onward toward those loved ones,  
 My impatience grows a pain.  
 What a dreary time I've wasted !  
 How could I forget their love ?  
 From my native Eden flying  
 Over Earth's cold mountains rove ? —  
 In the twilight richly mingled  
 With the moonlight's purer ray,  
 Rise grey turrets veiled in misty  
 Colors both of night and day.  
 From the Gothic portal rush the  
 Blended floods of light and sound,  
 Up the marble steps I hasten,  
 Cross the terrace with a bound.  
 Now an ancient Hall I enter,  
 And at once an hundred eyes  
 Turn with friendly gaze of welcome,  
 And each voice this greeting cries, —  
 " Long expected ! Welcome ! Welcome !"  
 But no formal salutation  
 Brought these graceful, lordly figures  
 From their earnest occupation.  
 Some were seated others standing,  
 Grouped together, or apart ;  
 But One Interest seemed to fasten  
 In its chain each mind and heart.  
 From an unseen harp the surges  
 Rushed in long unbroken swell ;  
 Every form was bathed in radiance,  
 Whence it came I could not tell.  
 As I look, some ancient story  
 Rises in my memory — No !  
 'T is my own past life that rises ;  
 As the vapors backward go  
 I see plainly ; — often, often  
 Have I met you, friendly Powers !  
 By your superhuman beauty  
 And your wondrous love, the hours  
 Of my infancy were nurtured,  
 And my childish mind was taught  
 Lessons of unearthly wisdom  
 From the purer regions brought.  
  
 Gracefully a girl steps forward  
 From behind a silver screen :  
 " One thou hast forgotten, Brother,  
 Her our sister and our Queen ;  
 Follow quickly." Quick I follow,  
 Laughingly she flies before,  
 Passing sculptured arch and portal,  
 High saloon and marble floor,

Galleries with stately plants,  
Pouring streams of perfume round,  
Terraces, where noble statues  
Stand amid the flowery ground.

My guide has gone. I stand alone,  
Solemnly the stars sweep by ;  
Hush ! light footsteps strike my ear,  
*She* has come. The faithful eye  
Knows the form, the look, the motion  
Stamp'd upon the inmost heart ;  
Dearest, loveliest, thus I clasp thee,  
One warm kiss. But then we part,  
For with timid haste she glides  
Softly from my arms' embrace,  
Full of love and maiden terror  
Gazing upward in my face.  
Those blue eyes, lid-shaded, trust me,  
But the mouth is trembling still,  
Blood-drops of a priceless value  
The soft neck and bosom fill.  
Now together we are seated,  
Her small hands repose in mine,  
While a million stars above us,  
Blessing-showering, smile and shine.  
Not by words our love is spoken,  
Yet each feeling, every thought  
By quick glance, and gentle pressure,  
In electric chain is brought.  
All things outward words may carry,  
But the inmost heart is known  
Only as the ringing harp-string  
Wakes its slumbering brother-tone. —  
Years pass by — and side by side  
Still remain the lovers seated,  
Years on years — or but a moment.  
Not by periods time is meted  
To the souls which statue-like,  
Are moulded by a single thought ;  
Passionless to all things outward,  
Time and space to them are nought.

## IDEALS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE. No. II.

## H O M E .

“And the house was filled with the odor of the ointment.”—JOHN xii. 3.

BEAUTIFUL and blessed was that house, the simple home of Mary and of Martha! more blessed in its unostentatious welcome of that divine pattern of humility, who was wont to sit and talk with them as a familiar friend, and by the kindling of heavenly thoughts remind them that here is Heaven, than in any thrift or splendor! More beautiful because of the simple and true hearts that dwelt together there, than it could be made by any adornments of fortune! Sublime in history and never to be forgotten is that obscure home, that one from among so many which share the common oblivion of dulness! And it does not borrow all its fame from its illustrious guest. It is probable that Jesus entered many houses, and was familiar with many circles of which we shall never hear. It is the life that was lived there that makes that home beautiful. The beautiful life of its inmates illumined that obscure abode, and invested it with an importance more lasting than any that ever lingered about a monarch's palace. The truest riches and comfort were theirs; for thoughts of heaven, sublime anticipations of the soul's destiny, and consciousness of God, were daily bread to them. There was the true abundance, the generosity which afforded more than economy thinks it possible to provide. Economy murmured; but sentiment poured out the precious ointment. Yes! Blessed was that home, in which more was expended upon sentiment than upon mere world's economy; in which a hint of the heart was listened to as readily as one of prudence or utility. There enthusiastic veneration could afford its offering, though it is probable that poverty had to provide. And the house was filled with the odor of the ointment which the affectionate Mary poured upon the feet of Jesus. It was but the emblem of the more lasting odor of the heavenly sentiment which inspired that act. We see what feelings



found a world in that house, what love, what faith, what veneration dwelt there and sanctified all things, and gilded with a holy sunlight of new associations those dull walls. The memory of that house is sweet with the fragrance of the virtues which there grew and blossomed. In the odor of that ointment it is embalmed forevermore. I would that more of that odor filled our comfortable dwellings, so that we might with more sincerity repeat the old saying; "Home is home, were it never so homely." I would that more of the true philosophy of indoor life were felt and practised; that more generous and far-seeing views of life might control the economy of the household; and that home might be the blessed meeting-place of happy and enlightened spirits, each a kingdom in itself, each made unspeakably richer in the love of the other, instead of a mere refuge of necessity, or a dull haunt of habit, or a whited sepulchre of show and fashion. Home should be heaven,—a consummation not entirely to be despaired of by any who are willing to be wise; and which fortune has less power to further or prevent than we are apt to think.

In attempting to show, therefore, how a higher beauty and interest may be added to life, in all its daily forms, home becomes an object more worthy of our study than any other. All reform begins at home. What a man's home is, his whole life will be, as a general rule. And the principles, the ideas, the plans, the motives, the hopes, and fears which govern him there, and constitute the atmosphere of his dwelling, will go out with him into all his intercourse and business. If all is well at home, we need not watch him in the market. If he is a true man there, he is a true man every where. If wise and prudent there, he will not need to be made any more a "man of the world." If he can succeed in redeeming life's most familiar scenes from dullness and unprofitableness, the world abroad will be all fresh and full of entertainment. If he be not a dull familiar stranger in his home, he will find himself at home wherever he goes. If there be independence of physical comforts, and abundance of mental, moral, and social resources in one's dwelling, there will be no unnecessary anxiety, no feverish hurry, no narrow drudgery in one's business abroad. One will work cheerfully for small profits, if he be rich in the love and society

of his home. If discontented there, he will be discontented everywhere. So long as the fire of love burns brightly on the domestic altar, he will not be frozen by the selfishness of the world.

Is there not room for great improvement in domestic economy, meaning by economy the law of the house, the art of living at home, (for that is the original and literal meaning of the term)? Such economy should be the beautiful harmony of all the interests of life, not the mere art of husbanding the physical means of life. It should be the wise controlling and moulding of circumstances to the higher and ultimate purposes and wants of the soul, not a system of petty shifts to provide against necessity. It should think as much of living wisely, as of getting a living. It guards against ignorance, dulness, drudgery, waste of time, waste of social opportunities, no less than against waste of money, flour, or fuel. Its object is, a happy home, — the realizing, with such resources as we have of our conception of highest good in actual familiar life.

Thus far I have been but dimly hinting and sketching by way of introduction a thought, which I will now endeavor to unfold more orderly. Our theme is Home; and our problem, how to make the most of Home in a rational, far-seeing, spiritual view of life. The subject is one of exceeding difficulty, more so than the inviting sound of the word would lead one to suspect. In attempting to hold up an ideal of a home; to explore the prevailing wants and mistakes, the overlooked or abused resources of home; and to correct the popular economy; it becomes me to speak with all diffidence, as wanting experience which many of my readers have. To suggest a perfect scheme, and guard it against all little practical difficulties, all friction, which might attend its operation, would be as idle, as it is to hope to make any improvement in this life without great effort and self-sacrifice. The most the teacher can do in any case is to suggest thoughts, provoke aspirations, and awake energy in others; he can no more think out their life-plan for them, than he can live their life. If for a moment he can start men out of the dull lethargy of habit, it is something. If he can remind them of their deepest, truest wants, it is a great deal! What one clearly wants, he will contrive to have.

The happiness and charm of Home of course depends upon the character of its inmates. Personal improvement is the secret of all social bliss. Without heavenly-mindedness there can be no heaven. That which sanctifies the temple, must bless the house. The house must be a temple. In proportion as the spirit of Christ has come to dwell within us, in the same proportion there will be light and beauty in our outward dwellings. The world is what we make it, glorious and inspiring, or empty and discouraging, according as motives, purposes, and views are spiritual or selfish; and home to every one is but the world in miniature. If you know a man's habitual view of life, you will find his home in every point unconsciously corresponding to it. If he believes the world is governed more by arbitrary power than by love, you will find him a petty tyrant among his own. If he have no faith, if he have never roused himself and learned to triumph over circumstances inwardly or outwardly, but in his habitual moods does practically acknowledge the supremacy of chance or fate, you will find his home a dull haunt of habit, where everything is passively governed by circumstance, and mind and character, the nobler aspirations, the enlightened will, have no control; you will find a house full of easiness without energy to help itself, alternating with intervals of dulness or tameness, not calmness, and hovering over all with gloomy outspread wing the genii of the place, necessity and want; for these ideas do virtually make men poor in the midst of fortune's abundance. But if he have often felt the glow of Love, the strength and safety of Duty, and the rapture of world-piercing Faith, till he believes in a kingdom of heaven, in an infinite world unseen, some beams from that bright home will light upon the walls of this his earthly house, will play upon the happy faces gathered round the daily meal, will surround them with windows opening out upon most inviting infinite prospects, through which Father shall seem to smile in upon them, if he do not rather seem to sit at table with them. Wherever they turn they will meet God, and the mere earthly form will be transfigured, reflecting light from his invisible presence. If Beauty be the aspect under which he is most fond of contemplating the world; if to see and to make others see and to create beauty be one of his

habitual purposes, the Graces will hide themselves in his house, will leave tokens of their love in every corner, replenishing the vessels with fresh flowers, presiding silently and skilfully over every little arrangement, prompting and finding room for a free exercise of soul in every little shift of necessity, suffering nothing to grow old by familiarity, nothing to disturb by incongruity, lending fairy grace to the turbulent sports of children, softening noise into music, raising economy to the dignity of Art, and rounding the details of each day into a poem. Some certainly have approached near enough to this to see that it is not absurd; and fancy has its truth as well as worldly wisdom. Such, then, is the power of an idea, when inwardly cherished, to modify and temper the whole atmosphere of one's life.

Let us now consider in order, beginning with the lowest, some of the ruling ideas which possess men, and mark the conformity of each one's home to his idea. This will disclose to us the true secret of domestic happiness.

I. The fault in most homes is the absence of all purpose, of any ideal conception of what life should be. Home with many is the mere result of habit, imitated from others, or dictated by circumstances, without the question ever being asked whether others were all-wise, and circumstances all-powerful, and whether it would not be worth the while to try to bend circumstances to our mind, and to improve the talent which we have received. The household economy and intercourse go on from day to day, without much thought or effort more than is prompted by the wants of nature. The wants of nature are their springs of action, which keep them from going to sleep; custom their rule which keeps all in a sort of order. These wants must be consulted, and the labor which they exact is in any case a blessing. And it is well that there should be customs, to do things for us by the force of habit, when we have no force of study and of will ourselves. But it is a scanty, barren life, which knows no other law, and explores no other resources. While we do everything from habit, we know not why; living together just so because we find ourselves together just so; doing things to-day because they were done yesterday; drudging without a purpose; sitting together with nothing to say; hurrying

through the work in hope of the meal, and hurrying through the meal in fear of the work, which is only preliminary to the next meal; toiling busily full of care to lay up an hour of quiet, — of quiet which, what with the weariness of past, what with the anxiety of coming care, dwindles away to nothing; letting little economies draw the mind wholly off from the contemplation of anything interesting and inspiring; neglecting the culture which alone can ensure to the mind the habit of self-occupying activity, to the senses their power of seeing and admiring the glories with which God has surrounded us; — while we limit ourselves to the cares of this world, solacing ourselves in view of the end with the dull creed of habit, to which we wistfully look with a vague expectation of deliverance when we shall get “the other side of flesh,” but seeking no deliverance here, allowing ourselves no chance to realize that the kingdom of heaven is within us; — while our homes are but abiding-places, which it costs all our care to keep well warmed, well stored, well lighted, but otherwise barren of interest, homes for the body, not the mind, with the Bible on the shelf, regularly taken down and perused perhaps, not read, and the glorious earth and skies out at the window still with heavenly perseverance inviting us to a glorious feast of beauty, from which we turn senselessly away, and the whole spiritual world hidden in us and in our neighbors, but not revealed, because we dwell together familiarly, not intimately, and do not quicken each other into life; while this is all of it, what is home to us but a mere whereabouts, a more or less convenient retreat from life, instead of a retreat into life out of a noisy bustling world? While this is all the account to be given of home, who can say that he has even begun to make the most of life, or that in such a way of living there is much to choose between poverty and abundance, since neither can impart any clear, bracing quality to the dull atmosphere which we carry about with us? Let us not forget the natural ties which do not leave the feeblest, dullest child of want quite uninstructed in love, and therefore in the true idea of heaven. Let us respect the regular household economy, to which we all have grown up debtors, and which moreover teaches patience, prudence, industry; and imparts to the character the dig-

nity of responsibility. But is it not the principal charm of these natural ties, and the natural dependencies and kind offices and grateful memories which they call forth, that they reveal a spiritual end of life, that they animate the mind with the prospect of a higher good, of an unseen world of reality, as real as this outward world, and present with it so long as we seek to live in it? That they suggest an end, a something to live for, beyond our present actual attainment, and prompt us to make trial of enlightened methods suited to higher conceptions of the end to be reached by life instead of trusting wholly to the habit into which we fall by accident or early training? Does the business of serving one another, and seeking one another's comfort in all the little familiar ways of home, end there and look no farther forward? Does it not suggest the idea of mutual and of self-improvement, the adding of new worth to each other's lives, as well as the helping each other to live? The natural relations and affections are well; they leave no home without some charm; but they cannot be left to habit; they will not save and renovate a purposeless existence. And that wholesome economy without which no home can prosper, or even exist;—to what purpose does it train us to habits of order, if it be not to cherish in us a reverence for the heavenly order, obeying which our individual life unites itself in conscious harmony with all nature and all spirits and transcends its narrow limits of place and time? To what purpose does it teach us industry if it make us so pressingly busy, that our noblest faculties find nothing to do? Or why does it habituate us to the feeling of responsibility, if it never tell us why we are responsible, and what makes all these cares important? Are we responsible for nothing but the regular performance of our daily chores? Is nothing more intrusted to us? The cares of home, its laborious duties and confinements, its patient economies, are all good and necessary, and ought to cause no murmur. Let no one seek comfort in escape from care and toil. These, in themselves, are not what make so many homes unhappy. The evil is in difference, and dulness of the mind; tame acquiescence to mere want or habit, from a dull sense of necessity, and not from an enlightened, hopeful spirit of resignation. One toils only

because he must, still inwardly murmuring, or tamed to stupid submission; another toils, not only because he must, but also because he has a worthy and inspiring object of life in view, to the attainment of which he finds such labor indispensable;—the end dignifies the means, and he goes cheerfully about it. And this shall create a difference heaven-wide between two families, equal in outward means, equally restricted to economy and toil. It is the want of a life-plan, the want of a high purpose, the want of the spirit of improvement, the failure to put to one's self the first question; "What do we live for?" It is this which lets the stream of life creep on so sluggishly and turbidly in so many families. How many are keeping house with no purpose in the world, but because that is the way all the world do. It is this want of purpose, which makes economy a tyrant, toil weariness and drudgery, rest stupid, and meals unsocial. From this dulness of mind, this purposeless way of existing, economy has degenerated from a high and generous philosophy into a narrow and bigoted habit, and the word received its popular false and unworthy sense. A great deal of our economy, so called, defeats its own end. It saves money by wasting time, whereas time is life, and money only one of the means of life. In its dread of extravagance it makes most extravagant sacrifices; it throws away the germs of our truest happiness; it declines all aids to the culture of our noblest powers; it saves up the means of living, and forgets to learn the art of living; it piles up its bales and boxes right against the windows which let in the light of life; it professes to be preparing a place for us, while it occupies the whole of it itself with its own bricks and mortar, or tubs and brooms; it makes room for us by thrusting itself in the way; it provides what is necessary to live, but does not make it at all clear that it is necessary to live, unless life contain higher objects than economy conceives of; it is saving and bountiful in the matter of food, but if one chance to hunger and thirst after righteousness, knowledge, beauty, it has no time for such a thought and lets him starve. In its art of making a little go a great way, it only draws out the metal of life into a meagre wiry length, it does not increase its weight, it adds no value to its substance. It is afraid of anything which

can be called living. It grudges an hour of pleasure, which it would waste in unedifying, fruitless formalities of duty. It cannot afford books, schools, refinements of many kinds; but it can afford food enough, bustle, and fretting more than enough, and whole winter evenings full of dulness. Thus in many people's system of life, economy and education, as well as economy and true enjoyment, are set against each other as natural opposites. All this for want of an end in life, of an idea of some perfection of living to which every experience should be made to contribute. Our list of indispensables is greatly changed by a new and better idea of the object of life; and the old blind economy of custom then betrays many inconsistencies and much sad waste.

Again. Such economy creates rebels against itself. So cheerless is its aspect, that some reject it altogether and grow shiftless. Often, too, it forgets itself, and loses the run of its own operations in the dulness of mind which it engenders. Drudgery or shiftlessness, one or the other, sometimes both, are the unfailing inmates and lawgivers in a family inspired by no idea of personal improvement.

But this is the least part. These effects are only negative. This is only neglecting to live well. Indifference, whether seen in the regular machine-work of economy, or in the slovenliness of the want thereof, is only indifference. But still we are by nature active beings; and the activity of the hands, and the stupor of idleness cannot wholly suppress the stirrings of deeper wants, the yearnings for nobler occupation! The pent-up restlessness of the soul, denied its exercise in our common-place, narrow forms of life, will still leak out, as it were, in innumerable petty vexations, angers, jealousies, and an ever-running sore of discontent. Much of your admirable economy, for instance, costs a great deal of scolding; and domestic order seems to be at the expense of domestic peace and love, and to drive out many a sunny smile.

Consider, too, when there is no spirit of improvement in domestic life, how the passions riot. The mind uncultured, unfurnished with intellectual resources, is poorly armed against little daily disappointments. Escaped from the regular restraint of custom and economy, which only tame but do not educate, the appetites rush to excess. If home



be not a sphere for moral self-improvement, if it be not a school, a temple, as well as a retreat and shelter, it will be made miserable by all the evil spirits of ignorance and self-love. It needs all the wealth of mind and heart and imagination, all the energies of will, all the sensibilities of taste, all the arts and all the muses, all the wisdom of sages, all the visions of faith, above all, the spirit of Jesus, and the hourly offering up of a life to the Invisible Perfect One, to make a happy home. It needs these more than it needs fortune. If it be not a kingdom of heaven, it will be a kingdom of hell. Home is home only when it is the home of blessed spirits, like the home of Mary and of Martha, where the riches of the spirit made good the want of other riches; where a sentiment of the heart was revered more deeply than pedantic rules of household thrift; and where it was counted good economy to pour out costly ointment upon the Saviour's feet.

II. Not much better will his home be, who, not contented with merely getting along, thinks chiefly of getting up. With him the ruling idea is prosperity, success, comfort; and his maxim is utility, or "strive and thrive." Very well, as far as it goes. But the elements of sure and lasting happiness are not found in this system. It needs a better spirit, to make home a heaven. Here is indeed, some spirit of improvement, which is better than shiftless acquiescence to mere necessity or custom. Here is the will to better one's condition, to increase one's resources, to make home a more comfortable place. But it overlooks the first requisites of happiness, in bestowing all this care upon the outward estate. Such a man commits the capital mistake of seeking only to improve the condition of his family, when he should seek their own improvement; of increasing their outward resources, when he should think more of unfolding the inward resources of the mind and heart; of securing comfort in the house, when perhaps character is much more wanting. He prays for blessings, and not for blessedness. He becomes absorbed in the love of gain. The toils and calculations of business occupy almost the whole of him, so that his own mind suffers, and his heart too, and his whole inward man, for want of profitable leisure and opportunities of free exercise of all his higher powers; his intellect gets disciplined in only

one very partial way, conversing only with one narrow range of subjects; his feelings soured or deadened by the anxieties, the severities, the questionable morals of a selfish system of trade into which he has let himself be hurried, blinding his eyes and steeling his heart; and he goes daily to his home, unfurnished for the task of instructing his children by his conversation, with no inspiration which he can impart to them; feeling that he has no time to attend to their minds and morals, and accustomed by his own pursuits to underrate, and either despise, or put off for want of time, all higher culture. Behold a prosperous, a comfortable home, but filled with most uncomfortable spirits. The dinner is most punctually and copiously and skilfully provided; but not the cheerfulness, the love, the peace of mind, the activity of thought, the readiness of observation and reply, which alone can lend a relish. Alas! there is no good dinner without good spirits; no feast without some flow of soul; no pleasure in each others' society without love. No wonder that the meal is hurried off, despatched in sullen silence, if not in a storm of petty irritations, complaints, and disputes. The evenings too are dull at home; or home is often deserted for the poor excitements of empty fashionable amusement. Business is overdriven with the prospect of prosperous leisure; and the occupation of leisure is the consumption thereof in any readiest and most senseless way. For what is time but so much life? and those who know not how to live must kill time. The habitual anxiety of this man's mind carries gloom into his home. He lets the goodly garden run to weeds, and all those flowers of paradise, the natural affections, droop as in a frost; the rainbow-colored beams of thought, the quick play of intellect and fancy, are wanting there. Such is too apt to be the home of the enterprising man of the world. Were it not, that there is sometimes a faithful angel there, whose heavenly patience, whose devoted love, whose pure forgetfulness of self in the thought of her children's welfare, whose piety and trust in God, with all the clearness of mind and energy of will with which such sentiments inspire the feeblest, whose whole influence sweetly pervading every part and every arrangement, creates a spell and a charm in the domestic sanctuary, which compel him, in spite of himself, to shake off the dust of world-

liness from his shoes when he enters, — there would be little comfort there, there would be little hope for those who are learning their earliest and most permanent habits and impressions there!

The passion for gain, I repeat it, is the poison of domestic happiness; and that too, when it often starts with the laudable desire of getting the means of making a happy home, with the feeling of obligation, imposed by conscience and by love, to support and elevate one's family, and place them in a favored and respectable relation with the world. All that trade and enterprise can manufacture or produce, all that wealth can buy, can never make good the want of inward, moral, and intellectual resources.

III. From the best home which worldly enterprise can make, turn now to another, less favored with fortune's abundance, but supplied with rich resources of a higher, surer, and more satisfactory kind. See what education can do. See the treasures of the mind brought out. See how the poor in this world's goods are sometimes rich in one another. The house and furniture are plain, but marked by taste and happy invention and arrangement; revealing many a token of the pleasant walk, the deep enjoyment of nature, while calm enthusiasm lifts the jaded soul out of the ruts and holes of daily care, and puts it in possession of itself, of its own freedom and immortal life. The space is small; but by the magic of great thoughts, of noble, quickening sentiments, read and conversed about and mused upon in the midst of busy duties, expanded to a boundless fairy-land. There may not be great store of luxuries, but there are books, wells of pleasure inexhaustible. There may not be excitements and gayeties, with which the great endeavor to forget themselves; but there are habits of mental activity, which never lets society grow dull, or the most familiar friends grow weary of one another. They draw upon the treasures of the mind, and find what worlds of wonders lie within them. They may not own the splendid decorations, the proud architecture, the costly works of Art which another's wealth can purchase; but they may have a cultivated taste, a sensibility to the charms of earth and sky, which they have only to step to the door or the window to see; or they are in the possession of some beautiful art,

like music or drawing, which gives them the key to all the glorious invisible, but no less real, halls and galleries of Beauty; and they can be delighted and inspired at home, as if the rapids of Niagara were leaping around them, or the glaciers of the Alps sparkling beneath them. They are without the advantages of colleges and of business which lies in the same direction with learning. But they are determined that scholars and professional characters shall not monopolize the treasures of the mind. The materials of the sublimest thoughts are open to them. Nature and the soul and God are never beyond their reach; but are always inviting them to angelic meditation and communion, if they are duly willing, and have the energy to put down the disturbing voices of appetite and passion, and to slip the reins of grovelling habit. The Bible is with them; and to them it is not a book occupying so many cubic inches of space on a shelf, and so many minutes of the day in the formal reading; but it is another world into which they enter, transported on the wings of thoughts and heavenly passions quickened by its words; it is a talisman in their midst which sheds a sweet, holy light around it, and making all the place and all their forms transfigured. The daily meal will be frugal, but seasoned to an exquisite zest by happy affections, happy thoughts, and endless variety of intellectual entertainment; not that there need be any pedantry or effort to talk wise; it only needs active minds which know how to feel free from care, free from jealousies, suspicions, and low fears, abundance of good feeling, sensibilities alive, and tastes refined,—and let them take care of themselves; they will without much forcing provide abundant entertainment and make the meal an hour of sweet society, a truly intellectual repast. Every new power which is cultivated, every new talent which is encouraged and kept in requisition in the bosom of a family, is so much reduction of the huge clouds of common-place and dulness which settle down upon us. Such a home is a fond retreat in the midst of a most interesting world, whither all minds from their own eager adventures, or enthusiastic walks with nature, or fruitful lessons of labor, or failure, or silent studies in the search of truth, resort to contribute all they have, and feel their treasures increased an hundred fold, like the loaves and fishes in the miracle,

by bringing them together. Multiply inward resources then, and you put the sense of poverty to flight; you reduce worldly desires to a reasonable moderation, and endow yourself with skill to compass any reasonable end, or turn any ordinary failure to good account. Home is not merely a place; nor is it enough that it be a comfortable place; it should be a school, a sphere for the exercise of our whole nature. If we want the true spirit of Home, then home is not a place any more than Heaven is. We are at home where we are most in possession of ourselves; where we are most; where the activity of all our powers is best ensured. And ought not every one to be most in his home; shall he reserve his dullest and worst moods for that sacred place; shall he go out into the world for excitement, and make no provision for the mild and never-failing and satisfying excitement of conversation, of useful studies and employments, of refining arts and amusements, in his home? Shall he drown himself in business or politics all day abroad, only to drown himself in sleep at home? Shall he be worth less in the midst of his family than he is anywhere else? Shall the ignis-fatuus of money-making or of professional ambition withdraw, if not his affections, yet the presence of his affections from home, and leave the family altar desolate and cold?

I cannot but think that the progress of light and education in the world is to show one of its great results in this; to transport the theatre of ambition from the field of battle, from the senate and popular assembly, from the mart of commerce, to the humbler sphere of home, and that heroism, more modest and unpretending, will find ample scope for enterprise in the daily duties, in warring with the hourly petty enemies, which try one's virtue and temper, and whose name is legion, and in making one spot truly blest, instead of covering a nation with glory, instead of real blessings, like most heroes of renown. Reforming one's own little world is the way to reform the great world quickest. Then a man will feel that it is greater to surround himself with an intelligent and happy family, than to get rich and build a palace; that the education and love of his children is worth the sum total of all the fame of all the famous; and that the still influence of the Christian

mother is more sublime, more deeply felt, than that of the most courting and courted politician.

IV. But still we have not reached, except by way of chance allusions, the first and last condition, the key to all the other conditions, of a happy home. It is not shelter, it is not comfort, it is not prosperity, it is not knowledge, taste, refinement, which can make a happy home. It is not fortune, it is not education, which hold the keys to that kingdom of heaven. There is a greater than the merchant, the artist, or the scholar. The idea of necessity produces dulness. The idea of enterprise or of worldly success does not much more. The idea of self-improvement or refinement, if merely intellectual, creates more wants than it satisfies. Besides, neither of these ideas furnishes motive enough to keep the whole in action. Neither of these principles is so high, that all the faculties of the mind, all the plans and purposes of life, can serve it, and work harmoniously under it. We need Principle, in the broad sense of the term, which admits no plural number. We need the idea of Moral Perfection, of Right, of Duty, of God. Home must be not only a retreat, not only a school, but a temple. The worship of the Perfect Essence of Love, Truth, and Holiness, must pervade the economy and all the intercourse of home. The family must remember that they are God's children, and must look for light from above, for peace in obedience to the perfect rule of right, for society and union with one another in the love of that Being whom all can love, and yet feel nearer one another.

“Out of the heart are the issues of life.” The currents of life flow into all our faculties, and revive all our drooping sensibilities and aspirations, only from the Source of Life, to which we have access only through the Moral. “Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.” Light from above must bathe our senses to keep them fresh and vigorous and cheerful. Knowledge and Science pall, and we dismiss them as empty things, unless they be inspired by Piety. Religion alone can exercise a genial fostering influence over mind and heart and imagination. She only can keep thought free and clear, imagination healthy; she alone can warm the feelings and nerve the will. She only can put us in possession of ourselves.

She only can make frank intercourse possible between us and our nearest friends. Our plan of life must be disinterested, or it will somewhere soon begin to thwart itself. Our highest interest must be beyond and above ourselves, or we cannot trust its leadings. The thought of moral perfection alone can give consistency and peace to our manifold strivings and feelings,—can bind up in beauty the petty or contradictory details of daily experience. It requires a love of something more than the world, to make us at home in the world.

D.

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LISTEN TO THE WIND.

Oft do I pause amid this various life,  
 And ask me whence and to what end I be,  
 And how this world is, with its busy strife,  
 Till all seems new and marvellous to me.  
 The faces and the forms, which long had grown  
 Tedious and common to my wearied sense,  
 Seem in a moment changed to things unknown,  
 And I gaze at them with awe intense;  
 But none do stop to wonder with me too,  
 So I pass on and mingle with the rest,  
 And quite forget the far and wondrous view  
 In glimpses shown, when mystery was my guest.  
 Yet, when I sit and prate of idle things  
 With idle men, the night wind's howl I hear,  
 And straight come back those dim, wild questionings,  
 Like ghosts who wander through a sense-bound sphere.

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THE WIND AGAIN.

So wistfully the wind doth moan,—  
 What does it want of me?  
 It sweeps round the house with mournful tone,  
 As if it fain would flee  
 From its wide wanderings sad and lone;—  
 Come, woful wind—I will love thee!  
 Swiftly, swiftly the wind is blowing,  
 Wild wandering wind, where art thou going?  
 I know not where,  
 I go on forever,  
 I've no toil or care,  
 Yet rest I never.  
 Ah woful wind! thou art like me,  
 Dost thou not strive from thyself to flee?

## LEILA.

"In a deep vision's intellectual scene."

I HAVE often but vainly attempted to record what I know of Leila. It is because she is a mystery, which can only be indicated by being reproduced. Had a Poet or Artist met her, each glance of her's would have suggested some form of beauty, for she is one of those rare beings who seem a key to all nature. Mostly those we know seem struggling for an individual existence. As the procession passes an observer like me, one seems a herald, another a basket-bearer, another swings a censer, and oft-times even priest and priestess suggest the ritual rather than the Divinity. Thinking of these men your mind dwells on the personalities at which they aim. But if you looked on Leila she was rather as the *fetiché* which to the mere eye almost featureless, to the thought of the pious man suggests all the elemental powers of nature, with their regulating powers of conscience and retribution. The eye resting on Leila's eye, felt that it never reached the heart. Not as with other men did you meet a look which you could define as one of displeasure, scrutiny, or tenderness. You could not turn away, carrying with you some distinct impression, but your glance became a gaze from a perception of a boundlessness, of depth below depth, which seemed to say "in this being (couldst thou but rightly apprehend it) is the clasp to the chain of nature." Most men, as they gazed on Leila were pained; they left her at last baffled and well-nigh angry. For most men are bound in sense, time, and thought. They shrink from the overflow of the infinite; they cannot a moment abide in the coldness of abstractions; the weight of an idea is too much for their lives. They cry, "O give me a form which I may clasp to the living breast, fuel for the altars of the heart, a weapon for the hand." And who can blame them; it is almost impossible for time to bear this sense of eternity. Only the Poet, who is so happily organized as continually to relieve himself by reproduction, can bear it without falling into a kind of madness. And men called Leila mad, because they felt she made them so. But I, Leila,



could look on thee;—to my restless spirit thou didst bring a kind of peace, for thou wert a bridge between me and the infinite; thou didst arrest the step, and the eye as the veil hanging before the Isis. Thy nature seemed large enough for boundless suggestion. I did not love thee, Leila, but the desire for love was soothed in thy presence. I would fain have been nourished by some of thy love, but all of it I felt was only for the all.

We grew up together with name and home and parentage. Yet Leila ever seemed to me a spirit under a mask, which she might throw off at any instant. That she did not, never dimmed my perception of the unreality of her existence among us. She *knows* all, and *is* nothing. She stays here, I suppose, as a reminder to man of the temporary nature of his limitations. For she ever transcends sex, age, state, and all the barriers behind which man entrenches himself from the assaults of Spirit. You look on her, and she is the clear blue sky, cold and distant as the Pole-star; suddenly this sky opens and flows forth a mysterious wind that bears with it your last thought beyond the verge of all expectation, all association. Again, she is the mild sunset, and puts you to rest on a love-couch of rosy sadness, when on the horizon swells up a mighty sea and rushes over you till you plunge on its waves, affrighted, delighted, quite freed from earth.

When I cannot look upon her living form, I avail myself of the art magic. At the hour of high moon, in the cold silent night, I seek the centre of the park. My daring is my vow, my resolve my spell. I am a conjurer, for Leila is the vasty deep. In the centre of the park, perfectly framed in by solemn oaks and pines, lies a little lake, oval, deep, and still it looks up steadily as an eye of earth should to the ever promising heavens which are so bounteous, and love us so, yet never give themselves to us. As that lake looks at Heaven, so look I on Leila. At night I look into the lake for Leila.

If I gaze steadily and in the singleness of prayer, she rises and walks on its depths. Then know I each night a part of her life; I know where she passes the midnight hours.

In the days she lives among men; she observes their deeds, and gives them what they want of her, justice or

love. She is unerring in speech or silence, for she is disinterested, a pure victim, bound to the altar's foot; God teaches her what to say.

In the night she wanders forth from her human investment, and travels amid those tribes, freer movers in the game of spirit and matter, to whom man is a supplement. I know not then whether she is what men call dreaming, but her life is true, full, and more single than by day.

I have seen her among the Sylphs' faint florescent forms that hang in the edges of life's rainbows. She is very fair, thus, *Leila*; and I catch, though edgewise, and sharp-gleaming as a sword, that bears down my sight, the peculiar light which she will be when she finds the haven of herself. But sudden is it, and whether king or queen, blue or yellow, I never can remember; for *Leila* is too deep a being to be known in smile or tear. Ever she passes sudden again from these hasty glories and tendernesses into the back-ground of being, and should she ever be detected it will be in the central secret of law. Breathless is my ecstasy as I pursue her in this region. I grasp to detain what I love, and swoon and wake and sigh again. On all such beauty transitoriness has set its seal. This sylph nature pierces through the smile of childhood. There is a moment of frail virginity on which it has set its seal, a silver star which may at any moment withdraw and leave a furrow on the brow it decked. Men watch these slender tapers which seem as if they would burn out next moment. They say that such purity is the seal of death. It is so; the condition of this ecstasy is, that it seems to die every moment, and even *Leila* has not force to die often; the electricity accumulates many days before the wild one comes, which leads to these sylph nights of tearful sweetness.

After one of these, I find her always to have retreated into the secret veins of earth. Then glows through her whole being the fire that so baffles men, as she walks on the surface of earth; the blood-red, heart's-blood-red of the carbuncle. She is, like it, her own light, and beats with the universal heart, with no care except to circulate as the vital fluid; it would seem waste then for her to rise to the surface. There in these secret veins of earth she thinks herself into fine gold, or aspires for her purest self,

till she interlaces the soil with veins of silver. She disdains not to retire upon herself in the iron ore. She knows that fires are preparing on upper earth to temper this sternness of her silent self. I venerate her through all this in awed silence. I wait upon her steps through the mines. I light my little torch and follow her through the caves where despair clings by the roof, as she trusts herself to the cold rushing torrents, which never saw the sun nor heard of the ocean. I know if she pauses, it will be to diamond her nature, transcending generations. *Leila!* thou hast never yet, I believe, penetrated to the central ices, nor felt the whole weight of earth. But thou searchest and searchest. Nothing is too cold, too heavy, nor too dark for the faith of the being whose love so late smiled and wept itself into the rainbow, and was the covenant of an only hope. Am I with thee on thy hours of deepest search? I think not, for still thou art an abyss to me, and the star which glitters at the bottom, often withdraws into newer darkneses. O draw me, Star, I fear not to follow; it is my eye and not my heart which is weak. Show thyself for longer spaces. Let me gaze myself into religion, then draw me down, — down.

As I have wished this, most suddenly *Leila* bursts up again in the fire. She greets the sweet moon with a smile so haughty, that the heavenly sky grows timid, and would draw back; but then remembering that the Earth also is planetary, and bound in one music with all its spheres, it leans down again and listens softly what this new, strange voice may mean. And it seems to mean *wo, wo!* for, as the deep thought bursts forth, it shakes the thoughts in which time was resting; the cities fall in ruins; the hills are rent asunder; and the fertile valleys ravaged with fire and water. *Wo, wo!* but the moon and stars smile denial, and the echo changes the sad, deep tone into divinest music. Wait thou, O Man, and walk over the hardened lava to fresh wonders. Let the chain be riven asunder; the gods will give a pearl to clasp it again.

Since these nights, *Leila*, Saint of Knowledge, I have been fearless, and utterly free. There are to me no requiems more, death is a name, and the darkest seeming hours sing *Te Deum*.

See with the word the form of earth transfused to stellar clearness, and the Angel Leila showers down on man balm and blessing. One downward glance from that God-filled eye, and violets clothe the most ungrateful soil, fruits smile healthful along the bituminous lake, and the thorn glows with a crown of amaranth. Descend, thou of the silver sandals, to thy weary son; turn hither that swan-guided car. Not mine but thine, Leila. The rivers of bliss flow forth at thy touch, and the shadow of sin falls separate from the form of light. Thou art now pure ministry, one arrow from the quiver of God; pierce to the centre of things, and slay Dagon for evermore. Then shall be no more sudden smiles, nor tears, nor searchings in secret caves, nor slow growths of centuries. But floating, hovering, brooding, strong-winged bliss shall fill eternity, roots shall not be clogged with earth, but God blossom into himself for evermore.

Straight at the wish the arrows divine of my Leila ceased to pierce. Love retired back into the bosom of chaos, and the Holy Ghost descended on the globes of matter. Leila, with wild hair scattered to the wind, bare and often bleeding feet, opiates and divining rods in each over-full hand, walked amid the habitations of mortals as a Genius, visited their consciences as a Demon.

At her touch all became fluid, and the prison walls grew into Edens. Each ray of particolored light grew populous with beings struggling into divinity. The redemption of matter was interwoven into the coronal of thought, and each serpent form soared into a Phenix.

Into my single life I stooped and plucked from the burning my divine children. And ever, as I bent more and more with an unwearied benignity, an elected pain, like that of her, my wild-haired Genius; more beauteous forms, unknown before to me, nay, of which the highest God had not conscience as shapes, were born from that suddenly darting flame, which had threatened to cleave the very dome of my being. And Leila, she, the moving principle; O, who can speak of the immortal births of her unshrinking love. Each surge left Venus Urania at her feet; from each abjured blame, rose floods of solemn incense, that strove in vain to waft her to the sky. And I heard her voice, which ever sang, "I shrink not from the

baptism, from slavery let freedom, from parricide piety, from death let birth be known.”

Could I but write this into the words of earth, the secret of moral and mental alchemy would be discovered, and all Bibles have passed into one Apocalypse; but not till it has all been lived can it be written.

Meanwhile cease not to whisper of it, ye pines, plant here the hope from age to age; blue dome, wait as tenderly as now; cease not, winds, to bear the promise from zone to zone; and thou, my life, drop the prophetic treasure from the bud of each day, — Prophecy.

Of late Leila kneels in the dust, yea, with her brow in the dust. I know the thought that is working in her being. To be a child, yea, a human child, perhaps man, perhaps woman, to bear the full weight of accident and time, to descend as low as ever the divine did, she is preparing. I also kneel. I would not avail myself of all this sight. I cast aside my necromancy, and yield all other prowess for the talisman of humility. But Leila, wondrous circle, who hast taken into thyself all my thought, shall I not meet thee on the radius of human nature? I will be thy fellow pilgrim, and we will learn together the bliss of gratitude.

Should this ever be, I shall seek the lonely lake no more, for in the eye of Leila I shall find not only the call to search, but the object sought. Thou hast taught me to recognise all powers; now let us be impersonated, and traverse the region of forms together. *Together*, CAN that be, thinks Leila, can one be with any but God? Ah! it is so, but only those who have known the one can know the two. Let us pass out into nature, and she will give us back to God yet wiser, and worthier, than when clinging to his footstool as now. “Have I ever feared,” said Leila. Never! but the hour is come for still deeper trust. Arise! let us go forth!

## POEMS ON ART.

## THE GENUINE PORTRAIT.

“And really it is not more flattered than art ought to flatter. Art should paint the picture as inventive nature (granting there is such a thing) designed it, repairing the imperfections which necessarily result from the resistance of the material worked in, repairing also the injury done it by conquering time.”— *Translated from the German of LESSING.*

ASK you why the portrait bears not  
 The romance of those lips or lashes?  
 Why that bosom's blush it shares not?  
 Mirrors not her eye's quick flashes?  
 Is it false in not revealing  
 Her secret consciousness of beauty—  
 The graceful, half-developed feeling—  
 Desire opposing fancied duty?

For, on the canvass, shadowy hair  
 Streams backward from an earnest face;  
 The features one expression bear,  
 The various lines one story trace.  
 And what is that expression?— Love!  
 Not wild-fire passion, bright but damp.  
 A purer flame, which points *above*—  
 Though kindled at an earthly lamp.  
 Call it devotion— Call it Joy—  
 'T is the true love of woman's heart—  
 Emotion pure from all alloy—  
 Action complete in every part.

Blame not the Artist, then, who leaves  
 The circumstances of the hour,  
 Within the husk the fruit perceives,  
 Within the bud, the future flower.  
 He took the one pervading grace  
 Which charms in all and placed it here,  
 The inmost secret of her face  
 The key to her locked character.  
 The spirit of her life which beats  
 In every pulse of thought and feeling,  
 The central fire which lights and beats—  
 Explaining Earth, and Heaven revealing.

## THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.

## ON THE MARBLE BUST OF SCHILLER.

- A. No! This is not the portrait of my friend!  
 Where is the graceful pensiveness of the eyelids?  
 Where the sweet tremulousness of the mouth?  
 Where the refinement, the tender sensibility,

The exquisite loveliness of posture and feature?  
 Loftiness and antique majesty are here,  
 But I find not my friend in his domestic character.

- B. And *should* the marble which lives through centuries  
 Chronicle the fleeting interest of the Day?  
 Let it rather speak the eternal language  
 Of human nature in its noble simplicity.  
 This is not Schiller, your companion and friend,  
 But Schiller the Poet, his country's glory —  
 Therefore is it proud, majestic and powerful,  
 Expressing his Genius, not his character.

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HERMITAGE.

MEN change; that heaven above not more,  
 Which now with white clouds is all beautiful,  
 Soon is with gray mists a poor creature dull,  
 Thus in this human theatre actions pour  
 Like slight waves on a melancholy shore;  
 Nothing is fixed, — the human heart is null,  
 'T is taught by scholars, is rehearsed in lore, —  
 Methinks this human heart might well be o'er;  
 O precious pomp of eterne vanity,  
 O false fool world, whose actions are a race  
 Of monstrous puppets; — I can't frame one plan  
 Why any man should wear a smiling face,  
 World, thou art one green sepulchre to me,  
 Through which, mid clouds of dust, slowly I pace.

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THE ANGEL AND THE ARTIST.

ANGEL. Back back must thou go,  
 Spirit proud and poor!  
 To be in the Essence, to love and to know,  
 Thou canst not yet endure.

ARTIST. Ah! but I did in that glorious hour  
 When all was mine. —

ANGEL. No, not for a moment hast thou had power  
 The Cause to divine.

ARTIST. Why despise forms from which Spirit doth speak?  
 I will obey.  
 Beautiful forms! in you will I seek  
 The All-shining Day.

## SHELLEY.\*

IT is now well nigh a score of years since Shelley set sail from Leghorn, for Lerici, in that treacherous boat which sank, with all on board, to the bottom of the Mediterranean. Long since, have partisan critics ceased their attempts to cut off from all sympathy, and chance of fame, one, whose life of scarce thirty years was yet too long for the success of their unworthy endeavors. No longer is the name of Shelley cast out from English society, or mentioned but with the expression of bitter and undisguised contempt. A late number of one of the leading British journals has, at length, acknowledged the preëminence of his genius: and hardly an Englishman now gazes at the pyramid of Caius Cestius, beneath the walls of Rome, who does not also turn a subdued eye towards the spot, that "might make one in love of death, to think one should be buried in so sweet a place," where, by the side of his friend Keats, lies the ashes of Percy Bysshe Shelley.

And now that the prejudice, which Shelley's career so naturally excited, has in a great measure died away; and now that, with the publication of these Poems and Essays, the evidence has closed, which, at least the present generation is to have, in making up its judgment upon the merits and demerits of their author, we propose to lay before our readers a brief sketch of, particularly, his character and opinions. It is generally acknowledged at present, that during Shelley's lifetime his poetical productions were most wrongfully cried down by critics, who possessed not a tithe of the genius they so designedly ignored; that great as were his youthful follies, the manner in which he was commonly treated was as unkind and ungenerous, as it was injurious; and that damnable as were his errors, some of those, who were the first to throw their stone at him, would have derived benefit from but touching the border of his garment. We do not wish

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\* 1. *The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley.* Edited by Mrs. Shelley. London. 1840.

2. *Essays, Letters from Abroad, Translations and Fragments,* by Percy Bysshe Shelley. Edited by Mrs. Shelley. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard. 1840.



to palliate the poet's unpardonable offences; nor do we design to prove the unbeliever to have been a Christian; but we think it merely an act of justice and charity, to attempt to disinter his excellencies from the obscurity to which they have too long been consigned. And, surely, there should be no office more grateful than that of enlarging the sphere of human charity, by recalling to memory the smallest degree of virtue in those great men who have delighted us in song, instructed us in wisdom, or benefited us by action.

The complete works of Shelley have been presented to the public by his widow, unaccompanied by a full account of his life. The Editor has not only not given us the biographical information necessary for the formation of a sure judgment concerning the entire character and conduct of her late husband; but has even cut off all our expectation of ever receiving such a desirable bequest. Those actions therefore of Shelley, performed during his minority, which have left in public estimation a stain upon his name, have not been cleared up. What palliating circumstances might have existed; what extraordinary temptations may, in any slight degree, have extenuated his failings; what, after all, were the true motives from which alone his acts derived their moral character; of all this, quite the kernel of the whole matter, we still remain in ignorance. From all the evidence there is in the case, we are permitted to believe that the great practical mistakes which marred the daily beauty of Shelley's life, owed their origin, in a very remarkable degree, to antecedent theoretical mistakes. Touching this point, Moore has given us the following interesting testimony.

“Though never personally acquainted with Mr. Shelley, I can join freely with those who most loved him in admiring the various excellencies of his heart and genius; and lamenting the too early doom that robbed us of the mature fruits of both. His short life had been like his poetry, a sort of bright erroneous dream, false in the general principles upon which it proceeded, though beautiful and attaching in most of its details. Had full time been allowed for the over-light of his imagination to have been tempered down by the judgment which, in him, was still in reserve, the world at large would have been taught to

pay that high homage to his genius which those only who saw what he was capable of can now be expected to accord to it."\*

It seems to have been from lack of that judgment, which was "still in reserve," together with excess of imagination, quick impulses, and an extraordinary love of intellectual freedom—not from gross passions and a vicious temper, that proceeded the numerous practical errors, which impaired both the happiness and usefulness of his life. Lord Byron, who lived on terms of intimacy with him, in Italy, and who, amid his career of vulgar and desperate dissipation in that country, was more restrained, perhaps, by the purity of Shelley's counsels and example, than by any other influences, said of him, "you were all mistaken about Shelley, who was, without exception, the *best* and least selfish man I ever knew." Those who knew him best, were won by his estimable qualities, to speak of him in terms of highest praise: and the tender, constant, and passionate devotion he exhibited for the amiable and intelligent partner of his life, seems to have been most generously returned. Mr. Trelawney, a friend of his, pronounced him to be "a man absolutely without selfishness." Leigh Hunt, who was long and most familiarly acquainted with him, and has borne testimony to the excellence of his private character, in his "Recollections of Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries," among other things, said, "he was pious towards nature, towards his friends, towards the whole human race, towards the meanest insect of the forest."

Though frugal in his personal habits, he was disinterestedly generous to his friends, to the poor, and the stranger. His temper, though naturally irritable, became sweet. While cherishing a cosmopolitan benevolence for the oppressed nations, unlike most world-reformers, he was kindly and affectionate to his immediate associates; his boldness of purpose and action was tempered by an almost feminine gentleness. The ardor, with which he maintained and carried out in action his peculiar views, was relieved by mild forbearance towards those from whom he differed. Though subject to hot and tumultuous impulses, his tastes

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\* Moore's *Life of Byron*, vol. ii. p. 424.

were pure, and his sensibilities delicate. However pertinacious in his attachment to personal liberty, bordering upon license, he was still not a trespasser upon the freedom and rights of others. He was refined without being unmanly; trembling from nervous excitability, yet resolute almost to stoicism; chaste by nature, and not by restraint; simple, firm, free, unsophisticated.

So much are we bound to say in Shelley's favor; while we most deeply regret that a misguided understanding, rather than a corrupt disposition, should have led him to embrace many principles as fatal to his own peace, as deleterious in their influences on society. To his principles, false or true, he was inviolably faithful. Having formed, when a schoolboy at Eton, an unfavorable opinion of the English system of *fagging*, he at once set on foot a conspiracy among his mates for resisting it. Sent to Oxford at the early age of sixteen, and being there taught the elements of logic, he proceeded to apply these principles to the investigation of theological subjects; and when conducted to skeptical results, immediately printed a dissertation on the being of a God, in which he advocated sentiments that the authorities required him to retract; and upon his refusal, expelled him from the university in his second term. At the age of seventeen or eighteen, he married the pretty daughter of a retired coffee-house keeper; and this Gretna-Green match not turning out happily, from the very great dissimilarity in the characters and dispositions of the parties, they soon separated by mutual consent. Meanwhile, Shelley, having embraced the views of Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft, respecting the institution of marriage, not long afterward, and before the suicide of his first wife, paid his addresses to and finally married Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin. Acting in these and other instances on false principles, he notwithstanding acted on those which had already obtained, and through life continued to preserve, full possession of his faith.

Engaging in philosophical speculations with a fearlessness which no consequences could intimidate, and a singleness of mind that no considerations of personal interest could seduce, Shelley committed the great mistake, frequent among young inquirers, but unfortunately by no means confined to them, of putting a too implicit trust in

the conclusions of his individual understanding. This stripling in his teens has his doubts about the infallibility of his teachers, notwithstanding the solemn authoritativeness of their decisions. This tyro in logic rejects, and rejects forever, the faith of his fathers, the belief of his countrymen, the dogmas current for centuries in the cloisters of Oxford, the creed supported by the sanctity, learning, wealth, and power of almost universal Christendom. This freshman at the university rejects it, and accepts, in exchange, the convictions of his untaught, unripe understanding. We are amazed at this precocious self-confidence. Since the world began, men of the highest capacity have espoused different sides of the same great questions. The various races, nations, centuries, have entertained views, more or less peculiar, on matters of gravest concernment. Individuals of different temperaments, ages, sexes — individuals placed in dissimilar circumstances, dissimilarly educated, dissimilarly endowed, looking at truth from diverse points of view, have never agreed in their opinions, but, at most, and at best, have been able only to agree to differ. And yet in the face of this important fact, we find Shelley, and the great majority of men besides, doggedly and uncharitably attached to the conclusions of their individual understandings. Many think they do well, if they only look down with self-complacent contempt, more or less disguised, on all who have the infirmity, or fault, of looking out of their own eyes ; while some have not been able to stop short of blackening the names, or burning the bodies, or even damning the souls, of the poor wretches, who did not please to be of their way of thinking. This opiniativeness, in men who have never had the means of learning any better, is, perhaps, not to be blamed ; but in men, who are or aspire to be philosophers, it is pitiful.

Nowhere, perhaps, has this folly of wise minds been more conspicuous, than among the metaphysicians of Germany. Every system of philosophy, from that of Kant to that which Schelling still keeps in reserve, has constructed its foundations out of the ruins of its predecessors ; and has claimed for itself to be the only true, orthodox system, without the pale of which there can be no saving knowledge. Doubtless every one — at least every one who knows anything about the matter — will acknowledge that

there has been a regular and necessary advancement in philosophical science, as from Thales to Kant, so from the latter to Hegel, and the Schelling that is to be. But what we condemn is, not that every new German metaphysician has claimed to have carried forward his science, but that he has authoritatively set up his system as that in which alone all the facts of human nature have been observed, and their relations harmoniously explained, and confidently looked on himself as the last of God's prophets, after whose day there would be an end of all signs, visions, and revelations. It would seem almost like a fantastic trick in nature, to have endowed those persons, who have showed the most incredulous skepticism towards other men's faiths, with the most superstitious credulity for their own; or rather, it would seem as though God bestowed upon the men of most original and powerful genius, at the same time, the sincerest and intensest self-trust.

Shelley shared largely in this infirmity of noble minds. The firmness with which he grasped the conclusions of his intellect, was not more remarkable, however, than the singleness of purpose and boldness of spirit with which he acted from them. But for the irresistible attachment, that was born with him, to freedom of faith, speech, and action, the boy of thirteen might have gained more prizes for writing Latin verses at Eton, than he actually did. At the university he was an apt scholar, and later in life showed himself to be such, by his acquisition of the German, Italian, French, Latin, and Greek languages, in the last of which he attained a high degree of proficiency, as well as by his acquaintance with metaphysics and natural philosophy, and he might have borne off blushing honors from Oxford. He was the eldest son of a Baronet, and instead of having been abandoned by him, after his expulsion from college, and his marriage, might at least have enjoyed the advantages of a support befitting the consequence of a young lord. He was offered a seat in parliament, and might have been one of the richest men in Sussex, could he only so far have compromised his principles, as to become the tool of a party. He had been endowed by nature with a graceful figure, with a face small, but beautifully turned, and full of sensibility, with a fair complexion, curl-

ing locks, and large, beaming eyes, and might possibly have won smiles from ladies of gentle blood and dazzling fortunes. He was a poet of highest song, and might have been flattered in newspapers and reviews, caressed in selectest circles, asked to dine at my lord's table, and walked daintily on flowers strewed in his way by beauty, wit, rank, and fashion. Thus would he have escaped the host of persecutors, who drove him from his country; he would have escaped the loss of his children by the first marriage, taken from him by the Court of Chancery on the alleged ground of his being an atheist; he would have escaped that sacrilegious blow, dealt by an Englishman personally unacquainted with him, who chanced to hear him mention his name for letters at a continental post-office; he would have escaped the paid and personal malice with which the London Quarterly so zealously supported the altars of Christ, the throne of England, and the critical chair of Mr. Gifford; he would have escaped the cut direct of Christian friends too fastidiously afraid of contamination, to have even their feet washed with the tears and wiped with the hair of such a sinner.

So much did Shelley sacrifice for principles — principles, alas, in too many instances, unsound and injurious. Still though disapproving these, and deprecating their influence on society, may we not commend the simplicity of heart, and heroism of character, with which he followed to their consequence the principles his judgment approved as just and fit? That the conclusions of a man's intellect should be erroneous, is indeed unfortunate; and generally a matter of blame; but that his heart be single, that his speech be sincere, that his acting be the full expression of his belief, that his force of passion support the unchangeableness of his will, so that its decrees come not short of the certainty of fate, that no soft whisper about forbidden fruit be permitted to foul the ear of his integrity, nor any selfish desire, covertly nestling in his bosom, to steal away the virginal purity of his disinterestedness — this is a matter of approval among all men, and enough to cover no small multitude of metaphysical sins. We may learn from Shelley other lessons, besides those of warning. And we wish that many a lazy advocate of orthodoxy would take of this unbeliever lessons in impetuosity. We wish

that those who in order to be virtuous lack but the courage to be natural, who in order to become saints and heroes even need but to be themselves, who from their youth up have kept all the commandments, save that of not truckling to public opinion, when false and tyrannical, would set themselves free and public opinion right, by imitating the intrepidity of this "sickly sentimentalist." One may learn from Hercules, to beard the lion; from Napoleon, at Lodi, to charge at the cannon's mouth; from Martin Luther, to throw his inkstand at the Devil; but from Shelley—he may learn, when armed with principles—still more when they are not false ones, to fear not even *public opinion*.

What the opinions were, which Shelley so boldly formed, and independently expressed, we have now more adequate means of ascertaining since the publication of his *Essays and Letters*. These disclose to us very fully the sentiments and convictions that made the man, and controlled his conduct.

In *Queen Mab*, which he wrote and printed at the age of eighteen—though he never published it—he denied the existence of a God, who created the world, and was clothed with the attributes usually assigned to him by Christians.

"Infinity within,  
Infinity without, belie creation;  
The exterminable spirit it contains  
Is nature's only God."

In commenting on this passage, in his *Notes to this Poem*, he says, "this negation must be understood solely to affect a creative Deity. The hypothesis of a pervading Spirit, coeternal with the universe, remains unshaken."

This and other irreligious views expressed in *Queen Mab*, though modified, doubtless, with the enlargement of his experience and the development of his intellect, were, however, notwithstanding the representations sometimes made to the contrary, never essentially changed. For when in 1821 this poem was surreptitiously published by a London bookseller, Shelley wrote to the Editor of the *Examiner* as follows. "I doubt not but that the poem is perfectly worthless in point of literary composition; and that in all that concerns moral and political speculation, as well as in the subtler discriminations of metaphysical

and religious doctrine, it is still more crude and immature. I am a devoted enemy to religious, political, and domestic oppression; and I regret this publication not so much from literary vanity, as because I fear it is better fitted to injure than to serve the sacred cause of freedom." Here is nothing like a distinct disavowal of his early opinions. And in a private letter to John Gisborne, Esq., he wrote about the same time as follows; "for the sake of a dignified appearance, and because I wish to protest against all the bad poetry in *Queen Mab*, I have given orders to say that it is all done against my desire." From this, it appears, that his regret on account of the publication of the poem proceeded from other causes, than a fundamental change of belief.

The views of his later years respecting the Deity, not materially different from those of his youth, are quite distinctly expressed in his *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*, written in 1816. His belief in an all-pervading Spirit appears from the following lines.

"The awful shadow of some unseen Power  
Floats, tho' unseen, among us."

From this spirit of Beauty which "to human thought is nourishment;" from this awful Loveliness to which he looked "to set this world free from its dark slavery," he invokes a blessing on himself in the concluding lines of the hymn.

"Thus let thy power, which like the truth  
Of nature on my passive youth  
Descended, to my onward life supply  
Its calm, to one who worships thee,  
And every form containing thee,  
Whom, Spirit fair, thy spells did bind  
To fear himself, and love all human kind."

In his short essay on *Life*, Shelley takes a pantheistic view of things. The words *I*, and *you*, and *they* are, according to him, merely convenient grammatical devices, totally destitute of the exclusive meaning usually attached to them, and no more than marks to denote the different modifications of the one mind. Moreover he is an Idealist, receiving the Intellectual system as stated by Sir William Drummond, in his *Academical Questions*. He confesses that he is unable to refuse his assent to the con-



clusions of those philosophers, who assert that nothing exists, but as it is perceived. He declares that the difference is merely nominal between those two classes of thought, vulgarly distinguished by the names of ideas, and of external objects. Putting these two views together, the God of Shelley turns out to be none other than Shelley himself. For though he modestly denies that his mind is anything more than a portion of the one universal intelligence, yet as he maintains that nothing exists save in the mind's perception, it follows, of course, not only that no material body, but also no spiritual being, can be proved to exist beyond the limits of his own mind. The latter is as much an hypothesis as the former; both fictions of the mind, for which no satisfactory proof can be given. There would remain accordingly, though Shelley himself disallowed the inference, in the dread immensity of space, nought save this one solitary mind, nought else would remain during the ages of a lonely eternity. "Nothing exists but as it is perceived." The forms of friendship, the eyes of love, the shapes of dear familiar things, are all but in the mind's eye. Our beloved homes, the temples of God, the noble ruins of antiquity, our mother earth, with all her fair array of cities, and streams, and vales, and mountains, and overspreading sky, the very Deity himself, have not the substance of thinnest air, and mock the dearest hopes of the soul of man.

Though professing the greatest admiration of the moral principles of Jesus Christ, and being in the habit of reading with great delight many, particularly the poetical, parts of the Bible, Shelley entertained a decided repugnance to the doctrines of the New Testament, and to the doctrinal teachings of the Christian clergy. He considered the Christian Church as pledged for the maintenance of bigotry, and the suppression of free inquiry. By requiring unquestioning belief in an irrational scheme of theology, by inculcating implicit reliance on the superior sanctity and wisdom of those supernaturally called to be other men's counsellors, and by condemning to loss of reputation, or employment, or life even, with eternal punishment in the world to come, whomsoever embraced and acted upon principles at variance with the Pulpit and the Word, Shelley thought that the Church had been the nurse of pride,

intolerance and fanaticism. He affirmed the despotism of Christianity, which was eternal, to be worse even than the pernicious French and Material philosophy, that was but temporary. The only true religion, according to his view, was true love. Walking one day in the cathedral at Pisa, while the organ was playing, he said to Leigh Hunt, "What a divine religion might be found out, if charity were really made the principle of it instead of faith." So prejudiced was this unbeliever against Christianity, that he seems to have made little account of the salutary restraint it has imposed on the madness of human passion, the formal respect it has secured for virtue, even where failing to create a genuine devotion, the elevation of men from the dominion of sense to that of power unseen, and supernatural; moreover the consolations it has ministered to bereavement, the patience it has supported in sickness, the contentment it has cherished under poverty, and the hopes it has made to bloom upon the grave. Also did he leave quite out of view the inspiration which poetry has drawn, the themes painting has borrowed, the forms architecture has learned, and the sublime melodies that music has caught from Christianity. He had even lived in Italy, and still expressly asserted that the influence of Christianity upon the fine arts had been unfavorable; he had travelled in France and Germany, and asserted that its influence had been unfavorable to philosophy; born and bred an Englishman, he asserted that it had been unfavorable to civilization. He sighed over the fate of the Grecian republics, displaced by the prevalence of Roman and Christian institutions; and amid all the blessings of modern science, law, and religion, vainly wished back again the unreturning Past.

Among the Essays of Shelley, is a fragment of a treatise on Morals, by which we are particularly informed, respecting his views of the nature of virtue. The fragment has little worth, besides that of making us acquainted with the sentiments which Shelley himself entertained on this subject; and that also of proving that he possessed an insight into the springs of human character, which, when years had brought experience, and his understanding had more fully unfolded its resources, might perhaps have made a moralist out of the poet. He appears to have

taken a strong interest in speculations on morals, as we infer from the following passage in one of his letters. "I consider poetry very subordinate to moral and political science, and if I were well, certainly I would aspire to the latter, for I can conceive a great work, embodying the discoveries of all ages, and harmonizing the contending creeds by which mankind have been ruled."

A virtuous action, according to his definition, is one designed and fitted to produce to the greatest number of persons the highest pleasure. The two constituent parts of virtue are benevolence, and justice; the former, the desire of being the disinterested author of good; and the latter, the desire of distributing this good among men, according to their claims and needs. By good, is meant that which produces pleasure; and by evil, that which produces pain. Shelley believed that the main aim of life should be the production and diffusion of the greatest amount of happiness. He did not, like Epicurus, make happiness to consist in sensual gratification; but in that enjoyment which accompanies the harmonious action of all the powers of man. Disallowing the gratification of no natural instinct, nor censuring the indulgence of passion and the senses, he still would subject the action of these baser parts of our nature to the control of enlightened reason and the most scrupulous conscientiousness. Every one of the faculties bestowed by God upon man should be allowed its just play and proportionate scope, the lower being subordinate to the higher, the sensual to the spiritual, and reason being enthroned sovereign of them all. Reason he placed on the summit of man, not conscience; because conscience is a feeling that is blind, and dependent for its action upon the understanding and reason, the decision, of which it follows, not guides. Other ends, which have been pointed out as the chief ones of life, were thought by him not to be ultimate. But when the greatest amount of the highest and truest happiness of which human nature is capable is aimed at, the mind is perfectly satisfied, asks no further questions, and is struck at once with the absurdity of still demanding a reason, why we ought to promote universal happiness.

In *Queen Mab*, Shelley calls necessity the mother of the world; and in the *Notes*, denies the self-determining

power of the human will. He held that as well in the spiritual as the natural world, every effect must have its antecedent cause; that motives are the causes of volitions; and that, according to the formula of President Edwards, the will is always as the strongest motive. We have no reason to believe that Shelley ever changed his sentiments on this point. On the contrary, in his *Speculations on Morals* he represents the absurdity of refusing to admit that human actions are necessarily determined by motives, as similar to that of denying the equal length of all the radii of a circle. The charge of fatalism has frequently been made against these views of the necessarians, who agree in denying the self-determining power of the will; but without discussing the soundness or unsoundness of either system we may take the liberty of stating our reasons for believing that they are not the same.

Fatalism is the belief, that the events which fill up our lives are determined by a will above us; necessity, that all these events take place according to the fixed laws of our nature. Fatalism teaches that let a man think, speak, or act, as he please, or not think, speak, or act at all, the issues of his life will be the same. Necessity teaches that our fate depends on our dispositions, judgments, and actions, modified by the natural influences of surrounding circumstances. Fatalism encourages a man to violate all laws human and divine, because in either case, he is sure of God's approval and his own. Necessity warns him that every transgression of a law of his being will, sooner or later, receive its punishment, and no observance ever lose its reward; that the man who neglects the cultivation of the higher parts of his nature will fail in spiritual power and true happiness, and that he who exercises the meaner parts, condemns himself to low pleasures and a base lot; it admonishes him that, by the improper indulgence of vulgar passions, he will become their degraded bondman, until they shall have run their course, or, perchance, some dormant spiritual energy have awaked from its slumber to disenthral their dominion; it cautions him against relying upon the interposition of a self-determining will, to rescue him from the temptations with which he has tampered, and to trammel up the consequence of his failings, or his crimes; in a word, it enjoins

the greatest care of one's intellectual and moral nature, by showing him, that he, and he only, is sure of his fortunes, who is sure of his capacity and his honor. The two systems have this point of union, that they both teach that God hath foreordained whatsoever things come to pass; but they differ fundamentally respecting the mode, in which the divine decrees are realized. The believers in the one system surrender their fates to chance; those in the other perceive their well-being to lie in the fulfilment of established law. The one doctrine dishonors all human agencies; the other acknowledges them to be the only means, by which are secured, or forfeited, the wisdom, virtue, and happiness of mankind.

We can conceive how Shelley, receiving the doctrines of those who deny the self-determination of the will, could still hold to a law of moral obligation. He, as well as the advocates of the opposite theory, could experience a pleasing satisfaction in acting according to the instructions of reason and the admonitions of conscience, and a feeling of painful degradation, in yielding to the suggestions of selfishness, or giving reins to the impulses of grovelling and destructive passions. This sense of pleasure and pain is the execution of a moral law, by which man's happiness is increased by acting in accordance with what in him is noblest, and diminished by sacrificing this high joy for the sake of selfish or sensual indulgence. The necessarian sees that he must take the consequences of his actions, and therein finds one of the strongest possible motives for giving good heed to them. The pains of life and the pangs of conscience, he does not indeed consider so much punishment, as admonitions; nor the delights of the mind, so much rewards, as encouragements. Remorse becomes, to him, regret, yet not the less painful, for his having acted from the lower, instead of the higher motives. The feeling of desert of praise is self-congratulation; of desert of blame, self-abhorrence. He does not hold himself accountable for what he has not the power to hinder, or help; but he does take the responsibility of whatever lies within the circumference of his utmost possibility.

In his *Essay on a Future State*, Shelley, arguing from reason and analogy, expresses views unfavorable to the future personal existence of the human soul. But the

essay is unfinished, and from several passages in his works, we are led to hope and believe that this fragment does not give his entire views on this subject. In one of his letters he writes, "the destiny of man can scarcely be so degraded, that he was born only to die." And in a journal are recorded the following thoughts, suggested by a dangerous exposure of himself and Mrs. Shelley at sea; "Death was rather a thing of discomfort and disappointment than terror to me. We should never be separated; but in death we might not know and feel our union as now. I hope — but my hopes are not unmixed with fear for what will befall this inestimable spirit when we appear to die." Mrs. Shelley, in speaking of the fragment on a future state, says; "I cannot pretend to supply the deficiency, nor say what Shelley's views were — they were vague, certainly; yet as certainly regarded the country beyond the grave as by no means foreign to our interests and hopes. Considering his individual mind as a unit divided from a mighty whole, to which it was united by restless sympathies and an eager desire for knowledge, he assuredly believed that hereafter, as now, he would form a portion of that whole — and a portion less imperfect, less suffering, than the shackles inseparable from humanity impose on all who live beneath the moon." It appears therefore that, with respect to the question of immortality, Shelley's mind was in a state of doubt, though often cheered by earnest hopes, at the time when death unexpectedly settled the question which had puzzled his brief span of life.

Shelley left also some speculations on Metaphysics, more fragmentary, and of less value even than those on Morals. His nature contained not the stuff which metaphysicians are made of. Imagination indeed he had enough of, and no power is more necessary than this in philosophical studies. It is the pioneer of the philosophical faculties. It opens the way for observation and experiment, which left to themselves know not in what direction to proceed, and find their way, if at all, but slowly, and by accident. Truly, indeed, must observation and experiment closely follow, though they cannot well precede, the steps of the conceptive faculty; for it is they who are to test its guesses, and authoritatively decide upon their correctness or incorrectness. In this way have been made the greatest discove-

ries. But the trouble with Shelley would have been, that his imagination not being supported by a sound judgment, and its modes of action not being in harmony with the spirit and constitution of things, he would have stood a fair chance of guessing wrong. He would have displayed extraordinary fecundity in the production of erroneous hypotheses, with no gift of patience to subject them to the scrutiny of experiment. Besides, he would have been entirely wanting in the close and subtle logic, that makes the dialectician. He would have shared, with the great majority of his countrymen, their want of strict logical method, the surprising nonchalance with which they take for granted the premises of their arguments, the exceedingly tender examination through which popular axioms are made to pass in order to be admitted into the inexpugnable fortress of first truths. To the dialecticians of the broad land which lies between the Oder, the Danube, and the Rhine, have been bequeathed, it would seem, the pens of Heraclitus, Plato, and Aristotle.

But Shelley is better known as a disciple of social and moral Reform, than of metaphysics. He was offered a seat in Parliament; and at one time, had some thoughts of becoming a politician; but fortunately, did not. He possessed hardly judgment enough for the well-ordering of his own life, much less for the judicious management of public affairs. He would, indeed, have been superior to most politicians, by the circumstance of having principles of some sort, by which to direct his movements; but, unfortunately, they would very likely have been false principles. In the senate, he would have displayed more zeal for the interests of men, than knowledge of them; more hatred of the short-sighted and corrupt selfishness in the midst of which he would have found himself, than of skill to bring it into subserviency to his purposes; more eloquence in advocating schemes for the speedy reform of the wide world, than insight into the real pressing wants of society, and the practicable means of relief. He would have succeeded no better than young men have since in demonstrating the superiority, in the guidance of national councils, of youthful inexperience, presumption, and impetuosity, over the prudence, sobriety, and wisdom of age; and he would have distinguished himself, like other world-

reformers, in the art of diluting the substantial consistency of his benevolence, for the sake of doling out the more to distant and remediless necessities, as well as by his aptness in overlooking home duties in his anxiety to extend the jurisdiction of his responsibility into the precincts of other men's concerns. Living at a time when the career of Napoleon was destroying many of the social and political forms in which society had existed since the middle ages, and inhaling freely the spirit of modern times, then first universally diffused, Shelley placed himself in the van of the revolutionary movement, and struck most passionately his lyre to celebrate the uprising of liberty in Spain, Greece, and Italy. Shelley was a radical of the school which seems not yet to have become quite extinct. He could not see that thrones and altars subserved any other than the purposes of tyranny; and he wished to have all men kings and priests for themselves. Having experienced, by his first marriage, the evils of ill sorted matches, and being possessed with the spirit of Milton's doctrines on divorce, together with the more extravagant notions of Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft, he openly advocated the substitution of the vow of love for the band of matrimony. Destitute of a true insight into the uses subserved by both poverty and riches in the system of economy, which God has established for the education and redemption of man, Shelley believed, with Sir Thomas More, in the desirableness of a community of property. What after the annihilation of these institutions, he expected to have remaining, we will not undertake to inform our readers. Certain, however, it is, that by these changes he expected men would be great gainers in the power of self-government, in genuine piety, in chastity, and in happiness. Believing evil not to be inherent in the system of things, but to be an accident which might be expelled by the force of the will of man, he eagerly maintained that, by the prevalence of the disinterested love which would everywhere spring up under the shelter of freer institutions, would be realized the renovation of nature, the perfection of man, and the defecation of human life of all its miseries.

The first mistake of this reformer was his over-estimate of the evils of the existing state of society. An invalid, he turned his mind too much from the consideration of the



happiness which smiled around the fireside of the poorest peasantry, from the comfortable degree of freedom enjoyed even beneath the eye of the most despotic princes of Europe, from the amount of genuine virtue, bred in retirement, and of fair character, then adorning the households of all classes and conditions. His melancholy eye was keenest to detect everywhere the evidences of oppression, misery, and vice; and to the man, whose eye has not light in itself, all things indeed are darkness. It is true, that society had outgrown some parts of the framework, which for centuries had encased it; but yet, not so as to occasion any very important hindrances to the liberal enjoyment of life, and the cultivation of enlightened character. The great and free soul is, indeed, always too large for the narrow rules of his times. But he does not so much need the support which factitious forms must minister to the immaturity of virtue, and to the imbecility of vice. He can walk alone, without help from stool, or staff. Yet while the few spirits who have travelled on in advance of their age, may find the old conventional regulations less suited to themselves than to their contemporaries generally, the great majority of men find their highest welfare in diverging but cautiously from the beaten paths of past custom, and are generally farthest both from harm and mischief, while content to graze within their accustomed length of tether. Besides, most of the forms of society which Shelley enumerated among inherited evils, have descended to us from remote centuries, only because they grew naturally out of the instinctive depths of humanity, and are destined alike for eternal duration and universal diffusion. For example, Shelley might have spared himself the pain he experienced in view of the unequal distribution of property. That poverty, for which no place can be found in the resplendent visions of a certain school of reformers, occupies a pretty important one in the great economy of God, would seem to be obvious enough from the simple fact, that the world over, from the beginning of time up to the present hour, men have been born, bred, and buried, in a condition not so far removed from starvation as from affluence. Our divine Maker seems hitherto to have thought that adversity had uses for man; that the soul might be rightly tempered by the ministry of sorrows;

that fortitude might be hardened by self-denial; health promoted by temperance; learning pricked on by indigence; invention quickened by necessity; virtue purified by suffering; and, in fine, the best interests of the world secured by obedience to that first great law, "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground." Besides, we are all poor. He feels his poverty, whose treasures are unequal to his desires. And when are they equal? Our plans outstrip our means; our wants increase with supply; by the cultivation of benevolence, is enlarged the sphere of our charities; by the refinement of our taste, are multiplied the objects demanded for its gratification; with the growth of industrial enterprise, the demand is heightened for larger and still larger capital; by the improvement of our intellect, are, an hundred fold, augmented the resources it would purchase from the costly labors of learning. There is little of much worth to man, but what he gets by his own labor, and little that he keeps, save by care; there is no situation in life walled in from the invasion of anxieties, sorrows, temptations, and toils as fatal—or rather as beneficial—as those which beset the door of poverty; and, in fact, the only satisfactory wealth to which man can attain, lies in resignation, in self-denial, in contentment, and in the joyous consciousness of physical and mental ability. Finally, neither the plan of Shelley, nor any that we have heard advocated, much less any one that has been reduced to practice, is adequate to feed indolence from the earnings of industry, to supply heedlessness with the resources of forecast, and lavish upon prodigality the treasures which the laws of nature promise to virtue.

The second mistake of Shelley lay in his proposed means of reformation. He proposed to change institutions, not men. He attributed to the oppressive weight imposed upon society by barbarous laws and customs, its grovelling tastes and degraded passions; and believed that with the bestowment of freer social, civil, and religious institutions would be given the virtue which overspreads life with blessings. That the only safe and the most important reform that can be effected in a nation, is a reform of the individuals who compose it, he did not perceive. Accordingly, we see him most interested in hailing the

outbreak of foreign revolutions, in cheating his hope with visions of Platonic republics, and in watching the progress of all the measures in parliament, which promised to change whatever was established in the social and political relations of his countrymen. Instead of endeavoring to improve men by cultivating their acquaintance, he courted the irresponsibility of cloistered seclusion, as appears from the following extract from one of his letters to his wife. "My greatest content would be utterly to desert all human society. I would retire with you and our child to a solitary island in the sea, would build a boat, and shut upon my retreat the floodgates of the world; I would read no reviews, and talk with no authors. If I dared trust my imagination, it would tell me that there are one or two chosen companions beside yourself, whom I should desire. But to this I would not listen." In the place of discharging the duties of a citizen of England, he travelled from place to place, and lived much upon the continent. His plans for reforming Eton, and Oxford, resulted only in his early removal from the former, and his expulsion from the latter. About all he did to improve the homes of England was, to make himself an outcast from his own. Instead of illustrating by his example the benefits of domestic virtue, he caused the children of his early marriage to be taken from him by the Court of Chancery, and broke, as we are left to suppose, the heart of his first wife, however much devotion he may have felt for the second. Instead of conforming so far to the requirements of public opinion, as to enable himself to hold a place in society, from which he might have exerted a reforming influence by his conduct, and have gained an unprejudiced hearing for his opinions, he fulminated, by the bold avowal of doctrines shocking to the moral sense of the community, a declaration of war against the very society he aimed to reform.

But notwithstanding the unsoundness of most of the views Shelley entertained respecting the advancement of society, and the mistakes in his mode of procedure, we must still acknowledge that views, similar to some entertained by him, have been adopted in modern legislation. Capital punishments, the abolition of which he advocated, have become less frequent; the rights of the people have since received a more full acknowledgment in the English

reform bill; the action of law has become more favorable to divorce, though the institution of marriage, it is hoped, will not be immediately dispensed with; the progress of civilization seems to have settled the maxim, that it is not so much the business of legislation to take care of the people, as to secure to them the opportunity of taking care of themselves, and that self-government, so far as it can be attained, is preferable to that of laws and constitutions. All the ameliorations of society seem to contribute to the independence of the individual. The modern applications of machinery tend to make him less dependent upon the labor of his fellow men; the diffusion of the means of education makes him rely less on the authority of the learned; the freedom of all trades and professions gives him a fair chance of securing a competency by his own exertions; the abolition of social caste opens his way to a station of gentility; the increase of intelligence throughout all classes, furnishes his mind with ampler means of happiness and of power; and thus, the general advancement in wealth, power, knowledge, and virtue, produces in the individual more self-control, self-reliance, and self-respect. We see this tendency towards individual independence strikingly illustrated in Goethe, who having laid under contribution all the improvements of the age in building up his lofty genius, at last reposed on the summit of modern civilization in all the sufficiency of Jupiter on Olympus.

To Shelley must also be awarded the praise of having entertained a generous confidence in the perfectibility of man. His opinions on this subject, though, as we have already observed, by no means free from extravagance, were still conformable, in many respects, to the conclusions of reason, and the prophecies of scripture. They bespeak also a generous soul,—one whose consciousness of greatness was capable of high hopes of the humanity he shared in,—one which, having set its own aim high above the aspiration of vulgar ambition, seemed to discern that of the race shining at a height of still more inaccessible perfection.

These opinions of Shelley we have gathered, mainly, from his Letters and Essays. The latter are all fragments, except the Defence of Poetry. This is written in

a style, brilliant, graceful, and harmonious. The thoughts unite the beauty of poetry with the profundity of philosophy; and indicate an impassioned and enlightened devotion to his art. His letters are beautiful specimens of easy, familiar, epistolary writing. He appears in them, as he was, simple, free, and earnest. Those addressed to his wife, combine, in a remarkable degree, tenderness with manliness. Those written from Italy are exceedingly interesting, on account of the beautiful and discriminating criticisms they contain on the treasures of Italian art. In one of them, he thus finely and philosophically expresses his aim in these pleasing studies: "One of my chief objects in Italy is the observing in statuary and painting the degree in which, and the rules according to which, that ideal beauty, of which we have so intense, yet so obscure an apprehension, is realized in external forms."

As a poet, Shelley is not so popular as some others who have less merit. His immoderate love of allegory has rendered his style in many places obscure and cold; the metaphysical cast of thought does not supply to sensibility the excitement it craves from poetry; the long and lofty flights of his imagination tire the wings of duller fancies; while the occasional morbidness of his muse, together with his frequent attacks upon the established order of things in church and state, have sometimes repelled from his page the subjects of delicate feelings, and the friends of ancient observance.

In the power of his conceptive faculty, few will deny that he was unsurpassed by any of his contemporaries. His poetry is chiefly "the expression of the imagination." His mind was not also endowed, like Shakspeare's, with that large wisdom, that soundness of judgment, that wonderful tact in observation, which directed to the real world would have enabled him to see things as they are; but his unaided imagination filled immensity with the shapes of things that are not. But while he possessed, in such superabundance the creative power of genius to form new combinations from the materials of real existence, it must be confessed that these combinations were oftener striking and beautiful, than analogous to reality, and illustrative of truth.

The fire of the impassioned poet burns most intensely and purely in his lyrics and smaller pieces, as in the Ode to the West Wind, Lines written in dejection near Naples, the Cloud, and the Stanzas to a Sky-lark. Into these he breathed his entire soul. In the last-mentioned piece, suggested while listening to the lark carolling in the Italian heavens, he cannot find words enough to exhaust his passionate admiration; he cannot collect together images enough with which to compare the glad melodies of this spirit in the sky; nothing is to him so tender or ardent, nothing so sweet and joyous, nothing in sound that so fills the ear and the soul, as the spontaneous song of this bird, that singing soars, and soaring sings.

Love of the beautiful was another characteristic of Shelley's genius. No eye was quicker to detect, or slower to turn from, the beauty, wherein, according to his belief, consisted the divinity of things. The beautiful in the forms, colors, motions, and sounds of the external creation; the beautiful expression in the human face divine, and in the face of nature; the beautiful in language, thought, character, and life, was his constant study and supreme delight. For the cultivation of this native delicacy of taste, he devoted himself, as all poets should, to the study of the poetry of Greece. Sensibility to beauty was the characteristic trait of Grecian genius. It was beauty that the Greeks sung of in verse, beauty they sought in architecture, beauty they cut out from marble. Nor were their orators, historians, or even philosophers, wanting in this means of gaining the ear of their countrymen. Native to the soul of Greece, beauty overspread all her art, literature, and even life, as it did her vales, and isles, and seas, and skies.

Shelley was a complete master of all poetic measures, and had at his sovereign disposal all the treasures of the English language. His numbers are smooth, various, and musical; his language rich, tasteful, and expressive. Still, so thick-coming were his fancies, so subjective often the theme of his song, so ethereal the substance of his imaginings, so subtle, abstract, idealized, were many of his conceptions, that not unfrequently he seems to labor in the pains of utterance. The main characteristic of his style has been thus pointed out by his Editor: "More popular

poets clothe the ideal with familiar and sensible imagery; Shelley loved to idealize the real; to gift the mechanism of the material universe with a soul and a voice, and to bestow such also on the most delicate and abstract emotions and thoughts of the mind."

During his short and youthful life, Shelley made but infrequent excursions into the real world; and his experience in these was such, as to make him still more attached to his home in the ideal. From this fact, resulted not only this peculiarity of style; but also most of the faults, which are usually noticed in his poetry. Hence his cold allegories, his metaphysical splendors, the lack of human interest in his subjects, the meagreness of his cantos in incidents, the occasional subtlety, vagueness, and fantastic extravagancies of his, sometimes, too intellectual muse. Yet with all their deficiencies, whether in expression or thought, do these sons of genius, who, like Shelley, love too well to wander in the realms of fairy fancy, subserve no unimportant purposes in human life. To these imaginative minds, so unfit for the business of life, so disdainful of its drudgery, so unfamiliar with all the processes of the practical understanding, so destitute of common sense as to provoke the mirth and contempt of the vulgar, do we owe most of the miracles of art, and many of the greatest discoveries in science. They execute a divine behest in portraying with fascinating pencil the exceeding excellence of the ideal man, and the beauty of a perfect life; in deciphering the prophecies of coming greatness hid in the hieroglyphics, which cover the monuments of the past; in tracing the mystic analogies that so closely ally the worlds of matter and spirit; in pointing out in the spiritual expression of all terrestrial things the fulness and overflowing of the Divinity, and in uttering from the depth of their divinely moved souls the sublime truths often revealed to those who are poorest in the wisdom of the world, and the most unfit for the marshalling of its affairs.

M. M.

## A DIALOGUE.

POET. CRITIC.

POET. Approach me not, man of cold, steadfast eye and compressed lips. At thy coming nature shrouds herself in dull mist; fain would she hide her sighs and smiles, her buds and fruits even in a veil of snow. For thy unkindly breath, as it pierces her mystery, destroys its creative power. The birds draw back into their nests, the sunset hues into their clouds, when you are seen in the distance with your tablets all ready to write them into prose.

CRITIC. O my brother, my benefactor, do not thus repel me. Interpret me rather to our common mother; let her not avert her eyes from a younger child. I know I can never be dear to her as thou art, yet I am her child, nor would the fated revolutions of existence be fulfilled without my aid.

POET. How meanest thou? What have thy measurements, thy artificial divisions and classifications to do with the natural revolutions? In all real growths there is a "give and take" of unerring accuracy; in all the acts of thy life there is a falsity, for all are negative. Why do you not receive and produce in your kind, like the sunbeam and the rose? Then new life would be brought out, were it but the life of a weed, to bear witness to the healthful beatings of the divine heart. But this perpetual analysis, comparison, and classification never add one atom to the sum of existence.

CRITIC. I understand you.

POET. Yes, that is always the way. You understand me, who never have the arrogance to pretend that I understand myself.

CRITIC. Why should you?—that is my province. I am the rock which gives you back the echo. I am the tuning-key, which harmonizes your instrument, the regulator to your watch. Who would speak, if no ear heard? nay, if no mind knew what the ear heard?

POET. I do not wish to be heard in thought but in love, to be recognised in judgment but in life. I would pour forth my melodies to the rejoicing winds. I would scatter



my seed to the tender earth. I do not wish to hear in prose the meaning of my melody. I do not wish to see my seed neatly put away beneath a paper label. Answer in new poems to the soul of our souls. Wake me to sweeter childhood by a fresher growth. At present you are but an excrescence produced by my life; depart, self-conscious Egotist, I know you not.

CRITIC. Dost thou so adore Nature, and yet deny me? Is not Art the child of Nature, Civilization of Man? As Religion into Philosophy, Poetry into Criticism, Life into Science, Love into Law, so did thy lyric in natural order transmute itself into my review.

POET. Review! Science! the very etymology speaks. What is gained by looking again at what has already been seen? What by giving a technical classification to what is already assimilated with the mental life? .

CRITIC. What is gained by living at all?

POET. Beauty loving itself, — Happiness!

CRITIC. Does not this involve consciousness?

POET. Yes! consciousness of Truth manifested in the individual form.

CRITIC. Since consciousness is tolerated, how will you limit it?

POET. By the instincts of my nature, which rejects yours as arrogant and superfluous.

CRITIC. And the dictate of my nature compels me to the processes which you despise, as essential to my peace. My brother (for I will not be rejected) I claim my place in the order of nature. The word descended and became flesh for two purposes, to organize itself, and to take cognizance of its organization. When the first Poet worked alone, he paused between the cantos to proclaim, "It is very good." Dividing himself among men, he made some to create and others to proclaim the merits of what is created.

POET. Well! if you were content with saying, "it is very good"; but you are always crying, "it is very bad," or ignorantly prescribing how it might be better. What do you know of it? Whatever is good could not be otherwise than it is. Why will you not take what suits you, and leave the rest? True communion of thought is worship, not criticism. Spirit will not flow through the sluices nor endure the locks of canals.

CRITIC. There is perpetual need of protestantism in every church. If the church be catholic, yet the priest is not infallible. Like yourself, I sigh for a perfectly natural state, in which the only criticism shall be tacit rejection, even as Venus glides not into the orbit of Jupiter, nor do the fishes seek to dwell in fire. But as you soar towards this as a Maker, so do I toil towards the same aim as a Seeker. Your pinions will not upbear you towards it in steady flight. I must often stop to cut away the brambles from my path. The law of my being is on me, and the ideal standard seeking to be realized in my mind bids me demand perfection from all I see. To say how far each object answers this demand is my criticism.

POET. If one object does not satisfy you, pass on to another, and say nothing.

CRITIC. It is not so that it would be well with me. I must penetrate the secret of my wishes, verify the justice of my reasonings. I must examine, compare, sift, and winnow; what can bear this ordeal remains to me as pure gold. I cannot pass on till I know what I feel and why. An object that defies my utmost rigor of scrutiny is a new step on the stair I am making to the Olympian tables.

POET. I think you will not know the gods when you get there, if I may judge from the cold presumption I feel in your version of the great facts of literature.

CRITIC. Statement of a part always looks like ignorance, when compared with the whole, yet may promise the whole. Consider that a part implies the whole, as the everlasting No the everlasting Yes, and permit to exist the shadow of your light, the register of your inspiration.

As he spake the word he paused, for with it his companion vanished, and floating on the cloud left a starry banner with the inscription "AFFLATUR NUMINE." The Critic unfolded one on whose flag-staff he had been leaning. Its heavy folds of pearly gray satin slowly unfolding, gave to view the word NOTITIA, and *Causarum* would have followed, when a sudden breeze from the west caught it, those heavy folds fell back round the poor man, and stifled him probably, — at least he has never since been heard of.

F.

## THOUGHTS ON LABOR.

“GOD has given each man a back to be clothed, a mouth to be filled, and a pair of hands to work with.” And since wherever a mouth and a back are created a pair of hands also is provided, the inference is unavoidable, that the hands are to be used to supply the needs of the mouth and the back. Now, as there is one mouth to each pair of hands, and each mouth must be filled, it follows quite naturally, that if a single pair of hands refuses to do its work then the mouth goes hungry, or, which is worse, the work is done by other hands. In the one case, the supply failing, an inconvenience is suffered, and the man dies; in the other he eats and wears the earnest of another man’s work, and so a wrong is inflicted. The law of nature is this, “If a man will not work neither shall he eat.” Still further, God has so beautifully woven together the web of life, with its warp of Fate, and its woof of Free-will, that in addition to the result of a man’s duty when faithfully done, there is a satisfaction and recompense in the very discharge thereof. In a rational state of things, Duty and Delight travel the same road, sometimes hand in hand. Labor has an agreeable end, in the result we gain; but the means also are agreeable, for there are pleasures in the work itself. These unexpected compensations, the gratuities and stray-gifts of Heaven are scattered abundantly in life. Thus the kindness of our friends, the love of our children is of itself worth a thousand times all the pains we take on their account. Labor in like manner, has a reflective action, and gives the workingman a blessing over and above the natural result which he looked for. The duty of labor is written on man’s body, in the stout muscle of the arm and the delicate machinery of the hand. That it is congenial to our nature appears from the alacrity with which children apply themselves to it and find pleasure in the work itself, without regard to its use. The young duck does not more naturally betake itself to the water, than the boy to the work which goes on around him. There is some work, which even the village sluggard and the city fop love to do, and that only can they do well. These two latter facts show that labor, in some degree, is

no less a pleasure than a duty, and prove, that man is not by nature a lazy animal who is forced by Hunger to dig and spin.

Yet there are some who count labor a curse and a punishment. They regard the necessity of work, as the greatest evil brought on us by the "Fall;" as a curse that will cling to our last sand. Many submit to this yoke, and toil, and save, in hope to leave their posterity out of the reach of this primitive curse.

Others, still more foolish, regard it as a disgrace. Young men,—the children of honest parents, who live by their manly and toil-hardened hands, bear up the burthen of the world on their shoulders, and eat with thankful hearts their daily bread, won in the sweat of their face,—are ashamed of their fathers' occupation, and forsaking the plough, the chisel, or the forge, seek a livelihood in what is sometimes named a more respectable and genteel vocation; that is in a calling which demands less of the hands, and quite often less of the head likewise, than their fathers' hardy craft; for that imbecility, which drives men to those callings has its seat mostly in a higher region than the hands. Affianced damsels beg their lovers to discover (or invent) some ancestor in buckram who did not work. The Sophomore in a small college is ashamed of his father who wears a blue frock, and his dusty brother who toils with the saw and the axe. These men, after they have wiped off the dirt and soot of their early life, sometimes become arrant coxcombs, and standing like the heads of Hermes without hands, having only a mouth, make faces at such as continue to serve the state by plain handiwork. Some one relates an anecdote which illustrates quite plainly this foolish desire of young men to live without work. It happened in one of our large towns, that a Shopkeeper and a Blacksmith, both living in the same street, advertised for an apprentice on the same day. In a given time fifty beardless youngsters applied to the Haberdasher, and not one to the Smith. But this story has a terrible moral, namely, that forty-nine out of the fifty were disappointed at the outset.

It were to be wished that this notion of labor being disgraceful was confined to vain young men and giddy maidens of idle habits and weak heads, for then it would be

looked upon as one of the diseases of early life, which we know must come, and rejoice when our young friends have happily passed through it, knowing it is one of "the ills that flesh is heir to," but is not very grievous, and comes but once in a lifetime. This aversion to labor, this notion that it is a curse and a disgrace, this selfish desire to escape from the general and natural lot of man, is the sacramental sin of "the better class" in our great cities. The children of the poor pray to be rid of it, and what son of a rich man learns a trade or tills the soil with his own hands? Many men look on the ability to be idle as the most desirable and honorable ability. They glory in being the Mouth that consumes, not the Hand that works. Yet one would suppose a man of useless hands and idle head, in the midst of God's world, where each thing works for all; in the midst of the toil and sweat of the human race, must needs make an apology for his sloth, and would ask pardon for violating the common law, and withdrawing his neck from the general yoke of humanity. Still more does he need an apology, if he is active only in getting into his hands the result of others' work. But it is not so. The man who is rich enough to be idle values himself on his leisure, and what is worse, others value him for it. Active men must make a shamefaced excuse for being busy, and working men for their toil, as if business and toil were not the Duty of all and the support of the world. In certain countries men are divided horizontally into two classes, the men who WORK and the men who RULE, and the latter despise the employment of the former as mean and degrading. It is the slave's duty to plough, said a Heathen poet, and a freeman's business to enjoy at leisure the fruits of that ploughing. This same foolish notion finds favor with many here. It is a remnant of those barbarous times, when all labor was performed by serfs and bondsmen, and exemption from toil was the exclusive sign of the free-born. But this notion, that labor is disgraceful, conflicts as sharply with our political institutions as it does with common sense, and the law God has writ on man. An old author centuries before Christ was so far enlightened on this point as to see the true dignity of manual work, and to say, "God is well pleased with honest works; he suffers the laboring man, who ploughs the earth by night and day,

to call his life most noble. If he is good and true, he offers continual sacrifice to God, and is not so lustrous in his dress as in his heart."

Manual labor is a blessing and a dignity. But to state the case on its least favorable issue, admit it were both a disgrace and a curse, would a true man desire to escape it for himself, and leave the curse to fall on other men? Certainly not. The generous soldier fronts death, and charges in the cannon's mouth; it is the coward who lingers behind. If labor were hateful, as the proud would have us believe, then they who bear its burthens, and feed and clothe the human race, and fetch and carry for them, should be honored as those have always been, who defend society in war. If it be glorious, as the world fancies, to repel a human foe, how much more is he to be honored who stands up when Want comes upon us, like an armed man, and puts him to rout? One would fancy the world was mad, when it bowed in reverence to those who by superior cunning possessed themselves of the earnings of others, while it made wide the mouth and drew out the tongue at such as do the world's work. "Without these," said an ancient, "cannot a city be inhabited, but they shall not be sought for in public council, nor sit high in the congregation;" and those few men and women who are misnamed the World, in their wisdom have confirmed the saying. Thus they honor those who sit in idleness and ease; they extol such as defend a state with arms, or those who collect in their hands the result of Asiatic or American industry, but pass by with contempt the men who rear corn and cattle, and weave and spin, and fish and build for the whole human race. Yet if the state of labor were so hard and disgraceful as some fancy, the sluggard in fine raiment and the trim figure — which, like the lilies in the Scripture, neither toils nor spins, and is yet clothed in more glory than Solomon — would both bow down before Colliers and Farmers, and bless them as the benefactors of the race. Christianity has gone still farther, and makes a man's greatness consist in the amount of service he renders to the world. Certainly he is the most honorable who by his head or his hand does the greatest and best work for his race. The noblest soul the world ever saw appeared not in the ranks of the indolent; but "took on him the

form of a servant," and when he washed his disciples' feet, meant something not very generally understood perhaps in the nineteenth century.

Now manual labor, though an unavoidable duty, though designed as a blessing, and naturally both a pleasure and a dignity, is often abused, till, by its terrible excess, it becomes really a punishment and a curse. It is only a proper amount of work that is a blessing. Too much of it wears out the body before its time; cripples the mind, debases the soul, blunts the senses, and chills the affections. It makes the man a spinning jenny, or a ploughing machine, and not "a being of a large discourse, that looks before and after." He ceases to be a man, and becomes a thing.

In a rational and natural state of society, — that is, one in which every man went forwards toward the true end he was designed to reach, towards perfection in the use of all his senses, towards perfection in wisdom, virtue, affection, and religion, — labor would never interfere with the culture of what was best in each man. His daily business would be a school to aid in developing the whole man, body and spirit, because he would then do what nature fitted him to do. Thus his business would be really his calling. The diversity of gifts is quite equal to the diversity of work to be done. There is some one thing which each man can do with pleasure, and better than any other man, because he was born to do it. Then all men would labor, each at his proper vocation, and an excellent farmer would not be spoiled to make a poor lawyer, a blundering physician, or a preacher, who puts the world asleep. Then a small body of men would not be pampered in indolence, to grow up into gouty worthlessness, and die of inertia; nor would the large part of men be worn down as now by excessive toil before half their life is spent. They would not be so severely tasked as to have no time to read, think, and converse. When he walked abroad, the laboring man would not be forced to catch mere transient glimpses of the flowers by the way side, or the stars over his head, as the dogs, it is said, drink the waters of the Nile, running while they drink, afraid the crocodiles should seize them if they stop. When he looked from his window at the landscape, Distress need not stare at him from every bush.

He would then have leisure to cultivate his mind and heart no less than to do the world's work.

In labor as in all things beside, moderation is the law. If a man transgresses and becomes intemperate in his work, and does nothing but toil with the hand, he must suffer. We educate and improve only the faculties we employ, and cultivate most what we use the oftenest. But if some men are placed in such circumstances that they can use only their hands, who is to be blamed if they are ignorant, vicious, and without God? Certainly not they. Now it is a fact, notorious as the sun at noon-day, that such are the circumstances of many men. As society advances in refinement, more labor is needed to supply its demands, for houses, food, apparel, and other things must be refined and luxurious. It requires more work, therefore, to fill the mouth and clothe the back, than in simpler times. To aggravate the difficulty, some escape from their share of this labor, by superior intelligence, shrewdness, and cunning, others by fraud and lies, or by inheriting the result of these qualities in their ancestors. So their share of the common burthen, thus increased, must be borne by other hands, which are laden already with more than enough. Still farther, this class of mouths, forgetting how hard it is to work, and not having their desires for the result of labor checked by the sweat necessary to satisfy them, but living vicariously by other men's hands, refuse to be content with the simple gratification of their natural appetites. So Caprice takes the place of Nature, and must also be satisfied. Natural wants are few, but to artificial desires there is no end. When each man must pay the natural price, and so earn what he gets, the hands stop the mouth, and the soreness of the toil corrects the excess of desire, and if it do not, none has cause of complaint, for the man's desire is allayed by his OWN work. Thus if Absalom wishes for sweet cakes, the trouble of providing them checks his extravagant or unnatural appetite. But when the Mouth and Hand are on different bodies, and Absalom can coax his sister, or bribe his friend, or compel his slave to furnish him dainties, the natural restraint is taken from appetite, and it runs to excess. Fancy must be appeased; peevishness must be quieted; and so a world of work is needed to bear the



burthens which those men bind, and lay on men's shoulders, but will not move with one of their fingers. The class of Mouths thus commits a sin, which the class of Hands must expiate.

Thus by the treachery of one part of society, in avoiding their share of the work; by their tyranny in increasing the burthen of the world, an evil is produced quite unknown in a simpler state of life, and a man of but common capacities not born to wealth, in order to insure a subsistence for himself and his family, must work with his hands so large a part of his time, that nothing is left for intellectual, moral, æsthetic, and religious improvement. He cannot look at the world, talk with his wife, read his Bible, nor pray to God, but Poverty knocks at the door, and hurries him to his work. He is rude in mind before he begins his work, and his work does not refine him. Men have attempted long enough to wink this matter out of sight, but it will not be put down. It may be worse in other countries, but it is bad enough in New England, as all men know who have made the experiment. There must be a great sin somewhere in that state of society, which allows one man to waste day and night in sluggishness or riot, consuming the bread of whole families, while from others, equally well-gifted and faithful, it demands twelve, or sixteen, or even eighteen hours of hard work out of the twenty-four, and then leaves the man so weary and worn, that he is capable of nothing but sleep,—sleep that is broken by no dream. Still worse is it when this life of work begins so early, that the man has no fund of acquired knowledge on which to draw for mental support in his hours of toil. To this man the blessed night is for nothing but work and sleep, and the Sabbath day simply what Moses commanded, a day of bodily rest for Man as for his Ox and his Ass. Man was sent into this world to use his best faculties in the best way, and thus reach the high end of a man. How can he do this while so large a part of his time is spent in unmitigated work? Truly he cannot. Hence we see, that while in all other departments of nature each animal lives up to the measure of his organization, and with very rare exceptions becomes perfect after his kind, the greater part of men are debased and belittled, shortened of half their days, and half their excellence, so

that you are surprised to find a man well educated whose whole life is hard work. Thus what is the exception in nature, through our perversity becomes the rule with man. Every Black-bird is a black-bird just as God designs; but how many men are only bodies? If a man is placed in such circumstances that he can use only his hands, they only become broad and strong. If no pains be taken to obtain dominion over the flesh, the man loses his birthright, and dies a victim to the sin of society. No doubt there are men, born under the worst of circumstances, who have redeemed themselves from them, and obtained an excellence of intellectual growth, which is worthy of wonder; but these are exceptions to the general rule; men gifted at birth with a power almost superhuman. It is not from exceptions we are to frame the law.

Now to put forward the worst possible aspect of the case. Suppose that the present work of the world can only be performed at this sacrifice, which is the best, that the work should be done, as now, and seven tenths of men and women should, as the unavoidable result of their toil, be cursed with extremity of labor, and ignorance, and rudeness, and unmanly life, or that less of this work be done, and for the sake of a wide-spread and generous culture, we sleep less softly, dine on humbler food, dwell in mean houses, and wear leather like George Fox? There is no doubt what answer Common Sense, Reason, and Christianity would give to this question, for wisdom, virtue, and manhood are as much better than sumptuous dinners, fine apparel, and splendid houses, as the Soul is better than the Senses. But as yet we are slaves. The senses overlay the soul. We serve brass and mahogany and beef and porter. The class of Mouths oppresses the class of Hands, for the strongest and most cunning of the latter are continually pressing into the ranks of the former, and while they increase the demand for work, leave their own share of it to be done by others. Men and women of humble prospects in life, while building the connubial nest that is to shelter them and their children, prove plainly enough their thralldom to the senses, when such an outlay of upholstery and joiners' work is demanded, and so little is required that appeals to Reason, Imagination, and Faith. Yet when the mind demands little besides time, why

prepare so pompously for the senses, that she cannot have this, but must be cheated of her due? One might fancy he heard the stones cry out of the wall, in many a house, and say to the foolish people who tenant the dwelling, — “O, ye fools, is it from the work of the joiner, and the craft of those who are cunning in stucco and paint, and are skilful to weave and to spin, and work in marble and mortar, that you expect satisfaction and rest for your souls, while ye make no provision for what is noblest and immortal within you? But ye also have your reward!” The present state of things, in respect to this matter, has no such excellencies that it should not be changed. It is no law of God, that when Sin gets a footing in the world it should hold on forever, nor can Folly keep its dominion over society simply by right of “adverse possession.” It were better the body went bare and hungry, rather than the soul should starve. Certainly the Life is more than the meat, though it would not weigh so much in the butcher’s scales.

There are remedies at hand. It is true a certain amount of labor must be performed, in order that society be fed and clothed, warmed and comforted, relieved when sick, and buried when dead. If this is wisely distributed, if each performs his just portion, the burthen is slight, and crushes no one. Here, as elsewhere, the closer we keep to nature, the safer we are. It is not under the burthens of Nature that society groans, but the work of Caprice, of Ostentation, of contemptible Vanity, of Luxury, which is never satisfied, these oppress the world. If these latter are given up, and each performs what is due from him, and strives to diminish the general burthen and not add to it, then no man is oppressed, there is time enough for each man to cultivate what is noblest in him, and be all that his nature allows. It is doubtless right that one man should use the service of another; but only when both parties are benefited by the relation. The Smith may use the service of the Collier, the Grocer, and the Grazier, for he does them a service in return. He who heals the body deserves a compensation at the hands of whomsoever he serves. If the Painter, the Preacher, the Statesman, is doing a great work for mankind, he has a right to their service in return. His fellow man may do for him what otherwise he ought

to do for himself. Thus is he repaid, and is at liberty to devote the undivided energy of his genius to the work. But on what ground an idle man, who does nothing for society, or an active man, whose work is wholly selfish, can use the services of others, and call them to feed and comfort him, who repays no equivalent in kind, it yet remains for Reason to discover. The only equivalent for service is a service in return. If Hercules is stronger, Solon wiser, and Job richer than the rest of men, it is not that they may demand more of their fellows, but may do more for them. "We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak," says a good man. In respect, however, to the matter of personal service, this seems to be the rule, that no one, whatever be his station, wants, attainments, or riches, has any right to receive from another any service which degrades the servant in his own eyes, or the eyes of the public, or in the eyes of him who receives the service. It is surely unmanly to receive a favor which you would not give. If it debases David to do a menial service for Ahud, then it debases Ahud just as much to do the same to David. The difference between King and Slave vanishes when both are examined from the height of their common humanity, just as the difference between the west and northwest side of a hair on the surface of the Earth is inconsiderable to an eye that looks down from the Sun, and takes in the whole system, though it might appear stupendous to the motes that swim uncounted in a drop of dew. But no work, useful or ornamental to human life, needs be debasing. It is the lasting disgrace of society, that the most useful employments are called "low." There is implied in this very term, the tacit confession, on the part of the employer, that he has wronged and subjugated the person who serves him, for when these same actions are performed by the mother for her child, or the son for his father, and are done for love and not money, they are counted not as low, but rather ennobling.

The Law of nature is, that work and the enjoyment of that work go together. Thus God has given each animal the power of self-help, and all necessary organs. The same Robin builds the nest and lives in it. Each Lion has claws and teeth, and kills his own meat. Every

Beaver has prudence and plastic skill, and so builds for himself. In those classes of animals where there is a division of labor, one brings the wax, another builds the comb, and a third collects the honey, but each one is at work. The drones are expelled when they work no more. Even the Ruler of the colony is the most active member of the state, and really the mother of the whole people. She is only "happy as a king," because she does the most work. Hence she has a divine right to her eminent station. She never eats the bread of sin. She is Queen of the Workers. Here each works for the good of all, and not solely for his own benefit. Still less is any one an injury to the others. In nature those animals that cannot work, are provided for by Love. Thus the young Lion is fed by the Parent, and the old Stork by its children. Were a full grown Lion so foolish that he would not hunt, the result is plain, he must starve. Now this is a foreshadowing of man's estate. God has given ten fingers for every two lips. Each is to use the ability he has for himself and for others. Who that is able will not return to society, with his head or his hand, an equivalent for what it received? Only the Sluggard and the Robber. These two, the Drones and Pirates of Society, represent a large class. It is the plain duty of each, so far as he is able, to render an equivalent for what he receives, and thus to work for the good of all; but each in his own way; Dorcas the seamstress at her craft, and Moses and Paul at theirs. If one cannot work through weakness, or infancy, or age, or sickness, — Love works for them, and they too are fed. If one will not work, though he can, the law of nature should have its effect. He ought to starve. If one insist simply upon getting into his hands the earnings of others, and adding nothing to the common stock, he is a robber, and should properly meet with the contempt and the stout resistance of society. There is in the whole world but a certain amount of value, out of which each one is to have a subsistence while here; for we are all but life-tenants of the Earth, which we hold in common. We brought nothing into it, we carry nothing out of it. No man, therefore, has a natural right to any more than he earns or can use. He who adds anything to the common stock and inheritance of the next age, though it be but a sheaf of wheat, or cocoon of silk he has pro-

duced, a napkin or a brown loaf he has made, is a benefactor to his race, so far as that goes. But he who gets into his hands, by force, cunning, or deceit, more than he earns, does thereby force his fellow mortal to accept less than his true share. So far as that goes, he is a curse to mankind.

There are three ways of getting wealth. First, by seizing with violence what is already in existence, and appropriating it to yourself. This is the method of the old Romans, of Robbers and Pirates, from Sciron to Captain Kidd. Second, by getting possession of goods in the way of traffic, or by some similar process. Here the agent is Cunning, and not Force; the instrument is a gold coin, and not an iron sword, as in the former case. This method is called Trade, as the other is named Robbery. But in both cases wealth is acquired by one party and lost by the other. In the first case there is a loss of positive value; in the latter there is no increase. The world gains nothing new by either. The third method is the application of labor and skill to the earth, or the productions of nature. Here is a positive increase of value. We have a dozen potatoes for the one that was planted, or an elegant dress instead of an handful of wool and flax. The two former classes consume much, but produce nothing. Of these the Roman says, "*fruges consumere nati,*" *they are born to eat up the corn.* Yet in all ages they have been set in high places. The world dishonors its workmen, stones its prophets, crucifies its Saviours, but bows down its neck before wealth, however won, and shouts till the welkin rings again, LONG LIVE VIOLENCE AND FRAUD.

The world has always been partial to its oppressors. Many men fancy themselves an ornament to the world, whose presence in it is a disgrace and a burthen to the ground they stand on. The man who does nothing for the race, but sits at his ease, and fares daintily, because wealth has fallen into his hands, is a burthen to the world. He may be a polished gentleman, a scholar, the master of elegant accomplishments, but so long as he takes no pains to work for man, with his head or his hands, what claim has he to respect, or even a subsistence? The rough-handed woman, who with a salt-fish and a basket of vegetables provides substantial food for a dozen working men, and

washes their apparel, and makes them comfortable and happy, is a blessing to the land, though she have no education, while this fop with his culture and wealth is a curse. She does her duty so far as she sees it, and so deserves the thanks of man. But every oyster or berry that fop has eaten, has performed its duty better than he. "It was made to support human nature, and it has done so," while he is but a consumer of food and clothing. That public opinion tolerates such men is no small marvel.

The productive classes of the world are those who bless it by their work or their thought. He who invents a machine, does no less a service than he who toils all day with his hands. Thus the inventors of the plough, the loom, and the ship were deservedly placed among those society was to honor. But they also, who teach men moral and religious truth, who give them dominion over the world; instruct them to think; to live together in peace, to love one another, and pass good lives enlightened by Wisdom, charmed by Goodness, and enchanted by Religion; they who build up a loftier population, making man more manly, are the greatest benefactors of the world. They speak to the deepest wants of the soul, and give men the water of life and the true bread from Heaven. They are loaded with contumely in their life, and come to a violent end. But their influence passes like morning from land to land, and village and city grow glad in their light. That is a poor economy, common as it is, which overlooks these men. It is a very vulgar mind, that would rather Paul had continued a tent-maker, and Jesus a carpenter.

Now the remedy for the hard service that is laid upon the human race, consists partly in lessening the number of unproductive classes, and increasing the workers and thinkers, as well as in giving up the work of Ostentation and Folly and Sin. It has been asserted on high authority, that if all men and women capable of work would toil diligently but two hours out of the twenty-four, the work of the world would be done, and all would be as comfortably fed and clothed, as well educated and housed, and provided for in general, as they now are, even admitting they all went to sleep the other twenty-two hours of the day and night. If this were done we should hear nothing of the sickness of sedentary and rich men. Exercise for

the sake of health would be heard of no more. One class would not be crushed by hard work, nor another oppressed by indolence, and condemned, in order to resist the just vengeance nature takes on them, to consume nauseous drugs, and resort to artificial and hateful methods to preserve a life that is not worth the keeping, because it is useless and ignominious. Now men may work at the least three or four times this necessary amount each day, and yet find their labor a pastime, a dignity, and a blessing, and find likewise abundant opportunity for study, for social intercourse, and recreation. Then if a man's calling were to think and write, he would not injure the world by even excessive devotion to his favorite pursuit, for the general burthen would still be slight.

Another remedy is this, the mind does the body's work. The head saves the hands. It invents machines, which, doing the work of many hands, will at last set free a large portion of leisure time from slavery to the elements. The brute forces of nature lie waiting man's command, and ready to serve him. At the voice of Genius, the river consents to turn his wheel, and weave and spin for the antipodes. The mine sends him iron Vassals, to toil in cold and heat. Fire and Water embrace at his bidding, and a new servant is born, which will fetch and carry at his command; will face down all the storms of the Atlantic; will forge anchors, and spin gossamer threads, and run of errands up and down the continent with men and women on his back. This last child of Science, though yet a stripling and in leading strings, is already a stout giant. The Fable of Orpheus is a true story in our times. There are four stages of progress in regard to labor, which are observable in the history of man. First, he does his own work by his hands. Adam tills the ground in the sweat of his own face, and Noah builds an ark in many years of toil. Next he forces his fellow mortal to work for him, and Canaan becomes a servant to his brother, and Job is made rich by the sweat of his great household of slaves. Then he seizes on the beasts, and the Bull and the Horse drag the plough of Castor and Pollux. At last he sets free his brother, works with his own hands, commands the beasts, and makes the brute force of the elements also toil for him. Then he has dominion over the earth, and enjoys his birthright.



Man, however, is still in bondage to the elements; and since the beastly maxim is even now prevalent, that the Strong should take care of themselves, and use the weak as their tools, though to the manifest injury of the weak, the use of machinery has hitherto been but a trifling boon in comparison with what it may be. In the village of Humdrum, its thousand able-bodied men and women, without machinery and having no intercourse with the rest of the world, must work fourteen hours out of the twenty-four, that they may all be housed, fed, and clothed, warmed, instructed, and made happy. Some ingenious hands invent water-mills, which saw, plane, thrash, grind, spin, weave, and do many other things, so that these thousand people need work but five hours in the day to obtain the result of fourteen by the old process. Here then a vast amount of time — nine hours in the day — is set free from toil. It may be spent in study, social improvement, the pursuit of a favorite art, and leave room for amusement also. But the longest heads at Humdrum have not Christian but only selfish hearts beating in their bosoms, and sending life into the brain. So these calculators think the men of Humdrum shall work fourteen hours a day as before. "It would be dangerous," say they, "to set free so much time. The deluded creatures would soon learn to lie and steal, and would speedily end by eating one another up. It would not be Christian to leave them to this fate. Leisure is very good for us, but would be ruinous to them." So the wise men of Humdrum persuade their neighbors to work the old fourteen hours. More is produced than is consumed. So they send off the superfluities of the village, and in return bring back tea and porcelain, rich wines, and showy gew-gaws, and contemptible fashions that change every month. The strong-headed men grow rich; live in palaces; their daughters do not work, nor their sons dirty their hands. They fare sumptuously every day; are clothed in purple and fine linen. Meanwhile the common people of Humdrum work as long as before the machines were invented, and a little harder. They also are blest by the "improvement." The young women have red ribbons on their bonnets, French gloves on their hands, and shawls of India on their shoulders, and "tinkling ornaments" in their ears. The young man of Humdrum is

better off than his father who fought through the Revolution, for he wears a beaver hat, and a coat of English cloth, and has a Birmingham whittle, and a watch in his pocket. When he marries he will buy red curtains to his windows, and a showy mirror to hang on his wall. For these valuable considerations he parts with the nine hours a day, which machinery has saved; but has no more bread than before. For these blessings he will make his body a slave, and leave his mind all uncultivated. He is content to grow up a body—nothing but a body. So that if you look therein for his Understanding, Imagination, Reason, you will find them like three grains of wheat in three bushels of chaff. You shall seek them all day before you find them, and at last they are not worth your search. At Humdrum, Nature begins to revolt at the factitious inequality of condition, and thinks it scarce right for bread to come fastest into hands that add nothing to the general stock. So many grow restless and a few pilfer. In a ruder state crimes are few:—the result of violent passions. At Humdrum they are numerous;—the result of want, indolence, or neglected education; they are in great measure crimes against property. To remedy this new and unnatural evil, there rises a Court-house and a Jail, which must be paid for in work; then Judges and Lawyers and Jailors are needed likewise in this artificial state, and add to the common burthen. The old Athenians sent yearly seven beautiful youths and virgins:—a tribute to the Minotaur. The wise men of Humdrum shut up in jail a larger number:—a sacrifice to the spirit of modern cupidity; unfortunate wretches, who were the victims not the foes of society; men so weak in head or heart, that their bad character was formed FOR them, through circumstances far more than it was formed BY them, through their own free-will. Still farther, the men who violate the law of the body, using the Mouth much and the Hand little, or in the opposite way, soon find Nature taking vengeance for the offence. Then unnatural remedies must oppose the artificial disease. In the old time, every sickly dunce was cured “with Motherwort and Tansey,” which grew by the road-side, suited all complaints, and was administered by each mother in the village. Now Humdrum has its “medical faculty,” with their conflicting systems, homoeo-

pathic and allopathic, but no more health than before. Thus the burthen is increased to little purpose. The strong men of Humdrum have grown rich and become educated. If one of the laboring men is stronger than his fellows, he also will become rich, and educate his children. He becomes rich, not by his own work, but by using the hands of others whom his cunning overreaches. Yet he is not more avaricious than they. He has perhaps the average share of selfishness, but superior adroitness to gratify that selfishness. So he gets and saves, and takes care of himself; a part of their duty, which the strong have always known how to perform, though the more difficult part, how to take care of others, to think for them and help them to think for themselves, they have yet to learn, at least to practise. Alas, we are still in bondage to the elements, and so long as two of the "enlightened" nations of the earth, England and America, insist on weaving the garments for all the rest of the world, not because they would clothe the naked, but that their strong men might live in fine houses, wear gay apparel, dine on costly food, and their Mouths be served by other men's Hands, we must expect that seven tenths of mankind will be degraded, and will hug their chains, and count machinery an evil. Is not the only remedy for all the evils at Humdrum in the Christian idea of wealth, and the Christian idea of work?

There is a melancholy back ground to the success and splendid achievements of modern society. You see it in rural villages, but more plainly in large cities, where the amount of Poverty and Wealth is summed up as in a table of statistics, and stands in two parallel columns. The wretchedness of a destitute mother contrasts sadly with a warehouse, whence she is excluded by a single pane of glass, as cold as popular charity and nearly as thin. The comfortless hutch of the poor, who works, though with shiftless hands and foolish head, is a dark back ground to the costly stable of the rich man, who does nothing for the world, but gather its treasures, and whose horses are better fed, housed, trained up, and cared for than his brother. It is a strange relief to the church of God, that, with thick granite walls, towers up to Heaven near by. One cannot but think, in view of the suffering there is in the

world, that most of it is the fault of some one; that God, who made men's bodies, is no bankrupt, and does not pay off a penny of Satisfaction for a pound of Want, but has made enough and to spare for all his creatures, if they will use it wisely. Who does not sometimes remember that saying, Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these, you have done it unto me?

The world no doubt grows better; comfort is increased from age to age. What is a luxury in one generation, scarce attainable by the wealthy, becomes at last the possession of most men. Solomon with all his wealth had no carpet on his chamber floor, no glass in his windows, nor shirt to his back. But as the world goes, the increase of comforts does not fall chiefly into the hands of those who create them by their work. The mechanic cannot use the costly furniture he makes. This, however, is of small consequence, but he has not always the more valuable consideration, TIME TO GROW WISER AND BETTER IN. As society advances, the standard of poverty rises. A man in New England is called poor at this day, who would have been rich a hundred and fifty years ago; but as it rises, the number that falls beneath that standard becomes a greater part of the whole population. Of course the comfort of a few is purchased by the loss of the many. The world has grown rich and refined, but chiefly by the efforts of those who themselves continue poor and ignorant. So the Ass, while he carried wood and spices to the Roman bath, contributed to the happiness of the State, but was himself always dirty and overworked. It is easy to see these evils, and weep for them. It is common also to censure some one class of men—the Rich or the Educated, the Manufacturers, the Merchants, or the Politicians, for example—as if the sin rested solely with them, while it belongs to society at large. But the world yet waits for some one to heal these dreadful evils, by devising some new remedy, or applying the old. Who shall apply for us Christianity to social life?

But God orders all things wisely. Perhaps it is best that man should toil on some centuries more before the race becomes of age, and capable of receiving its birthright. Every wrong must at last be righted, and he who has borne the burthen of society in this ephemeral life, and tasted none

of its rewards, and he also, who has eaten its loaves and fishes and yet earned nothing, will no doubt find an equivalent at last in the scales of divine Justice. Doubtless the time will come when labor will be a pleasant pastime, when the sour sweat and tears of life shall be wiped away from many faces; when the few shall not be advanced at the expense of the many; when ten pairs of female hands shall not be deformed to nurse a single pair into preternatural delicacy, but when all men shall eat bread in the sweat of their face, and yet find leisure to cultivate what is best and divinest in their souls, to a degree we do not dream of as yet; when the strong man who wishes to be a Mouth and not a Hand, or to gain the treasures of society by violence or cunning, and not by paying their honest price, will be looked upon with the same horror we feel for pirates and robbers, and the guardians who steal the inheritance of their wards, and leave them to want and die. No doubt it is a good thing that four or five men out of the thousand should find time, exemption from labor, and wealth likewise to obtain a generous education of their Head and Heart and Soul, but it is a better thing, it is alone consistent with God's law, that the world shall be managed, so that each man shall have a chance to obtain the best education society can give him, and while he toils, to become the best and greatest his nature is capable of being, in this terrene sphere. Things never will come to their proper level so long as Thought with the Head, and Work with the Hands are considered incompatible. Never till all men follow the calling they are designed for by nature, and it becomes as common for a rich man's son to follow a trade as now it is happily for a poor man's to be rich. Labor will always be unattractive and disgraceful, so long as wealth unjustly obtained is a distinction, and so long as the best cultivation of a man is thought inconsistent with the life of the farmer and the tailor. As things now are, men desert a laborious occupation for which they are fitted, and have a natural fondness, and seek bread and honor in the "learned professions," for which they have neither ability nor taste, solely because they seek a generous education, which is thought inconsistent with a life of hard work. Thus strong heads desert the plough and the anvil, to come into a profession which they dislike, and

then to find their Duty pointing one way and their Desire another. Thus they attempt to live two lives at the same time, and fail of both, as he who would walk eastward and westward at the same time makes no progress.

Now the best education and the highest culture, in a rational state of society, does not seem inconsistent with a life of hard work. It is not a figure of speech, but a plain fact, that a man is educated by his trade, or daily calling. Indirectly, Labor ministers to the the wise man intellectual, moral, and spiritual instruction, just as it gives him directly his daily bread. Under its legitimate influence, the frame acquires its due proportions and proper strength. To speak more particularly, the work of a farmer, for example, is a school of mental discipline. He must watch the elements; must understand the nature of the soil he tills; the character and habits of the plants he rears; the character and disposition of each animal that serves him as a living instrument. Each day makes large claims on him for knowledge, and sound judgment. He is to apply good sense to the soil. Now these demands tend to foster the habit of observing and judging justly; to increase thought, and elevate the man. The same may be said of almost all trades. The sailor must watch the elements, and have all his knowledge and faculties at command, for his life often depends on having "the right thought at the right time." Judgment and decision are thus called forth. The education men derive from their trade is so striking, that craftsmen can express almost any truth, be it never so deep and high, in the technical terms of the "shop." The humblest business may thus develop the noblest power of thinking. So a trade may be to the man in some measure what the school and the college are to the scholar. The wise man learns more from his corn and cattle, than the stupid pedant from all the folios of the Vatican. The habit of thinking thus acquired is of more value than the greatest number of thoughts learned by rote, and labelled for use.

But an objection may readily be brought to this view, and it may be asked, why then are not the farmers as a class so well instructed as the class of lawyers? Certainly there may be found farmers who are most highly educated. Men of but little acquaintance with books, yet men of thought, observation, and sound judgment. Scholars are ashamed

before them when they meet, and blush at the homely wisdom, the acute analysis, the depth of insight and breadth of view displayed by laborers in blue frocks. But these cases are exceptions. These men were geniuses of no mean order, and would be great under any circumstances. It must be admitted, that, as a general rule, the man who works is not so well educated as the lawyer. But the difference between them rises not so much from any difference in the two callings, as from this circumstance, that the lawyer enters his profession with a large fund of knowledge and the habits of intellectual discipline, which the farmer has not. He therefore has the advantage so long as he lives. If two young men of the same age and equal capacity were to receive the same education till they were twenty years old, both taking proper physical exercise at the same time, and one of them should then spend three years in learning the science of the Law, the other in the science of the Farm, and then both should enter the full practice of the two callings, each having access to books if he wished for them, and educated men and women, can any one doubt that the farmer, at the age of forty, would be the better educated man of the two? The trade teaches as much as the profession, and it is as well known that almost every farmer has as much time for general reading as the lawyer, and better opportunity for thought, since he can think of what he will when at his work, while the lawyer's work demands his thought all the time he is in it. The farmer would probably have the more thoughts; the lawyer the more elegant words. If there is any employment which degrades the man who is *always* engaged in it, cannot many bear the burthen—each a short time—and so no one be crushed to the ground?

Morality, likewise, is taught by a trade. The man must have dealings with his fellows. The afflicted call for his sympathy; the oppressed for his aid. Vice solicits his rebuke, and virtue claims his commendation. If he buys and sells, he is presented with opportunities to defraud. He may conceal a fault in his work, and thus deceive his employer. So an appeal is continually made to his sense of Right. If faithful, he learns justice. It is only by this exposure to temptation, that virtue can be acquired. It is in the water that men learn to swim. Still more, a

man does not toil for himself alone, but for those dearest to his heart; this for his father; that for his child; and there are those who out of the small pittance of their daily earnings contribute to support the needy, print Bibles for the ignorant, and preach the gospel to the poor. Here the meanest work becomes Heroism. The man who toils for a principle ennobles himself by the act.

Still farther, Labor has a religious use. It has been well said, "an undevout astronomer is mad." But an undevout farmer, sailor, or mechanic, is equally mad, for the duties of each afford a school for his devotion. In respect to this influence, the farmer seems to stand on the very top of the world. The laws of nature are at work for him. For him the sun shines and the rain falls. The earth grows warm to receive his seed. The dew moistens it; the blade springs up and grows he knows not how, while all the stars come forth to keep watch over his rising corn. There is no second cause between him and the soul of all. Everything he looks on, from the earliest flowers of spring to the austere grandeurs of a winter sky at night, is the work of God's hand. The great process of growth and decay, change and reproduction, are perpetually before him. Day and Night, Serenity and Storm visit and bless him as they move. Nature's great works are done for no one in special; yet each man receives as much of the needed rain, and the needed heat, as if all rain and all heat were designed for his use alone. He labors, but it is not only the fruit of his labor that he eats. No; God's exhaustless Providence works for him; works with him. His laws warm and water the fields, replenishing the earth. Thus the Husbandman, whose eye is open, walks always in the temple of God. He sees the divine goodness and wisdom in the growth of a flower or a tree; in the nice adjustment of an insect's supplies to its demands; in the perfect contentment found everywhere in nature — for you shall search all day for a melancholy fly, yet never find one. The influence of all these things on an active and instructed mind is ennobling. The man seeks daily bread for the body, and gets the bread of life for the soul. Like his corn and his trees, his heart and mind are cultivated by his toil; for as Saul seeking his father's stray cattle found a kingdom, as stripling David was anointed king while keep-



ing a few sheep in the wilderness, and when sent to carry bread to his brothers in the camp slew a giant, and became monarch, so each man who with true motives, an instructed mind, and soul of tranquil devotion, goes to his daily work, however humble, may slay the giant Difficulty, and be anointed with gladness and possess the Kingdom of Heaven. In the lowliest calling he may win the loftiest result, as you may see the stars from the deepest valley as well as from the top of Chimborazo. But to realize this end the man must have some culture and a large capital of information at the outset; and then it is at a man's own option, whether his work shall be to him a blessing or a curse.

P.

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 THE OUT-BID.

UPON a precious shrine one day  
 I placed a gay and sweet bouquet,  
 The brightest flowers of my young thought  
 Were with its finest perfumes wrought,  
 And with a riband bound, whose hue  
 Emblemed a heart forever true.

Upon that shrine there also lay  
 A gorgeous, many-hued bouquet,  
 And every flower that told a thought  
 Was with a golden thread inwrought;  
 O, not so beauteous to mine eye,  
 As the love-knot which mine did tie.

I lingered what seemed ages there,  
 In hope that, answering to my prayer,  
 The cloud might ope, and show revealed  
 The form of her to whom I kneeled,  
 Then from that pure and jealous cloud  
 A lily hand its lustre showed,  
 And drew within the envious veil  
 The gift where gold made yellow pale.

I left my flowers to wither there —  
 That must they soon with my despair,  
 No more the pathway to that shrine  
 Shall know these wonted feet of mine;  
 I scorn my love's best gifts to bring  
 For an unworthy bargaining.

## THEME FOR A WORLD-DRAMA.

THE MAIDEN — THE ADOPTED FATHER — THE ADOPTED MOTHER —  
THE LOVER.

I WOULD that we had spoke two words together,  
For then it had gone right, but now all still, —  
This perfect stillness fastens on my heart  
Like night, — nothing can come of it.

Why art thou so sad ?

O, I do not know.

But thou must know. Whoever knew not living  
Some of his inner self; who had no consciousness  
Of all his purposes, his doings, — will ?  
Why this we call the mind, what is it, save  
A knowledge of ourselves ?

I would it were so.

What were so ?

Come — let us be alone awhile ; I am weary.

If you would be left, I'll leave you.

Do so, — I'm glad he's gone ;  
I think of him even when my guardian here,  
So gentle and affectionate a man,  
Would converse with me of myself. Alas !  
And yet why do I say alas ! — am I  
Not happy in the depth of this my sorrowing,  
The only treasure which is simply mine,  
That watchful eye is now upon me, ever.  
If I look abroad and recognise the forms  
Of those familiar mountains, my brothers,  
And see the trees soft-waving in the wind  
This summer's day ; — what then ? I cannot, I cannot !

One thing it is to have an outward life,  
Another — such as mine.

Why is she then so sad ?

Partly it is her nature to be so.  
These delicate beings look not o'er  
The earth and the rough surface of society,  
As commoners. They breathe a finer air,  
And their enraptured senses, sudden brought

Into harsh contact with the scaly folds  
 Of the enormous serpent, Sin, shatter;  
 As if a glass in which an image dwelt  
 Of an all-perfect seeming were rudely  
 On a bitter stone employed, smiting it  
 Into a million fragments. — She is of this breed,  
 This narrow suffrage in a world of dross  
 Of gold thrice molten, and it seems to me  
 That, with a strange peculiar care of love,  
 We should encompass her with lovely thoughts,  
 Forms breathing Italy in every bend,  
 Scarce enough products of our northern vale.

I feel that although she is not our child,  
 We do regard her with a parent's love

But O, our love is a poor mockery  
 Of what that love had been. We do not live,  
 As marrow in the bone, within her life,  
 As parents had. Nature has ministered to these,  
 In such full kind; they are the double worlds,  
 As man, if truly wise, a twice-told tale,  
 First for himself, and then for Nature.

I am all aware that with what stress of mind  
 I strive to paint a parent's love for her  
 In my imagination, will drop short  
 O' the mark; I cannot sling the stone, as one  
 Who from his hand the whirling pebble sent  
 To dive into another's life.

Let us not despair!

This world is much too wide for that;  
 I pity him, the poor despairing man,  
 Who walks the teeming earth, — a solitude;  
 Who groans his soul away, as if it were  
 The conduit pipe of a dull city, or  
 The dreadful hum of oiled machinery,  
 Which from the doors, where starveling weavers ply  
 Their horrid toil, down to the sunset hour  
 Floats out upon the tune of all this visible love,  
 A clanging echo of the miser's shrieks.  
 Our very freedom is to be awake,  
 Alive to inspiration from the whole  
 Of a fair universe.

I feel myself, — I do not see myself;  
 But my particular nature masters me,  
 Even here, among these waving spirits  
 Who haunt the reedy banks of this calm river,  
 Lofty genial presences who fill their place,  
 Nor will displace a thought their long year lives,  
 I defy all but this, and this I must

Obey, — I cannot this defy. This is  
 The oracular parent of the child,  
 Whose simple look can wind him into tasks  
 Hateful and hated. — I did not wish  
 To love; I said, — here stands a man whose soul  
 The imprisoning forms of things shall master,  
 Not without a strife convulsed as death;  
 I stand upon an adamantine basis  
 Never to rock; I triumphed over much;  
 The whimperings of the youth I changed to words;  
 Nor scoffs, nor jeers, nor place, nor poverty  
 Gained footing in the scale of my design.  
 This girl came to me on a summer's day,  
 The day of my o'ermastery, which passes  
 From my mind but with my life. Up she rose  
 As the first revelation to the Poet's soul  
 Of his dear art, thenceforth to him his spring;  
 A radiance circled her with grace, as I  
 Have seen about the fronts of Raphael's  
 Time-defying saints, — a ring of glory,  
 Waxing immeasurably potent  
 In its symbolical form; her motion  
 Flung me to the ground in prayer, I hardly  
 Daring to translate my eyes again to hers,  
 Lest another glance would represent a thin  
 And shadowy lustre fading fast away.  
 At length, with breath suspended, looked again,  
 And there in very form she was. I felt  
 I know not what. I will not venture on a chance  
 That I may hit the sense of my expression,  
 Yet I was expressed; a copious sense  
 Of knowledge that my former mind 'of beauty  
 Was inconceivably blind, rushed through me;  
 A decided view of perfect loveliness,  
 Bore information of celestial heights,  
 At whose first inch I had thus far stood idle  
 Into the Ideal in my mind; there fixed  
 The simple surface of her body; the hair  
 Of tender brown, not negligent disposed,  
 The unrivalled tracing through her dress  
 Of a prodigious nature; her life  
 Glowed out in the embalming whiteness of her neck;  
 All that she is in fact came to me then,  
 And in me now finds ready utterance.

## MAN THE REFORMER.

[A Lecture read before the Mechanics' Apprentices' Library Association, at the Masonic Temple, Boston, 25th January, 1841, and now published at their request. By R. W. EMERSON.]

MR. PRESIDENT, AND GENTLEMEN,

I WISH to offer to your consideration some thoughts on the particular and general relations of man as a reformer. I shall assume that the aim of each young man in this association is the very highest that belongs to a rational mind. Let it be granted, that our life as we lead it, is common and mean; that some of those offices and functions for which we were mainly created are grown so rare in society, that the memory of them is only kept alive in old books and in dim traditions; that prophets and poets, that beautiful and perfect men, we are not now, no, not have even seen such; that some sources of human instruction are almost unnamed and unknown among us; that the community in which we live will hardly bear to be told that every man should be open to ecstasy or a divine illumination, and his daily walk elevated by intercourse with the spiritual world. Grant all this, as we must, yet I suppose none of my auditors, — no honest and intelligent soul will deny that we ought to seek to establish ourselves in such disciplines and courses as will deserve that guidance and clearer communication with the spiritual nature. And further, I will not dissemble my hope, that each person whom I address has felt his own call to cast aside all evil customs, timidities, and limitations, and to be in his place a free and helpful man, a reformer, a benefactor, not content to slip along through the world like a footman or a spy, escaping by his nimbleness and apologies as many knocks as he can, but a brave and upright man, who must find or cut a straight road to everything excellent in the earth, and not only go honorably himself, but make it easier for all who follow him, to go in honor, and with benefit.

In the history of the world the doctrine of Reform had never such scope as at the present hour. Lutherans, Hernhutters, Jesuits, Monks, Quakers, Knox, Wesley, Swedenborg, Bentham, in their accusations of society, all

respected something, — church or state, literature or history, domestic usages, the market town, the dinner table, coined money. But now all these and all things else bear the trumpet and must rush to judgment. — Christianity, the laws, commerce, schools, the farm, the laboratory; and not a kingdom, town, statute, rite, calling, man or woman, but is threatened by the new spirit.

What if some of the objections and objectors whereby our institutions are assailed are extreme and speculative, and the reformers tend to idealism; that only shows the extravagance of the abuses which have driven the mind into the opposite extreme. It is when your facts and persons grow unreal and fantastic by too much falsehood, that the scholar flies for refuge to the world of ideas, and aims to recruit and replenish nature from that source. Let ideas establish their legitimate sway again in society, let life be fair and poetic, and the scholars will gladly be lovers, citizens, and philanthropists.

It will afford no security from the new ideas, that the old nations, the laws of centuries, the property and institutions of a hundred cities, are all built on other foundations. The demon of reform has a secret door into the heart of every lawmaker, of every inhabitant of every city. The fact, that a new thought and hope have dawned in your breast, should apprise you that in the same hour a new light broke in upon a thousand private hearts. That secret which you would fain keep, — as soon as you go abroad, lo! there is one standing on the doorstep, to tell you the same. There is not the most bronzed and sharpened money-catcher, who does not, to your consternation almost, quail and shake the moment he hears a question prompted by the new ideas. We thought he had some semblance of ground to stand upon, that such as he at least would die hard, but he trembles and flees. Then the scholar says, 'Cities and coaches shall never impose on me again; for, behold every solitary dream of mine is rushing to fulfilment. That fancy I had and hesitated to utter because you would laugh, the broker, the attorney, the market-man are saying the same thing. Had I waited a day longer to speak, I had been too late. Behold, State Street thinks, and Wall Street doubts and begins to prophesy!'

It cannot be wondered at that this general inquest into abuses should arise in the bosom of society, when one considers the practical impediments that stand in the way of virtuous young men. The young man on entering life finds the ways to lucrative employments blocked with abuses. The ways of trade are grown selfish to the borders of theft, and supple to the borders (if not beyond the borders) of fraud. The employments of commerce are not intrinsically unfit for a man, or less genial to his faculties, but these are now in their general course so vitiated by derelictions and abuses at which all connive, that it requires more vigor and resources than can be expected of every young man, to right himself in them; he is lost in them; he cannot move hand or foot in them. Has he genius and virtue? the less does he find them fit for him to grow in, and if he would thrive in them, he must sacrifice all the brilliant dreams of boyhood and youth as dreams; he must forget the prayers of his childhood; and must take on him the harness of routine and obsequiousness. If not so minded, nothing is left him but to begin the world anew, as he does who puts the spade into the ground for food. We are all implicated, of course, in this charge; it is only necessary to ask a few questions as to the progress of the articles of commerce from the fields where they grew, to our houses, to become aware that we eat and drink and wear perjury and fraud in a hundred commodities. How many articles of daily consumption are furnished us from the West Indies; yet it is said, that, in the Spanish islands, the venality of the officers of the government has passed into usage, and that no article passes into our ships which has not been fraudulently cheapened. In the Spanish islands, every agent or factor of the Americans, unless he be a consul, has taken oath that he is a Catholic, or has caused a priest to make that declaration for him. The abolitionist has shown us our dreadful debt to the southern negro. In the island of Cuba, in addition to the ordinary abominations of slavery, it appears, only men are bought for the plantations, and one dies in ten every year, of these miserable bachelors, to yield us sugar. I leave for those who have the knowledge the part of sifting the oaths of our custom-houses; I will not inquire into the oppression of the sailors; I will not pry into the

usages of our retail trade. I content myself with the fact, that the general system of our trade, (apart from the blacker traits, which, I hope, are exceptions denounced and unshared by all reputable men,) is a system of selfishness; is not dictated by the high sentiments of human nature; is not measured by the exact law of reciprocity; much less by the sentiments of love and heroism, but is a system of distrust, of concealment, of superior keenness, not of giving but of taking advantage. It is not that which a man delights to unlock to a noble friend; which he meditates on with joy and self-approval in his hour of love and aspiration; but rather that which he then puts out of sight, only showing the brilliant result, and atoning for the manner of acquiring by the manner of expending it. I do not charge the merchant or the manufacturer. The sins of our trade belong to no class, to no individual. One plucks, one distributes, one eats. Every body partakes, every body confesses, — with cap and knee volunteers his confession, yet none feels himself accountable. He did not create the abuse; he cannot alter it; what is he? an obscure private person who must get his bread. That is the vice, — that no one feels himself called to act for man, but only as a fraction of man. It happens therefore that all such ingenuous souls as feel within themselves the irrepressible strivings of a noble aim, who by the law of their nature must act for man, find these ways of trade unfit for them, and they come forth from it. Such cases are becoming more numerous every year.

But by coming out of trade you have not cleared yourself. The trail of the serpent reaches into all the lucrative professions and practices of man. Each has its own wrongs. Each finds a tender and very intelligent conscience a disqualification for success. Each requires of the practitioner a certain shutting of the eyes, a certain dapperness and compliance, an acceptance of customs, a sequestration from the sentiments of generosity and love, a compromise of private opinion and lofty integrity. Nay, the evil custom reaches into the whole institution of property, until our laws which establish and protect it seem not to be the issue of love and reason, but of selfishness. Suppose a man is so unhappy as to be born a saint, with keen perceptions, but with the conscience and love of an



angel, and he is to get his living in the world; he finds himself excluded from all lucrative works; he has no farm, and he cannot get one; for to earn money enough to buy one, requires a sort of concentration toward money, which is the selling himself for a number of years, and to him the present hour is as sacred and inviolable as any future hour. Of course, whilst another man has no land, my title to mine, your title to yours, is at once vitiated. Inextricable seem to be the twinings and tendrils of this evil, and we all involve ourselves in it the deeper by forming connexions, by wives and children, by benefits and debts.

It is considerations of this kind which have turned the attention of many philanthropic and intelligent persons to the claims of manual labor as a part of the education of every young man. If the accumulated wealth of the past generations is thus tainted, — no matter how much of it is offered to us, — we must begin to consider if it were not the nobler part to renounce it, and to put ourselves into primary relations with the soil and nature, and abstaining from whatever is dishonest and unclean, to take each of us bravely his part, with his own hands, in the manual labor of the world.

But it is said, 'What! will you give up the immense advantages reaped from the division of labor, and set every man to make his own shoes, bureau, knife, wagon, sails, and needle? This would be to put men back into barbarism by their own act.' I see no instant prospect of a virtuous revolution; yet I confess, I should not be pained at a change which threatened a loss of some of the luxuries or conveniences of society, if it proceeded from a preference of the agricultural life out of the belief, that our primary duties as men could be better discharged in that calling. Who could regret to see a high conscience and a purer taste exercising a sensible effect on young men in their choice of occupation, and thinning the ranks of competition in the labors of commerce, of law, and of state? It is easy to see that the inconvenience would last but a short time. This would be great action, which always opens the eyes of men. When many persons shall have done this, when the majority shall admit the necessity of reform in all these institutions, their abuses will be redressed, and the way will be open again to the advantages

which arise from the division of labor, and a man may select the fittest employment for his peculiar talent again, without compromise.

But quite apart from the emphasis which the times give to the doctrine, that the manual labor of society ought to be shared among all the members, there are reasons proper to every individual, why he should not be deprived of it. The use of manual labor is one which never grows obsolete, and which is inapplicable to no person. A man should have a farm or a mechanical craft for his culture. We must have a basis for our higher accomplishments, our delicate entertainments of poetry and philosophy, in the work of our hands. We must have an antagonism in the tough world for all the variety of our spiritual faculties, or they will not be born. Manual labor is the study of the external world. The advantage of riches remains with him who procured them, not with the heir. When I go into my garden with a spade and dig a bed, I feel such an exhilaration and health, that I discover that I have been defrauding myself all this time in letting others do for me what I should have done with my own hands. But not only health but education is in the work. Is it possible that I who get indefinite quantities of sugar, hominy, cotton, buckets, crockery ware, and letter paper, by simply signing my name once in three months to a cheque in favor of John Smith and Co. traders, get the fair share of exercise to my faculties by that act, which nature intended for me in making all these far-fetched matters important to my comfort? It is Smith himself, and his carriers, and dealers, and manufacturers, it is the sailor, and the hide-drogher, the butcher, the negro, the hunter, and the planter, who have intercepted the sugar of the sugar, and the cotton of the cotton. They have got the education, I only the commodity. This were all very well if I were necessarily absent, being detained by work of my own, like theirs,—work of the same faculties; then should I be sure of my hands and feet, but now I feel some shame before my wood-chopper, my ploughman, and my cook, for they have some sort of self-sufficiency, they can contrive without my aid to bring the day and year round, but I depend on them, and have not earned by use a right to my arms and feet.

Consider further the difference between the first and

second owner of property. Every species of property is preyed on by its own enemies, as iron by rust; timber by rot; cloth by moths; provisions by mould, putridity, or vermin; money by thieves; an orchard by insects; a planted field by weeds and the inroad of cattle; a stock of cattle by hunger; a road by rain and frost; a bridge by freshets. And whoever takes any of these things into his possession, takes the charge of defending them from this troop of enemies, or of keeping them in repair. A man who supplies his own want, who builds a raft or a boat to go a fishing, finds it easy to caulk it, or put in a thole-pin, or mend the rudder. What he gets only as fast as he wants for his own ends, does not embarrass him, or take away his sleep with looking after. But when he comes to give all the goods he has year after year collected, in one estate to his son, house, orchard, ploughed land, cattle, bridges, hard-ware, wooden-ware, carpets, cloths, provisions, books, money, and cannot give him the skill and experience which made or collected these, and the method and place they have in his own life, the son finds his hands full—not to use these things,—but to look after them and defend them from their natural enemies. To him they are not means, but masters. Their enemies will not remit; rust, mould, vermin, rain, sun, freshet, fire, all seize their own, fill him with vexation, and he is converted from the owner into a watchman or a watch-dog to this magazine of old and new chattels. What a change! Instead of the masterly good humor, and sense of power, and fertility of resource in himself; instead of those strong and learned hands, those piercing and learned eyes, that supple body, and that mighty and prevailing heart, which the father had, whom nature loved and feared, whom snow and rain, water and land, beast and fish seemed all to know and to serve, we have now a puny, protected person guarded by walls and curtains, stoves and down beds, coaches and men-servants and women-servants from the earth and the sky, and who, bred to depend on all these, is made anxious by all that endangers those possessions, and is forced to spend so much time in guarding them, that he has quite lost sight of their original use, namely, to help him to his ends,—to the prosecution of his love; to the helping of his friend, to the worship of his God, to the en-

Thoreau takes  
this view

largement of his knowledge, to the serving of his country, to the indulgence of his sentiment, and he is now what is called a rich man, — the menial and runner of his riches.

Hence it happens that the whole interest of history lies in the fortunes of the poor. Knowledge, Virtue, Power, are the victories of man over his necessities, his march to the dominion of the world. Every man ought to have this opportunity to conquer the world for himself. Only such persons interest us, Spartans, Romans, Saracens, English, Americans, who have stood in the jaws of need, and have by their own wit and might extricated themselves, and made man victorious.

I do not wish to overstate this doctrine of labor, or insist that every man should be a farmer, any more than that every man should be a lexicographer. In general, one may say, that the husbandman's is the oldest, and most universal profession, and that where a man does not yet discover in himself any fitness for one work more than another, this may be preferred. But the doctrine of the Farm is merely this, that every man ought to stand in primary relations with the work of the world, ought to do it himself, and not to suffer the accident of his having a purse in his pocket, or his having been bred to some dishonorable and injurious craft, to sever him from those duties; and for this reason, that labor is God's education; that he only is a sincere learner, he only can become a master, who learns the secrets of labor, and who by real cunning extorts from nature its sceptre.

Neither would I shut my ears to the plea of the learned professions, of the poet, the priest, the lawgiver, and men of study generally; namely, that in the experience of all men of that class, that degree of manual labor which is necessary to the maintenance of a family, indisposes and disqualifies for intellectual exertion. I know it often, perhaps usually, happens, that where there is a fine organization apt for poetry and philosophy, that individual finds himself compelled to wait on his thoughts, to waste several days that he may enhance and glorify one; and is better taught by a moderate and dainty exercise, such as rambling in the fields, rowing, skating, hunting, than by the downright drudgery of the farmer and the smith. I would not quite forget the venerable counsel of the ancient Egyptian mys-

teries, which declared that "there were two pairs of eyes in man, and it is requisite that the pair which are beneath should be closed, when the pair that are above them perceive, and that when the pair above are closed, those which are beneath should be opened." Yet I will suggest that no separation from labor can be without some loss of power and of truth to the seer himself; that, I doubt not, the faults and vices of our literature and philosophy, their too great fineness, effeminacy, and melancholy, are attributable to the enervated and sickly habits of the literary class. Better that the book should not be quite so good, and the bookmaker abler and better, and not himself often a ludicrous contrast to all that he has written.

But granting that for ends so sacred and dear, some relaxation must be had, I think, that if a man find in himself any strong bias to poetry, to art, to the contemplative life, drawing him to these things with a devotion incompatible with good husbandry, that man ought to reckon early with himself, and, respecting the compensations of the Universe, ought to ransom himself from the duties of economy, by a certain rigor and privation in his habits. For privileges so rare and grand, let him not stint to pay a great tax. Let him be a *cænobite*, a pauper, and if need be, celibate also. Let him learn to eat his meals standing, and to relish the taste of fair water and black bread. He may leave to others the costly conveniences of housekeeping, and large hospitality and the possession of works of art. Let him feel that genius is a hospitality, and that he who can create works of art needs not collect them. He must live in a chamber, and postpone his self-indulgence, forewarned and forearmed against that frequent misfortune of men of genius, — the taste for luxury. This is the tragedy of genius, — attempting to drive along the ecliptic with one horse of the heavens and one horse of the earth, there is only discord and ruin and downfall to chariot and charioteer.

The duty that every man should assume his own vows, should call the institutions of society to account, and examine their fitness to him, gains in emphasis, if we look now at our modes of living. Is our housekeeping sacred and honorable? Does it raise and inspire us, or does it

cripple us instead? I ought to be armed by every part and function of my household, by all my social function, by my economy, by my feasting, by my voting, by my traffic. Yet now I am almost no party to any of these things. Custom does it for me, gives me no power therefrom, and runs me in debt to boot. We spend our incomes for paint and paper, for a hundred trifles, I know not what, and not for the things of a man. Our expense is almost all for conformity. It is for cake that we run in debt; 't is not the intellect, not the heart, not beauty, not worship, that costs so much. Why needs any man be rich? Why must he have horses, and fine garments, and handsome apartments, and access to public houses, and places of amusement? Only for want of thought. Once waken in him a divine thought, and he flees into a solitary garden or garret to enjoy it, and is richer with that dream, than the fee of a county could make him. But we are first thoughtless, and then find that we are moneyless. We are first sensual, and then must be rich. We dare not trust our wit for making our house pleasant to our friend, and so we buy ice-creams. He is accustomed to carpets, and we have not sufficient character to put floor-cloths out of his mind whilst he stays in the house, and so we pile the floor with carpets. Let the house rather be a temple of the Furies of Lacedæmon, formidable and holy to all, which none but a Spartan may enter or so much as behold. As soon as there is faith, as soon as there is society, comfits and cushions will be left to slaves. Expense will be inventive and heroic. We shall eat hard and lie hard, we shall dwell like the ancient Romans in narrow tenements, whilst our public edifices, like theirs, will be worthy for their proportion of the landscape in which we set them, for conversation, for art, for music, for worship. We shall be rich to great purposes; poor only for selfish ones.

Now what help for these evils? How can the man who has learned but one art, procure all the conveniences of life honestly? Shall we say all we think?—Perhaps with his own hands. Suppose he collects or makes them ill;—yet he has got their lesson. If he cannot do that.—Then perhaps he can go without. Immense wisdom and riches are in that. It is better to go without, than to have them

at too great a cost. Let us learn the meaning of economy. Economy is a high, humane office, a sacrament, when its aim is grand; when it is the prudence of simple tastes, when it is practised for freedom, or love, or devotion. Much of the economy which we see in houses, is of a base origin, and is best kept out of sight. Parched corn eaten to-day that I may have roast fowl to my dinner on Sunday, is a baseness; but parched corn and a house with one apartment, that I may be free of all perturbations of mind, that I may be serene and docile to what the God shall speak, and girt and road-ready for the lowest mission of knowledge or goodwill, is frugality for gods and heroes.

Can we not learn the lesson of self-help? Society is full of infirm people, who incessantly summon others to serve them. They contrive everywhere to exhaust for their single comfort the entire means and appliances of that luxury to which our invention has yet attained. Sofas, ottomans, stoves, wine, game-fowl, spices, perfumes, rides, the theatre, entertainments, — all these they want, they need, and whatever can be suggested more than these, they crave also, as if it was the bread which should keep them from starving; and if they miss any one, they represent themselves as the most wronged and most wretched persons on earth. One must have been born and bred with them to know how to prepare a meal for their learned stomach. Meantime, they never bestir themselves to serve another person; not they! they have a great deal more to do for themselves than they can possibly perform, nor do they once perceive the cruel joke of their lives, but the more odious they grow, the sharper is the tone of their complaining and craving. Can anything be so elegant as to have few wants and to serve them one's self, so as to have somewhat left to give, instead of being always prompt to grab? It is more elegant to answer one's own needs, than to be richly served; inelegant perhaps it may look to-day, and to a few, but it is an elegance forever and to all.

I do not wish to be absurd and pedantic in reform. I do not wish to push my criticism on the state of things around me to that extravagant mark, that shall compel me to suicide, or to an absolute isolation from the advantages of civil society. If we suddenly plant our foot, and say, —

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I will neither eat nor drink nor wear nor touch any food or fabric which I do not know to be innocent, or deal with any person whose whole manner of life is not clear and rational, we shall stand still. Whose is so? Not mine; not thine; not his. But I think we must clear ourselves each one by the interrogation, whether we have earned our bread to-day by the hearty contribution of our energies to the common benefit? and we must not cease to *tend* to the correction of these flagrant wrongs, by laying one stone aright every day.

But the idea which now begins to agitate society has a wider scope than our daily employments, our households, and the institutions of property. We are to revise the whole of our social structure, the state, the school, religion, marriage, trade, science, and explore their foundations in our own nature; we are to see that the world not only fitted the former men, but fits us, and to clear ourselves of every usage which has not its roots in our own mind. What is a man born for but to be a Reformer, a Re-maker of what man has made; a renouncer of lies; a restorer of truth and good, imitating that great Nature which embosoms us all, and which sleeps no moment on an old past, but every hour repairs herself, yielding us every morning a new day, and with every pulsation a new life? Let him renounce everything which is not true to him, and put all his practices back on their first thoughts, and do nothing for which he has not the whole world for his reason. If there are inconveniences, and what is called ruin in the way, because we have so enervated and maimed ourselves, yet it would be like dying of perfumes to sink in the effort to reattach the deeds of every day to the holy and mysterious recesses of life.

The power which is at once spring and regulator in all efforts of reform, is faith in Man; the conviction that there is an infinite worthiness in him which will appear at the call of worth, and that all particular reforms are the removing of some impediment. Is it not the highest duty that man should be honored in us? I ought not to allow any man, because he has broad lands, to feel that he is rich in my presence. I ought to make him feel that I can do without his riches, that I cannot be bought, — neither by comfort, neither by pride, — and though I be utterly pen-



niless, and receiving bread from him, that he is the poor man beside me. And if, at the same time, a woman or a child discovers a sentiment of piety, or a juster way of thinking than mine, I ought to confess it by my respect and obedience, though it go to alter my whole way of life.

The Americans have many virtues, but they have not Faith and Hope. I know no two words whose meaning is more lost sight of. We use these words as if they were as obsolete as *Selah* and *Amen*. And yet they have the broadest meaning and the most cogent application to Boston in 1841. The Americans have no faith. They rely on the power of a dollar; they are deaf to a sentiment. They think you may talk the north wind down as easily as raise society; and no class more faithless than the scholars or intellectual men. Now if I talk with a sincere wise man and my friend, with a poet, with a conscientious youth who is still under the dominion of his own wild thoughts, and not yet harnessed in the team of society to drag with us all in the ruts of custom, I see at once how paltry is all this generation of unbelievers, and what a house of cards their institutions are, and I see what one brave man, what one great thought executed might effect. I see that the reason of the distrust of the practical man in all theory, is his inability to perceive the means whereby we work. Look, he says, at the tools with which this world of yours is to be built. As we cannot make a planet, with atmosphere, rivers, and forests, by means of the best carpenters' or engineers' tools, with chemist's laboratory and smith's forge to boot, — so neither can we ever construct that heavenly society you prate of, out of foolish, sick, selfish men and women, such as we know them to be. But the believer not only beholds his heaven to be possible, but already to begin to exist, — but not by the men or materials the statesman uses, but by men transfigured and raised above themselves by the power of principles. To principles something else is possible that transcends all the power of expedients.

Every great and commanding moment in the annals of the world is the triumph of some enthusiasm. The victories of the Arabs after Mahomet, who, in a few years, from a small and mean beginning, established a larger empire than that of Rome, is an example. They did they knew

not what. The naked Derar, horsed on an idea, was found an overmatch for a troop of Roman cavalry. The women fought like men, and conquered the Roman men. They were miserably equipped, miserably fed. They were Temperance troops. There was neither brandy nor flesh needed to feed them. They conquered Asia, and Africa, and Spain, on barley. The Caliph Omar's walking stick struck more terror into those who saw it, than another man's sword. His diet was barley bread; his sauce was salt; and oftentimes by way of abstinence he ate his bread without salt. His drink was water. His palace was built of mud; and when he left Medina to go to the conquest of Jerusalem, he rode on a red camel, with a wooden platter hanging at his saddle, with a bottle of water and two sacks, one holding barley, and the other dried fruits.

But there will dawn ere long on our politics, on our modes of living, a nobler morning than that Arabian faith, in the sentiment of love. This is the one remedy for all ills, the panacea of nature. We must be lovers, and instantly the impossible becomes possible. Our age and history, for these thousand years, has not been the history of kindness, but of selfishness. Our distrust is very expensive. The money we spend for courts and prisons is very ill laid out. We make by distrust the thief, and burglar, and incendiary, and by our court and jail we keep him so. An acceptance of the sentiment of love throughout Christendom for a season, would bring the felon and the outcast to our side in tears, with the devotion of his faculties to our service. See this wide society of laboring men and women. We allow ourselves to be served by them, we live apart from them, and meet them without a salute in the streets. We do not greet their talents, nor rejoice in their good fortune, nor foster their hopes, nor in the assembly of the people vote for what is dear to them. Thus we enact the part of the selfish noble and king from the foundation of the world. See, this tree always bears one fruit. In every household, the peace of a pair is poisoned by the malice, slyness, indolence, and alienation of domestics. Let any two matrons meet, and observe how soon their conversation turns on the troubles from their "help," as our phrase is. In every knot of laborers, the rich man does not feel himself among his friends, — and at the polls he finds them arrayed in a mass in distinct opposition to

him. We complain that the politics of masses of the people are so often controlled by designing men, and led in opposition to manifest justice and the common weal, and to their own interest. But the people do not wish to be represented or ruled by the ignorant and base. They only vote for these because they were asked with the voice and semblance of kindness. They will not vote for them long. They inevitably prefer wit and probity. To use an Egyptian metaphor, it is not their will for any long time "to raise the nails of wild beasts, and to depress the heads of the sacred birds." Let our affection flow out to our fellows; it would operate in a day the greatest of all revolutions. It is better to work on institutions by the sun than by the wind. The state must consider the poor man, and all voices must speak for him. Every child that is born must have a just chance for his bread. Let the amelioration in our laws of property proceed from the concession of the rich, not from the grasping of the poor. Let us begin by habitual imparting. Let us understand that the equitable rule is, that no one should take more than his share, let him be ever so rich. Let me feel that I am to be a lover. I am to see to it that the world is the better for me, and to find my reward in the act. Love would put a new face on this weary old world in which we dwell as pagans and enemies too long, and it would warm the heart to see how fast the vain diplomacy of statesmen, the impotence of armies, and navies, and lines of defence, would be superseded by this unarmed child. Love will creep where it cannot go, will accomplish that by imperceptible methods, — being its own lever, fulcrum, and power, — which force could never achieve. Have you not seen in the woods, in a late autumn morning, a poor fungus or mushroom, — a plant without any solidity, nay, that seemed nothing but a soft mush or jelly, — by its constant, total, and inconceivably gentle pushing, manage to break its way up through the frosty ground, and actually to lift a hard crust on its head? It is the symbol of the power of kindness. The virtue of this principle in human society in application to great interests is obsolete and forgotten. Once or twice in history it has been tried in illustrious instances, with signal success. This great, overgrown, dead Christendom of ours still keeps alive at least the name of a lover of mankind.

But one day all men will be lovers; and every calamity will be dissolved in the universal sunshine.

Will you suffer me to add one trait more to this portrait of man the reformer? The finished man should have a great prospective prudence, that he may perform the high office of mediator between the spiritual and the actual world. An Arabian poet describes his hero by saying,

“Sunshine was he  
In the winter day;  
And in the midsummer  
Coolness and shade.”

He who would help himself and others, should be not a subject of irregular and interrupted impulses of virtue, but a continent, persisting, immovable person,—such as we have seen a few scattered up and down in time for the blessing of the world; men who have in the gravity of their nature a quality which answers to the fly-wheel in a mill, which distributes the motion equably over all the wheels, and hinders it from falling unequally and suddenly in destructive shocks. It is better that joy should be spread over all the day in the form of strength, than that it should be concentrated into ecstasies, full of danger and followed by reactions. There is a sublime prudence, which is the very highest that we know of man, which, believing in a vast future,—sure of more to come than is yet seen,—~~postpones always the present hour to the whole life; postpones~~ always talent to genius, and special results to character. As the merchant gladly takes money from his income to add to his capital, so is the great man very willing to lose particular powers and talents, so that he gain in the elevation of his life. The opening of the spiritual senses disposes men ever to greater sacrifices, to leave their signal talents, their best means and skill of procuring a present success, their power and their fame,—to cast all things behind, in the insatiable thirst for divine communications. A purer fame, a greater power rewards the sacrifice. It is the conversion of our harvest into seed. Is there not somewhat sublime in the act of the farmer, who casts into the ground the finest ears of his grain? The time will come when we too shall hold nothing back, but shall eagerly convert more than we now possess into means and powers, when we shall be willing to sow the sun and the moon for seeds.

## MUSIC OF THE WINTER.

THE past winter has afforded a great variety of entertainment to the musical world. It has been characterized by much activity, and by a decided expression of popular interest, with which no fault could be found, but that of its usual want of nice discernment. Instrumental music has made rapid strides, especially orchestral performances, and a liberal patronage, in some cases ill-bestowed, has attended the numerous vocalists, who have urged their claims upon us. A comparison of the present condition of the public ear with its former apathy, promises a still greater improvement, a more lively susceptibility to, and understanding of this divine art, and a stronger sympathy for the artist. To be able to discover true genius, to distinguish science from empiricism and the effrontery of pretension from the confidence of real merit, we must hear much music, and weigh not only its momentary impressions, but its after influences; the former are phantoms, the latter are truth, and are laid up with our other gifts of beauty. A cultivated taste is the fruit of time, experience, and thought; it can be acquired, where no natural defect opposes a barrier to the power of sound, and the audiences of the past winter have shown a willingness to hear, which will gradually ripen into an appreciation of all that is worthy and undying in the art.

The Boston Academy of Music have presented some of the finest orchestral performances that we have ever heard. The unity of effect, and the equality and precision of their instrumental music, are worthy of the highest praise, and reflect credit upon the members of the band, as well as their accomplished and graceful leader. Mr. Schmidt is an ornament to his profession, and a true supporter of its dignity, a musician of rare taste and steady growth. The choir of the Academy is large and well-trained, and the organ parts are sustained by Mr. Müller with great readiness and accuracy.

The concerts and oratorios of the Handel and Haydn Society have been deservedly well attended throughout the winter. The chorus is excellent, and its members have attained a high degree of perfection in the performance of their

parts. If any suggestion could be made, it would be the propriety of a little more light and shade, which is with difficulty imparted to such a volume of tone. A larger choir might be more impressive, but we doubt whether any of equal number could be found more correct and effective. The solos are seldom well given; and there are many, such as "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and "Thou shalt dash them in pieces," from the Messiah, that are only within the scope of the most exalted talent, and are the cause of pain when poorly executed. The former of these songs, we believe, is never heard, except under the auspices of some distinguished vocalist. A proper performance of such compositions can hardly be expected from an amateur; to do them justice, requires the preliminary study of years, and the extreme cultivation of an artist. In the engagement of Mr. Braham, this society have not only contributed to their own improvement, but greatly added to the pleasure of the musical world.

The fame and talents of this wonderful singer deserve a separate and lengthened notice; for he has been the bright star of our winter season. He was heralded by a reputation, upon which forty years have been shedding a constant lustre, and he has passed away without leaving upon our minds one feeling of disappointment, and no regret, except that which his farewell has awakened. The name of Braham is connected with all that is dear in English music; for years and years he has ruled the audiences of his native land with the sway of an autocrat, till his genius has been almost deified, and his blemishes excused, and even imitated with fondness. Nature has denied him nothing, while Art has moulded his pliant qualities nearly to perfection. In the prime of life, when his physical powers answered every demand of an exuberant fancy, and the resources of soul and voice were equal, we can conceive of that general enthusiasm, which recognised no fault in this King of Song; and it is, perhaps, to the sacrifices that he has made for unbounded popularity, that we may attribute the faults, which have long displeased even those who loved him best. Mr. Braham's arrival in this country was unexpected, and the announcement of his first appearance in this city aroused an interest, which showed the extent of his fame. Many will remember the thronged audience that

greeted him, the mingled expressions of disappointment and pleasure, which were called forth by his singing, and the ignorant and unjust criticism which followed upon expectations unrealized. Very few remembered his history, his age and services; and the novelty of his style, because not immediately comprehended, was by many received with coldness; but there were some, whose respect for the name of Braham made them cautious of first impressions, and upon these minds the beauties of his performance dawned steadily and calmly. His voice is a pure tenor, possessing fulness, richness, delicacy, pathos, and the most wonderful flexibility. His compass was originally about nineteen notes, and this, though slightly impaired, he seems to retain; while throughout its whole extent there is a remarkable equality of tone and skilful blending of the registers, that render every portion available. With all these natural qualifications of voice, Mr. Braham has the greatest science, the most undoubted taste, and an experience which enables him to surmount all the obstacles of his profession. The versatility of his talents, and the ease with which he has at any time been able to sacrifice his own preferences to popular will, has subjected him to that harsh criticism, which for many years has analyzed so closely the beauties and defects of his style. Yet the steady splendor which he has maintained in the face of disparagement, and the strength of wing, which, after descending to pamper a vulgar taste, could bear him unrivalled into the regions of classic song, have given to Braham the reputation of the world's greatest tenor. Although he is emphatically an English singer, yet the traces of an Italian education are perceptible, especially in the expression of sentiment and passion. In this, we think, lies his forte, but not to the exclusion of other beauties. There is at times a purity of tone that appears almost unearthly; a clear, transparent undulation, that seems as free from physical agency as the sound of dropping water; sometimes it breathes of tenderness, sometimes of grief; now it startles the ear like the note of a clarion, and now we follow its dying cadence into the softest whisper of pity or love. Remember the accents of despair in the recitative of "Jephtha's Vow," and the sweetness of the prayer that follows it; the tremulant grief of Samson for the loss of sight; the divine expression given

to those passages of the Messiah, "Comfort ye my people," and "Thy rebuke hath broken his heart;" the magnificent execution of "Thou shalt dash them in pieces," and we must think of Braham as peerless and alone. Listen to his voice in the gentle and captivating melody of Beethoven's "Adelaide;" in the playfulness of his Scotch and English ballads; in the thrilling strains of "Marmion," the "Death of Nelson," Napoleon's Midnight Review," and the fine nautical song, the "Bay of Biscay," it is still unrivalled, unsurpassed.

With the deepest enthusiasm for the singing of Braham, we could not, if we would, esteem him faultless; his defects are too glaring to escape even the uncultivated ear; they expose him to illiberal and ignorant criticism, to prejudice and neglect. They have become confirmed during a long life of professional industry and exertion. For many, an indulgent public are accountable; for others, his own neglect, not ignorance, must stand rebuked. He is often careless and loose in execution, displaying at times a redundancy of ornament, which is uncalled for and unmeaning, and displeases a severe taste, even when well performed. His genius supports him equally in the purest orchestral style, as in the most brilliant and meretricious composition; he is simple or ornate, chaste or unrefined, with the audience before him; and displays a willingness to surrender his own knowledge of the beautiful, for the sake of indiscriminate gratification. A frequent explosive and abrupt manner of terminating a tone is one of his most unpleasant defects, for the ear is startled and pained by being harshly deserted; and an incorrectness of tune, the most unpardonable fault in a singer, is by no means of rare occurrence.

Yet, with all that may be said in disparagement of Mr. Braham, we believe him to have been the finest tenor of the world; and now that age has crept upon him, we would view his failings with tenderness, for the sake of the glory that has been; and glean from the ruin the splendid relics of the past. We must now estimate him by the power of imagination, and fancy the noon-day brightness of that sun, which is near its setting. There are many, who think he has stayed too long; that he should have "rushed to his burning bed" with undimmed splendor, like that of tropic



eve. With such we cannot sympathize. We would cherish to the last that genius, over the grave of which ages will pass and bring no equal; and hang with rapture over the last echo that returns the voice of Braham.

The opera has been maintained with credit by Mr. and Mrs. Wood, and Brough. This trio have always been favorites with the Boston public, and their reception was flattering. Mrs. Wood, we think, has improved in strength, but lost somewhat in delicacy of expression; her style is now too florid, and at times, her singing is almost coarse. Mr. Wood has gained much; and though by no means a remarkable singer, exhibits much pathos and feeling in the execution of passionate music. Mr. Brough, during his whole engagement, disappointed those who had formerly commended him; he was negligent and careless, and seems to augur no farther excellence. Mr. Wood has promised to return with a new selection of music, and retire himself from the stage in favor of some more distinguished tenor. We wish that there were a more general attendance upon operatic performances. A familiarity with them gives discrimination to popular taste, and prepares the ear to receive and appreciate more dignified and elevated musical composition.

It is very evident, that, at the present time, the simplest music is that which is the most kindly listened to; and for this reason, as well as their freedom from pretension, the Rainers have become favorites with the public. We should like to hear them sing on the bosom of one of those beautiful lakes in their native land, with a full moon above, and the ripple below, where the simple harmony of their quartette would be in keeping with the scene; in the concert-room, there is a monotony and repetition in their music, which soon becomes tiresome.

The winter has, of course, not passed, without one or more visits from Mr. Russell. Under the auspices of this distinguished man, a new class of songs has sprung to life, which seems devoted to the romance of domestic antiquities, such as old nurse-lamps, old farm-gates, and old arm-chairs. We were somewhat surprised at the versatility of talent, that could descend from a theme so grand as the "Skeptic," (which, to say the least, contains some interesting reminiscences,) to subjects so humble; the step,

however, from the sublime to the ridiculous is but short, and we doubt not these compositions will, like the Jew's razors, answer the end for which they were created.

**T.**

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**FAREWELL!**

AND memories so blessed bore she hence  
Of all she knew in those few earthly years  
As were to her the lovely models, whence  
To shape the hopes she formed for unknown spheres.

And gently then the spirit stole away,  
Leaving the body in a quiet sleep,  
As if 't were too much pain with living sense  
To break a tie such precious years did keep ;  
As if it feared to trust the waking hour,  
When that form, lovely as an angel's need,  
Should question why the soul left such abode,  
Or why with it to heaven it might not speed.

Still lies thy child with an unspotted brow,  
Earth's dust is shaken from her young feet now,  
And raying light, she stands in Heaven's clear day,  
Girt for an onward and victorious way ;  
Whom God hath housed wilt thou call back to brave  
Anew those storms from which thou canst not save ?





**THE DIAL:**

**A**

**MAGAZINE**

**FOR**

**LITERATURE, PHILOSOPHY, AND RELIGION.**

**VOLUME I.**



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## MAGAZINE

FOR

LITERATURE, PHILOSOPHY, AND RELIGION.

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THE purpose of this work is to furnish a medium for the freest expression of thought on the questions which interest earnest minds in every community.

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