PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK:

ZARATHUSHTRA SPITAMA

ZOROASTER

CHALDÆAN ORACLES

A WEEK: The life of a wise man is most of all extemporaneous, for he lives out of an eternity which includes all time. The cunning mind travels further back than Zoroaster each instant, and comes quite down to the present with its revelation. The utmost 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 lip. If this is what the occasion says, let the occasion say it. All the world is forward to prompt him who gets up to live without his creed in his pocket.

ZOROASTER

THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK: ZARATHUSHTRA SPITAMA

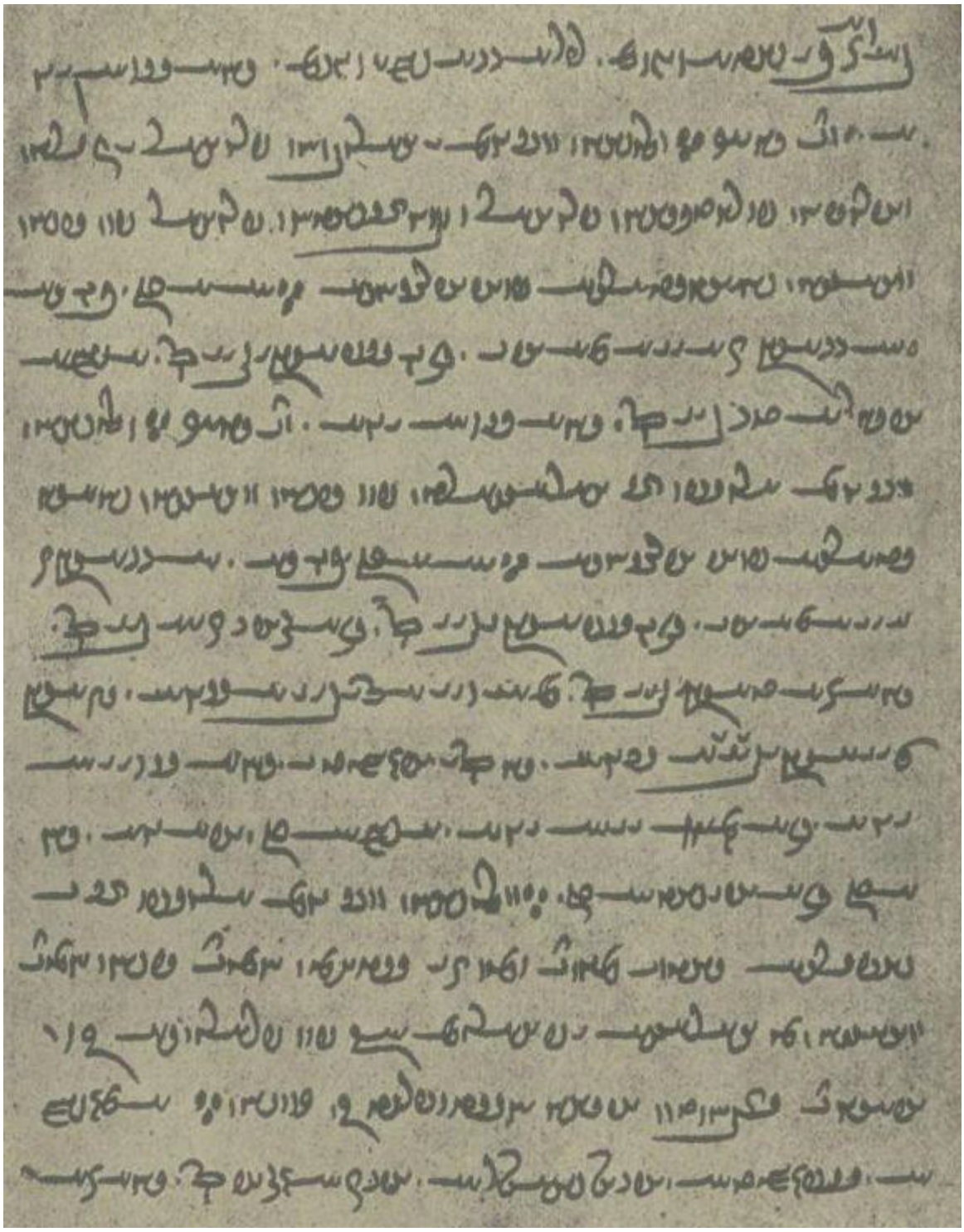
PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

630 BCE

The Persian prophet Zarathushtra Spitama founded the first huge religion (cf. “Huge Religion”): Zoroastrianism. According to its sacred book, the Zend Avesta, he was born in Azerbaijan (northern Persia) and had a vision from Ahura Mazda (Wise Lord), who appointed him to preach the truth.

THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK: ZARATHUSHTRA SPITAMA

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK



THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK: ZARATHUSHTRA SPITAMA

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

Zoroaster began telling his message of cosmic conflict between Ahura Mazda (God of Light) and Ahriman (principle of evil). According to the Zoroastrian prophecy, man has the power to choose between these personified forces of good and evil. The end of the world will come when the forces of light triumph, and saved souls rejoice in victory. This dualism evolved religion from polytheism (many gods) towards monotheism (one god) in the Middle East. Zoroaster's preaching became the guiding light of Persian civilization. Once Alexander the Great conquered Persia Zoroastrianism faded in its home country, but survived in India as the basis of the Parsi religion, which is active today.

> A WEEK: The anecdotes of modern astronomy affect me in the same way as do those faint revelations of the Real which are vouchsafed to men from time to time, or rather from eternity to eternity. When I remember the history of that faint light in our firmament, which we call Venus, which ancient men regarded, and which most modern men still regard, as a bright spark attached to a hollow sphere revolving about our earth, but which we have discovered to be ***another world***, in itself, — how Copernicus, reasoning long and patiently about the matter, predicted confidently concerning it, before yet the telescope had been invented, that if ever men came to see it more clearly than they did then, they would discover that it had phases like our moon, and that within a century after his death the telescope was invented, and that prediction verified, by Galileo, — I am not without hope that we may, even here and now obtain some accurate information concerning that OTHER WORLD which the instinct of mankind has so long predicted. Indeed, all that we call science, as well as all that we call poetry, is a particle of such information, accurate as far as it goes, though it be but to the confines of the truth. If we can reason so accurately, and with such wonderful confirmation of our reasoning, respecting so-called material objects and events infinitely removed beyond the range of our natural vision, so that the mind hesitates to trust its calculations even when they are confirmed by observation, why may not our speculations penetrate as far into the immaterial starry system, of which the former is but the outward and visible type? Surely, we are provided with senses as well fitted to penetrate the spaces of the real, the substantial, the eternal, as these outward are to penetrate the material universe. Veias, Menu, Zoroaster, Socrates, Christ, Shakespeare, Swedenborg, — these are some of our astronomers.

ASTRONOMY
NICOLAS COPERNICUS
VENUS

The sacred book Zend-Avesta of Zoroaster contains a description of TB, and instructions for its treatment with pine oil and rose oil.

THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK: *ZARATHUSHTRA SPITAMA*

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

ZOROASTER

MILLENNIALISM

THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK: ZARATHUSHTRA SPITAMA

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

553 BCE

At about this point Zarathushtra Spitama, born *circa* 630, was establishing his Persian system of dualisms now known as Zoroastrianism.

ZOROASTER

THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK: ZARATHUSHTRA SPITAMA

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

550 BCE

Zarathushtra Spitama, born *circa* 630, died.

ZOROASTER

216 CE

Mani (216 CE-276), a Persian, would come to regard himself as the successor of Jesus, and would combine elements of Christianity, Buddhism, and Zoroastrianism. He would be martyred by Zoroastrian priests. He would leave writings in Syriac but only Old Coptic or Greek translations would survive. This religious sect would come to refer to itself as Manichaeism. St. Augustine would be for a time an adherent of this sect. The sect would by the 14th century die out. ZOROASTER

THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK: ZARATHUSHTRA SPITAMA

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

240 CE

Ephraem the Syrian, also an Edessene, in 240 says Mani (216 CE-276 CE), a Persian, claimed as heralds of his message Hermes of Egypt, Plato the Greek, and Jesus who appeared in Judaea. Mani created the sect Manichaeism. He believed he was the successor of Jesus but also combined elements from Buddhism and Iran's fire-glorifying Zoroastrianism. This creed spread from North Africa to China but died out in the 14th century. Their belief called for freeing the good (light) trapped in human bodies regarded as inherently evil, or dark. He died in prison in Iran in 276 CD, at the hands of the Zoroastrians.

350 CE

Avesta (Zoroastrian texts back to 1, 000 BCE) were compiled in Persia.

ZOROASTER

THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK: ZARATHUSHTRA SPITAMA

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1563

What would Emerson and Thoreau be reading that had been attributed to the ancient Zoroaster? –Perhaps it would be this year's ORACULA MAGICA of Ludovicus Tiletanus (Paris).

ZOROASTER

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THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK: ZARATHUSHTRA SPITAMA

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1593

What would Emerson and Thoreau be reading that had been attributed to the ancient Zoroaster? –Perhaps it would be this year's ZOROASTER ET EJUS 320 ORACULA CHALDAICA, by Franciscus Patricius.

"WALKING": My desire for knowledge is intermittent; but my desire to bathe my head in atmospheres unknown to my feet is perennial and constant. The highest that we can attain to is not Knowledge, but Sympathy with Intelligence. I do not know that this higher knowledge amounts to anything more definite than a novel and grand surprise on a sudden revelation of the insufficiency of all that we called Knowledge before — a discovery that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy. It is the lighting up of the mist by the sun. Man cannot **know** in any higher sense than this, any more than he can look serenely and with impunity in the face of the sun: Ως τι νοῶν ου κεινον νοησεις, — "You will not perceive that as perceiving a particular thing," say the Chaldean Oracles.

CHALDÆAN ORACLES

THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK: ZARATHUSHTRA SPITAMA

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

A WEEK: It is remarkable that Homer and a few Hebrews are the most Oriental names which modern Europe, whose literature has taken its rise since the decline of the Persian, has admitted into her list of Worthies, and perhaps the **worthiest** of mankind, and the fathers of modern thinking, — for the contemplations of those Indian sages have influenced, and still influence, the intellectual development of mankind, — whose works even yet survive in wonderful completeness, are, for the most part, not recognized as ever having existed. If the lions had been the painters it would have been otherwise. In every one's youthful dreams philosophy is still vaguely but inseparably, and with singular truth, associated with the East, nor do after years discover its local habitation in the Western world. In comparison with the philosophers of the East, we may say that modern Europe has yet given birth to none. Beside the vast and cosmogonal philosophy of the Bhagvat-Geeta, even our Shakespeare seems sometimes youthfully green and practical merely. Some of these sublime sentences, as the Chaldaean oracles of Zoroaster, still surviving after a thousand revolutions and translations, alone make us doubt if the poetic form and dress are not transitory, and not essential to the most effective and enduring expression of thought. *Ex oriente lux* may still be the motto of scholars, for the Western world has not yet derived from the East all the light which it is destined to receive thence.

It would be worthy of the age to print together the collected Scriptures or Sacred Writings of the several nations, the Chinese, the Hindoos, the Persians, the Hebrews, and others, as the Scripture of mankind. The New Testament is still, perhaps, too much on the lips and in the hearts of men to be called a Scripture in this sense. Such a juxtaposition and comparison might help to liberalize the faith of men. This is a work which Time will surely edit, reserved to crown the labors of the printing-press. This would be the Bible, or Book of Books, which let the missionaries carry to the uttermost parts of the earth.

ÆSOP

XENOPHANES

1597

What would Emerson and Thoreau be reading that had been attributed to the ancient Zoroaster? –Perhaps it would be Fred. Morellus's ZOROASTRIS ORACULA (about 100 verses) of this year.

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1599

What would Emerson and Thoreau be reading that had been attributed to the ancient Zoroaster? –Perhaps it would be Julianus the Theurgist's ORACULA MAGICA ZOROASTRIS CUM SCHOLIIS PLETHONIS ET PSELLI NUNC PRIMUM EDITI [sic]: e Bibliotheca regia / studio Johannis Opsopoei. (Parisiis: [s.n.], 1599) (this includes COMMENTARIES OF PLETHO AND PSELLUS in Latin) of this year.

THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK: ZARATHUSHTRA SPITAMA

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1600

What would Emerson and Thoreau be reading that had been attributed to the ancient Zoroaster? –Perhaps it

would be Otto Heurnius's BARBARICÆ PHILOSOPHIÆ ANTIQUITATUM (in two volumes) of this year.

CHALDÆAN ORACLES

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CHALDÆAN ORACLES

THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK: ZARATHUSHTRA SPITAMA

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1661

What would Emerson and Thoreau be reading that had been attributed to the ancient Zoroaster? –Perhaps it would be this year's THE CHALDAICK ORACLES OF ZOROASTER AND HIS FOLLOWERS WITH THE EXPOSITIONS OF PLETHO AND PSELLUS. Edited and translated to English by Thomas Stanley. Printed for Thomas Dring, London.

http://www.esotericarchives.com/oracle/oraclesj.htm

THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK: ZARATHUSHTRA SPITAMA

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1688

What would Emerson and Thoreau be reading that had been attributed to the ancient Zoroaster? –Perhaps it would be Servatus Gallæus's SIBULLIAKOI CHRESMOI of this year, which contained a version of THE CHALDÆAN ORACLES.

THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK: ZARATHUSHTRA SPITAMA

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1689

What would Emerson and Thoreau be reading that had been attributed to the ancient Zoroaster? –Perhaps it would be Jacobus Marthanus's version containing the Commentary of Gemistus Pletho, of this year.

THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK: ZARATHUSHTRA SPITAMA

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1701

What would Emerson and Thoreau be reading that had been attributed to the ancient Zoroaster? –Perhaps it would be Thomas Stanley's THE HISTORY OF THE CHALDAIC PHILOSOPHY (contains the Latin of Patricius, and

the Commentaries of Pletho and Psellus in English) of this year.

CHALDÆAN ORACLES

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CHALDÆAN ORACLES

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1705

What would Emerson and Thoreau be reading that had been attributed to the ancient Zoroaster? –Perhaps it would be Johannes Alb. Fabricius's BIBLIOTHECA GRÆCA (quotes the Oracles), which was being published from 1705 to 1707.

THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK: ZARATHUSHTRA SPITAMA

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1806

What would Emerson and Thoreau be reading that had been attributed to the ancient Zoroaster? –Perhaps it would be this year's THE CHALDÆAN ORACLES by Thomas Taylor in The Monthly Magazine, and published independently, 1806. [Thomas "the Platonist" Taylor, born on May 15, 1758, lived in London to his death on November 1, 1835. After attending St. Paul's school, he relocated to Sheerness and spent several years with a relative who worked on the docks. He studied for the dissenting ministry until an imprudent marriage and its financial obligations closed this path to him. He became a schoolmaster, then a clerk in Lubbock's banking-house, and from 1798 to 1806 functioned as assistant secretary to a society for the encouragement of arts, manufactures, and commerce, until finally, with the patronage of the duke of Norfolk and of a Mr. Meredith (a retired tradesman of literary tastes), he was able to devote himself to the study of Neoplatonism. He made translations in whole or part of the writings of Plato, Aristotle, Plotinus, Proclus, Pausanias, Porphyry, Ocellus Lucanus, and the Orphic hymns, which were uniformly received unfavorably –almost contemptuously– by his audience, for their defects in scholarship and for the translator's industry so much in excess of his critical

faculty.]

CHALDÆAN ORACLES

THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK: ZARATHUSHTRA SPITAMA

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

A WEEK: It is remarkable that Homer and a few Hebrews are the most Oriental names which modern Europe, whose literature has taken its rise since the decline of the Persian, has admitted into her list of Worthies, and perhaps the **worthiest** of mankind, and the fathers of modern thinking, — for the contemplations of those Indian sages have influenced, and still influence, the intellectual development of mankind, — whose works even yet survive in wonderful completeness, are, for the most part, not recognized as ever having existed. If the lions had been the painters it would have been otherwise. In every one's youthful dreams philosophy is still vaguely but inseparably, and with singular truth, associated with the East, nor do after years discover its local habitation in the Western world. In comparison with the philosophers of the East, we may say that modern Europe has yet given birth to none. Beside the vast and cosmogonal philosophy of the Bhagvat-Geeta, even our Shakespeare seems sometimes youthfully green and practical merely. Some of these sublime sentences, as the Chaldaean oracles of Zoroaster, still surviving after a thousand revolutions and translations, alone make us doubt if the poetic form and dress are not transitory, and not essential to the most effective and enduring expression of thought. *Ex oriente lux* may still be the motto of scholars, for the Western world has not yet derived from the East all the light which it is destined to receive thence.

ÆSOP

XENOPHANES

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ZOROASTER

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1821

Since Waldo Emerson began reading Alexander von Humboldt, and referring to him in his JOURNAL, at this point, it seems likely that he had been told of this explorer and author by his professor Edward Everett while at Harvard College.

Emerson would come to own many of Humboldt's books and it is likely that it was in these volumes that Henry Thoreau first encountered the explorer (he would by 1853 have studied Humboldt's major works).

Publication, in this year, by the firm of W. Allason etc., in London, of a new edition of the dozen volumes of Edward Gibbon's THE HISTORY OF THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE (this is the edition that

would find its way into the personal library of Emerson).

GIBBON, DECLINE & FALL I
GIBBON, DECLINE & FALL II
GIBBON, DECLINE & FALL III
GIBBON, DECLINE & FALL IV
GIBBON, DECLINE & FALL V
GIBBON, DECLINE & FALL VI
GIBBON, DECLINE & FALL VII
GIBBON, DECLINE & FALL VIII
GIBBON, DECLINE & FALL IX
GIBBON, DECLINE & FALL X
GIBBON, DECLINE & FALL XI
GIBBON, DECLINE & FALL XII

At the end of the journal entries for 1820 and 1821, Emerson listed his recent readings in Oriental materials: "Cudworth (containing many quotations from the Neo-Platonists); Zendavesta (*apud* Gibbon)."

http://www.sacred-texts.com/zor/

ZOROASTER

THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK: ZARATHUSHTRA SPITAMA

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

As he completed his senior year, Waldo wrote a Bowdoin Prize essay "The Present State of Ethical Philosophy." From this year into 1825, having acquired the status of college graduate, he would be teaching school.

1822

At the end of the journal entries for this year, Waldo Emerson listed his recent readings in Oriental materials: "Zoroaster (?); Arabian Nights; Sir William Jones, To Narayena."

INDIA

THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK: ZARATHUSHTRA SPITAMA

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1823

What would Emerson and Thoreau be reading that had been attributed to the ancient Zoroaster? –Perhaps it

would be this year's BIBLIOTECA CLASSICA LATINA (A. Lemaire, Volume 124, Paris).

CHALDÆAN ORACLES

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CHALDÆAN ORACLES

THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK: ZARATHUSHTRA SPITAMA

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1828

What would Emerson and Thoreau be reading that had been attributed to the ancient Zoroaster?

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

–Perhaps it would be Isaac Preston Cory's ANCIENT FRAGMENTS, published in London during this year.

CHALDÆAN ORACLES

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CHALDÆAN ORACLES

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1830

At the end of the journal entries for this year, Waldo Emerson listed his recent readings in Oriental materials: "Plotinus; Confucius, Zoroaster, and Mahabarat, (*apud* DeGérando)."[1] In his journal for the year, Waldo had noted that the Golden Rule, so markedly a part of Christianity, actually was to be ascribed to Confucius, and that THE FOUR BOOKS contained "promising definitions" of Nature, Law, and Instruction.

THOREAU AND CHINA

1832

At the end of the journal entries for this year, Waldo Emerson listed his readings in Oriental materials during the period: "Zoroaster, Zend-Avesta, *apud* Histoire de l'Académie des Inscriptions; Cousin (containing remarks on Oriental philosophy)."

http://www.sacred-texts.com/zor/

1835

Some 1687 work by a Jesuit missionary in China, Father Couplet, was recycled by William Gowan, a printer of New-York, as "The Morals of Confucius" in a volume entitled THE PHENIX: A COLLECTION OF OLD AND RARE FRAGMENTS, VIZ. THE MORALS OF CONFUCIUS, THE CHINESE PHILOSOPHER; THE ORACLES OF ZOROASTER, THE FOUNDER OF THE RELIGION OF THE PERSIAN MAGI; SANCHONIATHO'S HISTORY OF THE CREATION; THE VOYAGES OF HANNO ROUND THE COAST OF AFRICA, FIVE HUNDRED YEARS BEFORE CHRIST; KING HIEMPSAL'S HISTORY OF THE AFRICAN SETTLEMENTS, TRANSLATED FROM THE PUNIC BOOKS; AND THE CHOICE SAYINGS OF PUBLIUS SYRUS.[2]

For Zoroaster's Chaldean Oracles, refer to:

http://www.hermetic.com/texts/chaldean.html

1. M. DeGérando. *HISTOIRE COMPARÉE DES SYSTÈMES DE PHILOSOPHIE*. Four volumes, Paris, 1822

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

2. According to Lyman V. Cady, this is one of the works which would be utilized by Henry Thoreau as a source for the quotes of Confucius in WALDEN. A copy is to be noted, in the inventory taken of Bronson Alcott's library at the point of his death. This volume contains a "Life of Confucius," an "Introductory Dissertation" on the System of Morals, a "The Morals of Confucius" that has been translated from Chinese by R.F. Incorcetta and Father Couplet, a note on the writings of Confucius from Sir Henry Ellis's AMHERST'S EMBASSY TO CHINA, and "The Chinese Sacred Edicts. In Sixteen Maxims."

LIGHT FROM CHINA

THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK: *ZARATHUSHTRA SPITAMA*

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

CHALDÆAN ORACLES

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ÆSOP
XENOPHANES

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ZOROASTER

The firm of H.D. Robinson in New-York (No. 94 Chatham street) put out an anonymous volume titled THE MORAL SAYINGS OF CONFUCIUS, A CHINESE PHILOSOPHER, WHO LIVED ABOUT SIX HUNDRED YEARS BEFORE THE CHRISTIAN ERA; AND WHOSE MORAL PRECEPTS HAVE LEFT A LASTING IMPRESSION UPON THE CHINESE NATION.[3]

> The soldier comforted himself with this reflection. "A soldier has lost his buckler, but a soldier of our camp has found it; he will use it." "It had been much better spoken," replies Confucius, "if he had said, 'A man has lost his buckler, but a man has found it.'" [The text reads as follows: "A soldier of the kingdom of Ci," said they unto him, "lost his buckler; and having a long time sought after it in vain, he at last comforts himself upon the loss he had sustained, with this reflection: 'A soldier has lost his buckler, but a soldier of our camp has found it; he will use it.'" "It had been much better spoken," replies Confucius, "if he had said, 'A man has lost his buckler, but a man will find it;'" thereby intimating that we ought to have an affection for all the men of the world.]

We may note that Thoreau would refer to this soldier who lost his buckler at the end of the 8th chapter of WALDEN,

> WALDEN: I was never molested by any person but those who represented the state. I had no lock nor bolt but for the desk which held my papers, not even a nail to put over my latch or windows. I never fastened my door night or day, though I was to be absent several days; not even when the next fall I spent a fortnight in the woods of Maine. And yet my house was more respected than if it had been surrounded by a file of soldiers. The tired rambler could rest and warm himself by my fire, the literary amuse himself with the few books on my table, or the curious, by opening my closet door, see what was left of my dinner, and what prospect I had of a supper. Yet, though many people of every class came this way to the pond, I suffered no serious inconvenience from these sources, and I never missed any thing but one small book, a volume of Homer, which perhaps was improperly gilded and this I trust a soldier of our camp has found by this time. I am convinced, that if all men were to live as simply as I then did, thieving and robbery would be unknown. These take place only in communities where some have got more than is sufficient while others have not enough.

and to the basin of King Tam in the 2nd chapter of WALDEN:

> We must not here forget a remarkable thing which Cemcu relates, touching a basin wherein King Tam used to bathe and wash himself. He says, that these excellent words were there engraved — "Wash thyself; renew thyself continually; renew thyself every day;

3. "The Life and Morals of Confucius, a Chinese Philosopher ... being one of the Choicest pieces of Learning and Morality Remaining of that Nation" is merely a new edition, edited by Josephus Tela in 1818, of the originary French treatise of the ANALECTS in Latin that had been put out in 1691 in English as THE MORALS OF CONFUCIUS, A CHINESE PHILOSOPHER. Tela's English translation had appeared in the January 1, 1818 issue of THE PHILOSOPHICAL LIBRARY: BEING A CURIOUS COLLECTION OF THE MOST RARE AND VALUABLE PRINTED WORKS AND MANUSCRIPTS, BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN, WHICH TREAT SOLELY OF MORAL, METAPHYSICAL, THEOLOGICAL, HISTORICAL, AND PHILOSOPHICAL INQUIRIES AFTER TRUTH.

renew thyself from day to day."

> WALDEN: Every morning was a cheerful invitation to make my life of equal simplicity, and I may say innocence, with Nature herself. I have been as sincere a worshipper of Aurora as the Greeks. I got up early and bathed in the pond; that was a religious exercise, and one of the best things which I did. They say that characters were engraven on the bathing tub of king Tching-thang to this effect: "Renew thyself completely each day; do it again, and again, and forever again." I can understand that. Morning brings back the heroic ages.

THE GREAT BATHTUB HOAX

1838

In this year the British government disassociated the East India Company from obligations into which it had entered, to maintain the temples of India. Forget your promises, that's an order!

James Robert Ballantyne's A GRAMMAR OF THE HINDUSTANI LANGUAGE (Edinburgh).

Monier Williams matriculated at King's College School, Balliol College, Oxford.

At the end of the journal entries for this year, Waldo Emerson listed his readings in Oriental materials during the period: "Hermes Trismegistus; Synesius; Proclus; Thomas Taylor; Institutes of Menu; Sir William Jones, Translations of Asiatic Poetry; Buddha. Zoroaster; Confucius."

Again Emerson copied extracts from the Confucian canon into his journals, extracts such as "Action, such as Confucius describes the speech of God."

EMERSON AND CHINA

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1840

The Reverend Theodore Parker's "Cudworth's INTELLECTUAL SYSTEM" appeared in The Christian Examiner. (Waldo Emerson had the Thomas Birch edition of 1820 in his library.)

CUDWORTH'S SYSTEM, I

CUDWORTH'S SYSTEM, II

CUDWORTH'S SYSTEM, III

At the end of the journal entries for this year, Emerson listed his readings in Oriental materials during the period: "Buddha; Vedas; Sir William Jones; Zoroaster; Koran; Ockley, History of the Saracens."

CHALDÆAN ORACLES

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

March: Waldo Emerson wrote Margaret Fuller and listed Ellery Channing among possible contributors to THE DIAL. Having no response to his letter to Channing, he tried to contact the poet with the famous name through their mutual friend Ward, and, Channing having abandoned his fields in Illinois without raising a crop, Emerson even paid a visit to Channing's father's house in hopes of discovering Channing there. (Channing had gone to visit at Brook Farm[4] and had then returned toward the West.)

Thoreau composed the 1st version of what would become his essay on the Roman satirist Aulus Persius Flaccus, "AULUS PERSIUS FLACCUS," "first printed paper of consequence," for July's issue of THE DIAL.

THE DIAL, JULY 1840

This paper turned two tricks of interest. First, Henry Thoreau espoused an attitude of moving away from creedal closedness, associating creedal closedness with immodesty and openness with modesty rather than vice versa and developing that attitude out of comments such as *Haud cuivis promptum est, murmurque humilesque susurros / Tollere de templis; et aperto vivere voto:*

> "AULUS PERSIUS FLACCUS": It is not easy for every one to take murmurs and low Whispers out of the temple –*et aperto vivere voto*– and live with open vow,

Second, Thoreau perversely insisted on translating *ex tempore* in its literal etymological sense "out of time" ignoring what had become the primary sense of the phrase: "haphazard," "improvised." Thoreau mobilized this phrase to summon people to live not in time but in eternity:

ZOROASTER

> "AULUS PERSIUS FLACCUS": 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 tarries 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 lip. 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.

4. [How could that be? Did the Brook Farm Institute of Agriculture and Education already exist in 1840, when they did not solicit Thoreau to join until March 3, 1841?]
5. EARLY ESSAYS AND MISCELLANIES 126.

THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK: *ZARATHUSHTRA SPITAMA*

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK: ZARATHUSHTRA SPITAMA

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

TIME AND ETERNITY

The force of the essay, then, was to provide Thoreau an opportunity to preach his own doctrines by satirizing a minor Roman satirist, and he admits as much: “As long as there is satire, the poet is, as it were, *particeps criminis*.” Young Henry is of course that poet, that accessory to the crime.

THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK: ZARATHUSHTRA SPITAMA

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

July 1, Wednesday: Publication of THE DIAL: A MAGAZINE FOR LITERATURE, PHILOSOPHY, AND RELIGION (Volume I, Number 1, July 1840), a journal of Transcendentalist thought named in honor of the sundial, began at this point and continued into 1844:

"The name speaks of faith in Nature and in Progress." – The Reverend James Freeman Clarke

This initial issue of THE DIAL included Henry Thoreau's essay on the Roman satirist Aulus Persius Flaccus, which has been termed his "first printed paper of consequence."

"AULUS PERSIUS FLACCUS": 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 tarries 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 lip. 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.

ZOROASTER

THE DIAL, JULY 1840

Thoreau would later recycle this paper on the satirist Persius with 28 minor modifications into the "Thursday" chapter of A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS:

A WEEK: The life of a wise man is most of all extemporaneous, for he lives out of an eternity which includes all time. The cunning mind travels further back than Zoroaster each instant, and comes quite down to the present with its revelation. The utmost 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 lip. If this is what the occasion says, let the occasion say it. All the world is forward to prompt him who gets up to live without his creed in his pocket.

ZOROASTER

Thoreau's effort turned two tricks of interest. First, he espoused an attitude of turning away from creedal closedness, associating creedal closedness with immodesty and openness with modesty rather than vice versa and developing that attitude out of comments such as *Haud cuivis promptum est, murmurque humilesque susurros / Tollere de templis; et aperto vivere voto* which translates as "It's not easy to take murmurs and low whispers out of the temple and live with open vow." Second, Thoreau perversely insisted on translating *ex tempore* in its literal etymological sense "out of time" ignoring what had become the primary sense of the phrase: "haphazard," "improvised." Thoreau mobilized this phrase to summon people to live not in time but in eternity: "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 of each moment, and reflects wisdom.… 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 lip. 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."[6] The force of the essay, then, was to provide Thoreau an opportunity to preach his own doctrines by satirizing a minor Roman satirist, and he admits as much: "As long as there is satire, the poet is, as it were, *particeps criminis*." Thoreau is of course that poet, that accessory to the crime.

Robert D. Richardson, Jr. points out that Thoreau ignored a trope in Persius that had been admired by John Dryden, in order to do quite different things with this material:

> With the cool effrontery of an Ezra Pound, Thoreau declares that there are perhaps twenty good lines in Persius, of permanent as opposed to historical interest. Ignoring the elegant shipwreck trope Dryden so admired in the sixth satire, Thoreau gives the main weight of his essay to a careful reading of seven of those lines. Two lines,
>
> > It is not easy for every one to take murmurs and low Whispers
> > out of the temple –*et aperto vivere voto*– and live with open vow,
>
> permit Thoreau to insist on the distinction between the "man of true religion" who finds his open temple in the whole universe, and the "jealous privacy" of those who try to "carry on a secret commerce with the gods" whose hiding place is in some building. The distinction is between the open religion of the fields and woods, and the secret, closed religion of the churches.

EZRA POUND

6. EARLY ESSAYS AND MISCELLANIES 126.

I would point out here that those who are familiar with the poetry of the West Coast poet of place, Robinson Jeffers (and I presume Richardson to be as innocent of knowledge of Jeffers as was Jeffers of knowledge of Thoreau), rather than see a linkage to the spirit of a poet who worshiped the Young Italy of Benito Mussolini, will choose to perceive a more direct linkage to Jeffers's stance of "inhumanism." But to go on in Richardson's comment about the "Aulus Persius Flaccus" essay:

> Thoreau's best point takes a rebuke from the third satire against the casual life, against living *ex tempore*, and neatly converts it into a Thoreauvian paradox. Taking *ex tempore* literally, Thoreau discards its sense of offhand improvisation and takes it as a summons to live outside time, to live more fully than our ordinary consciousness of chronological time permits.
>
> > The life of a wise man is most of all extemporaneous,
> > for he lives out of an eternity which includes all time.
>
> Interpreting Persius through the lens of Emerson's "History," Thoreau contends that
>
> > All questions rely on the present for their solution.
> > Time measures nothing but itself.
>
> Thoreau's Persius has gone beyond Stoicism to transcendentalism, insisting on open religious feelings as opposed to closed institutional dogmatic creeds, and on a passionate articulation of the absolute value of the present moment.

(Well, first we have Thoreau being like a later poet who was renowned for his personal as well as his political craziness, and then we have Thoreau being an Emerson impersonator, interpreting things through the lens of the writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson. That's about par for the course, on the Richardson agenda.)

This initial issue also contained some material from Charles Emerson:

> The reason why Homer is to me like a 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 tops of Ida, the broad seashore dotted with tents, the Trojan host in their painted armor, and the rushing chariots of Diomede and Idomeneua, all these I too saw: my ghost animated the frame of some nameless Argive.... We forget that 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 recognize it all. We are no more brief, ignoble creatures; we seize our immortality, and bind together the related parts of our secular being.
>
> — Notes from the Journal of a Scholar, The Dial, I, p. 14

This initial issue also contained on page 123 the poem by Ellen Sturgis Hooper "I slept and dreamed that life was Beauty" from which Thoreau would quote a large part as the conclusion of his "House-Warming" chapter:[7]

WALDEN: The next winter I used a small cooking-stove for economy, since I did not own the forest; but it did not keep fire so well as the open fire-place. Cooking was then, for the most part, no longer a poetic, but merely a chemic process. It will soon be forgotten, in these days of stoves, that we used to roast potatoes in the ashes, after the Indian fashion. The stove not only took up room and scented the house, but it concealed the fire, and felt as if I had lost a companion. You can always see a face in the fire. The laborer, looking into it at evening, purifies his thoughts of the dross and earthiness which they have accumulated during the day. But I could no longer sit and look into the fire, and the pertinent words of a poet recurred to me with new force.–

"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 by my fortunes sunk 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."

Mrs. Hooper

PEOPLE OF WALDEN

ELLEN STURGIS HOOPER

7. Would she be married to Concord's Harry Hooper, and would he possibly be related to the signer of the Declaration of Independence who lived in the south after attending Boston's Latin School?

It is to be noted, as an exercise in becoming aware of how much our attitudes toward copyright have changed, that in the original edition the last line, indicating that the poem was by a Mrs. Hooper, did not appear.

The poem as it had been published in THE DIAL had been entitled "The Wood Fire." It would appear that Thoreau had intended to quote even more of the poem, and that seven beginning lines had been suppressed in the process of shortening the WALDEN manuscript for publication:

"When I am glad or gay,
Let me walk forth into the briliant 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 by my fortunes sunk 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."

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

Thoreau's poem "Sympathy," or "To a gentle boy" also appeared in this 1st issue of THE DIAL.

The title of the journal came from a phrase that Bronson Alcott had been planning to use for his next year's diary,

DIAL ON TIME THINE OWN ETERNITY

and the "dial" in question was a garden sundial.[8] For purposes of this publication Bronson strove to emulate the selections from his writings that Waldo Emerson had excerpted at the end of the small volume NATURE, attempted, that is, to cast his wisdom in the form of epigrams or "Orphic Sayings" which, even if they were unchewable, at least could be fitted into one's mouth. In the timeframe in which these were being created, Alcott was reading Hesiod (he had in his personal library HESIOD'S WORKS, TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK, BY MR. T[HOMAS] COOKE, SECOND EDITION, 1740), Dr. Henry More, the Reverend Professor Ralph Cudworth,

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, and Samuel Taylor Coleridge. When these were finally published, they were the only transcendental material to appear in THE DIAL, of 24 pieces, that would bear the full name of the author rather than be offered anonymously or bear merely the author's initials. It was as if the other transcendentalist writers associated with THE DIAL were saying to their readers, "Look, this is A. Bronson Alcott here, you've got to make allowances." Here is one of the easier and more pithy examples:

> Prudence is the footprint of Wisdom.

Some of these things, however, ran on and on without making any sense at all, and here is one that was seized upon by the popular press and mocked as a "Gastric Saying":

> 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....

Well, I won't quote the whole thing. Was Alcott a disregarded Hegelian who had never heard of Hegel?

8. The name, of course, carried metaphysical freight. For instance, in his 1836 essay NATURE Emerson had quoted the following from Emmanuel Swedenborg — the Swedish religious mentor whom he would later characterize, in REPRESENTATIVE MEN, as the type of "the mystic":

> The visible world and the relation of its parts, is the dial plate of the invisible.

And in December 1839, Emerson had written in his journal:

> I say how the world looks to me without reference to Blair's Rhetoric or Johnson's Lives. And I call my thoughts The Present Age, because I use no will in the matter, but honestly record such impressions as things make. So transform I myself into a Dial, and my shadow will tell where the sun is.

THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK: ZARATHUSHTRA SPITAMA

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

Sophia Peabody (Hawthorne)'s Illustration for the 1st Edition of "To a Gentle Boy" in TWICE-TOLD TALES

Wouldn't this be a better world if G.W.F. Hegel also had been ignored? Go figure.[9] The initial issue included a

> Americans of Thoreau's day accepted as axiomatic the Lockean-Jeffersonian principle that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, and Thoreau did not challenge this axiom. But he applied it in an unorthodox way. The unit that gives consent, he asserts, is not the majority but the individual. The reason, he explains, is that consent is a moral judgment, for which each individual is accountable to his own conscience. The majority, on the other hand, is not a **moral** entity and its right to rule not a moral entitlement. As Bronson Alcott, who set Thoreau the example of resistance to civil government, aptly put it, "In the theocracy of the soul majorities do not rule." The alleged right of the majority to rule, Thoreau declared, is based merely on the assumption that "they are physically the strongest."

poem by Christopher Pearse Cranch, "To the Aurora Borealis":

Arctic fount of holiest light,
Springing through the winter night,
Spreading far behind yon hill,
When the earth lies dark and still,
Rippling o'er the stars, as streams
O'er pebbled beds in sunny gleams;
O for names, thou vision fair,
To express thy splendours 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-blooming 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 choir!
Restless roamer of the sky,
Who hath won thy mystery?

9. July 1840, The Dial, "Orphic Sayings," xvii.

THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK: *ZARATHUSHTRA SPITAMA*

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

Mortal science hath not ran
With thee through the Empyrean,
Where the constellations cluster
Flower-like on thy branching lustre.

After all the glare and toil,
And the daylight's fretful coil,
Thou dost come so milt 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,
Whispering 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?

Thoreau's own copy of this issue of THE DIAL is now at Southern Illinois University. It exhibits his subsequent pencil corrections.

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 faultfinders 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.

["nature" should read "satire"]

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 tarries 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 today 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.

1841

At the end of the journal entries for this year, Waldo Emerson would list his readings in Oriental materials during the period: "Plotinus; *HERMES TRISMEGISTUS*; Porphyry, *ON ABSTINENCE FROM ANIMAL FOOD* (Taylor's translation); Iamblichus, *LIFE OF PYTHAGORAS*; Synesius; Proclus; Olympiadorus; *VISHNU SARNA*; Zoroaster; Confucius; Saadi; Hafiz." Here is an example of the sort of record he had made of Confucius:

> Chang Tsoo and Kee Neih retired from the state to the fields on account of misrule, and showed their displeasure at Confucius who remained in the world. Confucius sighed and said, I cannot associate with birds and beasts. If I follow not man, whom shall I follow? If the world were in possession of right principles, I should not seek to change it.

EMERSON AND CHINA

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

December: Henry Thoreau copied two poems by Vincent Bourne, "Hymn" and "On the Feast of Pentecost," from MISCELLANEOUS POEMS: CONSISTING OF ORIGINALS AND TRANSLATIONS (London: W. Ginger, 1772) into his 1st Commonplace Book.

ON THE FEAST OF PENTECOST.

AS Babel's lofty towers proudly riſe,
With bold deſign aſpiring to the ſkies;
The fooliſh builder's project God confounds,
With various languages and different ſounds.
But when to build his Church th' Almighty came,
(Tho' differing the event, the means the ſame)
The gift of languages he did afford
To them, whom he ordain'd to preach his word:
As knowing that to man he thus had given
A ſurer, better way, to reach at heaven.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

He copied an anonymous poem "Upon a Small Building in Gothic Taste" from a set of volumes edited by Robert Dodsley and printed for J. Dodsley in Pall Mall in 1775, entitled A COLLECTION OF POEMS IN SIX VOLUMES. BY SEVERAL HANDS.

He copied from a compilation in the library of Waldo Emerson, John Gilchrist's A COLLECTION OF ANCIENT AND MODERN SCOTTISH BALLADS, TALES, AND SONGS, WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS. IN TWO VOLUMES (Edinburgh: Printed by Gilchrist & Heriot, Printers, Leith for William Blackwood: and Baldwin, Craddock, & Joy, Paternoster-row, London).

From this month into the following March, Thoreau would be reading in the eight volumes of the 1829 Oxford edition of Walter Raleigh's THE WORKS OF SIR WALTER RALEGH, KT., NOW FIRST COLLECTED: TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED THE LIVES OF THE AUTHOR BY OLDYS AND BIRCH. It appears that after studying the first seven volumes in the Harvard Alcove (for instance, Raleigh's THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD in Volume II),

on December 10th he withdrew Volume VIII for home study. From that last volume he would derive an Ovid quote which eventually he would situate in the early pages of his WALDEN *ms*:

WALDEN: It is said that Deucalion and Pyrrha created men by throwing stones over their heads behind them:-

Inde genus durum sumus, experiensque laborum,
Et documenta damus quâ simus origine nati.

Or, as Raleigh rhymes it in his sonorous way,-

"From thence our kind hard-hearted is, enduring pain
and care,
Approving that our bodies of a stony nature are."

So much for a blind obedience to a blundering oracle, throwing the stones over their heads behind them, and not seeing where they fell.

DEUCALION
PYRRHA
OVID

PEOPLE OF WALDEN

WALTER RALEIGH

For his interest in Sir Walter Raleigh during this period, refer to his Journal, I, 314, 318ff., 332-334.

St. Augustine noteth that Zoroaster was said to have laughed at his birth, when all other children weep; which presaged the great knowledge which afterward he attained unto.

AUGUSTINE
ZOROASTER

SECT. V.
That man is, as it were, a little world: with a digression touching our mortality.
MAN, thus compounded and formed by God, was an abstract or model, or brief story of the universal: in whom God concluded the creation and work of the world, and whom he made the last and most excellent of his creatures, being internally endued with a divine understanding, by which he might contemplate and serve his Creator, after whose image he was formed, and endued with the powers and faculties of reason and other abilities, that thereby also he might govern and rule the world, and all other God's creatures therein. And whereas God created three sorts of living natures, to wit, angelical, rational, and brutal; giving to angels an intellectual, and to beasts a sensual nature, he vouchsafed unto man both the intellectual of angels, the sensitive of beasts, and the proper rational belong unto man, and therefore, saith Gregory Nazianzene, *Homo est utriusque naturae vinculum*; "Man is the bond and chain which tieth together both natures;" and because in the little frame of man's body there is a representation of the universal, and (by allusion) a kind of participation of all the parts thereof, therefore was man called microcosmos, or the little world. *Deus igitur hominem factum, velut alterum quendam mundum, in brevi magnum, atque exiguo totum, in terris statuit*; "God therefore placed in the earth the man whom he had made, as it were another world, the great and large world in the small and little world."
For out of earth and dust was formed the flesh of man, and therefore heavy and lumpish; the bones of his body we may compare to the hard rocks and stones, and therefore strong and durable; of which Ovid:
Inde genus durum sumus, experiensque laborum,
Et documenta damus qua simus origiae nati.

From thence our kind hard-hearted is,

Enduring pain and care,
Approving, that our bodies of
A stony nature are.

His blood, which disperseth itself by the branches of veins through all the body, may be resembled to those waters which are carried by brooks and rivers over all the earth; his breath to the air; his natural heat to the enclosed warmth which the earth hath in itself, which, stirred up by the heat of the sun, assisteth nature in the speedier procreation of those varieties which the earth bringeth forth; our radical moisture, oil, or balsamum, (whereon the natural heat feedeth and is maintained,) is resembled to the fat and fertility of the earth; the hairs of man's body, which adorns, or overshadows it, to the grass, which covereth the upper face and skin of the earth; our generative power, to nature, which produceth all things; our determination, to the light, wandering, and unstable clouds, carried every where with uncertain winds.; our eyes to the light of the sun and moon; and the beauty of our youth, to the flowers of the spring, which, either in a very short time, or with the sun's heat, dry up and wither away, or the fierce puffs of wind blow them from the stalks; the thoughts of our mind, to the motion of angels; and our pure understanding, (formerly called *mens*, and that which always looketh upwards,) to those intellectual natures which are always present with God; and, lastly, our immortal souls (while they are righteous) are by God himself beautified with the title of his own image and similitude.
And although, in respect of God, there is no man just, or good, or righteous, (for, *sin angelis deprehensa est stultitia*, "Behold, he "found folly in his angels," saith Job;) yet, with such a kind of difference as there is between the substance and the shadow, there may be found a goodness in man; which God being pleased to accept, hath therefore called man the image and similitude of his own righteousness. In this also is the little world of man compared, and made more like the universal, (man being the measure of all things; "*Homo est mensura omnium rerum*," saith Aristotle and Pythagoras,) that the four complexions resemble the four elements, and the seven ages of man the seven planets; whereof our infancy is compared to the moon, in which we seem only to live and grow, as plants; the second age to Mercury, wherein we are taught and instructed; our third age to Venus, the days of love, desire, and vanity; the fourth to the sun, the strong, flourishing, and beautiful age of man's life; the fifth to Mars, in which we seek honour and victory, and in which our thoughts travel to ambitious ends; the sixth age is ascribed to Jupiter, in which we begin to take account of our times, judge of ourselves, and grow to the perfection of our understanding; the last and seventh to Saturn, wherein our days are sad, and overcast, and in which we find by dear and lamentable experience, and by the loss which can never be repaired, that of all our vain passions and affections past, the sorrow only abideth; our attendants are sicknesses and variable infirmities; and by how much the more we are accompanied with plenty, by so much the more greedily is our end desired, whom when time hath made unsociable to others, we become a burden to ourselves: being of no other use, than to hold the riches we have from our successors. In this time it is, when (as aforesaid) we, for the most part, and never before, prepare for our eternal habitation, which we pass on unto with many sighs, groans, and sad thoughts, and in the end, by the workmanship of death, finish the sorrowful business of a wretched life; towards which we always travel both sleeping and waking; neither have those beloved companions of honour and riches any power at all to hold us any one day by the glorious promise of entertainments; but by what crooked path soever we walk, the same leadeth on directly to the house of death, whose doors lie open at all hours and to all persons.
For this tide of man's life, after it once turneth and declineth, ever runneth with a perpetual ebb and falling stream, but never floweth again; our leaf once fallen, springeth no more; neither doth the sun or the summer adorn us again, with the garments of new leaves and flowers.

Redditur arboribus florens revirentibus aetas:
Ergo non homini, quod fuit ante, redit.

To which I give this sense.

The plants and trees made poor and old
By winter envious,
The spring-time bounteous
Covers again from shame and cold:
But never man repair'd again
His youth and beauty lost,
Though art, and care, and cost,
Do promise nature's help in vain.

And of which Catullus, Epigram 53
Soles occidere et redire possunt:
Nobis com semel occidit bgrevis lux,
Nox est perpetua una dormienda.

The sun may set and rise:
But we contrarywise
Sleep after our short light
One everlasting night.

For if there were any bating place, or rest, in the course or race of man's life, then, according to the doctrine of the Academics, the same might also perpetually be maintained; but as there is a continuance of motion in natural living things, and as the sap and juice, wherein the life of plants is preserved, doth evermore ascend or descend; so it is with the life of man, which is always either increasing towards ripeness and perfection, or declining and decreasing towards rottenness and dissolution.

Thoreau's penciled note: "There is an ~~undefinable flowing~~ musical sweetness and rhythm — lie the rippling ~~flow~~ flow of rivers, in his prose hardly to be matched in any prose or verse."

"*Recte quidem bonum definierunt, quod omnia expetunt*; Rightly have some men defined good or goodness, to be that which all things desire."

["History of the World," Bk. II, ch. III, WORKS, III, 110]

How the Greeks viewed their danger from the tide of Philip.
"And, indeed, it was not in their philosophy to consider that all great alterations are, storm-like, sudden and violent; and that it is then overlate to repair the decayed and broken banks when great rivers are once swollen, fast running, and enraged. No; the Greeks did rather employ themselves in breaking down those defences which stood between them and this inundation, than seek to rampart and reinforce their own fields; which, by the level of reason, they might have found to have lain under it."

["History of the World," Bk. IV, ch. I, WORKS, V, 280.]

The prospect of the Roman period.
"By this which we have already set down, is seen the beginning and end of the three first monarchies of the world; whereof the founders and erectors thought that they never would have ended. That of Rome, which made the fourth, was also at this time almost at the highest. We have left it flourishing in the middle of the field, having rooted up or cut down all that keep it from the eyes and admiration of the world. But, after some continuance, it shall begin to lose the beauty it had; the storms of ambition shall beat her great boughs and branches one against another; her leaves shall fall off; her limbs wither; and a rab[b]le of barbarian nations enter the field and cut her down."

["History of the World," Bk. V, ch. VI, WORKS, VII, 898.]

[Copied into the Literary Note-Book at the Library of Congress, pages 2-4 and 130-141:]

"[To make soldiers serviceable consisteth in good choice and good discipline; the one at this day little regarded:] *Emunt militem, non legunt*. Liv."

["The Cabinet-Council," WORKS, VIII, 71.]

"[Abstinence is also fit for all soldiers; for thereby guided they refrain from violence and insolency; by that rule also they are informed to govern themselves civilly in the country where they serve, and likewise in their lodgings; never taking any thing from the owner, nor committing any outrage:] *Vivant cum provincialibus jure civili, nec insolescat animus qui se sensit armatum*."

["The Cabinet-Council," WORKS, VIII, 74.]

"To the perfections of men three things are necessarily required; nature, nurture, and use:"

["The Cabinet-Council," WORKS, VIII, 86.]

"Whose desireth to know what will be hereafter, let him think of what is past; for the world hath ever been in a circular revolution; whatsoever is now was heretofore; and things past or present are no other than such as shall be again; *Redit orbis in orbem*.

["The Cabinet-Council," WORKS, VIII, 102.]

"Men for the most do use rather to judge by their eyes than by their hands; for every one may see, but few can certainly know."? Machiavel –

["The Cabinet-Council," WORKS, VIII, 104-105.]

"It hath been long observed, and is a rule which rarely faileth, that he shall be ever suspected of the prince in possession, whom men account worthy to be a prince in reversion." Ralegh

["The Cabinet-Council," WORKS, VIII, 112.]

He calls astrology "star-learning".

["The Cabinet-Council," WORKS, VIII, 112.]

"We labour hard to publish our abilities and conceal our infirmities: and our inquiry into ourselves is so slight and partial, that few men are really what they appear to themselves to be."

["Discourse of War," WORKS, VIII, 282.]

"And when we say we are fallen into bad times, we mean no otherwise but that we are fallen amongst a wicked generation of men. For the sun, the mediate vivifying cause of all things here below, and constant measurer of time, keeps its steady course. The condition of the public grows worse, as men grow more wicked; for in all ages, as the morals of men were depraved, and vice increased, the commonwealth declined."

["Discourse of War," WORKS, VIII, 282.]

"*Delores omnes ex amore animi erga corpus nascuntur"* – Plato.

[Kenneth Walter Cameron has been unable to locate this in Raleigh's WORKS]

"But no senate nor civil assembly can be under such natural impulses to honor and justice as single persons — [i.e., ...] For a majority is nobody when that majority is separated, and a collective body can have no synteresis,

or divine ray, which is in the mind of every man, never assenting to evil, but upbraiding and tormenting him when he does it: but the honor and conscience that lies in the majority is too thin and diffusive to be efficacious; for a number can do a great wrong, and call it right, and not one of that majority blush for it. – This must be the reason why a Roman senate should act with less spirit and less honor than a single Roman would do." Discourse of War in General.

[WORKS, VIII, 282.]

"The ordinary theme and argument of history is war;" Beginning of Raleigh's "Discource &c"

["A Discourse of the Original and Fundamental Cause of War," WORKS, VIII, 253]

"And it is more plain there is not in nature a point of stability to be found; every thing either ascends or declines: when wars are ended abroad, sedition begins at home, and when men are freed from fighting for necessity, they quarrel through ambition."

["A Discourse of the Original and Fundamental Cause of War," WORKS, VIII, 293]

"We must look a long way back to find the Romans giving laws to nations, and their consuls bringing kings and princes bound in chains to Rome in triumph; to see men go to Greece for wisdom, or Orphir for gold; when now nothing remains but a poor paper remembrance of their former condition."

We may note in the lengthy extracts above that there is a significant reference from "Discourse of War in General" to one of Thoreau's main political themes, the "majority of one," which Thoreau extracted as follows:

> But no senate nor civil assembly can be under such natural impulses to honor and justice as single persons — [i.e., ...] For a majority is nobody when that majority is separated, and a collective body can have no synteresis, or divine ray, which is in the mind of every man, never assenting to evil, but upbraiding and tormenting him when he does it: but the honor and conscience that lies in the majority is too thin and diffusive to be efficacious; for a number can do a great wrong, and call it right, and not one of that majority blush for it. — This must be the reason why a Roman senate should act with less spirit and less honor than a single Roman would do.

It was in the course of this 1841 reading, also, that Thoreau became aware that Raleigh had opposed astrology by insisting that "the souls of men loving and fearing God, receive influence from that divine light it self, whereof the suns clarity, and that of the stars, is by *Plato* called but a shadow. *Lumen est umbra Dei, Deus est lumen luminus*; Light is the shadow of God's brightness, who is the light of light." This is of course material which he would rework in his Draft F for the conclusion to WALDEN, as "**The light which puts out our eyes is darkness to us**."

THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK: ZARATHUSHTRA SPITAMA

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

WALDEN: I do not say that John or Jonathan will realize all this; but such is the character of that morrow which mere lapse of time can never make to dawn. The light which puts out our eyes is darkness to us. Only that day dawns to which we are awake. There is more day to dawn. The sun is but a morning star.

PEOPLE OF WALDEN

"JOHN" (BULL)
"JONATHAN"

This is from the 2d draft of Thoreau's essay on Raleigh:

> But alas! What is truth? That which we know not — What is Beauty? That which we see not — What is heroism? That which we are not. It is in vain to hang out flags on a day of rejoicing, fresh bunting bright and whole, better the soiled and torn remnant which has been borne in the wars. We have considered a fair specimen of an English man in the 16th century but it behooves us to be fairer specimens of American men in the 19th. The Gods have given man no constant gift but the power and liberty to act greatly.
> How many wait for health and warm weather to be heroic and noble! We are apt to think there is a kind of virtue, which need not be heroic and brave — but in fact virtue is the deed of the bravest — and only the hardy souls venture upon it — for it deals with what we have no experience; — and alone does the rude pioneer work of the world. In winter is its campaign — and it never goes into quarters. "Sit not down," said Sir Thomas Browne, "in the popular seats and common level of virtues, but endeavor to make them heroical. Offer not only peace offerings

but holocausts unto God."

1844

At the end of the journal entries for this year, Emerson would list his readings in Oriental materials during the period: "Plotinus; Proclus; Thomas Taylor's translations; Zoroaster (?), Chaldæan Oracles."
At some point during this year Emerson would jot in his journal (Volume VIII, page 516): *"Connais les cérémonies. Si tu en pénètres le sens, tu gouverneras un royaume avec le même facilité que tu regards dans ta main. — Confucius."*

1846

At the end of the journal entries for this year, Emerson would list his recent readings in Oriental materials: "Zoroaster; Hafiz; Von Hammer Purgstall, Translations of Hafiz; Chodzko, Specimens of Ancient Persian Poetry."

THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK: ZARATHUSHTRA SPITAMA

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1847

At the end of the journal entries for this year, Waldo Emerson listed his recent readings in Oriental materials: "Plotinus; Synesius; Proclus; Institutes of Menu; Bhagavat Geeta; Vishnu Purana; Confucius; Zoroaster; Saadi; Hafiz; Firdusi; Ferradeddin."

The culture of the Imagination, how imperiously demanded, how doggedly denied. There are books which move the sea and the land, and which are the realities of which you have heard in the fables of Cornelius Agrippa and Michael Scott.

Sweetness of reading: Montaigne, Froissart; Chaucer.

Ancient: the three Banquets [Plato, Xenophon, Plutarch].

Oriental reading: [HE FORGOT TO FILL THIS OUT]

Grand reading: Plato; Synesius; Dante; Vita Nuova; Timæus (weather, river of sleep); Cudworth; Stanley.

All-reading: Account of Madame de Staël's rule; Rabelais; Diderot, Marguerite Aretin.

English reading: Clarendon; Bacon; Milton; Johnson; Northcote.

Manuals: Bacon's Essays; Ben Jonson; Ford; Beaumont and Fletcher.

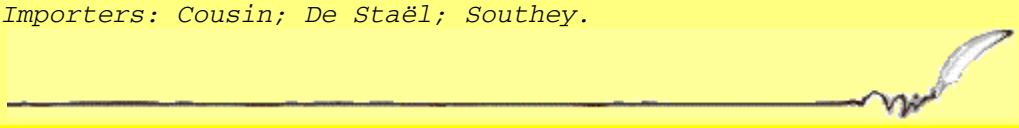
Favorites: Sully; Walpole; Evelyn; Walton; Burton; White's Selborne; Aubrey; Bartram's Travels; French Gai Science, Fabliaux.

Tonic books: Life of Michael Angelo; Gibbon; Goethe; Coleridge.

Novels: Manzoni.

Of Translation: Mitchell.

Importers: Cousin; De Staël; Southey.



Emerson also incidentally mentioned in his journal for this year someone he had been reading, Charles Kraitsir, mentioning all the languages in his head. A few pages later he included something that Kraitsir had written, that "All the languages should be studied abreast."

THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK: ZARATHUSHTRA SPITAMA

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1848

At the end of the journal entries for this year, Emerson would list his recent readings in Oriental materials: “Jamblichus; Heliodorus; Sidonius Apollinaris; Thomas Taylor; Meghaduta; Vishnu Purana; Zoroaster; Hafiz; Mahomet.”

THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK: ZARATHUSHTRA SPITAMA

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1854

September 2, Saturday: "Opened one of my snapping turtle's eggs [*sic*??]. The young alive, but not very lively, with shell dark grayish black; yolk as big as a hazelnut; tail curled round and is considerably longer than the shell, and slender; three ridges on the back, one at edges of plates on each side of dorsal, which is very prominent. There is only the trace of a dorsal ridge in the old. Eye open." Tortoise Eggs

In the afternoon Henry Thoreau went to the Purple Utricularia Shore on Fair Haven Bay (Gleason 102/ K7).

Review of WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS under the heading "Literature" in the New-York Churchman, 4:1-4.

TIMELINE OF WALDEN

THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK: ZARATHUSHTRA SPITAMA

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

ZOROASTER

[Walden; or, Life in the Woods is] The book of a humourist —a man of humours rather than of humour— and a lover of nature. Mr. THOREAU, living at Concord, is known among literary circles by his association with the good company of EMERSON and HAWTHORNE, and by his production of a book a few years since, "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers," which, with some unpleasant peculiarities of its school, savouring greatly of a species of irreverent egotism, contained many close and faithful observations of nature, and many shrewd reflections on life. Every man has his humour, though from the present pressure and overlaying of society it is not always easy to discover it. Mr. THOREAU brings his out into prominent relief. It is the stoic affectation of a lover of personal freedom, with a grudge against civilization for its restrictions. He looks upon all the trappings of society, of Church and State, of conventional usages, cities and towns, even clothes and houses, as so many impediments to the free growth of the unfettered man. The only concession he seems disposed to make to the social state is to work for it a sufficiently long time,—in his case it is a very short time,—to secure honestly a portion of the spoils adequate to keep body and soul in company, that the former, strengthened by toil, may enjoy a vigourous sense of existence, and the latter be free to watch its own motions and imbibe the simple thoughts of primitive poetry and philosophy. In all our modern reading, unlike as the situation and circumstances are, and different as Mr. THOREAU is from DIOGENES in many respects, we have not met with so complete a suggestion of what used to be considered, by the vulgar at least, a philosopher. He realizes the popular notion of an impracticable, a man who rails at society and is disposed to submit to as few of its trammels as possible, and who has the credit of resources within himself which the majority of people do not possess, and, in fact, do not much care for. The world is very ready to give the title, for it is of very little mercantile value, and the world can afford to part with it. On his part, the philosopher can return the compliment. He says to the hard workers about him, my friends, you are all wrong, shortening your lives in toil and vanities, working for that which does not profit, and reaping an endless harvest of failure and dismay. Ninety-seven out of every hundred merchants, he continues, according to an old calculation, fail in business, and it is pretty safe to put down the other three as rogues. As in merchandize, [*sic*] so in farming. People are toiling with real pain after imaginary pleasure. The true secret of life is to ask for little; to live on the minimum.

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

Mr. THOREAU has made the experiment. Entering manhood with a good education and a vigourous frame, he has, after various attempts, come to the conclusion, recorded in his book, that, after all, "the occupation of a day labourer was the most independent of any, especially as it required only thirty or forty days in a year to support one." School-keeping he had tried; but that, as a trade, was a failure. There was no love in it, and it did not gratify the mind; beside, it was expensive:—he was "obliged to dress and train, not to say think and believe accordingly, and time was lost in the bargain." Trade was still worse. It was tried, but the experimentalist for freedom found "it would take ten years to get underway in that, and that then he should probably be on his way to the devil." He was "actually afraid that he might by that time be doing what is called a good business." At one time, when he was looking about to see what he could do for a living, some sad experience in conforming to the wishes of friends being fresh in his mind to tax his ingenuity, **"he thought often and seriously of picking huckleberries"**; which indeed would not be a very self-sacrificing occupation, and certainly has its agreeable features. The difficulty is, the season of huckleberries is short, the demand limited, and it requires so little capital of head or pocket that,—if it would pay,—it would soon be overstocked. We fear it would not be adequate to the support of a family in respectability, and that if it could be generally adopted, much of what is valuable in the present system of society, school-houses, churches, lyceums, architecture, opera, and generally all costly things, would go by the board. However this may be, for more than five years Mr. THOREAU supported himself by about six weeks' labor of his hands *per annum*; and the conclusion to which he came was "a conviction both by faith and experience, that to maintain one's self on this earth is not a hardship, but a pastime, if we will live simply and wisely, **as the pursuits of the simpler nations are still the sports of the more artificial**," which is a point in illustration exceedingly well made, and is really a poetical defence of the author's theory. He adds, "It is not necessary that a man should earn his living by the sweat of his brow, unless he sweats easier than I do." Mr. THOREAU is thus at war with the political economy of the age. It is his doctrine that the fewer wants man has the better; while in reality civilization is the spur of many wants. To give a man a new want is to give him a new pleasure and conquer his habitual rust and idleness.

The greater his needs and acquisitions, the greater his safety; since he may fall back from one advance post to another, as he is pressed by misfortune, and still keep the main citadel untouched. He may give up his couch and still keep his gig; resign his Madeira and retain at least his small beer; if he fails as an orator he may be eloquent in the parlor or the school-room; a condemned poet may cut down into a profitable prose-writer; the bankrupt citizen may become a proud villager. He has, by his devotion to luxury, the fostering of his spiritual appetites, his deference to the standards set up about him, interposed a long series of steps, which he may gradually descend, before he touches the bottom one, of starvation. As a general thing in the world, the people who aim at most get most. The philosophical negation keeps no account in the bank and starves. Nay, it keeps robbing itself till from him that hath not is taken away even that which he hath. In the woods, on the edge of a fine pond, aloof from markets and amusements, our author begins to doubt even of his favourite and ultimate resource of fishing. Life and reality seem oozing out of his feeble grasp, and he holds to the world only by the slender filament of a metaphysical whim. Says he in his chapter on the "higher laws":

[Reprints "Higher Laws," pages 213.33-214.35.]

With the preparation in his experiences which we have alluded to, Mr. THOREAU, in the spring of 1845, borrowed an axe, and set forth to level a few trees, for the site of a house, on the edge of Walden pond, in a wood near Concord. He did not own the land, but was permitted to enjoy it. He dropped a few pines and hewed timbers, and for boards bought out the shanty of JAMES COLLINS, an Irishman who worked on the Fitchburg railroad, for the sum of four dollars, twenty-five cents. From his allusion, he was assisted, we presume, in the raising, by EMERSON and other friendly literary celebrities of the region. Starting early in the spring, long before winter he had secured, with the labour of his hands, "a tight shingled and plastered house, ten feet wide by fifteen long, and eight feet posts, with a garret and a closet, a large window on each side, two trap doors, one door at the end and a brick fire-place opposite." The exact cost of the house is given:

[Reprints "Economy," page 49.3-26.]

The rest of the account is curious, and will show "upon what meats CAESAR fed," that he has interested the world so greatly in his housekeeping:

[Reprints "Economy," pages 58.33-60.32.]

He had nothing further to do after his "family baking," which, the family consisting of a unit, could not have been large or have come round very often, than to read, think and observe. HOMER was his favourite book; the thinking was unlimited, and the observation that of a man with an instinctive tact for the wonders of natural history. On this last point we cannot give the author too high praise. He has a rare felicity of sight and description, which IZAAK WALTON would have approved of and ALEXANDER WILSON envied. To many of his moral speculations we could take exceptions. He carries his opposition to society too far. A self-pleasing man should have a more liberal indulgence for the necessities of others, and something more cheerful to tell the world than of its miseries. We should be sorry to think this a true picture of the "industrial classes":

[Reprints "Economy," pages 6.25-7.35.]

And again:

[Reprints "Economy," pages 37.17-38.11 and 38.27-32.]

We are all wrong, it seems, and had better go back to savage life. The "lendings" of society and civilization are all impediments. The railroad is a humbug, the post-office an absurdity, for there are really no letters worth reading, it is "a penny for your thoughts": all "mud and slush of opinion and prejudice and tradition and delusion and appearance,—alluvion which covers the globe, through Paris and London, through New York and Boston and Concord, through Church and State, through poetry, philosophy, and religion." Rising to transcendental emotion, our author exclaims,

[Reprints "Where I Lived, and What I Lived For," page 98.19-30.]

This excessive love of individuality and these constant Fourth-of-July declarations of independence, look very well on paper, but they will not bear the test of a practical examination. We say excessive, for there is no doubt there is such a thing as a neglect of a proper cultivation of a man's isolated, individual self. In many things "the world is too much with us"; the soul needs retirement, sequestration, repose. We are slaves to idle expenses, and "walk in a vain show." "Poor Richard" might come among us with profit and tell us how dearly we are paying for the whistle, and show us how much richer we might become, not by acquiring more but by wanting less. But let us look at Mr. THOREAU's contempt for the labouring of the harassed farmer. We may admit that the yoke is on his shoulder, as well as on the neck of his patient ox; but where is the condition of life which has not its yoke of some fashion or other? We cannot all be philosophers, or affect the pleasures of a hermit life in the wilderness. Even "the mean and sneaking fellows," whom THOREAU, in the kindness of his sublimated philanthropy, so tenderly describes, have their little compensations of pleasure and satisfaction, and no doubt frequently pitied the recluse of Walden at his lone habitation in the wood. **His** pleasure, stretched out on a piece of damp turf, displacing with his frame huge shoals of insect life, and gazing intently on space in an arduous endeavour to think that he is thinking; this sort of enjoyment would be simple misery to the "swinkt hedger," the poor unthinking clown, who

> like a lackey, from the rise to set,
> Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night
> Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
> Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse;
> And follows so the ever-running year,
> With profitable labour, to his grave.

The man of toil, with all his woes, has probably the common permanent consolation of humanity, he does not toil always, and with the sterile harvest of his fields he reaps, too, some bounties of friendly countenances in his little sphere of society, the treasures, perhaps, of wife and children; and though he is sublimely unconscious of Eddas and Zendavestas, he can read his Bible—the best book which any sage has in his library—and learn from it that there is a felicity in labouring patiently and cheerfully in one's vocation, and doing one's duty in that state of life in which it has pleased GOD to call us. Retiring from civilized life, in a vain attempt to escape its ills, must be the casual chance experiment of the few, and those few will hardly prosecute the work with any great degree of consistency.

There is not so much of this as in his previous book, The Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers, but a little of this nonsense is quite too much: for example, "Our manners have been corrupted by communication with the saints. Our hymn-books resound with a melodious cursing of GOD and enduring Him forever. One would say that even the prophets and redeemers had rather consoled the fears than confirmed the hopes of man. There is nowhere recorded a simple and irrepressible satisfaction with the gift of life, any memorable praise of GOD." If we may credit the quotations of the writer of this unhappy passage, he enjoys a privileged literary intimacy with CONFUCIUS; if it would not be taken as an impertinence, we should like to ask if he has ever perused the Psalms of DAVID. The fact is, that the great discoveries and revelations of Mr. THOREAU's solitude turn out to be very familiar affairs after all. Wriggle as he may among his scraps of SHEIK SADI and the VISHNU PURANA, he will find it difficult to bring forward anything of a sacred character, or illustrating human life, which is not included with tenfold more effect in the Bible. His aphorisms from these old oriental sources are frequently very happy; but it is the most pitiful affectation to use them as he occasionally does. Humour is not the author's highest faculty, but we may suspect the exercise at least of an ingenious pleasantry, when he treats us to this significant quotation. "Says the poet Mîr Camar Uddîn Mast, '**Being seated to run through the region of the spiritual world, I have had this advantage in books. To be intoxicated by a single glass of wine; I have experienced this pleasure when I have drunk the liquor of the esoteric doctrines**.'"

We may, after all, be looking at this matter too seriously. The author, in spite of his sarcasm and denunciations, is only playing the part of an individual humourist. He knows as much as any one how much he is indebted to civilization; and is only taking a view of life dramatically, as an on-looker for the moment. In this view he carries out the humour admirably. A book was published some years since, entitled "The Hermit in London," which, though it was quite successful, had not half the humour or philosophical amusement of this volume. Who but a man who had projected himself as it were into another state of being could see so clearly the humours of the village life.

THE VILLAGE.

[Reprints "The Village," pages 167.22-168.33.]

Even Mr. THOREAU, who loves the society of lizards and mosquitos, and can eat an acorn with as much zest as any man, cuts the pleasing connection after awhile, and hastens back to civilization, to secure the admiration of the very vicious public whose unprofitable heart-aches and barren pursuits he had, for the moment, abandoned. Why was not Mr. THOREAU satisfied with carving his elegies on the bark of trees, mingling his philosophic ejaculations with the wild laugh of the loon, or swelling the brimming flood of Walden Pond with his sympathetic tears? We hold that in publishing he has given up the whole argument. Seriously, he cannot expect many people to follow his example; comically, his experience is published as a curiosity, a piece of quaintness, an affectation for the simple amusement of a wicked world.

Look where the author's principles would carry him were we to listen to his suggestions, and follow this instinct of our nature for idleness and the wilderness. This day, if any, would be a favourable one for putting this experiment in operation. It is sleepy, heavily laden mid August, with a sultry temperature, and we are writing, surrounded by bricks and mortar, in a city which strangers are just now avoiding on suspicion of the lugubrious pestilence lurking in its atmosphere. We should certainly, on his showing, neither stay here to earn money to buy his book, or earn money by reviewing it: yet these are duties which he challenges us to perform, and one or other of which some considerable number of people must execute; or there will be no sale of "Walden," and the philosophic soul of THOREAU will be shaken at Concord, and the face of FIELDS, most beneficent of publishers, will lengthen, and when the author presents himself in Washington street to receive his six months' profits, the results will be small, and, instead of cash, he will be entertained with that most bitter of all receptions for an author, when his publishers take to analyzing his book—a critical proceeding which they never think of attempting unless the book is a failure; when one partner will say it was the too much Zoroaster, and infidelity in it which killed it; another will doubt whether the public cares very much about the infinitesimals of insect life, or is disposed to be imaginative on mosquitos, and a third, taking up the "Barclays of Boston," will venture the suggestion that Mr. THOREAU had better, after all, emigrate to Beacon street and write a book that will sell like that. From this fearful fate, we say, may this author be preserved! Yet he will owe it to the tender mercies and degraded toil of the civilization he despises, if he is.

We are not disposed to throw any unnecessary obstacles in the way of this author, but The Churchman would be reckless of its duty if it were not to ask the question why Mr. THOREAU so frequently throws doubt over and suggests a spirit of disaffection to the sacred Scriptures.

There is some geniality in this, as there is in the sketch of the Homeric or Paphlagonian man who came along from Canada, who is thus introduced.

A CHARACTER.

[Reprints "Visitors," pages 144.13-145.36.]

We could add to these pleasant extracts many of the natural history observations, which, as we have said, are the writer's *forte*. The agriculture, the woods, the life of the pond, are all eminently well described. He was fortunate one day to witness that remarkable sight, a battle between two forces of red and black ants, of which a rather poetical account, rivalling the combats of Turks and Russians, was once given by a M. HANHART, an improvement upon HUBER which LEIGH HUNT has pleasantly commented upon and the original of which may be found in the Edinburgh Journal of Science for 1828.

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

Review of WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS in the New-York Home Journal, 2:1.

> Walden is the history of a year passed on the shores of a quiet New England lake. It abounds in pleasant pictures of forest life, enlivened by such incidents and adventures as befal[l] a contemplative dweller in the woods. Incidents which, unimportant in themselves, go to make up the life of almost hermit-like retiracy which our author labours to depict. The seasons have each their novelty and charm, and the ever-varying aspect of the lake furnishes an endless theme for reflection and comment. No utterance of nature is void and trivial when listened to and sympathized with in the spirit that inspires the recluse of Walden Pond. The water-fowl come with the glowing leaves of autumn, and sport on the waters of the lake, and wing their way southward, to return in the spring; the wild pigeons wheel along the mountains, and the jay screams among the shrubs in the clearing; the red squirrel scampers and chatters over the roof, and the large-eyed hare burrows under the floor of the hut where the author, regardless of seasons, (or rather kindly regarding each,) lives a sort of half dreamy, half active life—part philosopher, part hunter, and husbandsman. There is a wealth of pure sentiment, and a graphic minuteness of narrative and description in this work, that renders it, beyond doubt, among the most delightful of books. As a companion for a country ramble, or a book for city reading, where rural longings make up for realities, we have seldom met a better.

Review of WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS in Concord, New Hampshire State Capital Reporter, page 2, column 5.

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

"WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS." This work, written by HENRY D. THOREAU, and published by MESSRS. TICKNOR & FIELDS, of Boston, a few weeks since, is one of sterling literary merit. It has the merit of *originality*. The author does his own thinking, and uses his own style of expression, which is appropriate, vigorous and beautiful. "Walden" has in it the essential elements of a grand Poem of life spent in the solitude of forests and beside beautiful waters. It is a poem in all except the rythmical [*sic*] arrangement of its words. The author writes in the fullness of the inspiration of genius, and has stored every page of his work with *thoughts*, as well as *words*. A pond of water, a bean-field, and a fight between two species of ants in a door-yard, would not be reckoned by the heedless world as matters of much importance, but the thinking, observing and poetic mind of the author of "Walden," seems much in them, and has found in them themes for pages of most fascinating description. We have wondered at the acuteness of observation manifested by the writer, who seemed to see and hear *everything* in the world of nature around him, and which faculty seems equalled by his powers of expressing, with intelligibility, his ideas thus obtained by observation. The scene of this work is in the woods of Concord, Mass., upon the shores of Walden Pond, where, for two years and upwards, the author dwelt in a house built by his own hands, supporting himself by his own labor, and who chose this retiracy that he might the better commune with Nature in her own solitary retreats. This work will bear reading — indeed, we doubt, if many will be able by a single perusal to gain a full conception of its beauties. It can be found at any of the bookstores here, we presume.

We may presume that this very perceptive but anonymous review must have been composed by the editor of the paper, Cyrus Barton.

1860

At the end of the journal entries for this year, Emerson would list his recent readings in Oriental materials: "Plotinus; Euclid of Alexandria; Upanishad; Zoroaster; Hafiz; Arabian Nights; Abd-el-Kader; Narrative of the Earl of Elgin's Mission to China."

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

1865

Mrs. Virginia Young Roberts returned from China to America with her two children, and took up residence in St. Louis, Missouri.

At the end of the journal entries for this year, Emerson would list his recent readings in Oriental materials: "Vedas; Vishnu Purana; Zertusht (Zoroaster); Confucius; Mahomet."

In a speech praising the Emancipation Proclamation, Emerson would present President Abraham Lincoln as the model of the Chinese virtuous sovereign, overcoming timorous councils of prudence in order to declare righteously for the rule of justice:

> Against all timorous councils, he had the courage to seize the moment; and such was his position, and such the felicity attending the action, that he has replaced government in the good graces of mankind. "Better is virtue in the sovereign than plenty in the season," say the Chinese. 'Tis wonderful what power is, and how ill it is used, and how its ill use makes life mean, and the sunshine dark.

(That oratorical remark supposed, we notice now, that someone had out of prudence been urging the President **not** to proclaim such an emancipation, when in historic fact Lincoln's advisers were urging him **to** enact this necessary martial law measure as a method for winning the war, and when in historic fact it had been Lincoln who had been holding back from any such adventure in righteousness. In other words, Emerson here had his historical reconstruction exactly bass-ackwards.)

1866

At the end of the journal entries for this year, Emerson would list his recent readings in Oriental materials: "Vedas; Hafiz; Mahomet; Zoroaster (?), Chaldæan Oracles."

1869

At the end of the journal entries for this year, Emerson would list his recent readings in Oriental materials: "Proclus; Zoroaster; the Dabistan."

1872

ZOROASTER

At the end of the journal entries for this year, Emerson would list his recent readings in Oriental materials: "Zend-Avesta; Saadi; Sir William Jones, To Narayena; Arab Ballad."
Emerson's "Poetry and Imagination":

> THE perception of matter is made the common sense, and for cause. This was the cradle, this the go-cart, of the human child. We must learn the homely laws of fire and water; we must feed, wash, plant, build, These are ends of necessity, and first in the order of Nature. Poverty, frost, famine, disease, debt, are the beadles and guardsmen that hold us to common sense. The intellect, yielded up to itself, cannot supersede this tyrannic necessity. The restraining grace of common sense is the mark of all the valid minds, —of Æsop, Aristotle, Alfred, Luther, Shakspeare, Cervantes, Franklin, Napoleon. The common sense which does not meddle with the absolute, but takes things at their word,—things as they appear,— believes in the existence of matter, not because we can touch it or conceive of it, but because it agrees with ourselves, and the universe does not jest with us, but is in earnest, is the house of health and life. In spite of all the joys of poets and the joys of saints, the most imaginative and abstracted person never makes with impunity the least mistake in this particular,—never tries to kindle his oven with water, nor carries a torch into a powder-mill. Nor seizes his wild charger by the tail. We should nor pardon the blunder in another, nor endure it in ourselves.
> But whilst we deal with this as finality, early hints are given that we are not to stay here, that we must be making ready to go,—a warning that this magnificent hotel and conveniency we call Nature is not final. First innuendoes, then broad hints, then smart taps are given, suggesting that nothing stands still in Nature but death; that the creation is on wheels, in transit, always passing into something else, streaming into something higher; that matter is not what it appears:—that chemistry can blow it all into gas. Faraday, the most exact of natural philosophers taught that when we should arrive at the monads, or primordial elements (the supposed little cubes or prisms of which all matter was built up), we should not find cubes, or prisms, or atoms, at all but spherules of force. It was whispered that the globes of the universe were precipitates of something more subtle; nay, somewhat was murmured in our ear that dwindled astronomy into a toy:—that too was no finality; only provisional, a makeshift: that under chemistry was power and purpose: power and purpose ride on matter to the last atom. It was steeped in thought, did everywhere express thought; that, as great conquerors have burned their ships when once they were landed on the wished-for shore, so the noble house of Nature we inhabit has temporary uses, and we can afford to leave it one day. The ends of all are moral, and therefore the beginnings are

such. Thin or solid, everything is in flight. I believe this conviction makes the charm of chemistry.—that we have the same avoirdupois matter in an alembic without a vestige of the old form; and in animal transformation not less, as in grub and fly, in egg and bird, in embryo and man; everything undressing and stealing away from its old into new form and nothing fast but those invisible cords which we call laws, on which all is strung. Then we see that things wear different names and faces but belong to one family: that the secret cords or laws show their well-known virtue through every variety, be it animal, or plant, or planet, and the interest is gradually transferred from the forms to the lurking method.

This hint, however conveyed, upsets our politics, trade, customs, marriages, nay, the common sense side of religion and literature which are all founded on low nature,—on the clearest and most economical mode of administering the material world, considered as final, The admission, never so covertly that this is a makeshift, sets the dullest brain in ferment: our little sir, from his first tottering steps, as soon as he can crow, does not like to be practised upon, suspects that some one is "doing" him, and at this alarm everything is compromised; gunpowder is laid under every man's breakfast-table.

But whilst the man is startled by this closer inspection of the laws of matter, his attention is called to the independent action of the mind; its strange suggestions and laws; a certain tyranny which springs up in his own thoughts, which have an order, method and beliefs of their own, very different from the order which this common sense uses.

Suppose there were in the ocean certain strong currents which drove a ship, caught in them, with a force that no skill of sailing with the best wind, and no strength of oars, or sail,. or steam, could make any head against, any more than against the current of Niagara. Such currents, so tyrannical, exist: in thoughts, those finest and subtlest of all waters, that as soon once thought begins, it refuses to remember whose brain it belongs to; what country, tradition or religion; and goes whirling off—swim we merrily—in a direction self-chosen, by law of thought and not by law of kitchen clock or county committee. It has its own polarity. One of these vortices or self-directions of thought is the impulse to search resemblance, affinity, identity, in all its objects, and hence our science, from its rudest to its most refined theories.

The electric word pronounced by John Hunter a hundred years ago, arrested and progressive development, indicating the way upward from the invisible protoplasm to the highest organisms, gave the poetic key to Natural Science, of which the theories of Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, of Oken, of Goethe, of Agassiz and Owen and Darwin in zoölogy and botany, are the fruits, a hint whose power is not yet exhausted, showing unity and perfect order in physics.

The hardest chemist, the severest analyzer, scornful of all but dryest fact, is forced to keep the poetic curve of Nature, and

his result is like a myth of Theocritus. All multiplicity rushes to be resolved into unity. Anatomy, osteology, exhibit arrested or progressive ascent in each kind; the lower pointing to the higher forms, the higher to the highest, from the fluid in an elastic sack from radiate, mollusk, articulate, vertebrate, up to man; as if the whole animal world were only a Hunterian museum to exhibit the genesis of mankind.

Identity by law, perfect order in physics, perfect parallelism between the laws of Nature and the laws of thought exist. In botany we have the like, the poetic perception of metamorphosis.— that the: same vegetable point or eye which is the unit of the plant can be transformed at pleasure into every part, as bract, leaf, petal, stamen, pistil or seed.

In geology, what a useful hint was given to the early inquirers on seeing in the possession of Professor Playfair a bough of a fossil tree which was perfect woo; at one end and perfect mineral coal at the other. Natural objects, if individually described and out of connection, are not yet known, since they are really parts of a symmetrical universe, like words of a sentence; and if their true order is found, the poet can read their divine significance orderly as in a BIBLE. Each animal or vegetable form remembers the next inferior and predicts the next higher.

There is one animal, one plant, one matter and one force. The laws of light and of heat translate each other;—so do the laws of sound and of color; and so galvanism, electricity and magnetism are varied forms of the selfsame energy. While the student ponders this immense unity, he observes that all things in Nature, the animals, the mountain, the river, the seasons, wood, iron, stone, vapor, have a mysterious relation to his thoughts and his life; their growths, decays, quality and use so curiously resemble himself, in parts and in wholes, that he is compelled to speak by means of them. His words and his thoughts are framed by their help. Every noun is an image. Nature gives him, sometimes in a flattered likeness, sometimes in caricature, a copy of every humor and shade in his character and mind. The world is an immense picture-book of every passage in human life. Every object he beholds is the mask of a man.

"The privates of man's heart
They speken and sound in his ear
As the' they loud winds were;"

for the universe is full of their echoes.

Every correspondence we observe in mind and matter suggests a substance older and deeper than either of these old nobilities. We see the law gleaming through, like the sense of a half-translated ode of Hafiz. The poet who plays with it with most boldness best justifies himself; is most profound and most devout. Passion adds eyes; is a magnifying-glass. Sonnets of lovers are mad enough, but are valuable to the philosopher, as are prayers of saints, for their potent symbolism.

Science was false by being unpoetical. It assumed to explain a reptile or mollusk, and isolated it,—which is hunting for life in graveyards. Reptile or mollusk or man or angel only exists

in system, in relation. The metaphysician, the poet, only sees each animal form as an inevitable step in the path of the creating mind. The Indian, the hunter, the boy with his pets, have sweeter knowledge of these than the savant. We use semblances of logic until experience puts us in possession of real logic. The poet knows the missing link by the joy it gives. The poet gives us the eminent experiences only,—a god stepping from peak to peak, nor planting his foot but on a mountain. Science does not know its debt to imagination. Goethe did not believe that a great naturalist could exist without this faculty. He was himself conscious of its help, which made him a prophet among the doctors. From this vision he gave brave hints to the zoölogist, the botanist and the optician.

Poetry.—The primary use of a fact Is low; the secondary use, as it is a figure or illustration of my thought, is the real worth. First the fact; second its impression, or what I think of it. Hence Nature was called "a kind of adulterated reason." Seas, forests, metals, diamonds and fossils interest the eye, but 't is only with some preparatory or predicting charm. Their value to the intellect appears only when I hear their meaning made plain in the spiritual truth they cover. The mind, penetrated with its sentiment or its thought, projects it outward on whatever it beholds. The lover sees reminders of his mistress in every beautiful object; the saint, an argument for devotion in every natural process; and the facility with which Nature lends itself to the thoughts of man, the aptness with which a river, a flower, a bird, fire, day or night, can express his fortunes, is as if the world were only a disguised man, and, with a change of form, rendered to him all his experience. We cannot utter a sentence in sprightly conversation without a similitude. Note our incessant use of the word like, like fire, like a rock, like thunder, like a bee, "like a year without a spring." Conversation is not permitted without tropes; nothing but great weight in things can afford a quite literal speech. It is ever enlivened by inversion and trope. God himself does not speak prose, but communicates with us by hints, omens, inference and dark resemblances in objects lying all around us. Nothing so marks a man as imaginative expressions. A figurative statement arrests attention, and is remembered and repeated. How often has a phrase of this kind made a reputation. Pythagoras's Golden Sayings were such, and Socrates's, and Mirabeau's, and Burke's, and Bonaparte's. Genius thus makes the transfer from one part of Nature to a remote part, and betrays the rhymes and echoes that pole makes with pole. Imaginative minds cling to their images, and do not wish them rashly rendered into prose reality, as children resent your showing them that their doll Cinderella is nothing but pine wood and rags; and my young scholar does not wish to know what the leopard, the wolf, or Lucia, signify in Dante's Inferno, but prefers to keep their veils on. Mark the delight of an audience in an image. When some familiar truth or fact appears in a new dress, mounted as on a fine horse, equipped with a grand pair of ballooning wings, we

cannot enough testify our surprise and pleasure. It is like the new virtue shown in some unprized old property, as when a boy finds that his pocket-knife will attract steel filings and take up a needle; or when the old horse-block in the yard is found to be a Torso Hercules of the Phidian age. Vivacity of expression may indicate this high gift, even when the thought is of no great scope, as when Michael Angelo, praising the terra cottas, said, "If this earth were to become marble, woe to the antiques!" A happy symbol is a sort of evidence that your thought is just. I had rather have a good symbol of my thought, or a good analogy, than the suffrage of Kant or Plate. If you agree with me, or if Locke or Montesquieu agree, I may yet be wrong; but if the elm-tree thinks the same thing, if running water, if burning coal, if crystals, if alkalies, in their several fashions say what I say, it must be true. Thus a good symbol is the best argument, and is a missionary to persuade thousands. The Vedas, the Edda, the Koran, are each remembered by their happiest figure. There is no more welcome gift to men than a new symbol. That satiates, transports, converts them. They assimilate themselves to it, deal with it in all ways, and it will last a hundred years. Then comes a new genius, and brings another. Thus the Greek mythology called the sea "the tear of Saturn." The return of the soul to God was described as "a flask of water broken in the sea." Saint John gave us the Christian figure of "souls washed in the blood of Christ." The aged Michael Angelo indicates his perpetual study as in boyhood,— "I carry my satchel still." Machiavel described the papacy as "a stone inserted in the body of Italy to keep the wound open." To the Parliament debating how to tax America, Burke exclaimed, "Shear the wolf." Our Kentuckian orator said of his dissent from his companion, "I showed him the back of my hand." And our proverb of the courteous soldier reads: "An iron hand in a velvet glove."

This belief that the higher use of the material world is to furnish us types or pictures to express the thoughts of the mind, is carried to its logical extreme by the Hindoos, who, following Buddha, have made it the central doctrine of their religion that what we call Nature, the external world, has no real existence, — is only phenomenal. Youth, age, property, condition, events, persons, —self, even, — are successive maias (deceptions) through which Vishnu mocks and instructs the soul. I think Hindoo books the best gymnastics for the mind, as showing treatment. All European libraries might almost be read without the swing of this gigantic arm being suspected. But these Orientals deal with worlds and pebbles freely.

For the value of a trope is that the hearer is one: and indeed Nature itself is a vast trope, and ail particular natures are tropes. As the bird alights on the bough, then plunges into the air again, so the thoughts of God pause but for a moment in any form. All thinking is analogizing, and it is the use of life to learn metonymy. The endless passing of one element into new forms, the incessant metamorphosis, explains the rank which the imagination holds in our catalogue of mental powers. The

imagination is the reader of these forms. The poet accounts all productions and changes of Nature as the nouns of language, uses them representatively, too well pleased with their ulterior to value much their primary meaning. Every new object so seen gives a shock of agreeable surprise. The impressions on the imagination make the great days of life: the book, the landscape or the personality which did not stay on the surface of the eye or ear but penetrated to the inward sense, agitates us, and is not forgotten. Walking, working or talking, the sole question is how many strokes are drawn quite through from matter to spirit; for whenever you enunciate a natural law you discover that you have enunciated a law of the mind. Chemistry, geology, hydraulics, are secondary science. The atomic theory is only an interior process produced, as geometers say, or the effect of a foregone metaphysical theory. Swedenborg saw gravity to be only an external of the irresistible attractions of affection and faith. Mountains and oceans we think we understand; — yes, so long as they are contented to be such, and are safe with the geologist, — but when they are melted in Promethean alembics and come out men, and then, melted again, come out words, without any abatement, but with an exaltation of power!

In poetry we say we require the miracle. The bee flies among the flowers, and gets mint and marjoram, and generates a new product, which is not mint and marjoram, but honey; the chemist mixes hydrogen and oxygen to yield a new product, which is not these, but water; and the poet listens to conversation and beholds all objects in Nature, to give back, not them, but a new and transcendent whole.

Poetry is the perpetual endeavor to express the spirit of the thing, to pass the brute body and search the life and reason which causes it to exist; — to see that the object is always flowing away, whilst the spirit or necessity which causes it subsists. Its essential mark is that it betrays in every word instant activity of mind, shown in new uses of every fact and image, in preternatural quickness or perception of relations. All its words are poems. It is a presence of mind that gives a miraculous command of all means of uttering the thought and feeling of the moment. The poet squanders on the hour an amount of life that would more than furnish the seventy years of the man that stands next him.

The term "genius," when used with emphasis, implies imagination; use of symbols, figurative speech. A deep insight will always, like Nature, ultimate its thought in a thing. As soon as a man masters a principle and sees his facts in relation to it, fields, waters, skies, offer to clothe his thoughts in images. Then all men understand him; Parthian, Mede, Chinese, Spaniard and Indian hear their own tongue. For he can now find symbols of universal significance, which are readily rendered into any dialect; as a painter, a sculptor, a musician, can in their several ways express the same sentiment of anger, or love, or religion.

The thoughts are few, the forms many; the large vocabulary or many-colored coat of the indigent unity. The savans are chatty

and vain, but hold them hard to principle and definition, and they become mute and near-sighted. What is motion? what is beauty! what is matter! what is life! what is force? Push them hard and they will not be loquacious. They will come to Plato, Procleus and Swedenborg. The invisible and imponderable is the sole fact. "Why changes not the violet earth into musk?" What is the term of the ever-flowing metamorphosis? I do not know what are the stoppages, but I see that a devouring unity changes all into that which changes not.

The act of imagination is ever attended by pure delight. It infuses a certain volatility and intoxication into all Nature. It has a flute which sets the atoms of our frame in a dance. Our indeterminate size is a delicious secret which it reveals to us. The mountains begin to dislimn, and float in the air. In the presence and conversation of a true poet, teeming with images to express his enlarging thought, his person, his form, grows larger to our fascinated eyes. And thus begins that deification which all nations have made of their heroes in every kind, — saints, poets, lawgivers and warriors.

Imagination. — Whilst common sense looks at things or visible Nature as real and final facts, poetry, or the imagination which dictates it, is a second sight, looking through these, and using them as types or words for thoughts which they signify. Or is this belief a metaphysical whim of modern times, and quite too refined? On the contrary, it is as old as the human mind. Our best definition of poetry is one of the oldest sentences, and claims to come down to us from the Chaldean Zoroaster, who wrote it thus: "Poets are standing transporters, whose employment consists in speaking to the Father and to matter; in producing apparent imitations of unapparent natures, and inscribing things unapparent in the apparent fabrication of the world;" in other words, the world exists for thought: it is to make appear things which hide: mountains, crystals, plants, animals, are seen; that which makes them is not seen: these, then, are "apparent copies of unapparent natures." Bacon expressed the same sense in his definition, "Poetry accommodates the shows of things to the desires of the mind;" and Swedenborg, when he said, "There is nothing existing in human thought, even though relating to the most mysterious tenet of faith, but has combined with it a natural and sensuous image." And again: "Names, countries, nations, and the like are not at all known to those who are in heaven; they have no idea of such things, but of the realities signified thereby." A symbol always stimulates the intellect; therefore is poetry ever the best reading. The very design of imagination is to domesticate us in another, in a celestial nature.

This power is in the image because this power is in Nature. It so affects, because it so is. All that is wondrous in Swedenborg is not his invention, but his extraordinary perception; — that he was necessitated so to see. The world realizes the mind. Better than images is seen through them. The selection of the image is no more arbitrary than the power and significance of

the image. The selection must follow fate. Poetry, if perfected, is the only verity; is the speech of man after the real, and not after the apparent.

Or shall we say that the imagination exists by sharing the ethereal currents? The poet contemplates the central identity, sees it undulate and roll this way and that with divine flowings, through remotest things; and, following it, can detect essential resemblances in natures never before compared. He can class them so audaciously because he is sensible of the sweep of the celestial stream, from which nothing is exempt. His own body is a fleeing apparition, — his personality as fugitive as the trope he employs. In certain hours we can almost pass our hand through our own body. I think the use or value of poetry to be the suggestion it affords of the flux or fugaciousness of the poet. The mind delights in measuring itself thus with matter, with history, and flouting both. A thought, any thought, pressed, followed, opened, dwarfs matter, custom, and all but itself. But this second sight does not necessarily impair the primary or common sense. Pindar, and Dante, yes, and the gray and timeworn sentences of Zoroaster, may all be parsed, though we do not parse them. The poet has a logic, though it be subtile. He observes higher laws than he transgresses. "Poetry must first be good sense, though it is something better."

This union of first and second sight reads Nature to the end of delight and of moral use. Men are imaginative, but not overpowered by it to the extent of confounding its suggestions with external facts. We live in both spheres, and must not mix them. Genius certifies its entire possession of its thought, by translating it into a fact which perfectly represents it, and is hereby education, Charles James Fox thought "Poetry the great refreshment of the human mind, the only thing, after all; that men first found out they had minds, by making and tasting poetry."

Man runs about restless and in pain when his condition or the objects about him do not fully match his thought. He wishes to be rich, to be old, to be young, that things may obey him. In the ocean, in fire, in the sky, in the forest, he finds facts adequate and as large as he. As his thoughts are deeper than he can fathom, so also are these. It is easier to read Sanscrit, to decipher the arrow-head character, than to interpret these familiar sights. It is even much to name them, Thus Thomson's Seasons and the best parts of many old and many new poets are simply enumerations by a person who felt the beauty of the common sights and sounds, without any attempt to draw a moral or affix a meaning.

JAMES THOMSON

The poet discovers that what men value as substances have a higher value as symbols; that Nature is the immense shadow of man. A man's action is only a picture-book of his creed. He does after what he believes. Your condition, your employment, is the fable of you. The world is thoroughly anthropomorphized, as if it had passed through the body and mind of man, and taken his mould and form. Indeed, good poetry is always personification,

and heightens every species of force in Nature by giving it a human volition. We are advertised that there is nothing to which man is not related; that every thing is convertible into every other. The staff in his hand is the radius vector of the sun. The chemistry of this is the chemistry of that. Whatever one act we do, whatever one thing we learn, we are doing and learning all things, — marching in the direction of universal power. Every healthy mind is a true Alexander or Sesostris, building a universal monarchy.

The senses imprison us, and we help them with metres as limitary, — with a pair of scales and a foot-rule and a clock. How long it took to find out what a day was, or what this sun, that makes days! It cost thousands of years only to make the motion of the earth suspected. Slowly, by comparing thousands of observations, there dawned on some mind a theory of the sun, — and we found the astronomical fact. But the astronomy is in the mind: the senses affirm that the earth stands still and the sun moves. The senses collect the surface facts of matter. The intellect acts on these brute reports, and obtains from them results which are the essence or intellectual form of the experiences. It compares, distributes, generalizes and uplifts them into its own sphere. It knows that these transfigured results are not the brute experiences, just as souls in heaven are not the red bodies they once animated. Many transfigurations have befallen them. The atoms of the body were once nebulae, then rock, then loam, then corn, then chyme, then chyle, then blood; and now the beholding and co-energizing mind sees the same refining and ascent to the third, the seventh or the tenth power of the daily accidents which the senses report, and which make the raw material of knowledge. It was sensation; when memory came, it was experience; when mind acted, it was knowledge; when mind acted on it as knowledge, it was thought.

This metonymy, or seeing the same sense in things so diverse, gives a pure pleasure. Every one of a million times we find a charm in the metamorphosis. It makes us dance and sing. All men are so far poets. When people tell me they do not relish poetry, and bring me Shelley, or Aikin's Poets, or I know not what volumes of rhymed English, to show that it has no charm, I am quite of their mind. But this dislike of the books only proves their liking of poetry. For they relish Æsop, — cannot forget him, or not use him; bring them Homer's Iliad, and they like that; or the Cid, and that rings well; read to them from Chaucer, and they reckon him an honest fellow. Lear and Macbeth and Richard III. they know pretty well without guide. Give them Robin Hood's ballads or Griselda, or Sir Andrew Barton, or Sir Patrick Spens, or Chevy Chase, or Tam O'Shanter, and they like these well enough. They like to see statues; they like to name the stars; they like to talk and hear of Jove, Apollo, Minerva, Venus and the Nine. See how tenacious we are of the old names. They like poetry without knowing it as such. They like to go to the theatre and be made to weep; to Faneuil Hall, and be taught by Otis, Webster, or Kossuth, or Phillips, what great hearts

they have, what tears, what new possible enlargements to their narrow horizons. They like to see sunsets on the hills or on a lake shore. Now a cow does not gaze at the rainbow, or show or affect any interest in the landscape, or a peacock, or the song of thrushes.
Nature is the true idealist. When she serves us best, when, on rare days, she speaks to the imagination, we feel that the huge heaven and earth are but a web drawn around us, that the light, skies and mountains are but the painted vicissitudes of the soul. Who has heard our hymn in the churches without accepting the truth,—

"As o'er our heads the seasons roll,
And soothe with change of bliss the soul?"

Of course, when we describe man as poet, and credit him with the triumphs of the art, we speak of the potential or ideal man,—not found now in any one person. You must go through a city or a nation, and find one faculty here, one there, to build the true poet withal. Yet all men know the portrait when it is drawn, and it is part of religion to believe its possible incarnation, He is the healthy, the wise, the fundamental, the manly man, seer of the secret; against all the appearance he sees and reports the truth, namely that the soul generates matter. And poetry is the only verity,—the expression of a sound mind speaking after the ideal, and not after the apparent. As a power it is the perception of the symbolic character of things, and the treating them as representative: as a talent it is a magnetic tenaciousness of an image, and by the treatment demonstrating that this pigment of thought is as palpable and objective to the poet as is the ground on which he stands, or the walls of houses about him. And this power appears in Dante and Shakspeare. In some individuals this insight or second sight has an extraordinary reach which compels our wonder, as in Behmen, Swedenborg and William Blake the painter.
William Blake, whose abnormal genius, Wordsworth said, interested him more than the conversation of Scott or of Byron, writes thus: "He who does not imagine in stronger and better lineaments and in stronger and better light than his perishing mortal eye can see, does not imagine at all. The painter of this work asserts that all his imaginations appear to him infinitely more perfect and more minutely organized than anything seen by his mortal eye....I assert for myself that I do not behold the outward creation, and that to me it would be a hindrance, and not action. I question not my corporeal eye any more than I would question a window concerning a sight. I look through it, and not with it."

It is a problem of metaphysics to define the province of Fancy and Imagination. The words are often used, and the things confounded. Imagination respects the cause. It is the vision of an inspired soul reading arguments and affirmations in all Nature of that which it is driven to say. But as soon as this soul is released a little from its passion, and at leisure plays

with the resemblances and types, for amusement, and not for its moral end, we call its action Fancy. Lear, mad with his affliction, thinks every man who suffers must have the like cause with his own. "What, have his daughters brought him to this pass!" But when, his attention being diverted, his mind rests from this thought, he becomes fanciful with Tom, playing with the superficial resemblances of objects. Bunyan, in pain for his soul, wrote Pilgrim's Progress; Quarles, after he was quite cool, wrote Emblems.

Imagination is central; fancy, superficial. Fancy relates to surface, in which a great part of life lies. The lover is rightly said to fancy the hair, eyes, complexion of the maid. Fancy is a wilful, imagination a spontaneous act; fancy, a play as with dolls and puppets which we choose to call men and women; imagination, a perception and affirming of a real relation between a thought and some material fact. Fancy amuses; imagination expands and exalts us. Imagination uses an organic classification. Fancy joins by accidental resemblance, surprises and amuses the idle, but is silent in the presence of great passion and action. Fancy aggregates; imagination animates. Fancy is related to color; imagination, to form. Fancy paints; imagination sculptures.

Veracity.—I do not wish, therefore, to find that my poet is not partaker of the feast he spreads, or that he would kindle or amuse me with that which does not kindle or amuse him. He must believe in his poetry. Homer, Milton, Hafiz, Herbert, Swedenborg, Wordsworth, are heartily enamoured of their sweet thoughts. Moreover, they know that this correspondence of things to thoughts is far deeper than they can penetrate,—defying adequate expression; that it is elemental, or in the core of things. Veracity therefore is that which we require in poets,—that they shall say how it was with them, and not what might be said. And the fault of our popular poetry is that it is not sincere.

"What news!" asks man of man everywhere. The only teller of news is the poet. When he sings, the world listens with the assurance that now a secret of God is to be spoken. The right poetic mood is or makes a more complete sensibility, piercing the outward fact to the meaning of the fact; shows a sharper insight: and the perception creates the strong expression of it as the man who sees his way walks in it.

It is a rule in eloquence, that the moment the orator loses command of his audience, the audience commands him. So in poetry, the master rushes to deliver his thought, and the words and images fly to him to express it; whilst colder moods are forced to respect the ways of saying it, and insinuate, or, as it were, muffle the fact to suit the poverty or caprice of their expression, so that they only hint the matter, or allude to it, being unable to fuse and mould their words and images to fluid obedience. See how Shakspeare grapples at once with the main problem of the tragedy, as in Lear and Macbeth, and the opening of the Merchant of Venice.

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

All writings must be in a degree exoteric written to a human should or would, instead of to the fatal is: this holds even of the bravest and sincerest writers. Every writer is a skater, and must go partly where he would, and partly where the skates carry him; or a sailor, who can only land where sails can be blown. And yet it is to be added that high poetry exceeds the fact, or Nature itself, just as skates allow the good skater far more grace than his best walking would show, or sails more than riding. The poet writes from a real experience, the amateur feigns one. Of course one draws the bow with his fingers and the other with the strength of his body; one speaks with his lips and the other with a chest voice. Talent amuses, but if your verse has not a necessary and autobiographic basis, though under whatever gay poetic veils, it shall not waste my time.
For poetry is faith. To the poet the world is virgin soil; all is practicable; the men are ready for virtue; it is always time to do right. He is a true re-commencer, or Adam in the garden again. He affirms the applicability of the ideal law to this moment and the present knot of affairs. Parties, lawyers and men of the world will invariably dispute such an application, as romantic and dangerous: they admit the general truth, but they and their affair always constitute a case in bar of the statute. Free trade, they concede, is vary well as a principle, but it is never quite the time for its adoption without prejudicing actual interests. Chastity, they admit, is very well,—but then think of Mirabeau's passion and temperament! Eternal laws are very well, which admit no violation,—but so extreme were the times and manners of mankind, that you must admit miracles, for the times constituted a case. Of course, we know what you say, that legends are found in all tribes,—but this legend is different. And so throughout; the poet affirms the laws, prose busies itself with exceptions,— with the local and individual.
l require that the poem should impress me so that after I have shut the book it shall recall me to itself, or that passages should. And inestimable is the criticism of memory as a corrective to first impressions. We are dazzled at first by new words and brilliancy of color, which occupy the fancy and deceive the judgment. But all this is easily forgotten. Later, the thought, the happy image which expressed it and which was a true experience of the poet, recurs to mind, and sends me back in search of the book. And I wish that the poet should foresee this habit of readers, and omit all but the important passages; Shakspeare is made up of important passages, like Damascus steel made up of old nails. Homer has his own,—

"One omen is best, to fight for one's country;"

and again, -

"They heal their griefs, for curable are the hearts of the noble."

Write, that I may know you. Style betrays you, as your eyes do. We detect at once by it whether the writer has a firm grasp on his fact or thought,— exists at the moment for that alone, or

whether he has one eye apologizing, deprecatory, turned on his reader. In proportion always to his possession of his thought is his defiance of his readers. There is no choice of words for him who clearly sees the truth. That provides him with the best word.

Great design belongs to a poem, and is better than any skill of execution,— but how rare! I find it in the poems of Wordsworth, — Laodamia, and the Ode to Dion, and the plan of The Recluse. We want design, and do not forgive the bards if they have only the art of enamelling. We want an architect, and they bring us an upholsterer.

If your subject do not appear to you the flower of the world at this moment, you have not rightly chosen it. No matter what it is, grand or gay, national or private, if it has a natural prominence to you, work away until you come to the heart of it: then it will, though it were a sparrow or a spider-web, as fully represent the central law and draw all tragic or joyful illustration, as if it were the book of Genesis or the book of Doom. The subject — we must so often say it — is indifferent. Any word, every word in language, every circumstance, becomes poetic in the hands of a higher thought,

The test or measure of poetic genius Is the power to read the poetry of affairs, — to fuse the circumstance of today: not to use Scott's antique superstitions, or Shakspeare's, but to convert those of the nineteenth century and of the existing nations into universal symbols. 'T is easy to repaint the mythology of the Creeks, or of the Catholic Church, the feudal castle, the crusade, the martyrdoms of medieval Europe: but to point out where the same creative force is now working in our own houses and public assemblies; to convert the vivid energies acting at this hour in New York and Chicago and San Francisco into universal symbols, requires a subtile and commanding thought. 'T is boyish in Swedenborg to cumber himself with the dead scurf of Hebrew antiquity, as if the Divine creative energy had fainted in his own century. American life storms about us daily, and is slow to find a tongue. This contemporary insight is transubstantiation, the conversion of daily bread into the holiest symbols; and every man would be a poet if his intellectual digestion were perfect. The test of the poet is the power to take the passing day, with its news, its cares, its fears, as he shares them, and hold it up to a divine reason, till he sees it to have a purpose and beauty, and to be related to astronomy and history and the eternal order of the world. Then the dry twig blossoms in his hand. He is calmed and elevated.

The use of "occasional poems" is to give leave to originality. Every one delights in the felicity frequently shown in our drawing-rooms. In a game-party or picnic poem each writer is released from the solemn rhythmic traditions which alarm and suffocate his fancy, and the result is that one of the partners offers a poem in a new style that hints at a new literature. Yet the writer holds it cheap, and could do the like all day. On the

stage, the farce is commonly far better given than the tragedy, as the stock actors understand the farce, and do not understand the tragedy. The writer in the parlor has more presence of mind, more wit and fancy, more play of thought, on the incidents that occur at table or about the house, than in the politics of Germany or Rome. Many of the fine poems of Herrick; Jonson and their contemporaries had this casual origin.

I know there is entertainment and room for talent in the artist's selection of ancient or remote subjects; as when the poet goes to India, or to Rome, or to Persia, for his fable. But I believe nobody knows better than he that herein he consults his ease rather than his strength or his desire. He is very well convinced that the great moments of life are those in which his own house, his own body, the tritest and nearest ways and words and things have been illuminated into prophets and teachers. What else is it to be a poet! What are his garland and singing-robes! What but a sensibility so keen that the scent of an elder-blow or the timber-yard and corporation-works of a nest of pismires is event enough for him, — all emblems and personal appeals to him. His wreath and robe is to do what he enjoys; emancipation from other men's questions, and glad study of his own; escape from the gossip and routine of society, and the allowed right and practice of making better. He does not give his hand, but in sign of giving his heart; he is not affable with all, but silent, uncommitted or in love, as his heart leads him. There is no subject that does not belong to him, politics, economy, manufactures and stock-brokerage, as much as sunsets and souls; only, these things, placed in their true order, are poetry; displaced, or put in kitchen order, they are unpoetic. Malthus is the right organ of the English proprietors; but we shall never understand political economy until Burns or Béranger or some poet shall teach it in songs, and he will not teach Malthusianism.

Poetry is the gay science. The trait and test of the poet is that he builds, adds and affirms. The critic destroys: the poet says nothing but what helps somebody; let others be distracted with cares, he is exempt. All their pleasures are tinged with pain. All his pains are edged with pleasure. The gladness he imparts he shares. As one of the old Minnesinger sung,—

"Oft have I heard, and now believe it true,
Whom man delights in, God delights in too."

Poetry is the consolidation of mortal men. They live cabined, cribbed, confined in a narrow and trivial lot,—in wants, pains, anxieties and superstitions, in profligate politics, in personal animosities, in mean employments,—and victims of these; and the nobler powers untried, unknown. A poet comes who lifts the veil; gives them glimpses of the laws of the universe; shows them the circumstance as illusion; shows that Nature is only a language to express the laws, which are grand and beautiful;-and lets them, by his songs, into some of the realities. Socrates, the Indian teachers of the Maia, the Bibles of the nations, Shakspeare, Milton, Hafiz, Ossian, the Welsh Bards;—these all

deal with Nature and history as means and symbols, and not as ends. With such guides they begin to see that what they had called pictures are realities, and the mean life is pictures. And this is achieved by words; for it is a few oracles spoken by perceiving men that are the texts on which religions and states are founded. And this perception has at once its moral sequence. Ben Jonson said, "The principal end of poetry is to inform men in the just reason of living."

Creation.—But there is a third step which poetry takes, and which seems higher than the others, namely, creation, or ideas taking forms of their own,— when the poet invents the fable, and invents the language which his heroes speak. He reads in the word or action of the man its yet untold results. His inspiration is power to carry out and complete the metamorphosis, which, in the imperfect kinds arrested for ages, in the perfecter proceeds rapidly in the same individual. For poetry is science, and the poet a truer logician. Men in the courts or in the street think themselves logical and the poet whimsical. Do they think there is chance or wilfulness in what he sees and tells? To be sure, we demand of him what he demands of himself,— veracity, first of all. But with that, he is the lawgiver, as being an exact reporter of the essential law. He knows that he did not make his thought,—no, his thought made him, and made the sun and the stars. Is the solar system good art and architecture? the same wise achievement is in the human brain also, can you only wile it from interference and marring. We cannot look at works of art but they teach us how near man is to creating. Michael Angelo is largely filed with the Creator that made and makes men. How much of the original craft remains in him, and he a mortal man! In him and the like perfecter brains the instinct is resistless, knows the right way, is melodious, and at all points divine, The reason we set so high a value on any poetry,—as often on a line or a phrase as on a poem,—is that it is a new work of Nature, as a man is. It must be as new as foam and as old as the rock. But a new verse comes once in a hundred years; therefore Pindar, Hafiz, Dante, speak so proudly of what seems to the clown a jingle.

The writer, like the priest, must be exempted from secular labor. His work needs a frolic health; he must be at the top of his condition. In that prosperity he is sometimes caught up into a perception of means and materials, of feats and fine arts, of fairy machineries and funds of power hitherto utterly unknown to him, whereby he can transfer his visions to mortal canvas, or reduce them into iambic or trochaic, into lyric or heroic rhyme. These successes are not less admirable and astonishing to the poet than they are to his audience. He has seen something which all the mathematics and the best industry could never bring him unto. Now at this rare elevation above his usual sphere, he has come into new circulations, the marrow of the world is in his bones, the opulence of forms begins to pour into his intellect, and he is permitted to dip his brush into the old paint-pot with which birds, flowers, the human cheek, the living

rock, the broad landscape, the ocean and the eternal sky were painted.

These fine fruits of judgment, poesy and sentiment, when once their hour is struck, and the world is ripe for them, know as well as coarser how to feed and replenish themselves, and maintain their stock alive, and multiply; for roses and violets renew their race like oaks, and flights of painted moths are as old as the Alleghanies. The balance of the world is kept, and dewdrop and haze and the pencil of light are as long-lived as chaos and darkness.

Our science is always abreast of our self-knowledge. Poetry begins, or all becomes poetry, when we look from the centre outward, and are using all as if the mind made it. That only can we see which we are, and which we make. The weaver sees gingham; the broker sees the stock-list; the politician, the ward and county votes; the poet sees the horizon, and the shores of matter lying on the sky, the interaction of the elements,-- the large effect of laws which correspond to the inward laws which he knows, and so are but a kind of extension of himself. "The attractions are proportional to the destinies." Events or things are only the fulfilment of the prediction of the faculties. Better men saw heavens and earths; saw noble instruments of noble souls. We see railroads, mills and banks, and we pity the poverty of these dreaming Buddhists. There was as much creative force then as now, but it made globes and astronomic heavens, instead of broadcloth and wine-glasses.

The poet is enamoured of thoughts and laws. These know their way, and, guided by them, he is ascending from an interest in visible things to an interest in that which they signify, and from the part of a: spectator to the part of a maker. And as everything streams and advances, as every faculty and every desire is procreant, and every perception is a destiny, there is no limit to his hope. "Anything, child, that the mind covers, from the milk of a cocoa to the throne of the three worlds, thou mayest obtain, by keeping the law of thy members and the law of thy mind." It suggests that there is higher poetry than we write or read.

Rightly, poetry is organic. We cannot know things by words and writing, but only by taking a central position in the universe and living in its forms. We sink to rise:—

"None any work can frame,
Unless himself become the same."

All the parts and forms of Nature are the expression or production of divine faculties, and the same are in us. And the fascination of genius for us is this awful nearness to Nature's creations.

I have heard that the Germans think the creator of Trim and Uncle Toby, though he never wrote a verse, a greater poet than Cowper, and that Goldsmith's title to the name is not from his Deserted Village, but derived from the Vicar of Wakefield. Better examples are Shakspeare's Ariel, his Caliban and his fairies in the Midsummer Night's Dream. Barthold Niebuhr said well, "There

is little merit in inventing a happy idea or attractive situation, so long as it is only the author's voice which we hear. As a being whom we have called into life by magic arts, as soon as it has received existence acts independently of the master's impulse, so the poet creates his persons, and then watches and relates what they do and say. Such creation is poetry, in the literal sense of the term, and its possibility is an unfathomable enigma. The gushing fulness of speech belongs to the poet, and it flows from the lips of each of his magic beings in the thoughts and words peculiar to its nature."

This force of representation so plants his figures before him that he treats them as real; talks to them as if they were bodily there; puts words in their mouth such as they should have spoken, and is affected by them as by persons. Vast is the difference between writing clean verses for magazines, and creating these new persons and situations,—new language with emphasis and reality. The humor of Falstaff, the terror of Macbeth, have each their swarm of fit thoughts and images, as if Shakspeare had known and reported the men, instead of inventing them at his desk. This power appears not only in the outline or portrait of his actors, but also in the bearing and behavior and style of each individual. Ben Jonson told Drummond that "Sidney did not keep a decorum in making every one speak as well as himself."

We all have one key to this miracle the poet, and the dunce has experiences that may explain Shakspeare to him, —one key, namely, dreams. In dreams we are true poets; we create the persons of the drama; we give them appropriate figures, faces, costume; they are perfect in their organs, attitude, manners: moreover they speak after their own characters, not ours;—they speak to us, and we listen with surprise to what: they say. Indeed, I doubt if the best poet has yet written any five-act play that can compare in thoroughness of invention with this unwritten play in fifty acts, composed by the dullest snorer on the floor of the watch-house.

Melody, Rhyme, Form.—Music and rhyme are among the earliest pleasures of the child, and, in the history of literature, poetry precedes prose. Every one may see, as he rides on the highway through an uninteresting landscape, how a little water instantly relieves the monotony: no matter what objects are near it,—a gray rock, a grass-patch, an alder-bush, or a stake,—they become beautiful by being reflected. It is rhyme to the eye, and explains the charm of rhyme to the ear. Shadows please us as still finer rhymes. Architecture gives the like pleasure by the repetition of equal parts in a colonnade, in a row of windows, or in wings; gardens by the symmetric contrasts of the beds and walks. In society you have this figure in a bridal company, where a choir of white-robed maidens give the charm of living statues; in a funeral procession, where all wear black; in a regiment of soldiers in uniform.

The universality of this taste is proved by our habit of casting our facts into rhyme to remember when better, as so many proverbs may show. Who would hold the order of the almanac so fast but

for the ding-dong,—

"Thirty days hath September," etc.:—

or of the Zodiac, but for

"The Ram, the Bull, the heavenly Twins," etc.?

We are lovers of rhyme and return, period and musical reflection. The babe is lulled to sleep by the nurse's song. Sailors can work better for their yo-heave-o. Soldiers can march better and fight better for the drum and trumpet. Metre begins with pulse-beat, and the length of lines in songs and poems is determined by the inhalation and exhalation of the lungs. If You hum or whistle the rhythm of the common English metres, —of the decasyllabic quatrain, or the octosyllabic with alternate sexisyllabic, or other rhythms,—you can easily believe these metres to be organic, derived from the human pulse, and to be therefore not proper to one nation, but to mankind. I think you will also find a charm heroic, plaintive, pathetic, in these cadences, and be at once set on searching for the words that can rightly fill these vacant beats. Young people like rhyme, drum-beat, tune, things in pairs and alternatives; and, in higher degrees, we know the instant power of music upon our temperaments to change our mood, and gives us its own; and human passion, seizing these constitutional tunes, aims to fill them with appropriate words, or marry music to thought, believing, as we believe of all marriage, that matches are made in heaven, and that for every thought its proper melody or rhyme exists, though the odds are immense against our finding it, and only genius can rightly say the banns.
Another form of rhyme is iterations of phrase,

"At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down: at her feet he bowed, he fell: where he bowed, there he fell down dead."

The fact is made conspicuous, nay, colossal, by this simple rhetoric:—

"They shall perish, but thou shalt endure: yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed: but thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end.

Milton delights in these iterations:—

"Though fallen on evil days,
On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues.

"Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth its silver lining on the night?
I did not err, there does a sable cloud
Turn forth its silver lining on the night."
Comus.

"A little onward lend thy guiding hand,
To these dark steps a little farther on

Samson.

So in our songs and ballads the refrain skilfully used, and deriving some novelty or better sense in each of many verses:—

"Busk thee, husk thee, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk thee, husk thee, my winsome marrow.

HAMIILTON.

Of course rhyme soars and refines with the growth of the mind. The boy liked the drum, the people liked an overpowering jewsharp tune. Later they like to transfer that rhyme to life, and to detect a melody as prompt and perfect in their daily affairs. Omen and coincidence show the rhythmical structure of man; hence the taste for signs, sortilege, prophecy and fulfilment, anniversaries, etc. By and by, when they apprehend real rhymes, namely, the correspondence of parts in Nature,—acid and alkali, body and mind, man and maid, character and history, action and reaction,—they do not longer value rattles and ding-dongs, or barbaric word-jingle. Astronomy, Botany, Chemistry, Hydraulics and the elemental forces have their own periods and returns, their own grand strains of harmony not less exact up to the primeval apothegm that "there is nothing on earth which is not in the heavens in a heavenly form, and nothing in the heavens which is not on the earth in an earthly form." They furnish the poet with grander pairs and alternations, and will require an equal expansion in his metres.

There is under the seeming poverty of metres an infinite variety, as every artist knows. A right ode (however nearly it may adopt conventional metre, as the Spenserian, or the heroic blank verse, or one of the fixed lyric metres) will by any sprightliness be at once lifted out of conventionality, and will modify the metre. Every good poem that I know I recall by its rhythm also. Rhyme is a pretty good measure of the latitude and opulence of a writer. If unskilful, he is at once detected by the poverty of his chimes. A small, well- worn, sprucely brushed vocabulary serves him. Now try Spenser, Marlowe, Chapman, and see how wide they fly for weapons, and how rich and lavish their profusion. In their rhythm is no manufacture, but a vortex, or musical tornado, which, falling on words and the experience of a learned mind, whirls these materials into the same grand order as planets and moons obey, and seasons, and monsoons.

There are also prose poets. Thomas Taylor, the Platonist, for instance, is really a better man of imagination, a better poet, or perhaps I should say a better feeder to a poet, than any man between Milton and Wordsworth. Thomas Moore had the magnanimity to say, "If Burke and Bacon were not poets (measured lines not being necessary to constitute one), he did not know what poetry meant." And every good reader will easily recall expressions or passages in works of pure science which have given him the same pleasure which he seeks in professed poets. Richard Owen, the eminent paleontologist said:—

"All hitherto observed causes of extirpation point either to continuous slowly operating geologic changes, or to no greater

sudden cause than the, so to speak, spectral appearance of mankind on a limited tract of land not before inhabited."

St. Augustine complains to God of his friends offering him the books of the philosophers:—

"And these were the dishes in which they brought to me, being hungry, the Sun and the Moon instead of Thee."

It would not be easy to refuse to Sir Thomas Browne's Fragment on Mummies the claim of poetry:—

"Of their living habitations they made little account, conceiving of them but as hospitia, or inns, while they adorned the sepulchres of the dead, and, planting thereon lasting bases, defied the crumbling touches of time, and the misty vaporousness of oblivion. Yet all were but Babel vanities. Time sadly overcometh all things, and is now dominant and sitteth upon a Sphinx, and looketh unto Memphis and old Thebes, while his sister Oblivion reclineth semi-somnous on a pyramid, gloriously triumphing, making puzzles of Titanian erections, and turning old glories into dreams. History sinketh beneath her cloud. The traveller as he paceth through those deserts asketh of her, Who builded them? and she mumbleth something, but what it is he heareth not."

Rhyme, being a kind of music, shares this advantage with music, that it has a privilege of speaking truth which all Philistia is unable to challenge. Music is the poor man's Parnassus. With the first note of the flute or horn, or the first strain of a song, we quit the world of common sense and launch on the sea of ideas and emotions: we pour contempt on the prose you so magnify; yet the sturdiest Philistine is silent. The like allowance is the prescriptive right of poetry. You shall not speak ideal truth in prose uncontradicted: you may in verse. The best thoughts run into the best words: imaginative and affectionate thoughts into music and metre. We ask for food and fire, we talk of our work, our tools and material necessities, in prose; that is, without any elevation or aim at beauty; but when we rise into the world of thought, and think of these things only for what they signify, speech refines into order and harmony. I know what you say of mediæval barbarism and sleighbell rhyme, but we have not done with music, no, nor with rhyme, nor must console ourselves with prose poets so long as boys whistle and girls sing.

Let Poetry then pass, if it will, into music and rhyme. That is the form which itself puts on. We do not enclose watches in wooden, but in crystal cases, and rhyme is the transparent frame that allows almost the pure architecture of thought to become visible to the mental eye. Substance is much, but so are mode and form much. The poet, like a delighted boy, brings you heaps of rainbow-bubbles, opaline, air-borne, spherical as the world, instead of a few drops of soap and water, Victor Hugo says well, "An idea steeped in verse becomes suddenly more incisive and more brilliant: the iron becomes steel." Lord Bacon, we are

told, "loved not to see poesy go on other feet than poetical dactyls and spondees;" and Ben Jonson said that "Donne, for not keeping of accent, deserved hanging."
Poetry being an attempt to express, not the common sense, — as the avoirdupois of the hero, or his structure in feet and inches, —but the beauty and soul in his aspect as it shines to fancy and feeling; and so of all other objects in Nature; runs into fable, personifies every fact: — "the clouds clapped their hands," — "the hills skipped," — "the sky spoke." This is the substance, and this treatment always attempts a metrical grace. Outside of the nursery the beginning of literature is the prayers of a people, and they are always hymns, poetic,—-the mind allowing itself range, and therewith is ever a corresponding freedom in the style, which becomes lyrical. The prayers of nations are rhythmic, have iterations and alliterations like the marriage-service and burial-service in our liturgies,
Poetry will never be a simple means, as when history or philosophy is rhymed, or laureate odes on state occasions are written. Itself must be its own end, or it is nothing. The difference between poetry and stock poetry is this, that in the latter the rhythm is given and the sense adapted to it; while in the former the sense dictates the rhythm. I might even say that the rhyme is there in the theme, thought and image themselves. Ask the fact for the form. For a verse is not a vehicle to carry a sentence as a jewel is carried in a case: the verse must be alive, and inseparable from its contents, as the soul of man inspires and directs the body, and we measure the inspiration by the music. In reading prose, I am sensitive as soon as a sentence drags; but in poetry, as soon as one word drags. Ever as the thought mounts, the expression mounts.'T is cumulative also: the poem is made up of lines each of which fills the ear of the poet in its turn, so that mere synthesis produces a work quite superhuman.
Indeed, the masters sometimes rise above themselves to strains which charm their readers, and which neither any competitor could outdo, nor the bard himself again equal. Try this strain of Beaumont and Fletcher:—

"Hence, all ye vain delights,
As short as are the nights
In which you spend your folly!
There's naught in this life sweet,
If men were wise to see 't,
But only melancholy.
Oh! sweetest melancholy!
Welcome, folded arms and fixed eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fastened to the ground,
A tongue chained up without a sound;
Fountain-heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale Passion loves,
Midnight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls:

A midnight bell, a passing groan,
These are the sounds we feed upon,
Then stretch our bones in a still, gloomy valley.
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy."

Keats disclosed by certain lines in his Hyperion this inward skill: and Coleridge showed at least his love and appetency for it. It appears in Ben Jonson's songs, including certainly The Faery beam upon you, etc., Waller's Go, Lovely Rose! Herbert's Virtue and Easter, and Lovelace's lines To Althea and To Lucasta, and Collins's Ode to Evening, all but the last verse, which is academical. Perhaps this dainty style of poetry is not producible to-day, any more than a right Gothic cathedral. It belonged to a time and taste which is not in the world.

As the imagination is not a talent of some men but is the health of every man, so also is this joy of musical expression. I know the pride of mathematicians and materialists, but they cannot conceal from me their capital want. The critic, the philosopher, is a failed poet. Gray avows that "he thinks even a bad verse as good a thing or better than the best observation that was ever made on it." I honor the naturalist; I honor the geometer, but he has before him higher power and happiness than he knows. Yet we will leave to the masters their own forms. Newton may be permitted to call Terence a playbook, and to wonder at the frivolous taste for rhymers: he only predicts, one would say, a grander poetry: he only shows that he is not yet reached; that the poetry which satisfies more youthful souls is not such to a mind like his, accustomed to grander harmonies:—this being a child's whistle to his ear; that the music must rise to a loftier strain, up to Händel, up to Beethoven, up to the thorough-base of the seashore, up to the largeness of astronomy: at last that great heart will hear in the music beats like its own; the waves of melody will wash and float him also, and set him into concert and harmony.

Bards and Trouveurs.—The metallic force of primitive words makes the superiority of the remains of the rude ages. It costs the early bard little talent to chant more impressively than the later, more cultivated poets. His advantage is that his words are things, each the lucky sound which described the fact, and we listen to him as we do to the Indian, or the hunter, or miner, each of whom represents his facts as accurately as the cry of the wolf or the eagle tells of the forest or the air they inhabit. The original force, the direct smell of the earth or the sea, is in these ancient poems, the Sagas of the North, the Nibelungen Lied, the songs and ballads of the English and Scotch.

I find or fancy more true poetry, the love of the vast and the ideal, in the Welsh and bardic fragments of Taliessin and his successors, than in many volumes of British Classics. An intrepid magniloquence appears in all the bards, as:—

"The whole ocean flamed as one wound."
King Regnar Lodbrok.

"God himself cannot procure good for the wicked."
Welsh Triad

A favorable specimen is Taliessin's vocation of the Wind at the door of Castle Teganwy:—

"Discover thou what it is,- -
he strong creature from before the flood,
Without flesh, without bone, without head, without feet,
It will neither be younger nor older than at the beginning;
It has no fear, nor the rude wants of created things.
Great God! how the sea whitens when it comes!
It is in ·the field, it is in the wood,
Without hand, without foot,
Without age, without season,
It is always of the same age with the ages of ages,
And of equal breadth with the surface of the earth.
It was not born, it sees not,
And is not seen; it does not come when desired:
It has no form, it bears no burden.
For it is void of sin.
It makes no perturbation in the place where God wills it,
On the sea, on the land."

In one of his poems he asks:—

"Is there but one course to the wind?
But one to the water of the sea?
Is there but one spark in the fire of boundless energy!"

He says of his hero, Cunedda,—

"He will assimilate, he will agree with the deep and the shallow."

To another,—

"When I lapse to a sinful word,
May neither you, nor others hear."

Of an enemy,—

"The cauldron of the sea was bordered round by his land, but it would not boil the food of a coward."

To an exile on an island he says,—

"The heavy blue chain of the sea didst thou, O just man, endure."

Another bard in like tone says,—

"I am possessed of songs such as no son of man can repeat; one of them is called the 'Helper'; it will help thee at thy need in sickness, grief, and all adversities. I know a song which I need only to sing when men have loaded me with bonds: when I sing it, my chains fall in pieces and I walk forth at liberty,"

The Norsemen have no less faith in poetry and its power, when they describe it thus:—

"Odin spoke everything in rhyme. He and his temple-gods were called song-smiths. He could make his enemies in battle blind or deaf, and their weapons so blunt that they could not more cut than a willow-twig. Odin taught these arts in runes or songs, which are called incantations."

The Crusades brought out the genius of France, in the twelfth century, when Pierre d'Auvergne said,—

"I will sing a new song which resounds in my breast: never was a song good or beautiful which resembled any other."

And Pens de Capdeuil declares,—

"Since the air renews itself and softens, so must my heart renew itself, and what buds in it buds and grows outside of it."

There is in every poem a height which attracts more than other parts, and is best remembered. Thus, in Morte d'Arthur, I remember nothing so well as Sir Gawain's parley with Merlin in his wonderful prison:

"After the disappearance of Merlin from King Arthur's court he was seriously missed, and many knights set out in search of him. Among others was Sir Gawain, who pursued his search till it was time to return to the court. He came into the forest of Broceliande, lamenting as he went along. Presently he heard the voice of one groaning on his right hand; looking that way, he could see nothing save a kind of smoke which seemed like air, and through which he could not pass; and this impediment made him so wrathful that it deprived him of speech. Presently he heard a voice which said, 'Gawain, Gawain, be not out of heart for everything which must happen will come to pass.' And when he heard the voice thus called him by his right name, he replied, 'Who can this be who hath spoken to me?' 'How,' said the voice, 'Sir Gawain, know you me not?' You were wont to know me well, but thus things are interwoven and thus the proverb says true, 'Leave the court and the court will leave you.' So is it with me. Whilst I served King Arthur, I was well known by you and by other barons, but because I have left the court, I am known no longer, and put in forgetfulness, which I ought not to be if faith reigned in the world.' When Sir Gawain heard the voice which spoke to him thus, he thought it was Merlin, and he answered, 'Sir, certes I ought to know you well, for many times I have heard your words. I pray you appear before me so that I may be able to recognize you.' 'Ah, sir,' said Merlin, 'you will never see me more, and that grieves me, but I cannot remedy it, and when you shall have departed from this place, I shall nevermore speak to you nor to any other person, save only my mistress; for never other person will be able to discover this place for anything which may befall; neither shall I ever go out from hence, for in the world there is no such strong tower as this wherein I am confined; and it is neither of wood, nor of iron, nor of stone, but of air, without anything else; and made by enchantment so strong that it can never be demolished while the world lasts; neither can I go out, nor can any one come in,

save she who hath enclosed me here and who keeps me company when it pleaseth her: she cometh when she listeth, for her will is here." 'How, Merlin, my good friend,' said Sir Gawain, 'are you restrained so strongly that you cannot deliver yourself nor make yourself visible unto me; how can this happen, seeing that you are the wisest man in the world?' 'Rather,' said Merlin, 'the greatest fool: for I well knew that all this would befall me, and I have been fool enough to love another more than myself, for I taught my mistress that whereby she hath imprisoned me in such a manner that none can set me free.' 'Certes, Merlin,' replied Sir Gawain, 'of that I am right sorrowful, and so will King Arthur, my uncle, be, when he shall know it, as one who is making search after you throughout all countries.' 'Well,' said Merlin, 'it must be borne, for never will he see me, nor I him; neither will any one speak with me again after you, it would be vain to attempt it; for you yourself, when you have turned away, will never be able to find the place: but salute for me the king and the queen and all the barons, and tell them of my condition. You will find the king at Carduel in Wales; and when you arrive there you will find there all the companions who departed with you, and who at this day will return. Now then go in the name of God, who will protect and save the King Arthur, and the realm of Logres, and you also, as the best knights who are in the world.' With that Sir Gawain departed joyful and sorrowful; joyful because of what Merlin had assured him should happen to him, and sorrowful that Merlin had thus been lost."

Morals.—We are sometimes apprised that there is a mental power and creation more excellent than anything which is commonly called philosophy and literature; that the high poets, that Homer, Milton, Shakspeare, do not fully content us. How rarely they offer us the heavenly bread! The most they have done is to intoxicate us once and again with its taste. They have touched this heaven and retain afterwards some sparkle of it: they betray their belief that such discourse is possible. There is something—our brothers on this or that side of the sea do not know it or own it; the eminent scholars of England, historians and reviewers, romancers and poet included, might deny and blaspheme it,—which is setting us and them aside and the whole world also, and planting itself. To true poetry we shall sit down as the result and justification of the age in which it appears, and think lightly of histories and statutes. None of your parlor or piano verse, none of your carpet poets, who are content to amuse, will satisfy us. Power, new power, is the good which the soul Seeks. The poetic gift we want, as the health and supremacy of man, —not rhymes and sonneteering, not book-making and book-selling; surely not cold spying and authorship.
Is not poetry the little chamber in the brain where is generated the explosive force which, by gentle shocks, sets in action the intellectual world? Bring us the bards who shall sing all our old ideas out of our heads, and new ones in; men-making poets; poetry which, like the verses inscribed on Balder's columns in Breidablik, is capable of restoring the dead to life —poetry

like that verse of Saadi, which the angels testified "met the approbation of Allah in Heaven;" poetry which finds its rhymes and cadences in the rhymes and iterations of Nature, and is the gift to men of new images and symbols, each the ensign and oracle of an age; that shall assimilate men to it, mould itself into religions and mythologies, and impart its quality to centuries;—poetry which tastes the world and reports of it, upbuilding the world again in the thought;—

"Not with tickling rhymes,
But high and noble matter such as flies
From brains entranced, and filled with ecstasies."

Poetry must be affirmative. It is the piety of the intellect. "Thus saith the Lord," should begin the song. The poet who shall use Nature as his hieroglyphic must have an adequate message to convey thereby.· Therefore when we speak of the Poet in any high sense, we are driven to such examples as Zoroaster and Plato, St. John and Menu, with their moral burdens. The Muse shall be the counterpart of Nature, and equally rich. I find her not often in books. We know Nature and figure her exuberant, tranquil, magnificent in her fertility, coherent; so that every creation is omen of every other. She is not proud of the sea, of the stars, of space or time, or man or woman. All her kinds share the attributes of the selectest extremes. But in current literature I do not find her. Literature warps away from life, though at first it seems to bind it. In the world of letters how few commanding oracles! Homer did what he could; Pindar, Æschylus, and the Greek Gnomic poets and the tragedians. Dante was faithful when not carried away by his fierce hatreds. But in so many alcoves of English poetry I can count only nine or ten authors who are still inspirers and lawgivers to their race. The supreme value of poetry is to educate us to a height beyond itself, or which it rarely reaches;—the subduing mankind to order and virtue. He is the true Orpheus who writes his ode, not with syllables, but men. "In poetry," said Goethe, "only the really great and pure advance us, and this exists as a second nature, either elevating us to itself, or rejecting us." The poet must let Humanity sit with the Muse in his head, as the charioteer sits with the hero in the Iliad. "Show me," said Sarona in the novel, "one wicked man who has written poetry, and I will show you where his poetry is not poetry: or rather, I will show you in his poetry no poetry at all."
l have heard that there is a hope which precedes and must precede all science of the visible or the invisible world; and that science is the realization of that hope in either region. I count the genius of Swedenborg and Wordsworth as the agents of a reform in philosophy, the bringing poetry back to Nature,— to the marrying of Nature and mind, undoing the old divorce in which poetry had been famished and false, and Nature had been suspected and pagan. The philosophy which a nation receives, rules its religion, poetry, politics, arts, trades and whole history. A good poem —say Shakspeare's Macbeth, or Hamlet, or the Tempest—goes about the world offering itself to reasonable

men, who read it with joy and carry it to their reasonable neighbors. Thus it draws to it the wise and generous souls, confirming their secret thoughts, and, through their sympathy, really publishing itself. It affects the characters of its readers by formulating their opinions and feelings, and inevitably prompting their daily action. If they build ships, they write "Ariel" or "Prospero" or "Ophelia" on the ship's stern, and impart a tenderness and mystery to matters of fact. The ballad and romance work on the hearts of boys, who recite the rhymes to their hoops or their skates if alone, and these heroic songs or lines are remembered and determine many practical choices which they make later. Do you think Burns has had no influence on the life of men and women in Scotland,—has opened no eyes and ears to the face of Nature and the dignity of man and the charm and excellence of woman!

We are a little civil, it must be owned, to Homer and Æschylus, to Dante and Shakspeare, and give them the benefit of the largest interpretation. We must be a little strict also, and ask whether, if we sit down at home, and do not go to Hamlet, Hamlet will come to us? whether we shall find our tragedy written in his,—our hopes, wants, pains, disgraces, described to the life,—and the way opened to the paradise which ever in the best hour beckons us? But our overpraise and idealization of famous masters is not in its origin a poor Boswellism, but an impatience of mediocrity. The praise we now give to our heroes we shall unsay when we make larger demands. How fast we outgrow the books of the nursery,— then those that satisfied our youth. What we once admired as poetry has long since come to be a sound of tin pans; and many of our later books we have outgrown. Perhaps Homer and Milton will be tin pans yet. Better not to be easily pleased. The poet should rejoice if he has taught us to despise his song; if he has so moved us as to lift us,—to open the eye of the intellect to see farther and better.

In proportion as a man's life comes into union with truth, his thoughts approach to a parallelism with the currents of natural laws, so that he easily expresses his meaning by natural symbols, or uses the ecstatic or poetic speech. By successive states of mind all the facts of Nature are for the first time interpreted. In proportion as his life departs from this simplicity, he uses circumlocution,—by many words hoping to suggest what he cannot say. Vexatious to find poets, who are by excellence the thinking and feeling of the world, deficient in truth of intellect and of affection. Then is conscience unfaithful, and thought unwise. To know the merit of Shakspeare, read Faust. I find Faust a little too modern and intelligible. We can find such a fabric at several mills, though a little inferior. Faust abounds in the disagreeable. The vice is prurient, learned, Parisian. In the presence of Jove, Priapus may be allowed as an offset, but here he is an equal hero. The egotism, the wit, is calculated. The book is undeniably written by a master, and stands unhappily related to the whole modern world: but it is a very disagreeable chapter of literature, and

accuses the author as well as the times. Shakspeare could no doubt have been disagreeable, had he less genius, and if ugliness had attracted him. In short, our English nature and genius has made the worst critics of Goethe,—

"We, who speak the tongue
That Shakspeare spake, the faith and manners hold
Which Milton held."

It is not style or rhymes, or a new image more or less that imports, but sanity; that life should not be mean; that life should be an image in every part beautiful; that the old forgotten splendors of the universe should glow again for us; — that we should lose our wit, but gain our reason. And when life is· true to the poles of Nature, the streams of truth will roll through us in song.

Transcendency —In a cotillion some persons dance and others await their turn when the music and the figure come to them. In the dance of God there is not one of the chorus but can and will begin to spin, monumental as he now looks, whenever the music and figure reach his place and duty. O celestial Bacchus! drive them mad, — this multitude of vagabonds, hungry for eloquence, hungry for poetry, starving for symbols, perishing for want of electricity to vitalize this too much pasture, and in the long delay indemnifying themselves with the false wine of alcohol, of politics or of money.
Every man may be, and at some time a man is, lifted to a platform whence he looks beyond sense to moral and spiritual truth, and in that mood deals sovereignly with matter, and strings words like beads upon his thought. The success with which this is done can alone determine how genuine is the inspiration. The poet is rare because he must be exquisitely vital and sympathetic, and, at the same time, immovably centred. In good society, nay, among the angels in heaven, is not everything spoken in fine parable, and not so servilely as it befell to the sense? All is symbolized. Facts are not foreign, as they seem, but related. Wait a little and we see the return of the remote hyperbolic curve. The solid men complain that the idealist leaves out the fundamental facts; the poet complains that the solid men leave out the sky. To every plant there are two powers; one shoots down as rootlet, and one upward as tree. You must have eyes of science to see in the seed its nodes; you must have the vivacity of the poet to perceive in the thought its futurities. The poet is representative, — whole man, diamond-merchant, symbolizer, emancipator; in him the world projects a scribe's hand and writes the adequate genesis. The nature of things is flowing, a metamorphosis. The free spirit sympathizes not only with the actual form, but with the power or possible forms; but for obvious municipal or parietal uses God has given us a bias or a rest on to-day's forms. Hence the shudder of Joy with which in each clear moment we recognize the metamorphosis, because it is always a conquest, a surprise from the heart of things. One would say of the force in the works of Nature, all depends on the

battery. If it give one shock, we shall get to the fish form, and stop; if two shocks, to the bird; if three, to the quadruped; if four, to the man. Power of generalizing differences men. The number of successive saltations the nimble thought can make, measures the difference between the highest and lowest of mankind. The habit of saliency, of not pausing but going on, is a sort of importation or domestication of the Divine effort in a man. After the largest circle has been drawn, a larger can be drawn around it. The problem of the poet is to unite freedom with precision; to give the pleasure of color, and be not less the most powerful of sculptors. Music seems to you sufficient, or the subtle and delicate scent of lavender; but Dante was free imagination, — all wings, — yet he wrote like Euclid. And mark the equality of Shakspeare to the comic, the tender and sweet, and to the grand and terrible. A little more or less skill in whistling is of no account. See those weary pentameter tales of Dryden and others. Turnpike is one thing and blue sky another. Let the poet, of all men, stop with his inspiration. The inexorable rule in the muses' court, either inspiration or silence, compels the bard to report only his supreme moments. It teaches the enormous force of a few words, and in proportion to the inspiration checks loquacity. Much that we call poetry is but polite verse. The high poetry which shall thrill and agitate mankind, restore youth and health, dissipate the dreams under which men reel and stagger, and bring in the new thoughts, the sanity and heroic aims of nations, is deeper hid and longer postponed than was America or Australia, or the finding of steam or of the galvanic battery. We must not conclude against poetry from the defects of poets. They are, in our experience, men of every degree of skill, — some of them only once or twice receivers of an inspiration, and presently falling back on a low life. The drop of ichor that tingles in their veins has not yet refined their blood and cannot lift the whole man to the digestion and function of ichor, — that is, to god-like nature. Time will be when ichor shall be their blood, when what are now glimpses and aspirations shall be the routine of the day. Yet even partial ascents to poetry and ideas are forerunners, and announce the dawn. In the mire of the sensual life, their religion, their poets, their admiration of heroes and benefactors, even their novel and newspaper, nay, their superstitions also, are hosts of ideals, — a cordage of ropes that hold them up out of the slough. Poetry is inestimable as a lonely faith, a lonely protest in the uproar of atheism.

But so many men are ill-born or ill-bred, — the brains are so marred, so imperfectly formed, unheroically, brains of the sons of fallen men, that the doctrine is imperfectly received. One man sees a spark or shimmer of the truth and reports it, and his saying becomes a legend or golden proverb for ages, and other men report as much, but none wholly and well. Poems! — we have no poem. Whenever that angel shall be organized and appear on earth, the Iliad will be reckoned a poor ballad-grinding. I doubt never the riches of Nature, the gifts of the future, the

immense wealth of the mind. O yes, poets we shall have, mythology, symbols, religion, of our own. We too shall know how to take up all this industry and empire, this Western civilization, into thought, as easily as men did when arts were few; but not by holding it high, but by holding it low. The intellect uses and is not used, — uses London and Paris and Berlin, East and West, to its end. The only heart that can help us is one that draws, not from our society, but from itself, a counterpoise to society. What if we find partiality and meanness in us.? The grandeur of our life exists in spite of us, — all over and under and within us, in what of us is inevitable and above our control. Men are facts as well as persons, and the involuntary part of their life is so much as to fill the mind and leave them no countenance to say aught of what is so trivial as their selfish thinking and doing. Sooner or later that which is now life shall be poetry, and every fair and manly trait shall add a richer strain to the song.

1883

Friedrich Nietzsche. *ALSO SPRACH ZARATHUSTRA, EIN BUCH FÜR ALLE UND KEINEN*; 1961, THUS SPOKE ZARATHUSTRA, tr. R.J. Hollingdale, Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1982c (1883-1885)

1992

This year marked the *reductio ad absurdam* of the influence study, with the publication of George J. Stack's NIETZSCHE AND EMERSON: AN ELECTIVE AFFINITY.[10] Professor Stack seemed not to be able to grasp the difference between mere reiterated assertion and demonstration:

> Nietzsche rarely travelled without his Emerson. And Emerson's ESSAYS were quite literally treasured by him: the works of Emerson, in German translation, were the most frequently read books in his library. Over a twenty-six year period allusions to, or references to, Emerson cropped up in Nietzsche's notes or letters. His affinity with this man he knew only through his translated writings was so strong that he often referred to him as if he were a personal friend. In his published and unpublished writings Nietzsche made over a hundred direct or indirect references to Emerson. He often paraphrased him, adopted his tone or imagery, and appropriated his phrases.

Stack of course offered no evidence whatever for the accuracy of his bald assertion that "Nietzsche rarely travelled without his Emerson." This stands as a mere assertion made by a person given to such assertions. He likewise offers no evidence whatever for the accuracy of his assertion that "the works of Emerson, in German translation, were the most frequently read books in his library." This stands also as a mere assertion made by a person given to such assertions. The instances which Stack cites, of the over a hundred points at which in his published and unpublished writings, Friedrich Nietzsche made direct or indirect references to Waldo Emerson, paraphrased him, adopted his tone or imagery, and appropriated his phrases, have left me rather out in the cold. For instance, one of these instances amounts to the following: Napoleon said: "Friendship is but a name," then Emerson said: "Friends such as we desire are dreams and fables," then Nietzsche quoted a bitter remark of "the sage," to wit, "Friends, there are no friends," and George J. Stack concludes from the foregoing that it constitutes "yet another" demonstration that Nietzsche was influenced by

10. George J. Stack. NIETZSCHE AND EMERSON: AN ELECTIVE AFFINITY. Athens OH: Ohio UP, 1992

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

Emerson!

I will proceed to instance some of this material which I found to be particularly worthy of being here instanced. For instance, for a one-liner, how about:

Emerson served as Socrates to Nietzsche's Plato.

SOCRATES

(The materials I am citing on the following screens appear in the sequence which I have preserved here.)

The following it would seem to me is an excellent example of what one might be tempted to characterize as "craziness." Any scholar who finds himself noticing that it "appears" that there is a connection which could not possibly be the case ought to be able to put on his or her brakes at that moment, full lock, and pose to himself or herself the poser, "What is going wrong with my thinking here?" It seems clear that Professor Stack does not subject himself to such interrogations:

> Commentators on Nietzsche are pleased to cite the passages in his writings in which he speculates about the nature of dreams and the expression of the unconscious in them as miniature anticipations of Freud's analysis of dreams. Emerson is never acknowledged as the teacher of the German philosopher in oneiric mysteries.... Although there is no evidence that Nietzsche had access to Emerson's JOURNALS, there are instances in his writings in which it appears that he did. As early as 1840, Emerson speculates about the role of the unconscious in our own life.

What Professor Stack giveth with one hand he taketh away with the other:

> It is Nietzsche who synthesizes ideas that Emerson expresses without explicitly conjoining them.

Also:

> Many of Nietzsche's heartfelt sentiments are, in actuality, paraphrases of, or unconscious echoes of, Emerson's writings.... There are so many instances of this phenomenon –that is, Nietzsche adopting Emerson not only as teacher and model, but as *alter ego*– that to speak of intellectual "influence" here is a considerable understatement.

Also:

> To be sure, Emerson himself does not tie together all of the pieces of his scattered, insightful reflections on this question [of a viable interpretation of reality in terms of the most fundamental aspect of the human self] in such a neat, philosophical way. It was left to his unknown German "soul-brother" to gather together and synthesize the random and dispersed observations and *aperçus* of the American thinker and poet.

Also:

> In the course of his discussion of what he variously calls "force," "vital force," "energy," or "spirit" in his essay, "Power," Emerson introduces a number of observations that seem to have left their imprint on Nietzsche's thought ... Nietzsche's admiration for the energetic, vital, and uninhibited "blond beasts" of his imagination is obviously **derived** from Emerson's writings.

Also:

> Before one can duel with a philosophical problem, one must first recognize it, inherit it, have it impressed upon one, as a problem. Given Nietzsche's almost reverential attitude towards Emerson's Essays when he was young and his rereading of them over a twenty-six year period, and given his respect for the man and his thought, it would be natural if some of the primary issues in his philosophy centered around themes that were first posed by Emerson. As we've seen, and as we shall continue to see, there are very strong, clearly identifiable, conceptual-imaginative connections between Emerson and Nietzsche in regard to a number of philosophical ideas. The agreement between the two on the question of the meaning of, and role of, fate in existence is one of the strongest of these connections.

(Be warned that by "first" in the above, obviously, all that is meant is "before Nietzsche," as there is no attempt in the monograph in question to establish that such ideas actually originated with Emerson.)

> The resemblances between key doctrines, theories, and conceptions in the philosophy of Nietzsche and the impressionistic theories and conceptions of Emerson are not carefully examined. What is at issue in the relation between Emerson and Nietzsche is not only a matter of shared turns of phrase, words, or tropes. Rather, it is a question of a deep, highly specific transmission of ideas from the one to the other, ideas that lie at the center of Nietzsche's constructive thought and are considered his original creations. Ironically, perhaps by looking backward to the original American template of these patterns of thought we may gain a better understanding of what Nietzsche meant.

Also:

Emerson's interpretation of man as subject to powerful fatalities cast a long shadow on Nietzsche's thought. It is present in the piece of juvenilia he wrote in 1862, "Fate and History," and it reappears in a passionate passage in TWILIGHT OF THE IDOLS ("The Four Great Errors," §8). Although the language of this passage is far more intense and dramatic than that of Emerson, the ideas expressed in this work of 1888, as well as some of the words and phrases, are Emerson's. "*No one*," Nietzsche writes,

> is accountable for existing at all, or for being constituted as he is, or for living in the circumstances and surroundings in which he lives. The fatality [*Fatalität*] of his nature cannot be disentangled from the fatality of all that has been and will be.... One is necessary, one is a piece of fate [*ein Stück Verhängnis*], one belongs to the whole, one **is** in the whole.

In "The Method of Nature" and especially in "Fate," Emerson characterized the individual as a "necessary" piece of a dynamic cosmic process, as subject to "circumstances" that are out of his or her control, as conditioned by a host of natural "fatalities." And the pithy phrase that is so closely identified with Nietzsche –"a piece of fate"– was derived from Emerson's essay, "Nominalist and Realist." Describing there how he reads authors for stimulation of his imagination, he remarks that he doesn't simply read a particular author (a Plato, say, or a Proclus). rather, it is "but a piece of nature and fate that I explore." In another place, he characterizes man as a "piece of causation."

Also:

It is curious how often the American literary critics have appealed to Nietzsche in order to illuminate aspects of Emerson's thought. For, in many instances, as we've seen and shall see, it is Emersonian insights and conceptions that are accentuated and intensified in the philosophy of Nietzsche.

Also:

In Stanley Hubbard's study of the influence of Emerson on Nietzsche [*NIETZSCHE UND EMERSON*, 1958] he goes out of his way to say that the latter was not an "Emersonian." But given the parallels between the thought of these similar radical thinkers, we may wonder if Hubbard fully understood what an Emersonian was.

Also, in regard to THUS SPOKE ZARATHUSTRA:

> The sayings of the "sage of Concord," paraphrased or slightly modified, appear often in this work. If one went from a careful reading of Emerson's essays (let's say a Nietzschean reading!) to THUS SPOKE ZARATHUSTRA, one would repeatedly have the experience of *déjà-vu*.

Also:[11]

> [Nietzsche] adopted Zarathustra as his prophetic cultural hero on the basis of Emerson's description of this Persian "sage." In his worn copy of Emerson's *VERSUCHE* he wrote "Das ist es!" ("That is it!") in the margin next to the following passage in "Character" which creates a charismatic picture of "Zertusht." "We require that a man ... can proceed from them."

11. In fairness to Professor George J. Stack, I must acknowledge that he is correct in pointing out that the German rendition of Emerson's "Zertusht" in the following from "Character" was "Zarathustra" and that this particular passage has been annotated **by someone at some time** in the household edition available to Nietzsche:

> The most credible pictures are those of majestic men who prevailed at their entrance, and convinced the senses; as happened to the eastern magian who was sent to test the merits of Zertusht or Zoroaster. When the Yunani sage arrived at Balkh, the Persians tell us, Gushtasp appointed a day on which the Mobeds of every country should assemble, and a golden chair was placed for the Yunani sage. Then the beloved of Yezdam, the prophet Zertusht, advanced into the midst of the assembly. The Yunani sage, on seeing that chief, said, "This form and this gait cannot lie, and nothing but truth can proceed from them."

Whether the handwriting in question is Friedrich's or Elisabeth's is as far as I am concerned yet to be determined, just as whether the annotation in question was made before Nietzsche wrote on Zarathustra, or while Elisabeth was crafting stuff out of the insane one's old notes, is yet to be determined. It is, however, a plausible interpretation that Nietzsche had originally derived the name for his most significant persona during an early reading of Emerson. (I wouldn't trust Elisabeth any farther than I could throw an opera singer.) Some may wish to see in this an influence: I see in it at most nothing that could not just as easily have been derived from a dictionary or from a collection of popular children's stories. Emerson influenced Nietzsche to use a particular word — big freaking deal!

THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK: ZARATHUSHTRA SPITAMA

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

"It's all now you see. Yesterday won't be over until tomorrow and tomorrow began ten thousand years ago."

– Remark by character "Garin Stevens" in William Faulkner's INTRUDER IN THE DUST

Prepared: August 12, 2013

THE PEOPLE OF A WEEK: ZARATHUSHTRA SPITAMA

PEOPLE MENTIONED IN A WEEK

ARRGH AUTOMATED RESEARCH REPORT

GENERATION HOTLINE

This stuff presumably looks to you as if it were generated by a human. Such is not the case. Instead, upon someone's request we have pulled it out of the hat of a pirate that has grown out of the shoulder of our pet parrot "Laura" (depicted above). What these chronological lists are: they are research reports compiled by ARRGH algorithms out of a database of data modules which we term the Kouroo Contexture. This is data mining. To respond to such a request for information, we merely push a button.

Commonly, the first output of the program has obvious deficiencies and so we need to go back into the data modules stored in the contexture and do a minor amount of tweaking, and then we need to punch that button again and do a recompile of the chronology — but there is nothing here that remotely resembles the ordinary "writerly" process which you know and love. As the contents of this originating contexture improve, and as the programming improves, and as funding becomes available (to date no funding whatever has been needed in the creation of this facility, the entire operation being run out of pocket change) we expect a diminished need to do such tweaking and recompiling, and we fully expect to achieve a simulation of a generous and untiring robotic research librarian. Onward and upward in this brave new world.

First come first serve. There is no charge.
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Arrgh.