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THE DIAL.

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THE EDITORS TO THE READER.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A SHORT ESSAY ON CRITICS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Deceive their country for their country's good."

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

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

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

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

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

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

F.

TO THE AURORA BOREALIS.

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

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

Who can name thy wondrous essence,
Thou electric Phosphorescence?

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

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

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

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

C.

NOTES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A SCHOLAR.

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

HOMER.

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

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

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

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

Homer is pious.

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

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

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

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

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

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

SHAKSPEARE.

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

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

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

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

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

"What's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion."

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

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

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

BURKE.

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

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

THE RELIGION OF BEAUTY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Again, the love of beauty awakens higher aspirations

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

D.

BROWNSON'S WRITINGS.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"'Indeed!' said I: 'And when, sir, did you receive it?'

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

"'Are you certain it was God?'

"'I am.'

"'And how will you make me certain?'

"'Do you think I would tell you a falsehood?'

"'Perhaps not, intentionally; but what evidence have I that you are not yourself deceived?'

"'I feel certain, and do I not know what I feel?'

"'Doubtless, what you feel; but how do you know that your feeling is worthy of trust?'

"'Could not God give me, when he spoke to me, sufficient evidence that it was really He who spoke to me?'

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

"'My credentials are the Bible,'

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

"'I bring you just such a message as the Bible dictates.'

"'And what then?'

"'The Bible is the Word of God.'" — pp. 12, 13.

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

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

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

"'God told them that it was his seal.'

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

"'Certainly.'

"'And without a supernatural revelation we can know nothing of God?'

"'Nothing.'

"'Deprive us of the Bible and we should be in total ignorance of God?'

"'Assuredly.'

"'It is necessary to prove that the revelation said to be from God is actually from him?'

"'Undoubtedly.'

"'The revelation is proved to be from God by the miracles performed by the men who professed to speak by Divine authority?'

"'Yes.'

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

"'So I believe.'

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

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

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

"'I said so, and say so still.'

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

"'I do no such thing.'

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

"'Why not?'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"'Do you mean to say that God lies under a necessity of creating?'

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

"'But out of what does God create the world? Out of nothing, as our old catechisms have it?'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

R.

THE LAST FAREWELL.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Edward Bliss
Emerson
1832

ERNEST THE SEEKER.

CHAPTER FIRST.

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

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

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

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

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

"MY DEAR SIR,

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

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

CONSTANT SEYMOUR."

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

'Enforce attention like sweet harmony.'"

"Rome, Dec. 10.

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

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

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

"Dec. 13.

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

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

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

"Dec. 15.

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

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

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

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

"Dec. 17.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Dec. 19.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE DIVINE PRESENCE IN NATURE AND IN THE SOUL.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

P.

SYMPATHY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

T.

LINES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A RECORD OF IMPRESSIONS

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

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

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

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

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

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

July, 1839.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"The genius loci, feminine and fair."

Grace, grace always.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Sisters — a picture quite unlike those I have named

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

To those, who confound praise with indiscriminate eulo-

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

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

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

"TO W. ALLSTON, ON SEEING HIS 'BRIDE.'

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

J.

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

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

O.

SONG.

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

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

TO * * * *

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

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

ORPHIC SAYINGS.

By A. BRONSON ALCOTT.

I.

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

> the livelong day
> Dial on time thine own eternity.

II. ENTHUSIASM.

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

III. HOPE.

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

IV. IMMORTALITY.

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

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

V. VOCATION.

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

VI. SENSUALISM.

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

VII. SPIRITUALISM.

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

VIII. MYSTICISM.

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

IX. ASPIRATION.

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

X. APOTHEOSIS.

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

XI. DISCONTENT.

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

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

XII. TEMPTATION.

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

XIII. CHOICE.

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

XIV. INSTINCT AND REASON.

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

XV. IDENTITY AND DIVERSITY.

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

XVI. CONSCIENCE.

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

XVII. THEOCRACY.

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

XVIII. SPEECH.

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

XIX. THOUGHT AND ACTION.

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

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

XX. ACTION.

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

XXI. ORIGINALITY.

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

XXII. VALOR.

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

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

XXIII. CHARACTER.

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

XXIV. BREAD.

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

XXV. PROPHET.

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

XXVI. METHOD.

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

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

XXVII. BALANCES.

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

XXVIII. PRUDENCE.

Prudence is the footprint of Wisdom.

XXIX. REVELATION.

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

XXX. CRITICISM.

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

XXXI. CALCULUS.

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

XXXII. GENERATION AND CORRUPTION.

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

XXXIII. EACH AND ALL.

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

XXXIV. GOD.

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

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

XXXV. NATURE.

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

XXXVI. FLUX.

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

XXXVII. SEPULTURE AND RESURRECTION.

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

XXXVIII. TIME.

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

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

XXXIX. EMBRYON.

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

XL. ORGANIZATION.

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

XLI. SPIRIT AND MATTER.

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

XLII. ORDER.

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

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

XLIII. GENESIS.

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

XLIV. GRAVITATION.

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

XLV. LOVE.

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

XLVI. LIFE.

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

XLVII. ACTUAL AND IDEAL.

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

XLVIII. BEAUTY.

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

XLIX. TRANSFIGURATION.

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

L. PROMETHEUS.

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

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

STANZAS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

C.

CHANNING'S TRANSLATION OF JOUFFROY.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

W.

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 Sybil 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.

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 to-day as yesterday. All questions rely on the present for their solution. Time measures nothing but itself. The word that is written may be postponed, but not that on the life. If this is what the occasion says, let the occasion say it. From a real sympathy, all the world is forward to prompt him who gets up to live without his creed in his pocket.

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

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

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

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

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

T.

THE SHIELD.

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

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

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

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

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

J.

THE PROBLEM.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

COME MORIR?

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

J.

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

THE CONCERTS OF THE PAST WINTER.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

D.

A DIALOGUE.

DAHLIA.

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

THE SUN.

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

RICHTER.

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

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

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

THE MORNING BREEZE.

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

DANTE.

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

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

Sarah A. . .

A SKETCH.

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

A SKETCH.

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

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