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THE DIAL.

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A. BRONSON ALCOTT'S WORKS.*

WHEN criticism best attains its end, it is an adjunct to authorship of no trifling pertinency. The true author, — the really original writer, — the first discoverer, — essentially stands above his age. His value to the world consists in his superiority to it. By as much as he more nobly speaks out of the new, is he the instrument for the reanimation and progression of the old. To the same extent also is he liable to be misunderstood, misrepresented, slighted, or rejected.

At this juncture the interpreter's function legitimately commences. It is the true critic's endeavor to bridge the waters which separate the prophet from the people, to compass the distance which divides the *understanding* in the auditor from the *intuition* in the utterer. The inspired oracle never indulges in a vain expression.

All the sayings of Genius are oracular; all the actions of Originality are inspired. The destiny of the genuinely inspired soul is always to be doubted, or despised, or persecuted in its own day and nation. Not born for years or localities only, but for all times and places, it must await as wide a welcome. We see that this skepticism, or unfriendliness, is necessarily manifested by the very law of

* Conversations with Children on the Gospels; conducted and edited by A. Bronson Alcott. 2 vols. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1836 – 7.

Record of a School; Exemplifying the General Principles of Spiritual Culture. pp. 208. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1835. Second Edition, 1836.

Spiritual Culture; or Thoughts for the Consideration of Parents and Teachers. Boston: J. Dowe. 1841.

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originality itself; and just in a degree coequal to the extent or depth of the originality. The greatest, the divinest genius is persecuted to death, even unto ignominious death; a moderate degree of inspiration is merely hunted through the world; a lighter share of originality is allowed to waste itself in neglected poverty and soul-chilling solitude. For it is not, we surmise, *always* true that the measure of the world's acceptance of genius is the index to the profundity of that generic love. Had it been so, the world ere now would have been in a more loveful position than self-confessedly it is. Loveful utterances in the deepest tone, loveful actions in the gentlest manner, have been spoken and enacted in the world's theatre, and the records of them still remain, kindly appealing to humanity for a response. Yet it comes not. Or, at the utmost, as in the mimic theatre, the spectators vehemently applaud each virtuous representation as it passes before their eyes, but as instantly forget it. Influences pass over humanity as the wind over the young trees; but the evanescent air is not the abiding sap. Manifestations of genius have not generally induced men to seek a closer union with the genetic power. We lack even imitative amendment.

Scarcely, therefore, can it be granted that the want of success, which so frequently characterizes the career of genius, is attributable either to any deficiency of love or want of exponential ability on its side. Something, nay much, depends on the construction of the receptive vessel. The finest wine must be inevitably spilt, if poured upon a solid marble sphere; not even nectar itself could be retained in a seive; and let us recollect that genius is ever too ready to pour forth its offerings, to consider critically the state or nature of the receiving mind. The mind supposed to be recipient will be found not seldom to be repellant, and even when frankly disposed to receive, often finds the task too difficult at once to comprehend that which emanates from the progressed being. The sun steadily shines on, though by its beams the swamp exhales miasma as the peach deliciously ripens.

Undoubtedly the self-complacent auditor may construct a fensive axiom, or what is familiarly designated a truism, and pronounce that *if* genius had love *enough*, it never could appeal to us in vain; with love enough, the most

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strong-hearted must be moved. This is of course a tenable position. With two such excellent diplomatic "peace-making" words in one sentence as "if" and "enough," no doubt can be raised against the veracity of the aphorism. But in our estimation that code of morals does not rank very high, which would establish a divine origin by proof drawn from the results of the action. It is needful to act, to act morally, genetically, generatively, before results can be, and *all* the results can never be known to the individual. Confirmation may possibly, in some points, be gathered from observance of consequences, but it is rare that anything beyond matter for useful and modificative reflection can be gleaned from that field.

No; it is sadly, sorrowfully true, that there are rocks so adamantine, brutes so untamable, that not even Orpheus himself, in his most celestial mood, can subdue them by the softest notes from his enchanting lyre. Our reproaches, therefore, shall not fall upon the love-inspired teacher because the taught are not more highly adtempered than we find them. Indeed, we will reproach none, not even ourselves; for the interpreter, albeit his position is more temporary and local, has his proper time and place.

There is a converse notion, however, rather too commonly adopted by active minds, wishful enough of good in their respective ways, but not yet sufficiently stable to be replenished with the needful talent; and our duty leads us to declare its idiotism. The bustling interloper, the mechanical rhymester, or the verbal handicraftsman, finding no reception in the world corresponding to his self-approbative desires, is wont to assume the position of neglected or persecuted genius, because men of genius have, as we also affirm, time out of mind, been public victims. A playwright is not a Shakspeare, merely because in common with the gifted bard he knows "a little Latin, and less Greek." A religious zealot, even respectable as he may be in morals, and we say it with genuine, heartfelt respect for all zeal, has not always the inspired right to assume the crown of martyrdom, merely because he is opposed in the world. Not all are Christ's who fall under man's disapprobation. Oddity is not a sure certificate of worth, though the worthy must of course be singular where ills abound. The unauthorized authors, the uninspired teachers, are in

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fact themselves the persecutors; and to their ears let the truth be whispered, that while the false prophet endeavors to raise a public clamor concerning his supposed oppressions, true genius silently suffers.

When with honesty, integrity, and clearness, the critical interpreter's work is performed, the public are not a little assisted to a just appreciation of generic ideas of a really novel character, that is to say, coming out of the new spirit. In every department of literature and art, there is much debris to be turned over to discover the solitary jewel; much dusty winnowing is needful for the separation of the true germinative grains. No extent of labor is however too great, if the above named conditions are complied with.

These observations appear to be called for, as introductory and explanatory of our present purpose. In some degree appropriate to any mental production, they are peculiarly applicable to the case before us. The fate of nations, as of individuals, is ever to look abroad for that which they might find at home. Articles of food, dress, ornament; new cloth, new patterns, new ideas, are to be imported by ship, instead of being wrought from our native soil or soul. That, which is brought from a distance by great labor, is, for no better reason, highly esteemed, while the sponfaneous home product is unused. By the same law, the native prophet is unhonored; the domestic author is neglected.

Goethe, in his father land, after many industrious years of exposition, earns a moderate respect, while in England his mystic profundity is appreciated, and in America he is placed on the pinnacle of renown.

Carlyle, in his native England coldly and slowly admitted to the ranks of genius, in America is kindly regarded as one of the brightest stars in the literary horizon.

And, not to mention others, Alcott, almost utterly neglected by contemporaries, must seek his truer appreciation beyond the great waters; and in the quietest nook in Old England behold the first substantial admission of his claim to be considered the exponent of a divinely inspired idea. New England, failing in honor to her children, and having no newer and more youthful country to accept and reflect their merits, may receive the award of the old land.

The first really spontaneous, vital, and actual welcome,

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which Bronson Alcott's mission has enjoyed in its full meaning and intent, appears to have been in the bosoms of those friends, who established the School called after his name at Ham in the county of Surrey, a few miles only from the huge metropolis of England. At Ham, "umbrageous Ham," as the poets truly designate it, which lies between the heights of classic Richmond with its extensive stately park, and the gentle silvery Thames, these sincere projectors carried out a living example of Alcott's idea of human culture, in some practical particulars exceeding the experience of the original, but in intrinsic merit confessedly falling short of those permanent moral and intellectual results, which singularize this recorded effort at the Boston Masonic Temple. This choice of a beautiful locality we mention, because it may be received as an emblem of the fidelity and unmercenary purpose of these earnest promoters of human welfare. But the heart to appreciate, the head to perceive the means, and the hands to execute a new and noble sentiment are not commonly united in one individual. There is, moreover, that useful quality of perseverance not always present, that day by day, hour by hour steadiness and care, meeting each event as it occurs, without which no abiding work of art can be produced. Heartfelt admiration is too ready to conclude that the highly finished statue, whose beauty is perceived at a glance, was as momentarily produced. So smoothly do the thoughts and versification of the poet glide on through his argument, that the encharmed reader questions not that it was as briefly written as it is read. It is so easy, who could not do it? This is the perfection of executive art. The pencils, the colors, the easel are removed. The blurred manuscripts, over which the author toiled so many days and nights, in polishing the Carrara marble of his verse into smooth turns and agreeable attitudes, are withdrawn from sight, and the pleasing result unclouded remains. This is the difference between genius and the generator; between God and man. The *idea* is unquestionably impregnated by the divine mind on the human soul at *a flash;* at an instant of time whose duration is too short to be capable of measurement; and it may therefore be more truly said to be conceived in eternity than in time. But the outworking of the idea is a temporal work;

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and assiduity is constantly an attribute in true genius. The seed, buried in the dark earth, germinates, under the favorable conditions of spring, at some inappreciable point in time. Of the radiant sun at noon, while we say it is, it is not. Thus of every deific manifestation. But to man is awarded another course. Through the law of industry he is to elaborate those divinely generated conceptions, to whose inbirth time is not attributable.

The God-born idea is not an impulsion, but an inspiration; not a personal pleasure, but a univeral happiness. It is not a fluctuative influence, as is frequently fancied, which comes sometimes and then departs. It is not a momentary stimulus, which urges us this morning to write a book, to build a church, or to visit the sick; and this afternoon leaves us tired or disgusted with the effort. Quite the contrary. It is a permanent, abiding, substantial pressure, which allows not the youthful artist to dissipate the holy mornings of spring in dreams of deeds he never will realize, but continually energizes his soul to action. Impulse is more dangerous than steady inanition. Dull unpretension never will mislead; but the impulsive and influential, the sometimes good, the wavering, are on all occasions, both to themselves and their susceptible neighbors, sources of diappointment and unhappiness.

Cordial therefore as was the joy with which the idea of a deep and true spirit-culture was hailed on this occasion, the satisfactory results, were not throughout obtained, in default of efficient human instruments.* Those who re-

* The following letter from the late Mr. Greaves to Mr. Alcott confirms our remarks, and well deserves insertion in this place.

49 Burton Street, Burton Crescent,
London, 16th September, 1837.

DEAR SIR,

Believing the Spirit has so far established its nature in you, as to make you willingly to co-operate with itself in Love-operations, I am induced, without apology, to address you as a friend and companion in the hidden path of Love's most powerful revelations. "The Record of a School" having fallen into my hands, through Miss Harriet Martineau, I have perused it with deep interest; and the object of my present address to you, (occasioned by this work,) is to obtain a more intimate acquaintance with one, in our Sister Land, who is so divinely and uni-

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ceived most truly were personally too aged and too unexecutive; and the appointed executive, though occasionally enraptured with the thought, was too desultory and impulsive to realize so grand a scheme. But even with this

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versally developed. Permit me, therefore, dear Sir, in simple affection, to put a few questions to you, which, if answered, will give me possession of that information respecting you and your work, which I think will be useful to the present and to future generations of men. Also a mutual service may be rendered to ourselves, by assisting to evolve our own being more completely; thereby making us more efficient instruments for Love's use, in carrying forward the work which it has begun within us. The Unity himself must have his divine purposes to accomplish in and by us, or he would not have prepared us as far as he has. I am, therefore, willing to withhold nothing, but to receive and transmit all he is pleased to make me *be*, and thus, at length, to become an harmonious being. This he can readily work, in the accomplishment of his primitive purposes. Should you think that a personal intercourse of a few weeks would facilitate the universal work, I would willingly undertake the voyage to America for that purpose. There is so decided and general a similarity in the sentiments and natures addressed in the account of your teaching, that a contact of spirits so alike developed would, no doubt, prove productive of still further development. Your school appears to work deeper than any we have in England; and its inner essential character interests me. If an American Bookseller will send over any of your books to his correspondents here, I shall be happy to receive and pay for them.

In the year 1817, some strong interior visitations came over me, which withdrew me from the world, in a considerable degree, and I was enabled to yield myself up to Love's own manner of acting, regardless of all consequences. Soon after this time, I met with an account of the Spirit's work in and by the late venerable Pestalozzi, which so interested me, that I proceeded at once to visit him in Switzerland; and remained with him, in holy fellowship, four years. After that I was working, with considerable success, amongst the various students in that country, when the prejudices of the self-made wise and powerful men became jealous of my influence, and I was advised to return to England, which I did; and have been working, in various ways of usefulness ever since, from the deep centre, to the circumference; and am now engaged in writing my conscientious experiences, as well as I can represent them in words, and in teaching all such as come within my sphere of action. Receptive beings, however, have as yet been but limited, and

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large drawback there yet remained so striking and prominent an approach to good men's hopes, that, notwithstanding the supposition of introducing impossible novelties, the number of individuals moved by the example is sufficient

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those, who permanently *retain*, have been still less; yet, at present, there appears a greater degree of awakening to the central love-sensibility, than before. I see many more symptoms of the harvest time approaching in this country. There is, at present, an obvious appearance of the Love-seed beginning to germinate.

Such of the following questions, as you may think calculated to throw any light upon what you are doing, I shall be obliged if you will answer, with any other information you may feel disposed to supply, for the universal good.

1. Do your instructions entirely follow the universal ideas; and are they connected with any peculiar sect of religion?
2. Are you, yourself, satisfied with the results that appear?
3. Have you had many difficulties to overcome?
4. How early do you begin to act upon children?
5. Is a day school or a boarding school best to carry out your views?
6. Have you found any one able to assist you?
7. Can mutual instruction avail anything?
8. Does the moral influence decidedly dominate over the intellectual in the children?
9. Are the Parents willing to let you have the children?
10. What religious sect works most favorably with you?
11. What sect works most against you?
12. Do the children that have come from other schools show any preference to yours?
13. To what age would you keep the children?
14. Do you think that your mode of instruction could be easily nationalized?
15. Is your mode of teaching compared with other modes, or is it estimated with relation to the end sought?
16. Do the children soon begin to perceive the power of the end that you have led them to?
17. Are inner tranquillity and inner thoughtfulness results of the primary purpose?
18. Do you find that the exercise of the inferior faculties neutralizes what you have done?
19. Can you make all branches of instruction relate to the primary purpose?
20. Do the Girls make greater progress under you than the Boys, and are they more grateful for the results?
21. How do you rank music, singing, and dancing, as means?

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to encourage any, who are so doubtful as to require the confirmation of associate approbation. Enough of good was done to prove the path to the best. The gates of Eden were temptingly in view, though the ultimate abode was not entered.

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22. Has sound a more universal influence than sight?
23. Are the poor chidren more easily acted upon than the rich?
24. Do the children feel at a loss, when they are removed to another school?
25. Can you act with more effect upon strange children than upon your own?
26. Is the spirit of inquiry considerably deepened, and does it take an eternal, instead of a temporal direction?
27. How many scholars would you undertake to instruct in the manner you are acting?
28. Do you consider the mode in which you have fitted up your school room as very beneficial?
29. Is it used for ordinary purposes, or only for instructions?

The child has two orders of faculties, which are to be educated, essential and semiessential, or in other words, roots and branches.

Radical faculties belong to the interior world, and the branchial to the exterior.

To *produce* a central effect on the child, the radical faculties must be first developed; to *represent* this effect, the branchial faculties must be developed.

The radical faculties belong entirely to Love, the branchial to knowledge and industry.

It is imperative upon us to follow the determination of the radical faculties, and to modify the branchial always in obedience to the radical.

It is the child, or the Love-Spirit in the child, that we must obey, and not suffer the Parents or any one else to divert us from it.

Good is not to be determined by man's wishes, but Good must originate and determine the wish.

The Preceptor must watch attentively for every new exhibition of the child's radical faculties, and obey them as divine laws.

We must in every movement consider that it is the Infinite perfecting the finite.

All that is unnecessary in the external must be kept from the child.

The Preceptor's duty is, as far as possible, to remove every hinderance out of the child's way.

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Not many years have revolved since scholastic modes had sunk to so low and miserable a point, that almost simultaneously a Pestalozzi, a Neff, and an Oberlin, were enabled to shed around them no small lustre, to acquire in

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The closer he keeps the child to the Spirit, the less it will want of us, or any one else.

The child has an inward, sacred, and unchangeable nature; which nature is the Temple of Love. This nature only demands what it will give, if properly attented to, viz. Unfettered Liberty.

The Love Germs can alone germinate with Love. Light and Life are but conditions of Love. Divine capacities are made by Love alone.

Love education is primarily a passive one; and, secondarily, an active one. To educate the radical faculties is altogether a new idea with Teachers at present.

The parental end must be made much more prominent than it has been.

The conceptive powers want much more purification than the perceptive, and it is only as we purify the conceptive that we shall get the perceptive clear.

It is the essential conceptive powers that tinge all the consequences of the exterior conceptive powers.

We have double conceptions, and double perceptions; we are throughout double beings; and claim the universal morality, as well as the personal.

We must now educate the universal moral faculties, as before we have only educated the personal moral faculties.

It is in the universal moral faculties that the laws reside; until these laws are developed, we remain lawless beings.

The personal moral faculties cannot stand without the aid of the universal moral faculties, any more than the branches can grow without the roots.

Education, to be decidedly religious, should reach man's universal faculties, those faculties which contain the laws that connect man with his maker.

These reflections seem to me to be worthy of consideration. Should any of them strike you as worth while to make an observation upon, I shall be happy to hear it. Suggestions are always valuable, as they offer to the mind the liberty of free activity. The work we are engaged in is too extensive and important, to lose any opportunity of gaining information.

The earlier I receive your reply, the better.

I am, dear Sir, yours, faithfully.

J. P. Greaves.

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their respective circles a more than transient fame, by their practical attempt to raise our public disciplines one or two degrees out of the wretched depths into which they had fallen. Few perhaps of their ideas were new. Expositions or dreams of them existed in books; indistinctly in the records of the ancient philosophical fathers; prophetically in the hopes of modern moralists. But the peculiar claims of these men consisted in their bringing to practice, in the most humble and familiar manner, modes of treating human nature, which from long obsoleteness had grown out of all memory. Youth of all ages, conditions, and pursuits had so long been given over to harsh feelings and the deadly doctrine of acquisitive knowledge, that the combined ideas of a loveful teacher, and the living source of truth in the taught, came upon the world as a wholly original discovery, involving the projector in all the difficulties and opposition with which genius is generally encountered. The world's gratitude has not, however, withheld the just tribute to these faithful innovators. But while personally to such men, and universally to their practical ideas, they now render due homage, the progressive minds of this age will not fail to perceive, that this movement was but preparative to a deeper and more important change. It was not a trifling task to persuade the pedant to lock up the ferule in his desk, and appeal for power to the love in his own bosom. This was a strange mode, he thought, of quelling a juvenile rebellion. Nor was it to him less heretical to think of folding his printed book for a moment, and essaying the experiment of developing *from* the pupils a clearer exposition of the law of number, or form, or of thought, than he could ever transfuse *into* them by means of the best book ever penned. The experiment, however, was tried, and wherever it was faithfully attempted success was certain.

And sufficient good has appeared to all unbiassed observers, to shake to its foundation the old and oppressive dogmatic discipline. Even in the most conservatorial recesses coercion and dictation begin to abate somewhat of their fury, making way for the developing principle, which must in turn yield to that inmost treatment now presented. The method of Instruction when conjoined with the doctrine, that the human mind is comparable to a fair blank sheet of paper, had arrived at its lowest degradation. The notion,

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that the human soul is but a capacity, more or less extensive for the reception of impressions to be made upon it by surrounding objects through the external senses, seems to be the darkest, the most deathlike predicament in which humanity could be entrammelled. When Bacon, with manly and original vigor, encountered the school verbiage, into which discipline had fallen from those realities which the Aristotelian forms once represented, it is quite certain he could not have anticipated a mistake on the part of his pretended followers, equal to that into which the school men had erred. They had indeed forgotten the superior half, the *dimidium scientiæ* of their great and brilliant prototype.

The worse result of this error is its very general diffusion. The notion and the language of it pervades all ranks, much to the unmanning of humanity. Even now it is maintained that external objects strike the mind. When driven from this absurdity by the evident truth that the mind must be the actor, the first mover, and act through the senses *upon* the object; it is re-urged that the object acts upon the retina of the eye, making an impression there, and, through it, upon the mind. If this be followed up by showing that the object never can be the subject or actor; that the objective case is not the nominative case; the charge comes forth of verbal and unworthy distinctions with which the practical man will not trouble himself. We may appeal to the current language employed in every-day life, through the mouth and through the pen, for proof to what an extent this depressing idea prevails of man being passive to surrounding objects. It has in fact grown up into a sort of philosophy. The potency, the creative influence of circumstances is constantly pleaded, as the cause and excuse for a state of existence we are too idle or too indifferent to amend. No scholastic jargon, or idols of the mind, as Bacon called them, which his Novum Organum dethroned, could have exceeded in direful force the prevalence of this circumstantial philosophy.

Sincerity is the youthful attribute. Deference to things which exist, to persons placed in authority over youth, either by natural laws or social custom, is much more common than is supposed. When they discover at every turn their native vivacity repressed, and their spontaneity checked, by the most solemn assurances and uniform prac-

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tice which could possibly be realized for a false theory, it would be wonderful indeed if they skepticized upon the subject. This being also the tenet of our most progressive outward philosophers, it has the charm of apparent advancement which youth demands. It thus has an interior as well as an exterior popularity, through which few minds, it seems, have power enough to break away into higher, clearer regions.

To borrow an illustration from the binder, the business of instruction is similar to that of gilding and lettering the backs of the books; putting ornaments on the edges and outsides of the leaves; while the process of development treats humanity as something more than a mere capacity to receive. It treats each individual as a book containing sentiments of its eternal author; not indeed born with expressions of ideas in forms, such as have been before employed; but a book which, when opened, when permitted to open, in daily intercourse with outward things, leaf by leaf, will unfold itself in modes and expressions ever new and beautiful. By treating the mind as a subservient passive blank, we go far to make it so. Dark prophecies are not unfrequently realized by the malicious efforts of the prognosticator. We must have faith for better success. Not only is the human soul comparable to a book in respect to the fact, that there is a progressive opening for an inner idea, occultly present previous to the development, but also in this, that the human soul is capable of a conscious union with the thread that passes through its inmost being, and binds all its leaves together. There is this *intensive* education, so generally remitted to the later incidents in human life, as well as the *extensive* and discursive education, which school development comprehends. In but one man does it seem to have been the pervading, the life-thought, the ever-present idea. Granting that Pestalozzi had an intuition of this inmost fact, and that much of *his own* proceeding had in view its realization in his pupils; yet from its obscurity in him, or the unpreparedness of the public mind, it was not declared in that lucid manner in which it now is announced. His interrogative mode too was so much more appropriate to the unfolding of a quick intellect than of a gentle heart, that we can scarcely attribute to him the design of directing the soul

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to that one needful knowledge without which man is not man, life is not life.

Each of these principles has a mode. Instruction delivers its dogmas, Education interrogates, Spirit-culture is by conversation; conversation not in its narrow sense of idle talk, but in deep communion by tongue, pen, action, companionship, and every modification of living behavior, including that of its apparent opposite, even silence itself. Instruction may be Pythagorean; Education, Socratic; but Spirit-culture is Christ-like. Being the latter, it is also the two former, as far as they are consistent with pure intellectual affirmations, and spontaneous love.

Conversation, communion, connexion of heart with heart, the laying open of unsophisticated mind to unsophisticated mind, under the ever prevailing conviction of the Spirit's omnipresence, are the modes and the principle of Alcott's annunciation to mankind. Throughout and throughout he would have the One Omnipresent recognized in actual operations, even as in the title to the chapters in his published work. Without embarrassing the subject with the question, whether all improvement is bounded by this discovery, and whether so great a consummation remained for so humble an individual, one placed just under our own eyes, whom it is no rarity to see and hear, whom we are in daily familiarity with, we may be allowed to remark, that we think the world justly owes itself an inquiry and an effort to realize this idea to the fullest. On all sides we find the admission, that something further is to come. We have not arrived at the happy point. Our young men, saturated with antique lore in theological seminaries, are scarcely to be enumerated amongst the wholesome specimens of human intelligence or religious love. Our young women, though free from the toils of Latin and Greek, and given over a little to the idea of development, are yet far from the millennial state, which a parent desires, or a husband would cherish. The best practice of the best theories, hitherto promulgated, leaves room enough for the invitation of some further proposition; and such we have now presented to us.

True conversation seems not yet to be understood. The value of it therefore cannot be duly prized. Its holy freedom, equidistant from hot licentiousness on the one hand,

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and cold formality on the other, presents constantly to the living generous mind a sphere for inquiry and expression, boundless as the soul itself. This true communion permits all proper modes to be employed, without a rigid or exclusive adherence to any particular one. There may be a time for Quaker silence, for Episcopalian monotony, or for Unitarian rhetoric. Instruction requires its pupils to be passive to the lecture or the strictly defined task. Development calls for answers limited to its initiatory questions; while Conversation goes beyond these two, not by annihilating them, not by disusing or condemning them, but by mingling them, as occasion may demand, in that process which equally permits the pupil to interrogate or to make a statement of his own flowing thought. It opens every channel to the inexhaustible sluices of the mind. It demands no dogged, slavish obedience, it imposes no depressing formula, it weighs not down the being with an iron discipline, that when removed is found to be the spring to riot and debauchery; but leaving to the artless spontaneity of pure infancy the free expression of itself, attains the highest end in education, so far as human means can serve it. This expression of itself, or, in preferable terms, the free, full, and natural expression of the Spirit through humanity, is the high destiny in our earthly existence. More than this cannot be promised or praised of any piece of human organization. The tendency in all our systems to become stereotypé moulds, for the fixing of the new generation according to the pattern of the old, is still an argument for the trial of new plans. But every system was doubtless good in its own day, and in its original author's hands. Grant "us youth" the same privilege ungrudgingly, which was conceded or assumed by our ancestors. The virtuous institutions of to-day will become corrupt within ten short years. The reformer himself needs to be reformed in his ideas, as soon as he has obtained his ideal reform. We must not freeze the gushing stream so near its source, but let it sparkle in the summer sun. Let us have the last deep thought fresh from the infant soul, and if it be inconsistent with its previous utterance, so let it be. Is it true, is it honest, is it faithful, are questions which the teacher may ask; not is it consistent with my views or system. Consistency is an attribute of the rusty

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weather-vane, and is not to enforce a compliance by youthful joy to hoary sadness.

In every such attempt as this to better humanity, the cry of alarm is raised, that our sons and daughters may indeed become poetic, but they will stand forth in the world useless and neglected. And in addition to this apprehension, the description we have submitted may have excited the idea, that a state of complete lawlessness must ensue, that humanity would again become wild, a cunning wilderness throughout, in which selfishness alone could reign.

Parents perhaps must be permitted without contradiction to pronounce upon the degree of selfishness, which entered into the procreation of their offspring. This spontaneous kind of education certainly gives a greater degree of liberty to the being, such as he is, than any other. But it does so in a godlike faith, in something more than faith, in a religious certainty in the teacher's own bosom, that if he himself be freed, if he be true, honest, and faithful, he shall not in vain appeal to the free-making spirit in the little one. And, whether as parent or friend, none other than the free should venture upon the tender and hallowed ground of Spirit. No one can in fact enter these holy precincts, except so far as he is in real liberty. The rudeness of anger, the vileness of selfishness, the haste of doctrinism, close the young bud of as the human soul, the hand of man causes the tender leaf of the sensitive plant to be curled up. Its native cry is, touch not me. The soul is sealed against such violent assaults, and not always are the natural parents fitted to become the best spiritual ones. On the contrary, the probability is that the quality or organ, too prominent in the parent, shall be that one which is uppermost in the offspring also; so that when they begin to be active to each other nothing but a perpetual clashing must ensue. And this must continue until we have a diviner generation.

Numerous are the beautiful sentiments which we have heard in behalf of the unbroken connexion between mother and child. True in a practical sense they would undoubtedly be, as in idea they are beautiful, were but the mothers as practically true and beautiful. Until then we are bound to admit that a temporary sphere, superior to the parental home, may sometimes be discovered. There

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are minds born with an intuition for this art, this highest of the fine arts, and of these, Pestalozzi and Alcott are distinguished masters. In the former there was a strong *desire* to throw the activity upon the child; in the latter there is more *success*. There is sometimes an urgency in the developing system, especially on the part of those who adopt it imitatively, which in the deeper mode is resolved into quiet patience. The thought may be enshrined in the soul, the feeling may to-day be most intense, but we must wait for the season of expression.

To aim at brilliant immediate results, is as fatal as to enforce apparent consistency. Humanity needs above all things a larger faith. It is the heavenly privilege to hope against rational expectation. In childhood we shall find the largest confession of faith. This we should encourage to the freest expression without, and to the fondest cherishing within. We encourage it most, we cherish infant purity in every aspect, in the highest degree, when we neither check it nor hasten it. When Rousseau said, "Education is that art in which we must lose time in order to gain it," he might, had he been faithful himself to the Spirit, have given a deeper turn to his thought, and have announced, that education is a process in which we may use time in order to gain eternity. A higher reality than time, or brilliant show, is to be gained in education, which by Alcott is designated Spirit-culture.

We foresee several objections which will be raised against these principles; or in preferable language we may say, we perceive several classes of objectors as likely to arise. In the estimation of one class there will be too much abstraction; that is to say, too frequent an allusion from facts in the outward world to those in the inner world. In the opinion of another class, there will not be religion enough; that is to say, there will not be allusion enough, direct and unallegorized, to the interior life. Some parents will conclude there is too strong a tendency to definition, while others determine that every subject is treated in a vague manner, and that their children on quitting such a school would in themselves be vain and pedantic, and for themselves as well as their neighbors, ignorant and useless beings. It will be said, that while they may possibly pick

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up a few words, they will be singularly destitute of knowledge.

Such contradictory estimates must be allowed in part to neutralize each other. Parents, as well as observers generally, can only judge from their own position, and that unfortunately is not the position of childhood. At least the parent might grant as much liberty of thought and action to one, who devotes sincerely and purely an entire life to the education of children, as he does to the baker, who provides the bread. The teacher must daily endure more dictation than the physician, or even the shoemaker, has inflicted on him during his whole career. But this extreme parental criticism arises from the most sacred feelings. Undoubtedly. So also do the improved modes of the teacher. If they do not, the parent should not confide his offspring to him.

The ends proposed in education are so very various, that it is scarcely possible to address all minds at once. Although, in general terms, the ultimate or final end is the happiness of their children, yet the intermediate or educative ends are almost as various as the parents. Nay, even the two parents in one family are not always agreed upon the subject. If the desire be to see the boy qualified to become a man of business, every moment devoted to art or moral culture will be deemed so much time and thought surreptitiously abstracted from the true end. If the girl be designed for an artist, the pencil must be perpetually in hand. But what has the true teacher to do with these projects? They have little concern with the soul's legitimate wants. Thoughtless or selfish as may have been the child's generation, there is yet a power in it which shall better instruct the teacher what is the peculiar end in its earthly existence, than the ambitious aspiration in the parents. This is a point to be determined between the teacher and child, rather than between the parent and teacher.

The objections of the exoteric mind we would meet by observing, that too much haste is shown in drawing conclusions. The schoolmaster is not so fortunate as the shoemaker, for his work is never finished, and he is sure to be checked, criticised, and stopped in the process. A vast proficiency may appear in a short time by a display of the imitative powers. But the demand in the child's nature is to

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have its creative powers developed. A clever trading teacher can send home the boy's book filled with writing, drawing, and arithmetic of an apparently excellent character; while the child shall really know very little of the laws of form or number. On the other hand, the pupil, in whom the powers or laws shall really be better developed, may be yet unable to make so good-looking an outward display. No trifling or ordinary observing powers are competent to forming a judgment on the state of a young person's soul, or on the processes which are going on within it. The examination of a school must be carried deeper than counting the scholars, measuring the length of the desks, or examining the ventilation. The abiding interest manifested by many talented parents in their frequent attendance at Mr. Alcott's school, as recorded in these excellent works, is a cheering proof that this valuable process was not altogether unappreciated, and is also a specimen of what school examination should be. It is a trite remark, that no one really knows what the action "to learn" is, until he begins to teach. At least we might, then, require of parents that they should put themselves into a like position, as nearly as possible, with their children, before they pronounce on the merits of the school. Children and parents should, in fact, be taught together; and it is only in default of willingness on the part of the latter to learn that which can only be learnt in the deepest life-experiences, that renders other aid necessary. Talent is not the deficiency, for the needful talent would arise in the process, but the unselfish will is not yet present. And it does seem hardly suitable that self-will, though enshrined in the parental bosom, should interpose between the soul which is given up to human good and its outworking. For such is the condition of the teacher, or he is an impostor, and is not for one moment to be trusted with babies and their hornbook. If the parent does not choose this position, rather, then, permit the child to determine the value of the process and its end.

Most thinkers have now arrived at the perception, that there is a double process in teaching; namely, a developing action, which serves to bring out in order and harmony all the innate powers, capacities, and organs; and an instructive operation, which lays gradually before the child,

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in a manner suited to the several stages in its development, the accumulated records of past events. When the first mentioned of these ideas was in recent times anew proposed to the world, the outcry was, "Oh, you will make the children wiser than their fathers." But these greybeard sneers prevailed not. Silence ensued, if not conviction. Tolerance, if not liberty, was won for the human race. But dumb toleration probably yet hides remains of the old feeling. When spirit-culture is spoken of in some circles, there are still discoverable symptoms of condemnation, as of a needless novelty, a vain refinement. "Why pester the children continually, and on every subject, with this allusion to Spirit? I do not very well understand what you would be at; but if I can see any meaning at all in it, we hear enough about it from the minister on the seventh day, and I would prefer you should send home my children sharper and well informed in arithmetic, geography, and the like, to leading them into this abtruse matter. I have got on very well without it, and so can they. I like all sorts of improvement very well, but in this, I think, you go needlessly beyond the mark." Such is the sentiment which, in colloquial language like this, we shall not travel far without hearing. Neither shall we have occasion to travel far for the true solution. It is within us.

Before the soul, or human spirit, can be satisfied, can be made happy, it must know whereof itself is. The knowledge of earth, and plants, and animals, and arts, and trade, fills not the soul with satisfying supplies. With matter and material things there is no possibility of our failing to become acquainted; but even the harmonious relationships of these remain an inexplicable oracle without a spirit-intellection. There are these two sides to mental education, the side of Spirit, and the side of Nature. The former is internal to the soul, the latter external. Nature is not necessarily material, for there are the natural affections and feelings, the loves and hopes in man, which are not material; neither are they Spirit; they are natural. In order to the attainment of true and perfect humanity, in order to tend that way, it is needful that education should take the side of Spirit. Would the chymist know the secret in his experiment, he must study the law

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or element in his solvent, and not seek it in the thing solved, or in the crucible which contains it. The mental crucible is the object of study; the solvent is the soul; the power in the solvent is the Spirit. No satisfactory solution of any material, or mental phenomena, can be attained without the conscious inpresence of Spirit. True, the Spirit is always present; the omnipresent is always omnipresent; and the teacher can make neither more nor less of that eternal fact. Such is the reply of the outward mind; on which it may be submitted, that it does make an immense difference. It makes all possible difference for human good or ill, for misery or happiness, whether the human soul is or is not, as continually, perpetually, and in all things as consciously sensible of the Spirit-presence, as in reality and in fact it is present. It is a sad mistake to determine that this vital fact can be overknown. Superabundantly spoken of, no doubt, it sometimes may be, but even that can hardly occur. For if the soul be not yet born into that inmost life, constant allusion by act, by bearing, by word, may surely be persevered in; and if the word, the idea, the fact be true to any auditor, no deterioration can occur by direct and frequent allusion. Familiarity with truth engenders no contempt. This course is no more than always takes place in every sphere in life. The language is echo to the being. The legislator in his hall, the merchant on the exchange, has his allusion to his supposed good, and, inferior as it is, no contempt or ridicule is by that means brought upon it. Artistic phraseology is strange to the trader's ears, because he lives not the artistic life, not because the phraseology is improper. Spirit language is strange to men, not on account of its irrelevancy to existence, but because they live a material life. It were better assuredly that men should be elevated to a higher life, than that language, and modes of treating the human soul, and aspirations for spirit-culture should descend to them!

In the ordinary interpretation of the term, we do not pretend to review these works. If we have in any degree opened in the reader's mind an idea of that spirit and system, which these books, like all others, can but faintly record, we have attained a satisfactory result. We are glad to find the sentiments, which the best men in all ages of

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the world have held, confirmed in modern times by so pure a life, so intelligent an understanding, and so eloquent a speech as Mr. Alcott's. Instead of reproaching him for the introduction of doctrines too subtle for healthy appreciation by the young mind, the world might be reproached for so long withholding the rights of infancy from its neglected cravings.

The following beautiful passages are the best exposition we can offer of Mr. Alcott's intuition on the three grand points of Conversation, the Teacher, and Spirit-culture; the means, the actor, and the end.

"In conversation all the instincts and faculties of our being are touched. They find full and fair scope. It tempts forth all the powers. Man faces his fellow man. He holds a living intercourse. He feels the quickening life and light. The social affections are addressed; and these bring all the faculties in train. Speech comes unbidden. Nature lends her images. Imagination sends abroad her winged words. We see thought as it springs from the soul, and in the very process of growth and utterance. Reason plays under the mellow light of fancy. The Genius of the Soul is waked, and eloquence sits on her tuneful lip. Wisdom finds an organ worthy her serene utterances. Ideas stand in beauty and majesty before the soul.

"And Genius has ever sought this organ of utterance. It has given us full testimony in its favor. Socrates — a name that Christians can see coupled with that of their Divine Sage — descanted thus on the profound themes in which he delighted. The market-place; the workshop; the public streets; were his favorite haunts of instruction. And the divine Plato has added his testimony, also, in those enduring works, wherein he sought to embalm for posterity, both the wisdom of his master and the genius that was his own. Rich text-books these for the study of philosophic genius; next in finish and beauty to the specimens of Jesus as recorded by John.

"It is by such organs that Human Nature is to be unfolded into fulness. Yet for this, teachers must be men inspired with great and living Ideas. Such alone can pierce the customs and conventions that obscure the Soul's vision, and release her from the slavery of the corporeal life. And such are ever sent at the call of Humanity. Some God, instinct with the Idea that is to regenerate his age, appears in his time, as a flaming Herald, and sends abroad the Idea, which it is the mission of the age to organize in institutions, and quicken into manners. Such mould the Genius of the time. They revive in Humanity the lost Idea of its destiny, and reveal its fearful endowments. They vindi-

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cate the divinity of man's nature, and foreshadow on the coming Time the conquests that await it. An Age pre-exists in them; and History is but the manifestation and issue of their Wisdom and Will. They are the Prophets of the Future.

"At this day, men need some revelation of Genius, to arouse them to a sense of their nature; for the Divine Idea of a Man seems to have died out of our consciousness. Encumbered by the gluts of the appetites, sunk in the corporeal senses, men know not the divine life that stirs within them, yet hidden and enchained. They do not revere their own being. And when the phenomenon of Genius appears, they marvel at its advent. Some Nature struggling with vicissitude tempts forth the Idea of Spirit from within, and unlooses the Promethean God to roam free over the earth. He possesses his Idea and brings it as a blessed gift to his race. With awe-struck visage, the tribes of semi-unfolded beings survey it from below, deeming it a partial or preternatural gift of the Divinity, into whose life and being they are forbidden, by a decree of the Eternal, from entering; whose laws they must obey, yet cannot apprehend. They dream not, that this phenomenon is but the complement of their common nature; and that in this admiration and obedience, which they proffer, is both the promise and the pledge of the same powers in themselves; that this is but their fellow-creature in the flesh. And the mystery remains sealed till it is seen, that this is but the unfolding of Being in its fulness; working free of every incumbrance, by possessing itself.

"For Genius is but the free and harmonious play of all the faculties of a human being. It is a Man possessing his Idea and working with it. It is the Whole Man — the central Will — working worthily, subordinating all else to itself; and reaching its end by the simplest and readiest means. It is Being rising superior to things and events, and transfiguring these into the Image of its own Spiritual Ideal. It is the Spirit working in its own way, through its own organs and instruments, and on its own materials. It is the Inspiration of all the faculties of a Man by a life conformed to his Idea. It is not indebted to others for its manifestation. It draws its life from within. It is self-subsistent. It feeds on Holiness; lives in the open vision of Truth; enrobes itself in the light of Beauty; and bathes its powers in the fount of Temperance. It aspires after the Perfect. It loves Freedom. It dwells in Unity. All men have it, yet it does not appear in all men. It is obscured by ignorance; quenched by evil; discipline does not reach it; nor opportunity cherish it. Yet there it is — an original, indestructible element of every spirit; and sooner or later, in this corporeal, or in the spiritual era — at some period of the Soul's development — it shall be tempted forth, and assert its claims in the life of the Spirit.

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It is the province of education to wake it, and disclipine it into the perfection which is its end, and for which it ever thirsts. Yet Genius alone can wake it. Genius alone inspire it. It comes not at the incantation of mere talent. It respects itself. It is strange to all save its kind. It shrinks from vulgar gaze, and lives in its own world. None but the eye of Genius can discern it, and it obeys the call of none else."

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"To work worthily, man must aspire worthily. His theory of human attainment must be lofty. It must ever be lifting him above the low plain of custom and convention, in which the senses confine him, into the high mount of vision, and of renovating ideas. To a divine nature, the sun ever rises over the mountains of hope, and brings promises on its wings; nor does he linger around the dark and depressing valley of distrust and of fear. The magnificent bow of promise ever gilds his purpose, and he pursues his way steadily, and in faith to the end. For Faith is the soul of all improvement. It is the Will of an Idea. It is an Idea seeking to embody and reproduce itself. It is the All-Proceeding Word going forth, as in the beginning of things, to incarnate itself, and become flesh and blood to the senses. Without this faith an Idea works no good. It is this which animates and quickens it into life. And this must come from living men.

"And such Faith is the possession of all who apprehend Ideas. And Genius alone can inspire. To nurse the young spirit as it puts forth its pinions in the fair and hopeful morning of life, it must be placed under the kindly and sympathizing agency of Genius — heaven-inspired and hallowed — or there is no certainty that its aspirations will not die away in the routine of formal tuition, or spend themselves in the animal propensities that coexist with it. Teachers must be men of genius. They must be inspired. The Divine Idea of a Man must have been unfolded from their being, and be a living presence. Philosophers, and Sages, and Seers — the only real men — must come, as of old, to the holy vocation of unfolding humanity. Pythagoras, Socrates, and Plato, and the Diviner Jesus, must be raised up to us, to breathe their wisdom and will into the genius of our era, to recast our institutions, remould our manners, and regenerate our men. Philosophy and Religion, descending from the regions of cloudy speculation, must thus become denizens of our common earth, known among us as friends, and uttering their saving truths through the mouths of our little ones. Thus shall our being be unfolded. Thus the Idea of a man be reinstated in our consciousness. And thus shall Man grow up, as the tree of the primeval woods, luxuriant, vigorous — armed at all points, to brave the winds and the storms

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of the finite and the mutable — bearing his Fruit in due season.

"To fulfil its end, Instruction must be an Inspiration. The true Teacher must inspire in order to unfold. He must know that instruction is something more than mere impression on the understanding. He must feel it to be a kindling influence; that, in himself alone, is the quickening, informing energy; that the life and growth of his charge pre-exist in him. He is to hallow and refine as he tempts forth the soul. He is to inform the understanding; by chastening the appetites, allaying the passions, softening the affections, vivifying the imagination, illuminating the reason, giving pliancy and force to the will; for a true understanding is the issue of these powers, working freely and in harmony with the Genius of the soul, conformed to the law of Duty. He is to put all the springs of Being in motion. And to do this, he must be the personation and exemplar of what he would unfold in his charge. Wisdom, Truth, Holiness, must have pre-existence in him, or they will not appear in his pupils. These influence alone in the concrete. They must be made flesh and blood in him, to re-appear to the senses, and subordinate all to their own force; and this too, without violating any Law, spiritual, intellectual, corporeal — but in obedience to the highest Agency, co-working with God. Under the melting force of Genius, thus employed, Mind shall become fluid, and he shall mould it into Types of Heavenly Beauty. Its agency is that of mind leaping to meet mind; not of force acting on opposing force. The Soul is touched by the live coal of his lips. A kindling influence goes forth to inspire; making the mind think; the heart feel; the pulse throb with his own. He arouses every faculty. He awakens the Godlike. He images the fair and full features of a Man. And thus doth he drive at will the drowsy Brute, that the eternal hath yoked to the chariot of Life, to urge man across the Finite!

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"Our plans of influence, to be successful, must become more practical. We must be more faithful. We must deal less in abstractions; depend less on precepts and rules. We must fit the soul for duty by the practice of duty. We must watch and enforce. Like unsleeping Providence, we must accompany the young into the scenes of temptation and trial, and aid them in the needful hour. Duty must sally forth an attending Presence into the actual world, and organize to itself a living body. It must learn the art of uses. It must incorporate itself with Nature. To its sentiments we must give a Heart. Its Ideas we must arm with Hands. For it ever longs to become flesh and blood. The Son of God delights to take the Son of Man as a co-mate, and to bring flesh and blood even to the very gates of

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the Spiritual Kingdom. It would make the word Flesh, that it shall be seen and handled and felt.

"The Culture, that is alone worthy of Man, and which unfolds his Being into the Image of its fulness, casts its agencies over all things. It uses Nature and Life as means for the Soul's growth and renewal. It never deserts its charge, but follows it into all the relations of Duty. At the table it seats itself, and fills the cup for the Soul; caters for it; decides when it has enough; and heeds not the clamor of appetite and desire. It lifts the body from the drowsy couch; opens the eyes upon the rising sun; tempts it forth to breathe the invigorating air; plunges it into the purifying bath; and thus whets all its functions for the duties of the coming day. And when toil and amusement have brought weariness over it, and the drowsed senses claim rest and renewal, it remands it to the restoring couch again, to feed it on dreams. Nor does it desert the Soul in seasons of labor, of amusement, of study. To the place of occupation it attends it, guides the corporeal members with skill and faithfulness; prompts the mind to diligence; the heart to gentleness and love; directs to the virtuous associate; the pure place of recreation; the innocent pastime. It protects the eye from the foul image; the vicious act; the ear from the vulgar or profane word; the hand from theft; the tongue from guile; — urges to cheerfulness and purity; to forbearance and meekness; to self-subjection and self-sacrifice; order and decorum; and points, amid all the relations of duty, to the Law of Temperance, of Genius, of Holiness, which God hath established in the depths of the Spirit, and guarded by the unsleeping sentinel of Conscience, from violation and defilement. It renews the Soul day by day." — *Spiritual Culture*, pp. 87 – 105.

The mind, which applies to these sentiments the noblest interpretation, will see through the New England idiom, which is occasionally perhaps rather egoistic to ears educated in an older routine; and recognise throughout the working of the same spirit which has animated the good in all ages.

Any one, who has attended a public meeting, and has afterwards read a printed report of it in the newspapers, will have experienced the insufficiency of any recital in imparting a semblance of the life and creative energy in the original. How then shall free, though orderly conversations be adequately reported? Conversations moreover with children full of animated thoughts, and upon the deepest subjects within their power. Yet some of these spirit-communings are so happy, and so happily recorded,

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that we cannot forbear quoting one of them, that parents and teachers may see the entire possibility of applying these high principles of moral culture to actual practice.

CONVERSATION XXXIII.

SPIRITUAL WORSHIP.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

Conversation of Jesus with the Samaritan Woman, from the Sacred Text, — Immortality. — Emblem of Holiness. — Idolatry. — Spiritual Worship. — Sincerity. — Idea of Prayer. — Actual Prayer. — Responsive Prayer. — Ritual of Worship. — Prayer of Faith. — Forgiveness. — Dramatic Prayer. — Devotion to the Holy. — Idea of Universal Adoration and Praise. — Reverence of the Godlike in Conscience — Reverence of Humanity. — Reverence of the Invisible — Admiration of Nature. — Spiritual Awe. — Supremacy of Spirit over Nature. — Worldliness. — Release from the Flesh. — Instinct of Adoration in Infancy. — Subject.

Mr. Alcott read the remainder of the

CONVERSATION OF JESUS WITH THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.

John iv. 16 - 30.

Worship.
16. Jesus saith unto her, Go, call thy husband and come hither.
17. The woman answered and said, I have no husband. Jesus said unto her, Thou hast well said, I have no husband:
18 For thou hast had five husbands; and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband; in that saidst thou truly.
19 The woman saith unto him, Sir, I perceive that thou art a prophet.
20 Our fathers worshipped in this mountain; and ye say, that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship.
21 Jesus saith unto her, Woman, believe me, the hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father.
22 Ye worship ye know not what: we know what we worship: for salvation is of the Jews.
23 But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship him.
24 God *is* a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship *him* in spirit and in truth.
25 The woman saith unto him, I know that Messias cometh, which is called Christ: when he is come, he will tell us all things.
26 Jesus saith unto her, I that speak unto thee am *he*.
27 And upon this came his disciples, and marvelled that he talked with the woman: yet no man said, What seekest thou? or, Why talkest thou with her?
28 The woman then left her waterpot, and went her way into the city, and saith to the men,
29 Come, see a man, which told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ?
30 Then they went out of the city, and came unto him.

(Before he had time to ask the usual question.)

Immortality

Samuel T. (*spoke*) I was most interested in this verse: "He that drinks of this water shall thirst again, but he that drinks of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst." He means by this, that those who heard what he taught, and did it, should live always, should never die, their spirits should never die.

Mr. Alcott. Can spirit die?

Samuel T. For a spirit to die is to leave off being good.

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Emblem of Holiness.

EDWARD J. I was interested in the words, "For the water I shall give him will be in him a well of water." I think it means, that when people are good and getting better, it is like water springing up always. They have more and more goodness.

SAMUEL R. Water is an emblem of Holiness.

MR. ALCOTT. Water means Spirit pure and unspoiled.

EDWARD J. It is holy spirit.

Idolatry.

ELLEN. I was most interested in these words, "Ye worship ye know not what." The Samaritans worshipped idols, and there was no meaning to that.

MR. ALCOTT. What do you mean by their worshipping idols?

ELLEN. They cared about things more than God.

MR. ALCOTT. What kind of false worship do you think Jesus was thinking about, when he said, "Woman, the hour is coming and now is, when neither in this mountain —"?

ELLEN. Oh! She thought the place of worship was more important than the worship itself.

MR. ALCOTT. Well! how did Jesus answer that thought?

ELLEN. He told her what she ought to worship, which was more important than where.

MR. ALCOTT. Some of you perhaps have made this mistake, and thought that we only worshipped God in churches and on Sundays. How is it — who has thought so?

(*Several held up hands, smiling.*)

Who knew that we could worship God any where?

(*Others held up hands.*)

Spiritual Worship.

What other worship is there beside that in the Church?

EDWARD J. The worship in our hearts.

MR. ALCOTT. How is that carried on?

EDWARD J. By being good.

NATHAN. We worship God by growing better.

AUGUSTINE. We worship God when we repent of doing wrong.

Sincerity.

JOSIAH. I was most interested in this verse, "God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." It means that to feel our prayers is more important than to say the words.

LEMUEL. And when we pray and pray sincerely.

MR. ALCOTT. What is praying sincerely?

LEMUEL. Praying the truth.

MR. ALCOTT. What is to be done in praying the truth? When you think of prayer, do you think of a position of the body — of words?

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LEMUEL. (*Earnestly.*) I think of something else, but I cannot express it.

MR. ALCOTT. Josiah is holding up his hand; can he express it?

Idea of Prayer. JOSIAH (*burst out,*) To pray, Mr. Alcott, is to be good, really; you know it is better to be bad before people, and to be good to God alone, because then we are good for goodness' sake, and not to be seen, and not for people's sake. Well, so it is with prayer. There must be nothing outward about prayer; but we must have some words, sometimes; sometimes we need not. If we don't feel the prayer, it is worse than never to say a word of prayer. It is wrong not to pray, but it is more wrong to speak prayer and not pray. We had better do nothing about it, Mr. Alcott! we must say words in a prayer, and we must feel the words we say, and we must do what belongs to the words.

Actual Prayer. MR. ALCOTT. Oh! there must be doing, must there?

JOSIAH. Oh! yes, Mr. Alcott! doing is the most important part. We must ask God for help, and at the same time try to do the thing we are to be helped about. If a boy should be good all day, and have no temptation, it would not be very much; there would be no improvement; but if he had temptation, he could pray and feel the prayer, and try to overcome it, and would overcome it; and then there would be a real prayer and a real improvement. That would be something. Temptation is always necessary to a real prayer, I think. I don't believe there is ever any real prayer before there is a temptation; because we may think and feel and say our prayer; but there cannot be any doing, without there is something to be done.

MR. ALCOTT. Well, Josiah, that will do now. Shall some one else speak?

JOSIAH. Oh, Mr. Alcott, I have not half done.

Responsive Prayer. EDWARD J. Mr. Alcott, what is the use of responding in church?

MR. ALCOTT. Cannot you tell?

EDWARD J. No; I never knew

JOSIAH. Oh! Mr. Alcott!

MR. ALCOTT. Well, Josiah, do you know?

JOSIAH. Why, Edward! is it not just like a mother's telling her child the words? The child wants to pray; it don't know how to express its real thoughts, as we often say to Mr. Alcott here; and the mother says words, and the child repeats after her the words.

EDWARD J. Yes; but I don't see what good it does.

JOSIAH. What! if the mother says the words, and the child repeats them and feels them — really wants the things that are prayed for — can't you see that it does some good?

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EDWARD J. It teaches the word-prayer — it is not the real prayer.

JOSIAH. Yet it must be the real prayer, and the real prayer must have some words.

Ritual of Worship.

But, Mr. Alcott, I think it would be a great deal better, if, at church, every body prayed for themselves. I don't see why one person should pray for all the rest. Why could not the minister pray for himself, and the people pray for themselves; and why should not all communicate their thoughts? Why should only one speak? Why should not all be preachers? Every body could say something; at least, every body could say their own prayers, for they know what they want. Every person knows the temptations they have, and people are tempted to do different things. Mr. Alcott! I think Sunday ought to come oftener.

MR. ALCOTT. Our hearts can make all time Sunday.

JOSIAH. Why then nothing could be done! There must be week-days, I know — some week-days; I said, Sunday oftener.

MR. ALCOTT. But you wanted the prayers to be doing prayers.

Prayer of Faith.

Now some of the rest may tell me, how you could pray doing prayers.

GEORGE K. Place is of no consequence. I think prayer is in our hearts. Christian prayed in the cave of Giant Despair. We can pray any where, because we can have faith any where.

MR. ALCOTT. Faith, then, is necessary?

GEORGE K. Yes; for it is faith that makes the prayer.

MR. ALCOTT. Suppose an instance of prayer in yourself.

GEORGE K. I can pray going to bed or getting up.

MR. ALCOTT. You are thinking of time, — place, — words.

GEORGE K. And feelings and thoughts.

MR. ALCOTT. And action?

GEORGE K. Yes; action comes after.

JOHN B. When we have been doing wrong and are sorry, we pray to God to take away the evil.

MR. ALCOTT. What evil, the punishment?

Forgiveness.

JOHN B. No; we want the forgiveness.

MR. ALCOTT. What is for-give-ness, is it any thing given?

LEMUEL. Goodness, Holiness.

JOHN B. And the evil is taken away.

MR. ALCOTT. Is there any action in all this?

JOHN B. Why yes! there is thought and feeling.

MR. ALCOTT. But it takes the body also to act; what do the hands do?

JOHN B. There is no prayer in the hands!

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Mr. Alcott. You have taken something that belongs to another; you pray to be forgiven; you wish not to do so again; you are sorry. Is there any thing to do?

John B. If you injure any body, and can repair it, you must, and you will, if you have prayed sincerely; but that is not the prayer.

Mr. Alcott. Would the prayer be complete without it?

John B. No.

Andrew. Prayer is in the Spirit.

Mr. Alcott. Does the Body help the Spirit?

Andrew. It don't help the prayer.

Dramatic Prayer.

Mr. Alcott. Don't the lips move?

Andrew. But have the lips any thing to do with the prayer?

Mr. Alcott. Yes; they may. The whole nature may act together; the body pray; and I want you to tell an instance of a prayer in which are thoughts, feelings, action; which involves the whole nature, body and all. There may be prayer in the palms of our hands.

Andrew. Why, if I had hurt any body, and was sorry and prayed to be forgiven, I suppose I should look round for some medicine and try to make it well.

(*Mr. Alcott here spoke of the connexion of the mind with the body, in order to make his meaning clearer.*)

Samuel R. If I had a bad habit and should ask God for help to break it; and then should try so as really to break it — that would be a prayer.

Charles. Suppose I saw a poor beggar-boy hurt, or sick, and all bleeding; and I had very nice clothes, and was afraid to soil them, or from any such cause should pass him by, and bye and bye I should look back and see another boy helping him, and should be really sorry and pray to be forgiven — that would be a real prayer; but if I had done the kindness at the time of it, that would have been a deeper prayer.

Augustine. When any body has done wrong, and does not repent for a good while, but at last repents and prays to be forgiven, it may be too late to do any thing about it; yet that might be a real prayer.

Mr. Alcott. Imagine a real doing prayer in your life.

Lucia. Suppose, as I was going home from school, some friend of mine should get angry with me, and throw a stone at me; I could pray not to be tempted to do the same, to throw a stone at her, and would not.

Mr. Alcott. And would the not doing any thing in that case be a prayer and an action? Keeping your body still would be the body's part of it.

Lucia. Yes.

Ellen. I heard a woman say, once, that she could pray best

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when she was at work; that when she was scouring floor she would ask God to cleanse her mind.

Devotion to the Holy.

MR. ALCOTT. I will now vary my question. Is there any prayer in Patience?

ALL. A great deal.

MR. ALCOTT. In Impatience?

ALL. No; not any.

MR. ALCOTT. In Doubt?

GEORGE K. No; but in Faith.

MR. ALCOTT. In Laziness?

ALL *(but Josiah.)* No; no kind of prayer.

JOSIAH. I should think that Laziness was the prayer of the body, Mr. Alcott.

MR. ALCOTT. Yes; it seems so. The body tries to be still more body; it tries to get down into the clay; it tries to sink; but the spirit is always trying to lift it up and make it do something.

EDWARD J. Lazy people sometimes have passions that make them act.

MR. ALCOTT. Yes; they act downwards.

Is there any prayer in disobedience?

ALL. No.

MR. ALCOTT. Is there any in submission?

In forbearing when injured?

In suffering for a good object?

In self-sacrifice?

ALL. *(Eagerly to each question.)* Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes.

(Mr. Alcott here made some very interesting remarks on loving God with all our heart, soul, mind, &c., and the Idea of Devotion it expressed. Josiah wanted to speak constantly, but Mr. Alcott checked him, that the others might have opportunity, though the latter wished to yield to Josiah.)

Idea of Universal Adoration and Praise.

JOSIAH *(burst out,)* Mr. Alcott! you know Mrs. Barbauld says in her hymns, Every thing is prayer; every action is prayer; all nature prays; the bird prays in singing; the tree prays in growing; men pray; men can pray more; we feel; we have more — more than nature; we can know and do right; Conscience prays; all our powers pray; action prays. Once we said here, that there was a "Christ in the bottom of our Spirits" when we try to be good; then we pray in Christ; and that is the whole. *

MR. ALCOTT. Yes, Josiah, that is the whole. That is Universal Prayer — the adoration of the Universe to its Author!

* This improvisation is preserved in its words. Josiah, it may be named, was under seven years of age, and the other children were chiefly between the ages of six and twelve years.

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Reverence of the Godlike in Conscience.

CHARLES. I was most interested in this verse— "The day is coming, and now is, when men shall worship the Father," &c. I think that this means that people are about to learn what to worship, and where.

MR. ALCOTT. Have you learned this to-day?

CHARLES. Yes; I have learnt some new things, I believe.,

MR. ALCOTT. What are you to worship?

CHARLES. Goodness.

MR. ALCOTT. Where is it?

CHARLES. Within.

MR. ALCOTT. Within what?

CHARLES. Conscience, or God.

MR. ALCOTT. Are you to worship Conscience?

CHARLES. Yes.

MR. ALCOTT. Is it any where but in yourself?

CHARLES. Yes; it is in Nature.

MR. ALCOTT. Is it in other people?

Reverence of Humanity.

CHARLES. Yes; there is more or less of it in other people, unless they have taken it out.

MR. ALCOTT. Can it be entirely taken out?

CHARLES. Goodness always lingers in Conscience.

MR. ALCOTT. Is Conscience any where but in Human Nature?

CHARLES. It is in the Supernatural.

Reverence of the Invisible.

MR. ALCOTT. You said at first that there was something in outward Nature, which we should worship.

CHARLES. No; I don't think we should worship any thing but the Invisible.

MR. ALCOTT. What is the Invisible?

CHARLES. It is the Supernatural.

JOHN B. It is the Inward — the Spiritual.

But I don't see why we should not worship the sun a little as well —

Admiration of Nature.

MR. ALCOTT. As well as the Sunmaker? But there are sun-worshippers.

JOHN B. Yes; a little; for the sun gives us light and heat.

MR. ALCOTT. What is the difference between your feeling when you think of the sun, or the ocean, *(he described some grand scenes,)* and when you think of Conscience acting in such cases as — *(he gave some striking instances of moral power.)* Is there not a difference?

(They raised their hands.)

What is the name of the feeling with which you look at Nature?

SEVERAL. Admiration.

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MR. ALCOTT. But when Conscience governs our weak body, is it not a Supernatural Force? Do you not feel the awe of the inferior before a superior nature? And is not that worship? The sun cannot produce it.

Spiritual Awe.

JOSIAH. Spirit worships Spirit. Clay worships Clay.

Supremacy of Spirit over Nature.

MR. ALCOTT. Wait a moment, Josiah. I wish to talk with the others; let me ask them this question; — Do you feel that Conscience is stronger than the mountain, deeper and more powerful than the ocean? Can you say to yourself, I can remove this mountain?

JOSIAH (*burst out,*) Yes, Mr. Alcott! I do not mean that with my body I can lift up a mountain — with my hand; but I can feel; and I know that my Conscience is greater than the mountain, for it can feel and do; and the mountain cannot. There is the mountain, there! It was made and that is all. But my Conscience can grow. It is the same kind of Spirit as made the mountain be, in the first place. I do not know what it may be and do. The Body is a mountain, and the Spirit says, be moved, and it is moved into another place.

Worldliness.

Mr. Alcott, we think too much about Clay. We should think of Spirit. I think we should love Spirit, not Clay. I should think a mother now would love her baby's Spirit; and suppose it should die, that is only the Spirit bursting away out of the Body. It is alive; it is perfectly happy; I really do not know why people mourn when their friends die. I should think it would be matter of rejoicing. For instance, now, if we should go out into the street and find a box,

Release from Flesh.

an old dusty box, and should put into it some very fine pearls, and bye and bye the box should grow old and break, why, we should not even think about the box; but if the pearls were safe, we should think of them and nothing else. So it is with the Soul and Body. I cannot see why people mourn for bodies.

MR. ALCOTT. Yes, Josiah; that is all true, and we are glad to hear it. Shall some one else now speak beside you?

JOSIAH. Oh, Mr. Alcott! then I will stay in the recess and talk.

Instinct of Adoration in Infancy.

MR. ALCOTT. When a little infant opens its eyes upon this world, and sees things out of itself, and has the feeling of admiration, is there in that feeling the beginningof worship?

JOSIAH. No, Mr. Alcott; a little baby does not worship. It opens its eyes on the outward world, and sees things, and perhaps wonders what they are; but it don't know any thing about them or itself. It don't know the uses of any thing; there is no worship in it.

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Mr. Alcott. But in this feeling of wonder and admiration which it has, is there not the beginning of worship that will at last find its object?

Josiah. No; there is not even the beginning of worship. It must have some temptation, I think, before it can know the thing to worship.

Mr. Alcott. But is there not a feeling that comes up from within, to answer to the things that come to the eyes and ears?

Josiah. But feeling is not worship, Mr. Alcott.

Mr. Alcott. Can there be worship without feeling?

Josiah. No; but there can be feeling without worship. For instance, if I prick my hand with a pin, I feel, to be sure, but I do not worship.

Mr. Alcott. That is bodily feeling. But what I mean is, that the little infant finds its power to worship in the feeling which is first only admiration of what is without.

Josiah. No, no; I know what surprise is, and I know what admiration is; and perhaps the little creature feels that. But she does not know enough to know that she has Conscience, or that there is temptation. My little sister feels, and she knows some things; but she does not worship.*

Subject. Mr. Alcott. Now I wish you all to think. What have we been talking about to-day?

Charles. Spiritual Worship.

Mr. Alcott. And what have we concluded it to be?

Charles. The Worship of Spirit in Conscience.

One of the most frequent objections raised against the principle of an interior development is, that the answers are not really those of the children, but of the teacher. And in proof of this, parents have adduced the fact, that they never could succeed in eliciting such expressions from their own children, as these printed conversations report. The latter is quite true; but it does not prove the former assumption. A truly spiritual mind is requisite to the justly putting a spiritual question; and this is not attained by imitation, nor by education wholly, but by genius chiefly, by generation, by the Spirit's presence. In the few leisure moments of a mercantile man, there can be none of that large and deep preparation which preceded these remarka-

* Here I was obliged to pause, as I was altogether fatigued with keeping my pen in long and uncommonly constant requisition. I was enabled to preserve the words better than usual, because Josiah had so much of the conversation, whose enunciation is slow, and whose fine choice of language and steadiness of mind, makes him easy to follow and remember. — *Recorder.*

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ble results, of which we readily concede such a parent may rationally doubt. The anxieties of domestic life, whether rich or poor, also preclude the mother from coming into that serene and high relationship to her little ones, without which no approach to spirit-culture can be effected. Skepticism is unavoidable until the doubter is in a position to try the experiment, and such position is unattainable while he doubts.

But supposing it were a fact, that the responses are not spontaneous but mere echoes of the teacher's mind, it is not a small achievement to have discovered a mode of tuition which, while it is highly agreeable to the student, succeeds so well in making him acquainted with the deepest facts of all existence. Could it not, then, still more easily open to him the superficial facts, to attain which years and years of dull laborious college life are painfully occupied? If the laws in moral consciousness can there be presented to children; assuredly the reported facts in history and language should not be suffered to be any longer a grievous burden to our young men.

The Record we estimate as a very valuable book for teachers, and *therefore* find it difficult to make any extract which shall do justice to the work. Nor is it needful in this case, as the book is within the reach of all. The talented Recorder informs us that

"This book makes no high pretensions. It is an address to parents, who are often heard to express their want of such principles, and such a plan, as it is even in the author's power to afford. It will perhaps be more useful than if it were a more elaborate performance; for many will take up the record of an actual school, and endeavor to understand its principles and plans, who would shrink from undertaking to master a work, professing to exhaust a subject, which has its roots and its issues in eternity; as this great subject of education certainly has." — *Preface to Record of a School, 1st Edition.*

A transcript of one of the quarterly cards will, however, help to some idea of the comprehensive extent of the tuition, and it offers a field worthy the diligent study of all teachers.

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QUARTER CARD OF DISCIPLINE AND STUDIES IN MR. ALCOTT'S SCHOOL FOR THE WINTER TERM CURRENT 1837.

THE TUITION AND DISCIPLINE ARE ADDRESSED IN DUE PROPORTION TO THE THREEFOLD NATURE OF MAN.

THE SPIRITUAL FACULTY.	THE IMAGINATIVE FACULTY.	THE RATIONAL FACULTY.
MEANS OF ITS DIRECT CULTURE.	MEANS OF ITS DIRECT CULTURE.	MEANS OF ITS DIRECT CULTURE.
Listening to Sacred Readings on Sunday Morning.	Spelling and Reading.	Defining Words.
Conversations on the GOSPELS.	Writing and Sketching Maps.	Analyzing Speech.
Keeping Journals.	Picturesque Geography.	Self-Inspection and Self-Analysis.
Self-Analysis and Self-Discipline.	Writing Journals, Epistles, and Paraphrases.	Demonstrations in Arithmetic.
Conversations on Study and Behavior.	Illustrating Words.	Reasonings on Conduct and Discipline.
Government of the School.	Conversations and Amusements.	Review of Conduct and Study.

The Subjects of Study and Means of Discipline are disposed through the Week in the following general Order.

TIME.	SUNDAY	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.
IX	SACRED READINGS, with CONVERSATIONS on the TEXT, (BEFORE CHURCH) with READINGS and CONVERSATIONS at HOME.	WRITING JOURNALS and Studying Lessons.	WRITING JOURNALS and Studying Lessons.	WRITING JOURNALS and Studying Lessons.	WRITING JOURNALS and Studying Lessons.	WRITING JOURNALS and Studying Lessons.	PREPARING JOURNALS AND BOOKS For Examination
X		SPELLING with ILLUSTRATIVE CONVERSATIONS on the MEANING AND USE of WORDS.	RECITATIONS in GEOGRAPHY, with CONVERSATIONS and ILLUSTRATIONS.	CONVERSATIONS on the GOSPELS as a MEANS of Spiritual Growth.	ANALYZING SPEECH WRITTEN AND VOCAL with CONVERSATIONS on the PRINCIPLES OF GRAMMAR.	RECITATIONS in ARITHMETIC with DEMONSTRATIONS WRITTEN and MENTAL.	CONVERSATIONS on STUDY and BEHAVIOR as means of PERSONAL IMPROVEMENT.
XI		RECREATION ON THE COMMON OR IN THE ANTE ROOM.					
X		READINGS from CLASS-BOOKS.	WRITING PARAPHRASES.	CONVERSATIONS on NATURE.	WRITING EPISTLES.	READINGS from CLASS-BOOKS.	REVIEW of Studies and Conduct.
		INTERMISSION FOR REFRESHMENT AND RECREATION.					
III IV		STUDYING LATIN LESSONS with Recitations.	STUDYING FRENCH LESSON with Recitations.	RECREATIONS and DUTIES At Home.	STUDYING LATIN with Recitations.	STUDYING FRENCH with Recitations.	RECREATIONS and DUTIES At Home.

*** CONVERSATIONS ON SPIRITUAL CULTURE on Friday Evening of each week, at the School Room No. 7, in the Temple ; commencing at 7 o'clock.
Teachers of Classes in Sunday Schools, parents, and others interested in Spiritual Culture, are respectfully invited to attend.
Children of both sexes, between the ages of four and fourteen, are admitted to the exercises of the School.

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We cannot avoid the conclusion, that Boston withheld her patronage from Mr. Alcott by reason of her failure to inquire into the merits of the case, and not because she had duly and fully investigated and calmly judged. None but a willing eye can appreciate. A love-insight in the observer is needful in order to understand the labors and motives of a love-inspired man. Shakspere is to be judged by the Shakspere standard, not by Homer's works. Milton must be studied in the Miltonic idea. This æsthetic law applies to the criticism of actual works. Let spirit-culture be viewed from the spirit-ground, and then the spectator may freely speak. On that ground we affirm, Boston should not have permitted such a son to have wanted her home-protection and support for one moment. Should the opportunity again be afforded, we hope it will be even in a broader and deeper manner, when the idea being presented in great integrity will be better understood and more favorably received.

C. L.

CANOVA.

Natura, onde legge ebbe ogni cósa,
Chi pietra, e moto in un congiunti vede,
Per un instante si riman pensosa!
Pindemonte on the Hebe of Canova.

I WELL remember when I first saw the work which called forth this graceful flattery. We saw very little sculpture here, and there was a longing for those serene creations, which correspond, both from the material used and the laws of the art, to the highest state of the mind. For the arts are no luxury, no mere ornament and stimulus to a civic and complicated existence, as the worldling and the ascetic alike delight in representing them to be, but the herbarium in which are preserved the fairest flowers of man's existence, the magic mirror by whose aid all its phases are interpreted, the circle into which the various spirits of the elements may be invoked and made to reveal the secret they elsewhere manifest only in large revolutions of time; and what philosophy, with careful steps and anx-

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ious ear, has long sought in vain, is oftentimes revealed at once by a flash from this torch.

With thoughts like these, not clearly understood, but firmly rooted in the mind, was read an advertisement of "some of Canova's principal works, copied by his pupils." Canova! The name was famous. He was the pride of modern Italy, the prince of modern art, and now we were to see enough of the expressions of his thought to know how God, nature, and man stood related in the mind of this man. He had studied these in their eternal affinities, and written the result on stone. How much we should learn of the past, how stand assured in the present, how feel the wings grow for the future!

With such feelings we entered the cold and dingy room, far better prepared surely, than the chosen people, when they saw the prophet descend from the Mount of vision, with the record of the moral law also inscribed on stone. For they were led, but we were seekers. But, alas! alas! what dread downfall from this height of expectation! The Hebe, so extolled above, was the first object that met the eye. Hebe! Was this the ever-blooming joy that graced the golden tables?

Then there were the Dancers, there the Magdalen, Gods and Goddesses, Geniuses, with torches reversed, and other bright ideals of our thought, all so graceful, so beautifully draped and so—French it seemed to us, our own street figures infinitely refined—can this be all? Does not the artist, even, read any secret in his time beyond the love of approbation, the shades of sentiment, and the cultivation of the physique, not for health, but to charm the eyes of other men? We did not wish to see the old Greek majesty; what *that* says we knew. The coarsest plaster cast had shown us what they knew of the fulness of strength, fulness of repose, equipoise of faculties desirable for man. But was there nothing for us? No high meaning to the dark mysteries of our day, no form of peculiar beauty hid beneath its beggarly disguises?

Time has not changed this view of the works of Canova, but, after the first chill of disappointment was over, when we no longer expected to find a genius, a poet in the artist, we have learnt to value him as a man of taste, and to understand why he filled such a niche in the history of his

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time. And what we partly knew before, has now been made more clear by Missirini's life of him, which has only of late fallen in our way, though published as early as 1824.

As the book has not, we believe, been translated, a notice of leading facts in the life, and version of passages in which Canova expressed his thoughts may be acceptable to the few, who have time to spare from rooting up tares in the field of polemics or politics, and can believe there is use in looking at the flowers of this heavenly garden through the fence which forbids Yankee hands their darling privilege to touch, at least, if they may not take.

Canova, as we have said, was not a genius, he did not work from the centre, he saw not into his own time, cast no light upon the future. As a man of taste, he refined the methods of his art, reformed it from abuses, well understood its more definite objects, and as far as talent and high culture could, fulfilled them. If not himself a great artist, he was, by his words and works, an able commentator on great artists. And intermediate powers of this kind must be held in honor, like ambassadors between nations, that might otherwise remain insular and poor.

As a character, he was religious in modesty, reverence, and fidelity. Life was truly to him a matter of growth, and action only so far valuable as expressive of this fact. It is therefore a pleasure to look on the chronicle of marble, where the meaning of his days is engraved. A monotony of conception, indeed, makes this a brief study, though the names alone of his works fill eighteen pages of Missirini's book. In labor, he was more indefatigable, probably, than if he had lived a deeper life; his was all one scene of outward labor, and meditation of its means, from childhood to advanced age; he never felt the needs common to higher natures, of leaving the mind at times fallow, that it may be prepared for a richer harvest; he never waited in powerless submission, for the uprise of the tide of soul. His works show this want of depth, and his views of art no less; but both have great merits as far as they go, — his works in their execution, his views as to accurate perceptions of the range of art, and the use of means.

It is intended to make farther use of the remarks of Canova in another way. But it will not forestall but rather

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prepare for the relation in which they will there be placed to present them here. Not all are given but only that portion most important in the eyes of the translator.

These sayings of Canova were written down from his lips by his friend and biographer, Missirini, who seems an Italian in sensibility, and an Englishman in quiet self-respect. He has obviously given us, not only the thought but the turn of expression; there is in the original a penetrating gentleness, and artist-like grace which give a charm to very slight intimations. This fineness of tone, if not represented in its perfection by the English idiom, will not, I hope, be quite lost, for it is more instructive than the thoughts in detail. The same purity of manner, which so well expresses the habit of intercourse with the purest material and noblest of arts, gave dignity to Mr Greenough's late memorial to Congress on the subject of his Washington; and the need there displayed of stating anew to this country rules of taste, which have passed into maxims elsewhere, is reason enough why such remarks, as these of Canova, should be offered to the careful attention of persons, who wish to fit themselves for intelligent enjoyment of the beautiful arts.

When Missirini, struck by the excellence of what he wrote down from the familiar discourse of the master, urged him to publish his thoughts in print, he always declined, saying, "opinions, precepts, rules are well enough in their place, but example is far more valuable. It is my profession to work as well as I can, not to lecture; nor would I, for treasures, take upon myself the task of arguing with irritable pedants."

He said also that he did not confide in his own judgment as to the value of his observations; he knew only that they were "dictated by the intimate feeling of art, by meditation bent constantly upon it, and, finally, the mistress experience," that he had no pretensions which justified his imposing his opinion on others, but could only offer it for the private judgment of each hearer.

Let the reader then receive the following remarks as they were made, as familiar talk of the artist with the friends who loved him, and, if awake to such sympathies or with a mind exercised on such topics, he will scarcely fail to derive instruction and pleasure from the gentle flow

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of earnest thought, and the air of delicacy and retirement in the mind of the thinker. We are with him in the still cool air of the studio, blocks of marble lie around, grand in their yet undisclosed secret, and the forms of nymphs and heroes imform the walls with their almost perfected beauty. The profound interpretations of a poetic soul, weaving into new forms the symbols of nature, and revealing her secret by divine re-creation, will not there be felt; the thoughts of this sculptor are only new readings of the text, faithful glosses in the margin, but as such, in themselves refined, and for us, in a high degree, refining and suggestive. Genius must congratulate herself on so faithful a disciple, though he be not a son, but a minister only of her royal house; and Art, having poured forth her gifts, must be grateful to one who knew so well how to prize, select, and dispose them.

OBSERVATIONS OF CANOVA, RECORDED BY MISSIRINI.

I.

Even because Canova had so at heart the interests of the arts, it grieved him to see such a multitude of young men devoting themselves to this service; for he said, they cannot, for the most part, fail to be poor and unhappy. Italy and the world are filled to satiety with works of art, and what employment can all these disciples find?—But the worst is that they will foster brute mediocrity, for excellence was never the portion of many, and through excellence alone can any good be effected. The academies should accept all to try the capacity of each, but when they have ascertained that a pupil has no extraordinary powers for art, then dismiss him, that he may, as a citizen, apply himself to some useful calling; for I fear that this multitude who are not fit for the upward path will drag down with them those who are better, and where they have begun to do ill, will run into every folly; for the arts, turned into the downward direction, find no stay, but are soon precipitated into total ruin.

II.

I do not call a work fine, merely because I find no faults in it. The most sublime works are not faultless; they are so

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great because, beside the beauty which satisfies the intellect, they have the beauty of inspiration which assails the senses and triumphs over the heart; they have within themselves the affection, within themselves the life, and make us weep, rejoice, or be troubled at their will; and this is the true beauty.

III.

I am always studying the shortest and simplest way to reach my object, as the blow which comes most direct strikes with most force, whence I would not wish to be delayed by vain ornaments and distractions.

IV.

Imitate nature alone, not any particular master. If you go to the master, let it be that he may point out to you how you may see and copy nature, as she was by him seen and copied; study nature through his eyes, and choose rather the ancient, the Greek masters, for they more than any others had a free field for seeing and copying nature and knew better than any others how to do it.

But if you wish to imitate a master, especially in painting, do with him as with nature; that is to say, as in nature you choose the fairest features, so in the master choose out his better parts, and leave those in which he has shown his human imperfections. Too often the worst parts of a famous master are imitated as much as any.

V.

Do you seek in nature some beautiful part, and fail to find it, be not discouraged, continue long enough the search, and you will see it in some form at last; for all is to be found in nature, provided you know how to look for it.

But if you wish to be saved many and tedious researches, and proceed straight forward, I will teach you this way.

Become first of all skilful in your art, that is, know drawing, anatomy, and dignity, feel grace, understand and enjoy beauty, be moved by your own conceptions, possess, in short, all the requisites of art in an eminent degree, and you will find yourself in the secure way I mean.—And beware that you take no other.—Then, if you find in nature

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some trait of admirable grace and beauty, it will suffice; for you will know how to bring all other parts into harmony with this, and thus produce beautiful and perfect wholes.

But this, you say, is difficult. Well do I know it is difficult, and therefore I admonish you to give yourself with all your force to study; for when you are great in art, you will know no more of difficulties.

VI.

In daily life, I have always seen graceful men gain the advantage over severe men; for grace is an omnipotence, conquering hearts. Be sure it is the same in art; acquire grace, and you will be happy; but take heed that, as the man who in society affects grace and has it not is disgraced, so the artist, who too sedulously seeks it, instead of pleasing annoys us. Hold thyself in the just medium. And this I say to you only in case you feel within yourself the native capacity for this graceful being; for, if you are cold as to this amiable dominion, seek it not; your case is desperate. Follow then art in its rigor, for severity has also its honor.

And the same temperance as in grace I would advise as to expression; that you be always self-poised and composed, showing moderation and serenity of mind. All violence is deformity. This temperance gave the palm to Raphael above all the imitators of beauty.

VII.

Sculpture is only one of various dialects, through which the eloquence of art expresses nature. It is a heroic dialect, like tragedy among the poetic dialects, and, as the terrible is the first element of the tragic, so is the nude first element in the dialect of sculpture. And, as the terrible should in the tragic epopea be expressed with the utmost dignity, so the nude should in statuary be signified in the fairest and noblest forms.

Here art and letters agree as to the treatment of their subjects.

While invention and disposition keep close to nature and reason in elocution and execution, it is permitted and

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required to leave the vulgar ways of custom and seek an expression, great, sublime, composed of what is best both in nature and idea.

VIII.

Money is in no way more legitimately gained than through the fine arts, because men can do without these objects, and are never forced by necessity to buy them. They are articles of luxury, and should leave no doubt of a free love in the buyer. Therefore, however great may be the price set upon a work of art, it can never be extravagant.

Rules and measurements, he observed to an artist, when just, are immutable for the artist who is not perfectly sure of himself, but a master sometimes shows the height of his intelligence by departing from them. For a great artist enjoys the liberty accorded by Aristotle, who says that, in some cases we should prefer a false vraisemblance to an unpleasing truth.

The Niobe, for instance, is in wet drapery and so are many other antique figures. This is not true; but if the artist had adhered to truth, he would have been traitor to his art by foolishly encumbering the forms; thus he preferred a falsity, which brought him a beautiful verisimilitude, since, through the wet and adhesive drapery, the artist could show the forms in the full excellence of art.

Even so, to mark the strength of Hercules, the Greek gave him a bull neck, to make the Apollo more light and majestic, altered the natural proportions.

This boldness does not show ignorance which transgresses rules, but science to discern the effect, and choose the point of view, which is born of philosophy in the judgment of the artist.

IX.

Observe how important it is that sculpture should be eminently beautiful, as most generally it must triumph by a single figure, convince and move by a single word; woe to it if this figure, this word, be not excellent!

X.

You ought to know anatomy well, said he to some pupils, but not to make others observe this, for, if it is true

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that art should imitate nature, let us follow nature in this; for she does not draw attention to the anatomy, but covers it admirably, by a well-contrived veil of flesh and skin, presenting to the eyes only a gentle surface, which modulates and curves itself with ease over every projection.

XI.

Pity that nymph cannot speak, said an Englishman, or that Hebe should not spring forward; could but the miracle be worked here, as it was for Pygmalion, we should be perfectly content. You deceive yourself, said he; this would not give you pleasure. I do not expect by my works to deceive any one; it is obvious that they are marble, and mute and motionless; it suffices me if it be acknowledged that if I have in part conquered the material by my art and made an approach to truth. It is sufficient that being seen to be of stone, the obstacles should excuse the defects. I aspire to no illusion.

Few artists have known how to explain their thoughts in writing. If they had, there would have been many more feuds among them, and more time lost. Artists who wrote were always mediocre. It is necessary to work not write. Woe also to those literati who constitute themselves judges of art; their absurdities will avenge those whom they misjudge.

XII.

They criticise the faults in my works, nor do I complain; such are inseparable from the works of a human being; but what does grieve me is, that they do not find there beauties enough to make them forget the faults. Yet, should fragments of my works be dug up and shown as antiques, these same persons, perhaps, would declare them excellent. Antiquity is privileged! Men are herein unjust, that they see only the beauties of the ancient, only the faults of the modern artist. But I recollect to have read the same complaint in Tacitus!

XIII.

He was unwearied in retouching his works, saying, I seek in my material a certain spiritual element, which may

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serve it as a soul; imitation of forms is death to me. I would aid myself with intellect, and ennoble those forms by inspiration, that they might wear at least the semblance of life, — but it may not be.

XIV.

As to the Greeks, let us study their works to learn their methods. Let us seek the way they took, to be at the same time so select and so true.

Speaking of what gives to works of the hand the beauty of the soul, if you examine, said he, the works of the ancients, I see that these workmen strove to put soul and spirit into looks and attitudes, rather than into vestments; but, if you look at modern works, you will find the life rather in the vestments than in the person. Thus with the ancients the clothes serve and are silent, but, in modern works, they become arrogant, and the figures remain imprisoned in the cold of the marble. This inverse way, I think, has been a principal cause of the degradation of art.

XV.

I do not like to make portraits, but prefer exercising my art in a larger way. When you have made a portrait with the best wisdom of an artist, comes the lover of the person and says, "You are far handsomer than that, I should not know it was meant for you;" here the true artist is oftentimes pulled to pieces, and one far beneath him commended.

Neither do I wish patiently to copy all the minutiæ of a countenance. Resemblance should be derived from the large and important parts, from choice of the leading traits. Now I believe excellence of this kind is to be attained by seeing these parts in the historic method, and from the best point of view, so that the image may be at once like and grandiose, and may seem both true and beautiful, though the subject in nature may not be beautiful. And if it is true that the arts are the ministers to beauty, it is a crucifixion to distort them to copy vulgar subjects.

XVI.

Seeing that certain young painters had attained the style of the earliest masters, he said, it is well that these

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young men should begin in that simple and innocent style, which was the path taken by the greatest artists. But I hope they will know how to add to simplicity nobleness, and reach at last a boldness controlled by reason, inspired by genius, embellished by taste. For had art kept always within these limits of infancy, we should have had no Raphael, no Michel Angelo.

XVII.

Finding certain painters discouraged because art was represented to them as somewhat superhuman, he cheered them, saying; it makes young men too timid to persuade them, as they say Mengs did his pupils, that art is a mystery, and that none can be an artist, unless first he has been raised into Paradise, and sublimated by the most subtile ideas.

This celestial doctrine may be of use, perhaps, as to statuary; but as to painting, the excellent Venetian artists did wonders with a surprising naturalness, and with such ease that they seemed in sport.

Subtilties produce sophists only. Our old painters refined only in their works, contending only for the imitation of the true, the beautiful, of nature and human affections, and thus they produced classic works.

Good sense, an excellence which the Lord God has bestowed on but few, is all the metaphysics of our art, as I believe it may be of all things. This saying was ever in his mouth.*

XVIII.

A respectable cavalier, seeing Canova's Venus, fancied he must have had a divinely beautiful person for his model, and begged that he would show him one of these celestial forms. Accordingly, a day was appointed, the nobleman came full of eagerness, but finding a person rather coarse than beautiful, was greatly surprised. The sculptor, who was intimate with him, said, smiling, perfect beauty would

* He does not seem to have clearly seen that the good sense of genius is the equipoise of perfected faculties, and should be distinguished by the thinker from the good sense of common men, which expresses only the experience of past ages.

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never be seen by the bodily eye, if unaided by the eyes of the soul, sharpened by the fair precepts of art, in which case we do not see the model as it is, but as it ought to be, and it will suffice to gain from the model an intimation of what is good. The study of the antique helps to sharpen and steady these eyes of the intellect, as do the study of select forms in nature, in the same way as the ancients, reasoning, culture of the tastes, and the heart.

When you shall thus have directed the visual virtue of the mind, set yourself to work, you will then overcome all difficulties, and produce beautiful works upon subjects which are not beautiful. This is what I would wish to do, and it pains me the more not to reach the goal, as I know well where it stands, but the eyes of the mind have not with me force enough to conquer matter, and thus I remain mortal as I am.

XIX.

About those masters who urge their pupils to adopt some particular style, graceful or terrible, rigid or fleshy; principles, he said, are the same for all, because they are the fruit of common sense, but the peculiar disposition allots to each one in execution his distinctive character, and here the pupil should be left quite free. Just that temper of mind which mother nature has placed in the bosom ought to influence the work; nature should not be forced, neither must we fail to do her behests, since that is like prolonging or shortening the limbs for the bed of the famous tyrant. And if you urge nature into a path against her will, she will be sure to drive you back against your will.

XX.

As to execution, majestic lineaments alone are not sufficient for the grand style, since they may have a dryness in their majesty.

The majestic parts, happily concorded with the medium and the little to a broad and sublime whole, constitute the grand style.

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XXI.

As to the old dispute, whether a preference is to be given to painting or sculpture, he showed pity and disdain for the idlers who lost in such contention the precious time that they might have given to work, and added, all this heat springs from the true point at issue never having been defined; that is to say, if we are thinking of invention, perhaps painting is more difficult, because more complicated than sculpture; even as music and perspective are more difficult as to invention than sculpture. Yet once ascertain the rules of music and perspective, and they become easy of execution, because they depend on fixed rules; which having once learned, the performer may proceed in safety without fatigue, and without any great intellect. Thus we see mere youths learn music by rule, and very ordinary artists perfectly acquainted with perspective, so as to produce striking effect; yet none will allow the best scene painter as high rank as a very weak historical painter. The merit rests with the invention of the rules. Find then first the rules and regular disciplines of the painter, then compare his work with that of the sculptor, and see which is the most difficult.

'T is certain that, all the rules of painting being known, the art has been made much easier. I know not that we can say as much for sculpture: we, indeed, see children amuse themselves with plaster, and making little figures, but they stand still at these beginnings.

XXII.

In one respect he thought painting had the advantage over sculpture, and this is in the folds of drapery. It is true, he said, that folks must always accommodate themselves to the motions of the person painted, especially to the form of the muscles, and the reason why they are so free and graceful in the works of Raphael, and of the ancient masters, is because they show distinctly the forms beneath them. This consideration is of equal importance to the painter and sculptor. But while the painter needs only to adapt his draperies to certain parts in his picture, because they are to be looked at only from a single point of view, and if they look well in front, it is no matter how they fall

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behind, the sculptor is obliged to arrange them with equal judgment behind and on every side. See how much the sculptor has to do, since he not only must adjust them with elegance to the movements of the person, but must show clearly where they begin, how they are extended, and where they ought to finish.

Let no one fancy that folds should all be of the same character. As the design of the human form varies with the character of each person, so ought the folds to vary according to the various characters of stuffs and of persons.

The treatment of folds presents difficulties even to the greatest sculptors, because it is not with them as with the nude, where the data and principles are fixed in nature, and a careful study of these ensures success. But folds, oftentimes, depend on the occasion, or some accidental circumstance, and always on the taste, which differs with each man.

This study has no fixed rules; often the finest arrangement of folds comes from a happy combination seen on some person where it was the effect of accident. The best rule is to observe the momentary changes in the vestments of all persons whom we meet. Thus the life of the artist is a continued study; since he will often draw the highest benefit from observations made, while walking in the streets for his amusement.

XXIII.

Talking one day about following out the rules with exactness, he said it was well to do so, since this prevented arbitrary and capricious proceedings; keeping the artist awake to his duty, but that nevertheless if he followed these rules in a servile spirit, the desired effect is not obtained, and, without effect, there cannot be the illusion so essential to art. A principal study among the ancients was how to obtain this effect, and to this they would sacrifice rules; this was no oversight, but highest wisdom; since if, by an exact observation of what has been prescribed, the desired effect is not obtained, the artist misses his aim, and blasphemes the rules.

I do not intend this counsel for the young, for they should not desire to emancipate themselves from the discipline of art, and with them the attempt to do so would be

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a fatal error; but I speak thus to the great masters with whom such infractions display the best knowledge of art, of experience, of philosophy.

The Colossi of Monte Cavallo, seen near at hand, have eyes exaggerated, and somewhat distorted, and the mouth does not follow exactly the line of the eye, and it is this very thing which in the distance gives them so much expression. The Sibyls of Buonarrotti which are of supreme excellence in painting, seen near, have frightful masses of shadow; the upper lip of a different impasto from the rest; yet, seen from the proper point of view, they are divine works. This it is to profess the skill of a master, but which is not to be attained, except by vast studies, and the practice given by great works.

XXIV.

Speaking of a young sculptor who had great disposition for art, but was hindered by a love of amusement, I pity, said he, those young men who think to make pleasures of all sorts harmonize with art. Art alone must reign in all the thoughts of the sculptor; for this alone must he live, to this alone devote his every care. Otherwise the intellect is dissipated, the body exhausted, and the sculptor has more need of his physical forces than any other artist. How can he who is wearied out with late hours, with music and dancing, with suppers, come early in the morning to work in the studio, with that ardor which is needed? They grow indolent, and, with slothfulness, come indifference to glory and content with mediocrity.

XXV.

Enthusiasm is as much needed for the artist as the poet; yet, to restrain the fire of those who delight overmuch in fanciful and luxurious inventions, he would add, he who abandons himself to this alone, will produce nothing worthy. Enthusiasm must be united to two other grand qualities, else it differs little from delirium; only when regulated by reason, and adapted to execution is it triumphant.

Three powers are to be satisfied in the spectator; the imagination, the reason, and the heart. Enthusiasm alone can, at best, only excite the imagination, which is the

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least noble, since madmen have it in great fulness. The reason can be satisfied only with what is conformable to reason, and the heart, with the expressive execution which convinces the senses.

XXVI.

Let the sculptor fix his attention on the head; fine heads are rare, were so even among the ancients;—traverse the great museum of the Vatican, and you will observe a poverty as to this eminent part of the person.

In working, he finished the head first, saying, to work less ill I want to find pleasure in it, and what pleasure could I have in working on a person, whose physiognomy did not stir my blood; how endure to converse with it three or four months. I should do all against my heart; the first requisite is that I should be pleased, nay, charmed with my subject; then I shall work on it with loving care, for we are naturally inclined to show courtesy to the beautiful rather than the ugly. Beauty awakens a spontaneous, impetuous affection, though ugliness may be borne with through education, through reflection. But see two boys crying, one beautiful, the other ugly; it is the beautiful one you will find yourself impelled to console. I seek first an invention as good as may be, so that this may inspire and give me courage for the rest, and, seeing it beautiful, or beautiful to my mind, for I dare not speak positively as to its being so, I say within myself, the beautiful countenance ought to have all the other parts correspond with it, it ought to be in an attitude, dressed in robes worthy of its beauty; thus that first ray lights me to the rest. And this appears to me the true philosophy, founded on the human heart.

XXVII.

Hearing exaggerated praise of certain artists, who have sought out violent motions for their subjects; I do not love, said he, these vehement motions, which are contrary to the sober and composed medium in which abides the beauty of all the imitative arts; to me also they seem easy, though the vulgar suppose them difficult, and I should rather exhibit that ease which artists know to be difficult.

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Sculpture is only marble, until it has motion and life; now let us set ourselves to work, and see if it is not more difficult to impart soul to a part gently moved, and in quiet, than to one moved for an act that aids it to the semblance of life.

XXVIII.

He was at work one day on the foot of a dancing nymph, and showed indefatigable patience in retouching it. Why do you give so much labor to these minutiæ? said a friend to him. Already this statue is a divine image. Do you expect those who are enchanted with its beauty to pause and examine these trifles? Diligence, he replied, is what gives honor to our work. I labor here upon the nails. Among the things which are ordinarily neglected in art are the human nails, and yet the ancients took great pains to express them well; in the Venus de Medici they are admirably well done. Not without deep wisdom is that proverbial expression of the ancients, "perfect even to the nails," to signify a complete work.

The ears too are often merely indicated, not finished out in detail; yet the shape of the ear has great influence on the human countenance, and we see them carefully executed in the best sculptures.

XXIX.

How is it that you can be so calm beneath bitter censure? The Artist replied, I ought to be more grateful to my critics, than to those who praise me, even though the critics are sarcastic and unjust. It is easy to be lulled to sleep in art; praise conduces to this drowsiness, while censure keeps the artist awake, and fills him with a holy fear, so that he dares not abandon himself to license, to mannerism; it makes him eager to produce always better works. Plutarch says the unkind observation of enemies keeps us on our guard against errors, Antisthenes, that to plough a strait furrow, it needs to have true friends or violent enemies; since the enemy sees much which is concealed by affection from the friend.

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XXX.

Take a great illustrious revenge on your calumniators, by seeking to do better, constrain them to silence by your excellence; this is the true road to triumph. If you take the other, if you plead your cause, justify yourself, or make reprisals, you open for yourself a store of woes, and you lose the tranquillity which you require for your works, and the time, in disputing, which should have been consecrated to labor.

XXXI.

As I have shown in these memoirs, the virtue of Canova as a man was not unworthy his excellence as an artist. Artists, he said, are called Virtuosi; how then can they dare contradict by their actions the noble meaning of their art? The arts in themselves are divine; they are an emanation from the Supreme Beauty; they are one of the supports of Religion. If the artist has once fixed his mind on such great objects, I do not know how he can by his life disgrace this magnificent trust.

Beside, purity of heart, virginity of mind, have great influence on the artist, both as to dignity of conception, and means of execution. Artists paint themselves in their works. The courtesy, grace, benignity, disinterestedness, the enlarged and noble soul of Raphael, shine out marvellously in his works.

A portrait, said to be that of Correggio, was brought to Canova, when he wished to make his bust, but, as he saw there a coarse mind, with coarse features, he said, it cannot be that the painter of the graces could have worn such a semblance. And he was right; it was not the true portrait of Correggio. Seeing afterwards the true portrait, lo! said he, here is the one who could paint beautiful things.

XXXII.

To one of the young men of his studio, who took offence at all nudity, who was scandalized at being set to work on the forms of men, if they were beautiful, and of women would not touch even the arms; he, disgusted by this absurd scrupulousness, I too abhor immodest

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works as I do sin, for an artist must in no way stain his honor; nor can vice ever be beautiful. Yet, since the nude is the language of art, it ought to be represented, but in a pure spirit. If you know not how to do this, if you have so base a mind as to bring the perversities of your own corruption into the discipline of the gentle arts, take some other path. Nudity is divine; bodies are the works of God himself; if he had not wished that any part should be as it is, he would not have made it so; all was at his will, of his omnipotence: we need not be ashamed to copy what he has made, but always in purity and with that veil of modesty, which indeed nature did not need in the innocence of first creation; but does so now in her perverted estate.

Licentiousness is not shown in the nudity of a form, but in the expression which a vicious artist knows how to throw into it; I think rather that the unveiled form, shown in purity, adorned with exquisite beauty, takes from us all mortal perturbations, and transports us to the primal state of blessed innocence; and still more that it comes to us as a thing spiritual, intellectual; exalting the mind to the contemplation of divine things, which, as they cannot be manifested to the senses in their spiritual being, only through the excellence of forms can be indicated, and kindle us by their eternal beauty, and draw us from the perishable things of earth.

Where is the being so depraved who seeing forms of admirable beauty in Greek art, would feel corrupt desires, and not rather find himself ennobled and refined by the sight, and abashed in its presence at his own imperfection? This is why a perfect beauty is named ideal, because it is wholly a thing of the soul and not of the sense.

Corrupt inclinations alone can lead to impure wishes at sight of a naked statue of exquisite beauty and of chaste expression; nor ought it to be believed, that the ancients, who revered virtue as a divinity, would so degrade the dignity of the mind as to indulge brutal desires, while they adored unveiled beauty.

XXXIII.

There is no heart so hard that it can resist grace, tempered by dignity.

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XXXIV.

In reference to an artist of great aspiration but small success, because for many years he had pounded as in a mortar at art, without coming to any happy issue, he said, steadfast perseverance must bring some improvement: but, if nature has not herself launched us in the way we choose, perseverance alone will not avail.

If a young man does not dart forward with admirable progress, in the first three or four years, always provided he has the right principles, little, generally speaking, can be hoped from him afterwards. With time, he may, indeed, acquire more freedom in treatment, more knowledge of material, more learning, but not more originality, nor more development of genius.

The figure of Clemency, in the Ganganelli Mausoleum, was one of my earliest works, and I know not that, in the thirty years that intervene, I have learned to do better. I grieve to see my powers so circumscribed, and would wish to raise myself to a higher mark, but I do not succeed.

XXXV.

He entertained so modest an opinion of himself that he repeated often, such an one praises me, but am I certain that I deserve it? I do not accept this praise, lest I perhaps usurp what does not belong to me; beside, I am always expecting that some boy will come forward, who shall put me quite in the shade.

XXXVI.

Speaking of the artist's obligation to express the affections of the mind, he said, our great ancient artists were admirable in what relates to the affections; with the progress of years reason has gained, but the heart has lost; this is perhaps the cause of the prevalent indifference to works of art; they address themselves so much to the reason, that the senses are not moved, the heart remains cold, nor is excited to emotion, even by the most commended works.

XXXVII.

The artist, said he, laboring on the form, ought to fill it with modulations, which shall all be contained within the

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just limits of the outline of the whole; to this rule he added another drawn from observation of natural beauty, and of numerical proportions; that is, to work on all parts, regulating them constantly by the ternary correspondence. I mean, that each part, however small, must be composed of three parts; a greater, a lesser, and a least, so that they should coincide variously and insensibly to form that one part. This rule, he said, had led him to the resemblance of flesh, and to a truth in every part. This applies also to the arrangement of hair, the divisions of drapery; we must be guided in the execution of all by the scale of an invisible geometry.

XXXVIII.

Canova had applied a profound study to the comment made by Metastasio on the Poetics of Aristotle, and said he had learned more from this, than from all the masters of art.

As poetic diction should be pure, lucid, elegant, dignified, even so the statuary should not make use of a coarse and porous stone, but of the finest and hardest marble. The poet ought to have a rich, elevated, and enchanting style, and the sculptor the same, if they would not fail of the highest truth.

Those are the rabble and the dregs amid painters, who, thinking the better to imitate nature, introduce into pictures on illustrious subjects the style of the taverns, and renounce the dignity of art, that is to say, its divine part, the ideal.

The sculptor must dispense entirely with ignoble, brutal forms, with him satyrs, Sileni, old people, and servants, if used, must each be ennobled by the beauty possible to its kind.

XXXIX.

Aristotle gives the degrees of imitation as three; better, worse, and like, I mean imitations of objects which are better or worse than or like ourselves. He thought this might well be applied to art, for being minister of virtue, of beauty, and the ideal it should always elevate its subject; those are scarcely endurable who represent it just as it is; those

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abominable who deform and degrade it, that is to say, make it worse.

XL.

From another opinion of Aristotle, that works of imitation please from the intimate feeling of complacence, which all have in their clear sightedness when they separate the true from the false even in imitation; he inferred that those artists are unwise who wish rather to make manifest all parts of their subject, than cause them to be divined. Those sculptors work against themselves, who, as it were, publish the anatomy, doing thus an injury to the self-love of the observer, who wishes to please himself with divining things, rather than see them inevitably.

XLI.

Aristotle says all men have an irresistible desire for imitation.

Canova judged this maxim to be founded in human nature, and justified by experience; hence he inferred, that there neither is nor can be a people without art; they may have it in an imperfect shape, but they will have it; thus artists have the great advantage of working on a foundation innate in nature, and are always sure to please, which is not the case with men of science, with philologists, to whose disciplines men have not so great a general tendency.

XLII.

Reading in the same that the poet is not obliged to observe historical fidelity, for the object of the historian is not to imitate, but only faithfully to recount events as they happened, and that of the poet to relate them as they might with verisimilitude have happened; he said, this is the law which, above every other, explains the beauty which is called ideal in art; since representing subjects not as they are, but as they ought to be, perfecting them and imparting to them that degree of nobleness, grace, excellence, of which they are capable, is to discern all their finest relations, and, by harmonizing these, form a type in our mind from the materials afforded by nature, and afterward verify it by the expression in art. Thus if the object of the im-

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itation be, as is implied in the foregoing statement, to create a perfect type, those, who are satisfied with a common or vulgar model, fail of their object and their art, and should rather be called the disgrace of art, than artists. But those who are worthy its sublime disciplines, the true artists, are above the followers of other callings, however arduous, since others have permanent rules, independent of composition, which demands not only judgment, as all things do, but taste, inspiration, memory, and even creative energy.

XLIII.

As Cicero teaches that to produce emotion is the triumph of the orator, so, he said, is the introduction of passion into his works the triumph of the artist, and in this regard he was pleased with the other admonition that the inventor, while ordering his scene, ought to imagine himself in the event and passions he wishes to represent, even so far as to act them out by gesture; it being very true that he who would move others must first be moved himself.

So when he was modelling, you might have seen that he was invested with the passions of his subject by the changes of his countenance, by tears, joyousness, and agitation all over his body.

XLIV.

As execution is to works of art what elocution is to poetry, he said, even as the latter should be clear and noble, and in style the best and best arranged which be used, so art should choose the finest faces, the noblest forms, the most graceful drapery; the manner at once most easy and most dignified, most distinguished and most natural.

XLV.

He availed himself of criticisms from the multitude, for, said he, a work should please not only the learned, but the vulgar; that is to say, all men according to their capacity should find there what may move, delight, and instruct them, as with the immortal poem of Tasso, which attracts the gondolier no less than the philosopher.

Thus he thought it well to exhibit his compositions before they were entirely finished; because, though the peo-

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ple cannot judge as to mastery in art, it can feel grace, approve truth, be penetrated by the effect, enchanted by beauty. The people is, ordinarily, less corrupt than any other judge; it is not biassed by rivalry in genius, nor bigotry of schools, nor confusion of useless, false, ill understood, and ill applied precepts; it does not wish to display erudition, nor malice against the moderns, masked by idolatry for the ancients, nor any other of the baneful affections of the human heart, such as are fomented, oftentimes produced by learning, which is not ruled and purified by wisdom. Apropos to this he told the story from Lucian, that when Phidias was making his Jupiter for the Eleans, happening to be behind the door, he heard the people talking about it; some found fault with this, some with that; when they were gone, Phidias retouched the parts in question, according to the opinion of the majority, for he did not hold lightly the opinion of so many people; thinking the many must see farther than one alone, even if that one be a Phidias.

XLVI.

Finally, said Canova, above all theory and attempt of human subtilty at division and metaphysics in matters of art, I esteem that remark in the same comment on Aristotle, that good judgment is the best rule, without which the best precepts are useless, or even pernicious.

Of all which opinions of Canova, I am the earnest champion; for with him I have read a hundred times those comments on Aristotle, and have felt for myself the application, which he made of them to art, and have registered them in my memory, to write them afterwards in leaves, which, perhaps, will not perish.

Thus far Missirini, affectionate and faithful, if not bold and strong as the old Vasari! Such should be the friend of genius, manly to esteem, womanly to sympathize in, its life.

Reserving for another occasion the notice of various traits, which illustrate the position of Canova as an artist, we must hasten to an outline of his life, which is beautiful

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through its simplicity and steadfastness of aim, amid many conflicting interests, at an epoch of great agitation and temptation.

He was born at Possagno, a little town in the Venetian territory, 1757 and died at Venice, 1822. It illustrates the generosity of the world-spirit in our age, that, not content with giving us Bonaparte and Byron, Beethoven and Goethe, it should finish out and raise to conspicuous station a representative of a class so wholly different, and, at first glance, it might seem, so unlikely to be contemporary with the three former. The Goethean constellation, indeed, disallowed no life, and with all its aversion to "halfness" was propitious to limited natures like Canova, and no way so ardent for the artist, as not to appreciate the artisan.—For Canova, though in good measure the artist, was in highest perfection the artisan.

Though his life had no connexion with the great tendencies of his time, yet it has on that very account a certain grace and sweetness. Chosen as the sculptor of the Imperial Court, and highly favored by the Pope, he knew how to take his own path, and answer, in his own way, to all requisitions. His life was that of a gentleman and student; still and retired in the midst of convulsion, full and sweet in the midst of dread and anguish, it comes with a gentle and refreshing dignity to our thoughts. From princes and potentates he wished nothing but employment, and the honors they added had no importance in his eyes, though they were received with that courtesy and delicate propriety which marked all his acts, whether towards the high or low in the ranks of this world. To write in marble the best thoughts of his mind; to remain a faithful son and intelligent lover of his native country, to keep days devoted to the worship of beauty, unspotted as the material in which he expressed it, to lavish on his kindred by birth or spirit all the outward rewards of his labor, choosing for himself frugality of body, plenteousness of soul,—such was the plan of Canova's life; one from which he could not be turned aside, by any lure of ambition, or the sophistry of others about his duties. He never could be induced to assume responsibilities, for which he did not feel himself inwardly prepared; though, when duly called to face a

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crisis, he showed self-possession, independence, and firmness.

It was by his intercourse with Napoleon, that his character was most tried, and here his attitude is very noble and attractive. He never defies the Emperor, but is equally sincere, energetic, and adroit in defending the rights he had at heart. It is pleasant to see the influence on Bonaparte, who, always imperious and sarcastic when braved in a vain or meddlesome temper, does full justice to that of Canova. Though he could not induce the sculptor to enter his service, either by marks of favor or glittering hopes, he was not angry, but on the contrary, attended to his recommendation by redressing the wrongs of Venice, and lending generous aid to the cause of art at Rome. In this, as in other instances, Napoleon showed that where he met a man of calm and high strain, he knew how to respect him; that if men were usually to him either tools or foes, it was not his fault only.—The Dialogues between Napoleon and Canova are well worth translation, but would occupy too much space here. They show, like other records of the time, the want of strict human affinity between the conquering mind and those it met. Even when they can stand their ground, he seems to see them, seize their leading traits, but never make a concord with them. He never answers to Canova's thought, and it is impossible to judge whether the oft repeated argument, that the works of art, which had been taken from Italy, could never be seen to the same purpose elsewhere, because no longer connected with the objects and influences that taught how to look at them, made any impression on his mind. If it had, he might with advantage have followed up the thought in its universal significance.

But wherever he turned his life, it was like the fire to burn, and not like the light to illustrate and bless.

This was one fine era in Canova's existence. One no less so was when, after the abdication of Bonaparte, the Allied Powers took possession of Paris. Then when partial restitution might be expected of the spoils which had been torn from the nations, by the now vanquished Lion, Rome redemanded the treasures of art, whose loss she had bemoaned in the very dust, the Niobe of nations, doubly bereft, since not only the temple of Jupiter Stator was over-

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thrown, and his golden Victories dispersed among kingdoms, once her provinces, but the Apollo, emblem of the creative genius which had replaced the heroism of her youth, had been ravished from her. And she sent him, who of her children she deemed most favored by the God, to redemand him and his associate splendors.

The French would not do themselves the honor of a free acquiescence in this most just demand; the other powers were unwilling to interfere, with the exception of England, who, moved scarce less by respect for the envoy, than sense of the justice of the demand, interposed with such decision, that the Prince of Art was permitted to resume his inheritance. The Duke of Wellington, with a martial frankness and high sense of right, which nobly became him, declared his opinion, afterward published in the Journal des Debats, "that the allied powers should not yield to the wishes of the French King in this matter. That so to do would be *impolitic*, since they would thus lose the opportunity of giving France a great moral lesson."

Such views of policy might, indeed, convince that the victory of Waterloo came by ministry of Heaven. Had but the Holy Allies kept this thought holy!

England not only assisted Canova with an armed force to take away the objects he desired, but supplied a large sum to restore them to their native soil, and replace them on their former pedestals.

There is something in the conduct of this affair more like the splendid courtesy of chivalrous times, than the filching and pinching common both in court and city at this present time. The generosity of England, the delicacy of Canova, who took upon himself to leave with the French monarch many masterpieces, mindful rather of his feelings, and respect for his position, than of his injustice, (though this injustice was especially unpardonable, since having been long despoiled himself of all he called his own, readiness to restore their dues to others might have been expected at this crisis, even from a Bourbon,) the letters of the Pope and Cardinal Gonsalvi, overflowing no less with gratitude than affection, the Pope thanking Canova for having not only fulfilled his intentions but "understood his heart," (in the delicacy shown towards France,) the recognition on all sides of the honors due to the artist, the splen-

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did rewards bestowed by the Papal court, which Canova employed wholly for the aid and encouragement of poor or young artists, all this reminds us rather of Fairy Queens, with boundless bounty for the worthy, boundless honor for the honorable, and self-denial alike admirable in rich and poor, rather than modern snuff-box times of St. James or the Tuilleries.

The third and last fair fact in Canova's life was the erection of the temple at Possagno, of which an account is given in the following extract, from the journal of a traveller:—

"At sunset, I found myself on the summit of a ridge of rocks; it was the last of the Alps. Before my feet stretched out the Venetian territory. Between the plain and the peak from which I contemplated it was a beautiful oval valley, leaning on one side against the Alps, on the other elevated like a terrace above the plain, and protected against the sea breeze by a rampart of fertile hills. Directly below me lay a village scattered over the declivity in picturesque disorder. This poor hamlet is crowned with a vast and beautiful temple of marble, perfectly new, shining in virgin whiteness, and seated proudly on the mountain ridge. It had to me an air of personal existence. It seemed to contemplate Italy, unrolled before it like a map, and to command it.

"A man, who was cutting marble on the mountain side, told me that this church of pagan form was the work of Canova, and that the village below was Possagno, his birth place. Canova, added the mountaineer, was the son of a stone-cutter, a poor workman like me.

"The valley of Possagno has the form of a cradle, and is in the proportion of the stature of the man who went out from it. It is worthy to have produced more than one genius; it is conceivable that the height of intellect should be easily developed in a country so beautiful and beneath so pure a heaven. The transparency of the waters, the richness of the soil, the force of vegetation, the beauty of the race in that part of the Alps, and the magnificence of the distant views which the valley commands on all sides, seem made to nourish the highest faculties of the soul, and to excite to the noblest ambition. This kind of terrestrial paradise, where intellectual youth can expand into the fulness of spring; this immense horizon, which seems o invite the steps and the thoughts of the future, are they not two principal conditions necessary to unfold a fair destiny?

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"The life of Canova was fertile and generous as his native soil. Sincere and simple as a true mountaineer, he loved always with a tender predilection the village and poor dwelling where he was born. He had it embellished very modestly, and came there in autumn to rest from the labors of the year. He took pleasure at these times in drawing the Herculean forms of the men, and the truly Grecian heads of the young girls. The inhabitants of Possagno say with pride, that the principal models of the rich collection of Canova's works came from their valley. In fact you need only pass through it, to meet at each step the type of that cold beauty which characterizes the statuary of the empire. The principal charm of these peasant women is precisely one which marble could not reproduce, the freshness of coloring and transparence of the skin. To them might without exaggeration be applied the eternal metaphor of lilies and roses. Their liquid eyes have an uncertain tint, at once green and blue, like the stone called Aqua-marine. Canova delighted in the *morbidezza* of their heavy and abundant locks of fair hair. He used to comb them himself, before copying them, and to arrange their tresses, after the various styles of the Greek marbles.

"These girls generally possess that expression of sweetness and naïveté which, reproduced in fairer lineaments and more delicate forms, inspired Canova with his delightful head of Psyche. The men have a colossal head, prominent forehead, thick fair hair, eyes large, animated, and bold, and short square face. Without anything profound or delicate in their physiognomy, there is an expression of frankness and courage which reminds us of an ancient hunter.

"The temple of Canova is an exact copy of the Pantheon at Rome. The material is a beautiful marble, of a white ground, streaked with red,—but rather soft, and already marked by the frost.

"Canova caused the erection of this church with the benevolent object of presenting an attraction to strangers to visit Possagno, and thus giving a little commerce and prosperity to the poor inhabitants of the Mountain. It was his intention to make it a sort of museum for his works. Here were to be deposited the sacred subjects from his hand, and the upper galleries would have contained some of the profane subjects. He died, leaving his plan unfinished, and bequeathed a considerable sum for this object. But although his own brother, the Bishop of Canova, had it in charge to oversee the works, a sordid economy or signal bad faith presided over the execution of the last will of the Sculptor. With the exception of the marble *vaisseau*, which it was too late to speculate about, the necessary furnishings are all of the meanest kind. Instead of the twelve

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colossal marble statues, which were to have occupied the twelve niches of the cupola, you see twelve grotesque giants, executed by a painter, who, they say, knew well enough how to do better, but travestied his work to avenge himself for the sordid shifts of his employers. But few specimens of Canova's work adorn the interior of the monument; a few bas-reliefs of small size, but of pure and elegant design, are incrusted in the walls of the chapels.—There are copies also in the Academy of the Fine Arts at Venice, with one of which I was particularly struck. In the same place is the group of Christ at the Tomb, which is certainly the coldest invention of Canova—the bronze cast of this group is in the temple at Possagno, as well as the tomb which encloses the remains of the Sculptor. It is a Grecian Sarcophagus,—very simple and beautiful, executed after his designs.

"Another group, of Christ at the threshold, painted in oil, decorates the chief altar. Canova, the most modest of Sculptors, had the ambition to be a painter also. — He retouched this picture from time to time during several years, — happily the only offspring of his old age, — which affection for his virtues and regard for his fame ought to induce his heirs to keep concealed from every eye."

To this purpose he devoted the riches he had earned by his works. That he should, even with his celebrity and at the end of so laborious a life, possess a fortune adequate to so vast an enterprise was, and is, a matter of wonder, and only to be explained by the severe simplicity of his habits. With deep regret we learn that he died too soon to ensure the fulfilment of his plan. A wish so pure deserved that he should find a worthy executor.

To sum up decisively, if not fully, Canova shines before us in an unblemished purity of morals, tenderness and fidelity toward friends, generosity to rivals, gentleness to all men, a wise and modest estimate of himself, an unfailing adequacy to the occasion, adorned by fineness of breeding in all his acts and words.—He is no life-renewing fountain, but we will think of him with a well assured pleasure, as a green island of pure waters, and graceful trees in the midst of a dark and turbulent stream.

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ANACREON.

"Nor has he ceased his charming song, but still that lyre,
Though he is dead, sleeps not in Hades."

Simonides' Epigram on Anacreon.

We lately met with an old volume from a London bookshop, containing the Greek Minor Poets, and it was a pleasure to read once more only the words,— Orpheus, — Linus, — Musæus — those faint poetic sounds and echoes of a name, dying away on the ears of us modern men; and those hardly more substantial sounds, Mimnermus — Ibycus — Alcæus — Stesichorus — Menander. They lived not in vain. We can converse with these bodiless fames, without reserve or personality.

We know of no studies so composing as those of the classical scholar. When we have sat down to them, life seems as still and serene as if it were very far off, and we believe it is not habitually seen from any common platform so truly and unexaggerated as in the light of literature. In serene hours we contemplate the tour of the Greek and Latin authors with more pleasure than the traveller does the fairest scenery of Greece or Italy. Where shall we find a more refined society? That highway down from Homer and Hesiod to Horace and Juvenal is more attractive than the Appian. Reading the classics, or conversing with those old Greeks and Latins in their surviving works, is like walking amid the stars and constellations, a high and by-way serene to travel. Indeed, the true scholar will be not a little of an astronomer in his habits. Distracting cares will not be allowed to obstruct the field of his vision, for the higher regions of literature, like astronomy, are above storm and darkness.

But passing by these rumors of bards, we have chosen to pause for a moment at Anacreon, the Teian poet, and present some specimens of him to our readers.*

* The following, with the odes to the Cicada and to Spring, in the ninth number of the Dial, pp. 23, 24, are, in the opinion of the translator, the best that have come down to us.

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There is something strangely modern about him. He is very easily turned into English. Is it that our lyric poets have resounded only that lyre, which would sound only light subjects, and which Simonides tells us does not sleep in Hades? His odes are like gems of pure ivory. They possess an etherial and evanescent beauty like summer evenings, ὃ χρὴ σε νοεῖν νόου ἄνθει, *which you must understand with the flower of the mind*, — and show how slight a beauty could be expressed. You have to consider them, as the stars of lesser magnitude, with the side of the eye, and look aside from them to behold them. They charm us by their serenity and freedom from exaggeration and passion, and by a certain flower-like beauty, which does not propose itself, but must be approached and studied like a natural object. But, perhaps, their chief merit consists in the lightness and yet security of their tread;

> "The young and tender stalk
> Ne'er bends when *they* do walk."

True, our nerves are never strung by them; — it is too constantly the sound of the lyre, and never the note of the trumpet; but they are not gross, as has been presumed, but always elevated above the sensual.

ON HIS LYRE.

I wish to sing the Atridæ,
And Cadmus I wish to sing;
But my lyre sounds
Only love with its chords.
Lately I changed the strings
And all the lyre;
And I began to sing the labors
Of Hercules; but my lyre
Resounded loves.
Farewell, henceforth, for me,
Heroes! for my lyre
Sings only loves.

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TO A SWALLOW.

Thou indeed, dear swallow,
Yearly going and coming,
In summer weavest thy nest,
And in winter go'st disappearing
Either to Nile or to Memphis.
But Love always weaveth
His nest in my heart. * * *

ON A SILVER CUP.

Turning the silver,
Vulcan, make for me,
Not indeed a panoply,
For what are battles to me?
But a hollow cup,
As deep as thou canst.
And make for me in it
Neither stars, nor wagons,
Nor sad Orion;
What are the Pleiades to me?
What the shining Bootes?
Make vines for me,
And clusters of grapes in it,
And of gold Love and Bathyllus
Treading the grapes
With the fair Lyæus

ON HIMSELF.

Thou sing'st the affairs of Thebes,
And he the battles of Troy,
But I of my own defeats.
No horse have wasted me,
Nor foot, nor ships;
But a new and different host,
From eyes smiting me.

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TO A DOVE.

Lovely Dove,
Whence, whence dost thou fly?
Whence, running on air,
Dost thou waft and diffuse
So many sweet ointments?
Who art? What thy errand?
Anacreon sent me
To a boy, to Bathyllus,
Who lately is ruler and tyrant of all.
Cythere has sold me
For one little song,
And I 'm doing this service
For Anacreon.
And now, as you see,
I bear letters from him.
And he says that directly
He 'll make me free,
But though he release me,
His slave I will tarry with him.
For why should I fly
Over mountains and fields,
And perch upon trees,
Eating some wild thing?
Now indeed I eat bread,
Plucking it from the hands
Of Anacreon himself;
And he gives me to drink
The wine which he tastes,
And drinking, I dance,
And shadow my master's
Face with my wings;
And, going to rest,
On the lyre itself do I sleep.
That is all; get thee gone.
Thou hast made me more talkative,
Man, than a crow.

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ON LOVE.

Love walking swiftly
With hyacinthine staff,
Bade me to take a run with him;
And hastening through swift torrents,
And woody places, and over precipices,
A water-snake stung me.
And my heart leaped up to
My mouth, and I should have fainted;
But Love fanning my brows
With his soft wings, said,
Surely, thou art not able to love.

ON WOMEN.

Nature has given horns
To bulls, and hoofs to horses,
Swiftness to hares,
To lions yawning teeth,
To fishes swimming,
To birds flight,
To men wisdom.
For woman she had nothing beside;
What then does she give? Beauty, —
Instead of all shields,
Instead of all spears;
And she conquers even iron
And fire, who is beautiful.

ON LOVERS.

Horses have the mark
Of fire on their sides,
And some have distinguished
The Parthian men by their crests;
So I, seeing lovers,
Know them at once,
For they have a certain slight
Brand on their hearts.

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TO A SWALLOW.

What dost thou wish me to do to thee —
What, thou loquacious swallow?
Dost thou wish me taking thee
Thy light pinions to clip?
Or rather to pluck out
Thy tongue from within,
As that Tereus did?
Why with thý notes in the dawn
Hast thou plundered Bathyllus
From my beautiful dreams?

TO A COLT.

Thracian colt, why at me
Looking aslant with thy eyes,
Dost thou cruelly flee,
And think that I know nothing wise?
Know I could well
Put the bridle on thee,
And holding the reins, turn
Round the bounds of the course.
But now thou browsest the meads,
And gambolling lightly dost play,
For thou hast no skilful horseman
Mounted upon thy back.

CUPID WOUNDED.

Love once among roses
Saw not
A sleeping bee, but was stung;
And being wounded in the finger
Of his hand cried for pain.

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Running as well as flying
To the beautiful Venus,
I am killed, mother, said he,
I am killed, and I die.
A little serpent has stung me,
Winged, which they call
A bee — the husbandmen.
And she said, If the sting
Of a bee afflicts you,
How, think you, are they afflicted,
Love, whom you smite?

H. D. T.

WHAT IS BEAUTY?

BY L. M. CHILD.

"Then had I all sorts of strange thoughts, which would hardly have agreed with sense. *It was as if the secret of Creation lay on my tongue;* how God, by the power of his voice, had called every thing forth, and how music repeats in each breast this eternal will of Love and Wisdom." —*Bettine.*

The two creative principles of the universe are Love and Wisdom. Their union, and perfect proportion, constitutes Beauty.

In common modes of speech, this word is, obviously enough, applied to mere *forms* of Love and Truth, in which the perfect proportion is at once felt, rather than seen, and we instinctively name it harmony. But I am now striving to define the abstract and universal *Idea;* and this I believe to be a harmonious proportion of the two great Creative Principles.

From a healthy union of Affection and Thought flows Energy. When we love to do that which we perceive it right to do, we cannot otherwise than embody it in earnest action. This is *moral* beauty.

When truth is perceived through the transparent medium of affection for it, it embodies itself in *intellectual*

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beauty; and the productions of such states are spontaneously and universally acknowledged as beautiful. Hence, genius ever works with unconsciousness, and is a mystery to itself. The harmony is so complete, that thought does not attempt to analyze affection, or affection to question thought. Being *one*, they are unconscious of each other's presence. The spiritual life then flows in freely, and men call it divine mania, inspiration, intuition, genius.

Beauty of *recitation* is the adaptation of the tone to the word spoken. The word is obviously an embodiment of *thought*, and tone, of *affection*. There is the same subtle union, and mysterious significance, in the *expression* and the *proportions* of a statue.

Musicians say there are three primal notes, without which music cannot be; and there are three primal colors, without a due proportion of which painting wants harmony. Pictures by the old masters show a knowledge of this; or rather an intuition, that transcends knowledge.

An artist once suggested to me that the triple elements of *form* were the Circle, Straight-line and the Undulating. I at once saw that it must be so; because they represent the spiritual tri-une, of Love, and Wisdom, and Beauty. Space evidently relates to Love, and time to Truth; for love is *infinite*, and truth is *eternal*. The circle represents infinity, and the straight line eternity; the combination of both is a succession of curves — the line of *beauty*. This undulating line is, as it were, a map of the spiral; the spiral represented on a horizontal plane. None but the Omniscient can comprehend the full significance of the spiral; for it contains the universe — from the smallest pebble, to the throne of Jehovah. The ancients had glimpses of this, and therefore that line is so often found among the most sacred symbols in their temples. Forever revolving and ascending, it combines the circle, the straight line, and the curve. Are not these, like the three primal notes and colors, forms of Love, Wisdom, and Beauty, or Affection, Thought, and Energy? This eternal trinity creates and re-produces all things in its own image.

The perfect and constant harmony of Love and Truth constitutes the Divine Mind. The *separation* between them, with the power of occasional union, and glancing

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revelations, from within and without, of a final, perfect, and eternal marriage, constitutes human nature, with all its marvellous spiritual phenomena. Its hopes and its aspirations are but a recognition of the Divine Union by which it was created, and a prophecy of the Divine Harmony toward which it tends.

Wherever the soul catches a glimpse, in *any* form, of a perfect union of Love and Truth, it rejoices in the radiant marriage-vesture, and names it Beauty. In all these forms, the soul sees the face of its Parent. It is reminded of its *home*, and drawn thither. Hence, next to the word "harmony," "a joyous perception of the infinite" is the most common definition of Beauty.

Beauty is *felt*, not seen by the understanding. Mere analysis never attains so high. It can dissect, but it cannot create beauty, or perceive it; because it is thought standing *alone*, and therefore in self-consciousness. A primal note is wanting, and its tune is ever defective. A primal color is gone, and its painting is deficient.

All evil is perverted good, and all falsehood is reversed truth. Therefore, the tri-une mystery, that pervades the universe, is embodied in shapes of evil, as well as of good. Hatred, Falsehood, and Force take an infinite variety of forms, as do Love, Truth, and Energy. If the proportion between falsified truth and perverted affection be harmonious, the product has power to charm. It has been truly said, "There is a sort of beauty in a wicked action, provided it be well done." Much of Byron's intellectual power has this origin. Milton's Devil wears it like a robe of fascination. The same law shows itself in ultimates, in the material world; hence the beauty of the tiger, the leopard, and other destructive animals.

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ETHNICAL SCRIPTURES.

SAYINGS OF CONFUCIUS.

Chee says, if in the morning I hear about the right way, and in the evening die, I can be happy.

A man's life is properly connected with virtue. The life of the evil man is preserved by mere good fortune.

Coarse rice for food, water to drink, and the bended arm for a pillow — happiness may be enjoyed even in these. Without virtue, riches and honor seem to me like a passing cloud.

A wise and good man was Hooi. A piece of bamboo was his dish, a cocoa-nut his cup, his dwelling a miserable shed. Men could not sustain the sight of his wretchedness; but Hooi did not change the serenity of his mind. A wise and good man was Hooi.

Chee-koong said, Were they discontented? The sage replies, They sought and attained complete virtue; — how then could they be discontented?

Chee says, Yaou is the man who, in torn clothes or common apparel, sits with those dressed in furred robes without feeling shame.

To worship at a temple not your own is mere flattery.

Chee says, grieve not that men know not you; grieve that you are ignorant of men.

How can a man remain concealed! How can a man remain concealed!

Have no friend unlike yourself.

Chee-Yaou enquired respecting filial piety. Chee says, the filial piety of the present day is esteemed merely ability to nourish a parent. This care is extended to a dog or a horse. Every domestic animal can obtain food. Beside veneration, what is the difference?

Chee entered the great temple, frequently enquiring

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about things. One said, who says that the son of the Chou man understands propriety? In the great temple he is constantly asking questions. Chee heard and replied—"This is propriety."

Choy-ee slept in the afternoon. Chee says, rotten wood is unfit for carving: a dirty wall cannot receive a beautiful color. To Ee what advice can I give?

A man's transgression partakes of the nature of his company.

Having knowledge, to apply it; not having knowledge, to confess your ignorance; this is real knowledge.

Chee says, to sit in silence and recal past ideas, to study and feel no anxiety, to instruct men without weariness; — have I this ability within me?

In forming a mountain, were I to stop when one basket of earth is lacking, I actually stop; and in the same manner were I to add to the level ground though but one basket of earth daily, I really go forward.

A soldier of the kingdom of Ci lost his buckler; and having sought after it a long time in vain; he comforted himself with this reflection; 'A soldier has lost his buckler, but a soldier of our camp will find it'; he will use it.'

The wise man never hastens, neither in his studies nor his words; he is sometimes, as it were, mute; but when it concerns him to act and practise virtue, he, as I may say, precipitates all.

The truly wise man speaks little; he is little eloquent. I see not that eloquence can be of very great use to him.

Silence is absolutely necessary to the wise man. Great speeches, elaborate discourses, pieces of eloquence, ought to be a language unknown to him; his actions ought to be his language. As for me, I would never speak more. Heaven speaks; but what language does it use to preach to men, that there is a sovereign principle from which all things depend; a sovereign principle which makes them to act and move? Its motion is its language; it reduces the seasons to their time; it agitates nature; it makes it produce. This silence is eloquent.

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GEORGE KEATS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DIAL.

Dear Sir,—When last at your house I mentioned to you that I had in my possession a copy of some interesting remarks upon Milton, hitherto unpublished, by John Keats the poet. According to your wish I have copied them for your periodical. But I wish, with your permission, to say here how they came into my possession; and in doing this I shall have an opportunity of giving the imperfect tribute of a few words of remembrance to a noble-minded man and a dear friend, now no more an inhabitant of this earth.

Several years ago I went to Louisville, Ky., to take charge of the Unitarian church in that city. I was told that among those who attended the church was a brother of the poet Keats, an English gentleman, who had resided for many years in Louisville as a merchant. His appearance, and the shape of his head arrested attention. The heavy bar of observation over his eyes indicated the strong perceptive faculties of a business man, while the striking height of the head, in the region assigned by phrenology to veneration, was a sign of nobility of sentiment, and the full development behind marked firmness and practical energy. All these traits were equally prominent in his character. He was one of the most intellectual men I ever knew. I never saw him when his mind was inactive. I never knew him to acquiesce in the thought of another. It was a necessity of his nature to have his own thought on every subject; and when he assented to your opinion, it was not acquiescence but agreement. Joined with this energy of intellect was a profound intellectual modesty. He perceived his deficiency in the higher reflective faculties, especially that of a philosophical method. But his keen insight enabled him fully to appreciate what he did not himself possess. Though the tendency of his intellect was wholly critical, it was without dogmatism and full of reverence for the creative faculties. He was thoroughly versed in English literature, especially that of the Elizabethan period a taste for which he had probably imbibed from his brother and his friends Leigh Hunt and others. This taste

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he preserved for years in a region, where scarcely another could be found who had so much as heard the names of his favorite authors. The society of such a man was invaluable, if only as intellectual stimulus. It was strange to find, on the banks of the Ohio, one who had successfully devoted himself to active pursuits, and who yet retained so fine a sensibility for the rarest and most evanescent beauties of ancient song.

The intellectual man was that which you first saw in George Keats. It needed a longer acquaintance before you could perceive, beneath the veil of a high-bred English reserve, that profound sentiment of manly honor, that reverence for all Truth, Loftiness, and Purity, that ineffaceable desire for inward spiritual sympathy, which are the birthright of all in whose veins flows the blood of a true poet. George Keats was the most manly and self-possessed of men — yet full of inward aspiration and conscious of spiritual needs. There was no hardness in his strong heart, no dogmatism in his energetic intellect, no pride in his self-reliance. Thus he was essentially a religious man. He shrunk from pietism, but revered piety.

The incidents of his life bore the mark of his character. His mind, stronger than circumstances, gave them its own stamp, instead of receiving theirs. George Keats, with his two younger brothers, Thomas and John, were left orphans at an early age. They were placed by their guardian at a private boarding school, where the impetuosity of the young poet frequently brought him into difficulties, where he needed the brotherly aid of George. John was very apt to get into a fight with boys much bigger than himself, and George, who seldom fought on his own account, very often got into a battle to protect his brother. These early adventures helped to bind their hearts in a very close and lasting affection.

After leaving school, George was taken into his guardian's counting room, where he stayed a little while, but left it, because he did not choose to submit to the domineering behavior of the younger partner. Yet he preferred to bear the accusation of being unreasonable, rather than to explain the cause which might have made difficulty. He lived at home, keeping house with his two brothers, and doing nothing for some time, waiting till he should be of age, and should receive his small inheritance. Many said

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he was an idle fellow, who would never come to any good; but he felt within himself a conviction that he could make his way successfully through the world. His guardian, a wise old London merchant, shared this opinion, and always predicted that George would turn out well.

His first act on coming of age did not seem, to the worldly wise, to favor this view. He married a young lady, the daughter of a British Colonel, but without fortune, and came with her to America. They did not, however, act without reflection. George had only four or five thousand dollars, and knew that if he remained in London, he could not be married for years. Nor would he be able to support his wife in any of the Atlantic cities, in the society to which they had been accustomed. But by going at once to the West, they might live, without much society, to be sure, but yet with comfort, and the prospect of improving their condition. Therefore see this boy and girl, he twenty-one and she sixteen, leaving home and friends, and going to be happy in each other's love, in the wild regions beyond the Alleghanies. Happy is he whose first great step in life is the result not of outward influences, but of his own well considered purpose. Such a step seems to make him free for the rest of his days.

Journeys were not made in those days as they are now. Mr. Keats bought a carriage and horses in Philadelphia, with which he travelled to Pittsburgh, and then they descended the Ohio in a keel-boat, sending their horses on by land to Cincinnati. This voyage of six hundred miles down the river was full of romance to these young people. No steam-boat then disturbed, with its hoarse pantings, the sleep of those beautiful shores. Day after day, they floated tranquilly on, as through a succession of fairy lakes, sometimes in the shadow of the lofty and wooded bluff, sometimes by the side of wide-spread meadows, or beneath the graceful overhanging branches of the cotton-wood and sycamore. Sometimes, while the boat floated lazily along, the young people would go ashore and walk through the woods across a point, around which the river made a bend. All uncertain as their prospects were, they could easily, amid the luxuriance of nature, abandon themselves to the enjoyment of the hour.

Mr. Keats made a visit of some months to Henderson,

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Ky., where he resided in the same house with Mr. Audubon, the naturalist. He was still undetermined what to do. One day, he was trying to chop a log, and Audubon, who had watched him for some time, at last said, — "I am sure you will do well in this country, Keats. A man who will persist, as you have been doing, in chopping that log, though it has taken you an hour to do what I could do in ten minutes, will certainly get along here." Mr Keats said that he accepted the omen, and felt encouraged by it.

After investing the greatest part of his money in a boat, and losing the whole of it, he took charge of a flour mill, and worked night and day with such untiring energy, that he soon found himself making progress. After a while he left this business and engaged in the lumber trade, by which in the course of some years he accumulated a handsome fortune. In the course of this business he was obliged to make visits to the lumberers, which often led him into wild scenes and adventures. Once, when he was taking a journey on horseback, to visit some friends on the British Prairie, he approached the Wabash in the afternoon, at a time when the river had overflowed its banks. Following the horse path, for there was no carriage road, he came to a succession of little lakes, which he was obliged to ford. But when he reached the other side it was impossible to find the path again, and equally difficult to, regain it by recrossing. The path here went through a canebrake, and the cane grew so close together that the track could only be distinguished when you were actually upon it. What was to be done? There was no human being for miles around, and no one might pass that way for weeks. To stop or to go on seemed equally dangerous. But at last Mr. Keats discovered the following expedient, the only one perhaps, that could have saved him. The direction of the path he had been travelling was east and west. He turned and rode toward the south, until he was sure that he was to the South of the track. He then returned slowly to the North, carefully examining the ground as he passed along, until at last he found himself crossing the path, which he took, and reached the river in safety.

George Keats not only loved his brother John, but reverenced his genius, and enjoyed his poetry, believing him to belong to the front rank of English bards. Modern

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criticism seems disposed to concur with this judgment. A genuine and discriminating appreciation of his brother's poetry always gave him great pleasure. He preserved and highly prized John's letters, and unpublished verses, the copy of Spenser filled with his works, which he had read when a boy, and which had been to him a very valuable source of poetic inspiration, and a Milton in which were preserved in a like manner John's marks and comments. From a fly-leaf of this book, I was permitted to copy the passages I now send you. I know not whether you will agree with me in their being among the most striking criticisms we possess upon this great author. That the love of the brothers was mutual, appears from the following lines from one of John's poems, inscribed "To my brother George."

"As to my sonnets, though none else should heed them,
I feel delighted, still, that you should read them.
Of late too, I have had much calm enjoyment,
Stretched on the grass at my best loved employment,
Of scribbling lines to you —"

Less than two years ago, in the prime of life and the midst of usefulness, George Keats passed into the spiritual world. The city of Louisville lost in him one of its most public-spirited and conscientious citizens. The Unitarian Society of that place lost one, who, though he had been confirmed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, was too honest not to leave the popular and fashionable church for an unpopular faith, which was more of a home to his mind. For myself, I have ever felt that it was quite worth my while to go and live in Louisville, if I had gained thereby nothing but the knowledge and friendship of such a man. I did not see him in his last days. I was already living in a distant region. But when he died, I felt that I had indeed lost a friend. We cannot hope to find many such in this world. We are fortunate if we find any. Yet I could not but believe that he had gone to find his brother again among

"The spirits and intelligences fair,
And angels waiting on the Almighty's chair."

The love for his brother, which continued through his life to be among the deepest affections of his soul, was a pledge of their reunion again in the spirit-land.

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Perhaps I have spoken too much of one who was necessarily a stranger to most of your readers. But I could not bear that he should pass away and nothing be said to tell the world how much went with him. And the Dial, which he always read, and in whose aims he felt a deep interest, though not always approving its methods, seems not an improper place, nor this a wholly unsuitable occasion, for thus much to be said concerning GEORGE KEATS.

With much regard yours,

J. F. C.

Boston, March 13, 1843.

REMARKS ON JOHN MILTON, BY JOHN KEATS, WRITTEN IN THE FLY-LEAF OF PARADISE LOST.

The genius of Milton, more particularly in respect to its span in immensity, calculated him by a sort of birth-right for such an argument as the Paradise Lost. He had an exquisite passion for what is properly, in the sense of ease and pleasure, poetical luxury; and with that it appears to me he would fain have been content, if he could, so doing, preserve his self-respect and feel of duty performed; but there was working in him, as it were, that same sort of thing which operates in the great world to the end of a prophecy's being accomplished. Therefore he devoted himself rather to the ardors than the pleasures of song, solacing himself at intervals with cups of old wine; and those are, with some exceptions, the finest parts of the poem. With some exceptions; for the spirit of mounting and adventure can never be unfruitful nor unrewarded. Had he not broken through the clouds which envelope so deliciously the Elysian fields of verse, and committed himself to the Extreme, we should never have seen Satan as described,

"But his face
Deep scars of thunder had entrenched." &c.

There is a greatness which the Paradise Lost possesses over every other Poem, the magnitude of contrast, and that is softened by the contrast being ungrotesque to a

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degree. Heaven moves on like music throughout. Hell is also peopled with angels; it also moves on like music, not grating and harsh, but like a grand accompaniment in the bass to Heaven.

There is always a great charm in the openings of great Poems, particularly where the action begins, as that of Dante's Hell. Of Hamlet, the first step must be heroic and full of power; and nothing can be more impressive and shaded than the commencement of the action here.

"Round he throws his baleful eyes
That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,
Mixed with obdurate pride and stedfast hate;
At once, as far as angels ken, he views
The dismal situation, waste and wild;
A dungeon horrible, on all sides round
As one great furnace, flamed; yet from those flames
No light; but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell; hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever burning sulphur unconsumed;
Such place eternal justice had prepared
For those rebellious, here their prison ordained
In utter darkness, and their portion set
As far removed from God, and light of heaven,
As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.
O how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns; and weltering by his side
One next himself in power and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and named
Beëlzebub."

Par. Lost, Book I. ll. 56-81.

"To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven."

Book I. l. 321.

There is a cool pleasure in the very sound of *vale*. The English word is of the happiest chance. Milton has put vales in Heaven and Hell with the very utter affection and yearning of a great Poet. It is a sort of

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Delphic abstraction, a beautiful thing made more beautiful by being reflected and put in a mist. The next mention of vale is one of the most pathetic in the whole range of poetry.

"Others more mild
Retreated in a silent valley, sing,
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds and hopeless fall
By doom of battle! and complain that fate
Free virtue should inthrall to force or chance.
Their song was partial; but the harmony
(What could it less when spirits immortal sing?)
Suspended hell, and took with ravishment
The thronging audience."

Book II. l. 547.

How much of the charm is in the word *valley.*

The light and shade, the sort of black brightness, the ebon diamonding, the ethiop immortality, the sorrow, the pain, the sad sweet melody, the Phalanges of spirits so depressed as to be "*uplifted beyond hope,*" the short mitigation of misery, the thousand melancholies and magnificencies of the following lines leave no room for anything to be said thereon but "so it is."

"That proud honor claimed
Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall,
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled
The imperial ensign, which, full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds;
At which the universal host upsent
A shout, that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air
With orient colors waving; with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appeared, and serried shields in thick array,
Of depth immeasurable; anon they move
In perfect phalanx, to the Dorian mood
Of flutes, and soft recorders; such as raised
To height of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle; and instead of rage

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Deliberate valor breathed, firm and unmoved
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting power to mitigate and suage
With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they
Breathing united force, with fixed thought
Moved on in silence to soft pipes, that charmed
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil; and now
Advanced in view, they stand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old with ordered spear and shield,
Awaiting what command their mighty chief
Had to impose."

Book I. ll. 534 – 567.

How noble and collected an indignation against Kings, line 595, Book 1st. His very wishing should have had power to pluck that feeble animal Charles from his bloody throne. The evil days had come to him; he hit the new system of things a mighty mental blow; the exertion must have had, or is yet to have some sequences.

The management of this poem is Apollonian. Satan first "throws round his baleful eyes," then awakes his legions, he consults, he sets forward on his voyage, and just as he is getting to the end of it we see the Great God and our first Parent, and that same Satan all brought in one vision; we have the invocation to light before we mount to heaven, we breathe more freely, we feel the great author's consolations coming thick upon him at a time when he complains most, we are getting ripe for diversity, the immediate topic of the Poem opens with a grand Perspective of all concerned.

Book IV. A friend of mine says this book has the finest opening of any; the point of time is gigantically critical, the wax is melted, the seal about to be applied, and Milton breaks out,

"O for that warning voice," &c.

There is, moreover, an opportunity for a grandeur of Tenderness. The opportunity is not lost. Nothing can be higher, nothing so more than Delphic.

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There are two specimens of a very extraordinary beauty in the Paradise Lost; they are of a nature, so far as I have read, unexampled elsewhere; they are entirely distinct from the brief pathos of Dante, and they are not to be found even in Shakspeare. These are, according to the great prerogative of Poetry, better described in themselves than by a volume. The one is in line 266, Book IV.

> "Not that fair field
> Of Enna where Proserpine gathering flowers,
> Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
> Was gathered, which cost Ceres all that pain
> To seek her through the world."

The other is that ending "nor could the Muse defend her son."

> "But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
> Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
> Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard,
> In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears
> To rapture, till the savage clamor drowned
> Both harp and voice; nor could the Muse defend
> Her Son."

These appear exclusively Miltonic, without the shadow of another mind ancient or modern.

Book VI. l. 58. *Reluctant* with its original and modern meaning combined and woven together, with all its shades of signification has a powerful effect.

Milton in many instances pursues his imagination to the utmost, he is "sagacious of his Quarry," he sees beauty on the wing, pounces upon it, and gorges it to the producing his essential verse. "So from the root springs lighter the green stalk."

But in no instance is this sort of perseverance more exemplified, than in what may be called his *stationing* or *statuary*. He is not content with simple description, he must station; thus here we not only see how the birds "*With clang despised the ground*," but we see them "*Under a cloud in prospect.*" So we see Adam "*Fair indeed and tall*," "*under a plantain*," and so we see Satan "*Disfigured*" "*on the Assyrian Mount.*"

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TO A STRAY FOWL.

Poor bird! destined to lead thy life
Far in the adventurous west,
And here to be debarred to-night
From thy accustomed nest;
Must thou fall back upon old instinct now —
Well nigh extinct under man's fickle care?
Did heaven bestow its quenchless inner light
So long ago, for thy small want to-night?
Why stand'st upon thy toes to crow so late?
The moon is deaf to thy low feathered fate;
Or dost thou think so to possess the night,
And people the drear dark with thy brave sprite?
And now with anxious eye thou look'st about,
While the relentless shade draws on its veil,
For some sure shelter from approaching dews,
And the insidious steps of nightly foes.
I fear imprisonment has dulled thy wit,
Or ingrained servitude extinguished it.
But no — dim memory of the days of yore,
By Brahmapootra and the Jumna's shore,
Where thy proud race flew swiftly o'er the heath,
And sought its food the jungle's shade beneath,
Has taught thy wings to seek yon friendly trees,
As erst by Indus' banks and far Ganges.

T.

ORPHICS.

I.

SMOKE.

Light-winged smoke, Icarian bird,
Melting thy pinions in thy upward flight,
Lark without song, and messenger of dawn,
Circling above the hamlets as thy nest;
Or else, departing dream, and shadowy form

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Of midnight vision, gathering up thy skirts;
By night star-veiling, and by day
Darkening the light and blotting out the sun;
Go thou my incense upward from this hearth,
And ask the Gods to pardon this clear flame.

II.

HAZE.

Woof of the sun, etherial gauze,
Woven of nature's richest stuffs,
Visible heat, air-water, and dry sea,
Last conquest of the eye;
Toil of the day displayed, sun-dust,
Aerial surf upon the shores of earth,
Etherial estuary, frith of light,
Breakers of air, billows of heat,
Fine summer spray on inland seas;
Bird of the sun, transparent-winged,
Owlet of noon, soft-pinioned,
From heath or stubble rising without song;
Establish thy serenity o'er the fields.

T.

SONNETS.

I.

Sweet Love, I cannot show thee in this guise
Of earthly words, how dear to me thou art,
Nor once compare thy image in my eyes
With thy dear self reposed within my heart.
The love I bear to thee I truly prize
Above all joys that offer in the mart
Of the wide world, our wishes to suffice, —
And yet I seek *thy* love; for no desert
That I can boast, but that my new love cries
For love that to its own excess is meet,
And searching widely through this dark world's space,

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Hath found a love which hath its holy seat
Within thy bosom's blissfulest embrace,
And to awake this love is at thy feet,
Whence will it not arise till thou accord this grace.

II.

Let not my love implore of thee in vain,
For in its loneliness it dooms to wo,
From whose deep depths I cannot rise again;
Let not thy love conspire to kill me so
With my love, which will only share its reign
With thine its sister; rather may both go
To that high altar, where no longer twain,
In sweetest concord both together grow,
Thence to ascend to the Eternal Love,
And be absorbed and spread through all the life
That breathes in purest holiest bliss above,
Or that incites all mortals to the strife
Of kindness, in this scene of mixed delight
And griefs — of brightest day and darkest night.

W.

TO * * *

We are centred deeper far
Than the eye of any star;
Nor can rays of long sunlight
Thread a pace of our delight.
In thy form, I see the day
Burning of a kingdom higher;
In thy silver network play
Thoughts that to the Gods aspire;
In thy cheek I see the flame
Of the studious taper burn;
And thy Grecian eye might tame

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Natures ashed in antique urn.
Yet with this lofty element
Flows a stream of gentle kindness,
And thou to life thy strength hast lent,
And borne profoundest tenderness
In thy Promethean sinewy arm,
With mercy's love that would all angels charm.
So trembling meek, so proudly strong,
Thou dost to higher worlds belong
Than where I sing this empty song.
Yet I, a thing of mortal kind,
Can kneel before thy pathless mind,
And see in thee what my mates say
Sank o'er Judea's hills one crimson day.
Yet flames on high the keen Greek fire,
And later ages rarefies,
And even on my tuneless lyre
A faint wan beam of radiance dies.
And might I say what I have thought
Of thee and those I love to-day,
Then had the world an echo caught
Of that intense impassioned lay
Which sung in those thy being sings,
And from the deepest ages rings.

C.

TO ———

Planets bear thee in their hands,
Azure skies have folded o'er thee.
Thou art sung by angel bands,
And the deep, cold, throbbing sea,
Whispered in each sighing tree,
In each meadow's melody.

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Where the sprites outwatch the moon,
And the ghostly night-breeze swells,
And the brook prolongs a tune,
Through the slumbering meadowed dells, —
There thou weavest unknown spells
To the ringing fairy bells.

In thy folded trance there hide
Ceaseless measures of content,
And thou art of form the bride —
Shapely picture's element.

C.

THE FRIENDS.

Our village grave-yard, — would I could relate
To you all that I think of it, its trees,
Its trailing grass, the hanging stones that say,
This watch o'er human bones fatigues not us.
My boyhood's fear unsatisfied, for then
I thought a wandering wind some ghostly father,
While the sweet rustle of the locust leaves
Shot a thin crystal web of icy dread
O'er the swift current of my wild heart's blood.
One night the pastor's form among the tombs
Chased the big drops across my unseamed brow; —
You smile, — believe me, lesser things than these
Can win a boy's emotions.
These graves — I see you mean, —
Their history who knows better than I?
For in the busy street strikes on my ear
Each sound, even inaudible voices
Lengthen the long tale my memory tells.
Now mark how reads th' inscription, "Here lie
Two, who in life were parted, now together."
I should remember this brief record well, —
In faith, I penned it, for I have strange notes,

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I love to pin in noticeable places,
And write what others only dare to think.
And yet these two, their lives were much the same
With all who crowd this narrow bridge of life;
I see but little difference truly;
The greatest yet is he who still lives on.
Alas! the day seemed big with mighty pains
That laid the first of these within this tomb.
There was within the air a murmuring sound,
For all the summer's life was fluttering o'er,
While the clear autumn conquered and was glad.
I bore a part of the coffin; — my feet
Scattered the shrouds of the green foliage; —
Yellow the flowers nature spread o'er the bier.
You read no names upon this monument,
I could not have them graved here, why should we
Name so patiently our friends; *we* know them.
Esther her name, and who so gay as she.
Twelve years had gently smoothed the sunny hair
That showered its golden mists adown her neck,
Twelve years — twelve little years laughed in those eyes
Where, when her mother spoke, the bright drops stood;
So glistened in the spring-depths of her love
That parent's image. Her face was joyous,
Yet below its joy, a larger import;
I can see her smile now, deep within deep,
And never thoughtless. What spirited grace
Danced in each bold emotion of her heart,
Unshadowed by a fear.

And who the next? —

She came to this still tomb, one summer's day;
New flowers were bursting from their unsunned bells,
Spring's choristers now fully grown sang loud,
Sweet was the wind, the heaven as blue
As that pure woman's eye we buried then.
Some thirty years had she the footway trod,
Yet frail and delicate she wandered on,
A violet amid the rude world's briars,

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Till dropped an icicle within the flower,
That tenderness could not essay to melt.
Her name, — and it was Esther; this likeness
You will trace between the two. The mother
Of the young yet sleeping fawn was gathered
To her side.

My hairs are gray —
Yet those we buried then stood near to me.
Their forms enchant these lonelier elder years,
And add due sacredness to human life.
That I was father to so fair a child,
And that her mother smiled on me so long,
I think of now as passing God's estate;
I am enraptured that such lot was mine,
That mine is others'. — Sleep on, unspotted ones,
Ye are immortal now; your mirthsome hours
Beat in my shrunken pulse, and in mine ears
Sounds the rich music of your heavenly songs.

C

EUROPE AND EUROPEAN BOOKS.

The American Academy, the Historical Society, and Harvard University, would do well to make the Cunard steamers the subject of examination in regard to their literary and ethical influence. These rapid sailers must be arraigned as the conspicuous agents in the immense and increasing intercourse between the old and the new continents. We go to school to Europe. We imbibe an European taste. Our education, so called, — our drilling at college, and our reading since, — has been European, and we write on the English culture and to an English public, in America and in Europe. This powerful star, it is thought, will soon culminate and descend, and the impending reduction of the transatlantic excess of influence on the American education is already a matter of easy and frequent computation. Our eyes will be turned westward,

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and a new and stronger tone in literature will be the result. The Kentucky stump-oratory, the exploits of Boon and David Crockett, the journals of western pioneers, agriculturalists, and socialists, and the letters of Jack Downing, are genuine growths, which are sought with avidity in Europe, where our European-like books are of no value. It is easy to see that soon the centre of population and property of the English race, which long ago began its travels, and which is still on the eastern shore, will shortly hover midway over the Atlantic main, and then as certainly fall within the American coast, so that the writers of the English tongue shall write to the American and not to the island public, and then will the great Yankee be born.

But at present we have our culture from Europe and Europeans. Let us be content and thankful for these good gifts for a while yet. The collections of art, at Dresden, Paris, Rome, and the British Museum and libraries offer their splendid hospitalities to the American. And beyond this, amid the dense population of that continent, lifts itself ever and anon some eminent head, a prophet to his own people, and their interpreter to the people of other countries. The attraction of these individuals is not to be resisted by theoretic statements. It is true there is always something deceptive, self-deceptive, in our travel. We go to France, to Germany, to see men, and find but what we carry. A man is a man, one as good as another, many doors to one open court, and that open court as entirely accessible from our private door, or through John or Peter, as through Humboldt and Laplace. But we cannot speak to ourselves. We brood on our riches but remain dumb; that makes us unhappy; and we take ship and go man-hunting in order by putting ourselves *en rapport*, according to laws of personal magnetism, to acquire speech or expression. Seeing Herschel or Schelling, or Swede or Dane, satisfies the conditions, and we can express ourselves happily.

But Europe has lost weight lately. Our young men go thither in every ship, but not as in the golden days, when the same tour would show the traveller the noble heads of Scott, of Mackintosh, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Goethe, Cuvier, and Humboldt. We remember when arriving in Paris, we crossed the river on a brilliant morning, and at

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the bookshop of Papinot, in the Rue de Sorbonne, at the gates of the University, purchased for two sous a Programme, which announced that every Monday we might attend the lecture of Dumas on Chemistry at noon; at a half hour later either Villemain or Ampère on French literature; at other hours, Guizot on Modern History; Cousin on the Philosophy of Ancient History; Fauriel on Foreign Literature; Prevost on Geology; Lacroix on the Differential Calculus; Jouffroy on the History of Modern Philosophy; Lacretelle on Ancient History; Desfontaines or Mirbel on Botany.

Hard by, at the Place du Panthéon, Dégérando, Royer Collard, and their colleagues were giving courses on Law, on the law of nations, the Pandects and commercial equity. For two magical sous more, we bought the Programme of the College Royal de France, on which we still read with admiring memory, that every Monday, Silvestre de Sacy lectures on the Persian language; at other hours, Lacroix on the Integral Mathematics; Jouffroy on Greek Philosophy; Biot on Physics; Lerminier on the History of Legislation; Elie de Beaumont on Natural History; Magendie on Medicine; Thénard on Chemistry; Binet on Astronomy; and so on, to the end of the week. On the same wonderful ticket, as if royal munificence had not yet sufficed, we learned that at the Museum of Natural History, at the Garden of Plants, three days in the week, Brongniart would teach Vegetable Physiology, and Gay-Lussac Chemistry, and Flourent Anatomy. With joy we read these splendid news in the Café Procope, and straightway joined the troop of students of all nations, kindreds, and tongues, whom this great institution drew together to listen to the first *savans* of the world without fee or reward. The professors are changed; but the liberal doors still stand open at this hour. This royal liberality, which seems to atone for so many possible abuses of power, could not exist without important consequences to the student on his return home.

The University of Gottingen has sunk from its high place by the loss of its brightest stars. The last was Heeren, whose learning was really useful, and who has made ingenious attempts at the solution of ancient historical problems. Ethiopia, Assyria, Carthage, and the Theban Desart

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are still revealing secrets, latent for three millenniums, under the powerful night glass of the Teutonic scholars, who make astronomy, geology, chemistry, trade, statistics, medals, tributary to their inquisitions. In the last year also died Sismondi, who by his History of the Italian Republics reminded mankind of the prodigious wealth of life and event, which Time, devouring his children as fast as they are born, is giving to oblivion in Italy, the piazza and forum of History, and for a time made Italian subjects of the middle age popular for poets, and romancers, and by his kindling chronicles of Milan and Lombardy perhaps awoke the great genius of Manzoni. That history is full of events, yet, as Ottilia writes in Goethe's novel, that she never can bring away from history anything but a few anecdotes, so the "Italian Republics" lies in the memory like a confused *melée*, a confused noise of slaughter, and rapine, and garments rolled in blood. The method, if method there be, is so slight and artificial, that it is quite overlaid and lost in the unvaried details of treachery and violence. Hallam's sketches of the same history were greatly more luminous and memorable, partly from the advantage of his design, which compelled him to draw outlines, and not bury the grand lines of destiny in municipal details. Italy furnished in that age no man of genius to its political arena, though many of talent, and this want degrades the history. We still remember with great pleasure, Mr. Hallam's fine sketch of the external history of the rise and establishment of the Papacy, which Mr. Ranke's voluminous researches, though they have great value for their individual portraits, have not superseded.

It was a brighter day than we have often known in our literary calendar, when within the twelvemonth a single London advertisement announced a new volume of poems by Wordsworth, poems by Tennyson, and a play by Henry Taylor. Wordsworth's nature or character has had all the time it needed, in order to make its mark, and supply the want of talent. We have learned how to read him. We have ceased to expect that which he cannot give. He has the merit of just moral perception, but not that of deft poetic execution. How would Milton curl his lip at such slipshod newspaper style! Many of his poems, as, for example, the Rylstone Doe, might be all improvised. Noth-

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ing of Milton, nothing of Marvell, of Herbert, of Dryden, could be. These are such verses as in a just state of culture should be *vers de Société*, such as every gentleman could write, but none would think of printing or of claiming the poet's laurel on their merit. The Pindar, the Shakspeare, the Dante, whilst they have the just and open soul, have also the eye to see the dimmest star that glimmers in the Milky Way, the serratures of every leaf, the test objects of the microscope, and then the tongue to utter the same things in words that engrave them on all the ears of mankind. The poet demands all gifts and not one or two only.

The poet, like the electric rod, must reach from a point nearer to the sky than all surrounding objects down to the earth, and into the dark wet soil, or neither is of use. The poet must not only converse with pure thought, but he must demonstrate it almost to the senses. His words must be pictures, his verses must be spheres and cubes, to be seen and smelled and handled. His fable must be a good story, and its meaning must hold as pure truth. In the debates on the Copyright Bill, in the English Parliament, Mr. Sergeant Wakley, the coroner, quoted Wordsworth's poetry in derision, and asked the roaring House of Commons, what that meant, and whether a man should have a public reward for writing such stuff. Homer Horace, Milton, and Chaucer would defy the coroner. Whilst they have wisdom to the wise, he would see, that to the external, they have external meaning. Coleridge excellently said of poetry, that poetry must first be good sense, as a palace might well be magnificent, but first it must be a house.

Wordsworth is open to ridicule of this kind. And yet Wordsworth, though satisfied if he can suggest to a sympathetic mind his own mood, and though setting a private and exaggerated value on his compositions, though confounding his accidental with the universal consciousness, and taking the public to task for not admiring his poetry, — is really a superior master of the English language, and his poems evince a power of diction that is no more rivalled by his contemporaries, than is his poetic insight. But the capital merit of Wordsworth is, that he has done more for the sanity of this generation than any other writer. Early in life, at a crisis, it is said, in his private affairs, he made

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his election between assuming and defending some legal rights with the chances of wealth and a position in the world — and the inward promptings of his heavenly genius; he took his part; he accepted the call to be a poet, and sat down, far from cities, with coarse clothing and plain fare to obey the heavenly vision. The choice he had made in his will, manifested itself in every line to be real. We have poets who write the poetry of society, of the patrician and conventional Europe, as Scott and Moore, and others who, like Byron or Bulwer, write the poetry of vice and disease. But Wordsworth threw himself into his place, made no reserves or stipulations; man and writer were not to be divided. He sat at the foot of Helvellyn and on the margin of Winandermere, and took their lustrous mornings and their sublime midnights for his theme, and not Marlow, nor Massinger, not Horace, nor Milton, nor Dante. He once for all forsook the styles, and standards, and modes of thinking of London and Paris, and the books read there, and the aims pursued, and wrote Helvellyn and Winandermere and the dim spirits which these haunts harbored. There was not the least attempt to reconcile these with the spirit of fashion and selfishness, nor to show with great deference to the superior judgment of dukes and earls, that although London was the home for men of great parts, yet Westmoreland had these consolations for such as fate had condemned to the country life; but with a complete satisfaction, he pitied and rebuked their false lives, and celebrated his own with the religion of a true priest. Hence the antagonism which was immediately felt between his poetry and the spirit of the age, that here not only criticism but conscience and will were parties; the spirit of literature, and the modes of living, and the conventional theories of the conduct of life were called in question on wholly new grounds, not from Platonism, nor from Christianity, but from the lessons which the country muse taught a stout pedestrian climbing a mountain, and in following a river from its parent rill down to the sea. The Cannings and Jeffreys of the capital, the Court Journals and Literary Gazettes were not well pleased, and voted the poet a bore. But that which rose in him so high as to the lips, rose in many others as high as to the heart. What he said, they were prepared to hear and confirm. The influence was in

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the air, and was wafted up and down into lone and into populous places, resisting the popular taste, modifying opinions which it did not change, and soon came to be felt in poetry, in criticism, in plans of life, and at last in legislation. In this country, it very early found a strong hold, and its effect may be traced on all the poetry both of England and America.

But notwithstanding all Wordsworth's grand merits, it was a great pleasure to know that Alfred Tennyson's two volumes were coming out in the same ship; it was a great pleasure to receive them. The elegance, the wit, and subtlety of this writer, his rich fancy, his power of language, his metrical skill, his independence on any living masters, his peculiar topics, his taste for the costly and gorgeous, discriminate the musky poet of gardens and conservatories of parks and palaces. Perhaps we felt the popular objection that he wants rude truth, he is too fine. In these boudoirs of damask and alabaster, one is farther off from stern nature and human life than in Lalla Rookh and "the Loves of the Angels." Amid swinging censers and perfumed lamps, amidst velvet and glory we long for rain and frost. Otto of roses is good, but wild air is better. A critical friend of ours affirms that the vice, which bereaved modern painters of their power, is the ambition to begin where their fathers ended; to equal the masters in their exquisite finish, instead of in their religious purpose. The painters are not willing to paint ill enough: they will not paint for their times, agitated by the spirit which agitates their country; so should their picture picture us and draw all men after them; but they copy the technics of their predecessors, and paint for their predecessors' public. It seems as if the same vice had worked in poetry. Tennyson's compositions are not so much poems as studies in poetry, or sketches after the styles of sundry old masters. He is not the husband who builds the homestead after his own necessity, from foundation stone to chimney-top and turret, but a tasteful bachelor who collects quaint stair cases and groined ceilings. We have no right to such superfineness. We must not make our bread of pure sugar. These delicacies and splendors are then legitimate when they are the excess of substantial and necessary expenditure. The best songs in English poetry are by that heavy, hard, pedantic poet, Ben Jonson.

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Jonson is rude, and only on rare occasions gay. Tennyson is always fine; but Jonson's beauty is more grateful than Tennyson's. It is a natural manly grace of a robust workman. Ben's flowers are not in pots, at a city florist's, ranged on a flower-stand, but he is a countryman at a harvest-home, attending his ox-cart from the fields, loaded with potatoes and apples, with grapes and plums, with nuts and berries, and stuck with boughs of hemlock and sweet briar, with ferns and pond lilies which the children have gathered. But let us not quarrel with our benefactors. Perhaps Tennyson is too quaint and elegant. What then? It is long since we have as good a lyrist; it will be long before we have his superior. "Godiva" is a noble poem that will tell the legend a thousand years. The poem of all the poetry of the present age, for which we predict the longest term, is "Abou ben Adhem" of Leigh Hunt. Fortune will still have her part in every victory, and it is strange that one of the best poems should be written by a man who has hardly written any other. And "Godiva" is a parable which belongs to the same gospel. "Locksley Hall" and "the Two Voices" are meditative poems, which were slowly written to be slowly read. "The Talking Oak," though a little hurt by its wit and ingenuity, is beautiful, and the most poetic of the volume. "Ulysses" belongs to a high class of poetry, destined to be the highest, and to be more cultivated in the next generation. "Œnone" was a sketch of the same kind. One of the best specimens we have of the class is Wordsworth's "Laodamia," of which no special merit it can possess equals the total merit of having selected such a subject in such a spirit.

Next to the poetry the novels, which come to us in every ship from England, have an importance increased by the immense extension of their circulation through the new cheap press, which sends them to so many willing thousands. So much novel reading ought not to leave the readers quite unaffected, and undoubtedly gives some tinge of romance to the daily life of young merchants and maidens. We have heard it alleged, with some evidence, that the prominence given to intellectual power in Bulwer's romances had proved a main stimulus to mental culture in thousands of young men in England and America. The effect

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on manners cannot be less sensible, and we can easily believe that the behavior of the ball room, and of the hotel has not failed to draw some addition of dignity and grace from the fair ideals, with which the imagination of a novelist has filled the heads of the most imitative class.

We are not very well versed in these books, yet we have read Mr. Bulwer enough to see that the story is rapid and interesting; he has really seen London society, and does not draw ignorant caricatures. He is not a genius, but his novels are marked with great energy, and with a courage of experiment which in each instance had its degree of success. The story of Zanoni was one of those world-fables which is so agreeable to the human imagination, that it is found in some form in the language of every country, and is always reappearing in literature. Many of the details of this novel preserve a poetic truth. We read Zanoni with pleasure, because magic is natural. It is implied in all superior culture that a complete man would need no auxiliaries to his personal presence. The eye and the word are certainly far subtler and stronger weapons than either money or knives. Whoever looked on the hero, would consent to his will, being certified that his aims were universal, not selfish; and he would be obeyed as naturally as the rain and the sunshine are. For this reason, children delight in fairy tales. Nature is described in them as the servant of man, which they feel ought to be true. But Zanoni pains us, and the author loses our respect, because he speedily betrays that he does not see the true limitations of the charm; because the power with which his hero is armed, is a toy, inasmuch as the power does not flow from its legitimate fountains in the mind; is a power for London; a divine power converted into a burglar's false key or a highwayman's pistol to rob and kill with.

But Mr. Bulwer's recent stories have given us, who do not read novels, occasion to think of this department of literature, supposed to be the natural fruit and expression of the age. We conceive that the obvious division of modern romance is into two kinds; first, the novels *of costume* or *of circumstance*, which is the old style, and vastly the most numerous. In this class, the hero, without any particular character, is in a very particular circumstance; he is greatly in want of a fortune or of a wife, and usually of both, and

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the business of the piece is to provide him suitably. This is the problem to be solved in thousands of English romances, including the Porter novels and the more splendid examples of the Edgeworth and Scott romances.

It is curious how sleepy and foolish we are, that these tales will so take us. Again and again we have been caught in that old foolish trap; — then, as before, to feel indignant to have been duped and dragged after a foolish boy and girl, to see them at last married and portioned, and the reader instantly turned out of doors, like a beggar that has followed a gay procession into a castle. Had one noble thought opening the chambers of the intellect, one sentiment from the heart of God been spoken by them, the reader had been made a participator of their triumph; he too had been an invited and eternal guest; but this reward granted them is property, all-excluding property, a little cake baked for them to eat and for none other, nay, a preference and cosseting which is rude and insulting to all but the minion.

Excepting in the stories of Edgeworth and Scott, whose talent knew how to give to the book a thousand adventitious graces, the novels of costume are all one, and there is but one standard English novel, like the one orthodox sermon, which with slight variation is repeated every Sunday from so many pulpits.

But the other novel, of which Wilhelm Meister is the best specimen, the novel *of character*, treats the reader with more respect; a castle and a wife are not the indispensable conclusion, but the development of character being the problem, the reader is made a partaker of the whole prosperity. Every thing good in such a story remains with the reader, when the book is closed.

A noble book was Wilhelm Meister. It gave the hint of a cultivated society which we found nowhere else. It was founded on power to do what was necessary, each person finding it an indispensable qualification of membership, that he could do something useful, as in mechanics or agriculture or other indispensable art; then a probity, a justice, was to be its element, symbolized by the insisting that each property should be cleared of privilege, and should pay its full tax to the State. Then, a perception of beauty was the equally indispensable element of the association, by which

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each was so dignified and all were so dignified; then each was to obey his genius to the length of abandonment. They watched each candidate vigilantly, without his knowing that he was observed, and when he had given proof that he was a faithful man, then all doors, all houses, all relations were open to him; high behavior fraternized with high behavior, without question of heraldry and the only power recognised is the force of character.

The novels of Fashion of D'Israeli, Mrs. Gore, Mr. Ward, belong to the class of novels of costume, because the aim is a purely external success.

Of the tales of fashionable life, by far the most agreeable and the most efficient, was Vivian Grey. Young men were and still are the readers and victims. Byron ruled for a time, but Vivian, with no tithe of Byron's genius, rules longer. One can distinguish at sight the Vivians in all companies. They would quiz their father, and mother, and lover, and friend. They discuss sun and planets, liberty and fate, love and death, over the soup. They never sleep, go nowhere, stay nowhere, eat nothing, and know nobody, but are up to anything, though it were the Genesis of nature, or the last Cataclasm, — Festus-like, Faust-like, Jove-like; and could write an Iliad any rainy morning, if fame were not such a bore. Men, women, though the greatest and fairest, are stupid things; but a rifle, and a mild pleasant gunpowder, a spaniel, and a cheroot, are themes for Olympus. I fear it was in part the influence of such pictures on living society, which made the style of manners, of which we have so many pictures, as, for example, in the following account of the English fashionist. "His highest triumph is to appear with the most wooden manners, as little polished as will suffice to avoid castigation, nay, to contrive even his civilities, so that they may appear as near as may be to affronts; instead of a noble high-bred ease, to have the courage to offend against every restraint of decorum, to invert the relation in which our sex stand to women, so that they appear the attacking, and he the passive or defensive party."

We must here check our gossip in mid volley, and adjourn the rest of our critical chapter to a more convenient season.

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A LEAF FROM "A VOYAGE TO PORTO RICO."

Monday, Dec. 8, Latitude 39° 30′, Longitude 68° 30′.

Aye, old Ocean! heave, heave on! restless like meaner things, journeying from shore to shore; ever commercing with the skies; spreading thy lap to receive the storms which thine own exhalations bred in heaven; type of thy great Author, who takes but what he gave; — heave, heave on! Though strange to me and to my fellow travellers, the hens, who turn their little red-rimmed eyes inquiringly upon the green field not their own, "*nunc alieni imperii*," yet, I doubt not, thou hast thy kind side. The winds, the wind-borne birds, and ships the winged bird-like messengers of man, sweep familiarly across thy bosom. For me, I trust thee not, — not yet. Pardon, good sea, but "confidence is a plant of slow growth."

Jan. 23. A short voyage, whose very monotony was to me a variety, brought me on the evening of the 22d December to anchor, in the beautiful bay which makes the harbor of St. Johns, Porto Rico. The Moro or Castle shoots its white perpendicular rock a hundred feet or more up from the Ocean, and we pass so close under its walls, as to be able to measure their height pretty nearly, by seeing the royal heads of the ship about on a level with the battlements. On rounding this majestic fortress, you come in full view of the town, which slopes upward from the water. The city looked gloomy and tomb-like from the deck, the houses low, chiefly of dead wall, stained with dirty yellow white. On entering the gate, however, the city smelt like an orange, and I was astonished at the lively face put upon the whole, by the sight of the motley population all astir in their business or sport. Here stood a whiskered soldado on guard, and close by, his comrades stretched in a lazy group on the ground; a muleteer driving his patient animal with panniers laden with charcoal or grass; here sat negro women at their stalls, laden with plantains, eggplants, taiotas, and what not; everybody in the street, and everybody chattering. There are no wheeled carriages in St. Johns, and the horses are little meek creatures, about half the size of ours, so that the public streets, under this mild sky, are used for the same purposes as our parlors and kitchens.

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Almost all social intercourse and many domestic operations, which we should be shocked at exposing to the public gaze, are here carried on in the street, and with a freedom that seems to say, You are welcome to look and listen. Multitudes of naked children are playing in the dirt, or crawling about the doors. Observe too that the rain is the only scavenger in St. Johns, — yet the air is usually sweet and cordial.

When my new friend, Mr. M., led me into his house, had I not known it to be the mansion of a wealthy merchant, and seen it to be like those near it, I might have taken it for the county jail, so strange to me were the heavy gateways, the long passages, and spacious brick-floored, rough-timbered chambers, which are so well suited to the climate, and which soon please the taste. This house, and generally those of the rich, are extensive buildings, running from one street to another, cut into square, lofty, rough-finished rooms and long passages, and enclosing a court yard, whilst servants seem to have lodges here and there in different quarters. The extent and details of the mansion have throughout an air of baronial state. All the floors and stairs are of brick or stone. The style of building is adapted to the warmth of the climate, and to security from vermin. For this reason, they use no carpets, nor any furniture which cannot be often moved; so that the interior of the houses, even of the wealthy, never wears the look of fixedness and comfort, which belong to northern homes. But from their balconies the gentry look out upon a country which looks to me like nothing but Allston's landscapes, so warm and softly shadowed, smooth waters, and dark-browed hills.

The climate puts every body into good humor, and the courtesy of the citizens, black, white, and dark-mixed, whether it lies in the Spanish they speak, which is the most complimentary of all tongues, or in their own breeding, is a sort of welcome for which you feel grateful. I am partial to the negroes. They do not look poor and blasted as in our cold region, but strut about the streets like kings and queens of the land. They carry bundles on their heads large enough to load a small truck withal, yet they bear themselves so loftily under their baggage, that I mean to have this kind of truckage introduced into our seminaries for young ladies, when I come home, as a callisthenic

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exercise, to teach what so few ever learn, the accomplishment of a handsome walk. Then they talk with so lively an air, so much gesticulation and clatter, that a sober northerner finds his faculties somewhat taxed to meet the excitement of the conversation.

In the city there is no peace. We are kept awake half the night by a negro ball, with its endless *ya, ya,* whilst those evenings which lack this diversion are supplied with lesser melodies of guitar, or songs of children, begging guirlandas. We have just been throwing coppers to little girls, who sung at our door, in pretty Spanish, a ditty whose burden was something like

> May you go to Heaven,
> May you go to Heaven,
> And, after, enjoy your kingdom there.

Of the beauty of the climate and country, I fear I cannot give a New England man a conception. Here have I been now a full month, and have not seen a stormy nor an unpleasant day. Except two or three, all have been delightful, with a steady sun and refreshing breezes. I go to bed with the same certainty of my fine morning, as of my waking or breakfast, and no plan of business or sport ever refers at all to the weather, and no mention of such a thing is made when friends meet, so that I soon left off my Yankee salutation, "A charming day, Sir." It is strange how the vegetation finds moisture enough to keep it good. It is all green and fresh, yet there has been no rainy day for two months, and the showers that have now and then dropped would be swallowed as nothing by our thirsty farms. The dews are very heavy, but they are dried in an hour or two. Nature in these latitudes seems to have a better constitution than with us: she does more and craves less.

Every morning I am up, like Bunker-hill monument, "to meet the sun in his coming." I bestride my poney, and we brush with hasty step the dews away. I ride to the tops of hills that overlook the country, and there feast my eyes with the carpet landscape rolled out beneath my feet. You see below you thousands of acres of cane-fields,

> "And vast savannahs where the wandering eye,
> Unfixed, is in a verdant ocean lost,"

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interrupted by no roads or fences. The prospect is enlivened at intervals by the small clusters of buildings which stand in the center of each plantation. The view reminds the New Englander of the meadows of the Connecticut, as seen from Mount Holyoke, at the close of summer. It is chiefly cocoas and palms, towering here and there on the plain like stately columns, that mark the scenery as tropical. The palm is the only tree I would steal for our own scenery. Much of the beauty and almost the whole of the peculiar character of the landscape comes from that single magnificent vegetable. There is a lustre in the atmosphere and a vigor in the vegetation beyond what nature attains in our latitudes. But there is also a drowsiness over all the landscape: there are no bright contrasts of colors; few insects are on the wing; the birds have no song, and we miss the brilliant variety and the high spirits of a northern summer. Many flowers cultivated in our gardens and greenhouses are among the most common weeds. Sensitive plants and prickly pear overrun the ground, and the ipecacuanha grows wild in profusion.

In the city I felt homesick, after the novelty was a little worn off. I tired of square houses open to the air in the middle; of oranges and sweetmeats; of negroes and negresses; of Dons and Senoras; and felt like a prisoner within those massive walls, forever under the eye of a sentinel. So I came to Santa Barbara, a plantation of Mr. M.'s, and have, for the time being, a whole house to myself. The house looks like one of our northern barns, which somebody from whim had furnished with sideboard, tables, and chairs. But my barn is like Cinderella's pumpkin, which at a word was changed into a chariot and six. For I have only to open shutters and let down the sides of the building, which turn on hinges, and the beauty of the fields and the glory of the skies and mountains pour in, and my shed becomes a palace. Make Nature your friend and she will not fail you at your need, but wherever you go, the intimacy, like the masonic tie, will be acknowledged, and you will find in it comfort and support. The air, the fresh green, the flowers, the fruits, the goodly prospect, the silence, and again the sounds of rustic life, soothe and entertain me. I ride morning and evening, and these little pacing ponies are very good things: they scale hills and

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pierce thickets, where it would not be easy to manage one of our stately beasts.

In a fine afternoon, in the midst of clouds and showers, I went to see an old negro who brings vegetables here for sale, and who lives by himself on the top of a hill in the corner of his master's plantation, being, as it were, an Emeritus, and no longer called on for work. We crept along a tunnel rather than an open road, through woods and bushes, with now and then a window on our side, from which we could see far off palmy plains, like painted pictures, until we gained the summit of the hill, and found the little peaked hut of the old man, as lone and romantic a hermitage as ever I fancied. It was such a place and person as Wordsworth loves to paint. One feels a strong interest that is almost pathetic, in a solitary being, white-haired, living so independent of everything but the pension great Nature allows him. Old Tita, so they call my new acquaintance, built his own house, roofed it with the jagua of the palm, and it sits perched upon the hill-top, like the nest of a bird. The woods are left uncut upon one side at a little distance from his door, while the other side is cleared and planted. Here he raises plantains, yams, potatoes, beans, ochre, and other vegetables in request on the plantations. He has a cross erected just outside his door, "so that when thunder roll, he no knock 'ee." No persuasion, I suppose, could induce him to exchange his cross for a lightning rod. His only companions, his dog and kitten, he seems to make much of. What struck me, standing on the threshold of his cot, was the contrast between his lowly condition and dwelling, and the grandeur of the spot, which some fine instinct led him to choose for his abode, looking down over all the neighboring hills, and over the intervening valleys and fields, to the distant mountains and the blue ocean. It was a prospect which made the gazer involuntarily feel high and stately.

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DARK AGES.

We should read history as little critically as we consider the landscape, and be more interested by the atmospheric tints, and various lights and shades which the intervening spaces create, than by its groundwork and composition. It is the morning now turned evening and seen in the west, — the same sun, but a new light and atmosphere. Its beauty is like the sunset; not a fresco painting on a wall, flat and bounded, but atmospheric and roving or free. In reality history fluctuates as the face of the landscape from morning to evening. What is of moment is its hue and color. Time hides no treasures; we want not its *then* but its *now*. We do not complain that the mountains in the horizon are blue and indistinct; they are the more like the heavens.

Of what moment are facts that can be lost, — which need to be commemorated? The monument of death will outlast the memory of the dead. The pyramids do not tell the tale that was confided to them; the living fact commemorates itself. Why look in the dark for light? Strictly speaking, the historical societies have not recovered one fact from oblivion, but are themselves instead of the fact that is lost. The reseacher is more memorable than the researched. The crowd stood admiring the mist, and the dim outlines of the trees seen through it, when one of their number advanced to explore the phenomenon, and with fresh admiration, all eyes were turned on his dimly retreating figure. It is astonishing with how little coöperation of the societies, the past is remembered. Its story has indeed had a different muse than has been assigned it. There is a good instance of the manner in which all history began, in Alwâkidi's Arabian Chronicle. "I was informed by *Ahmed Almatîn Aljorhami*, who had it from *Rephâa Ebn Kais Alâmiri, who had it from Saiph Ebn Fabalah Alchâtquarmi*, who had it from *Thabet Ebn Alkamah*, who said he was present at the action." These fathers of history were not anxious to preserve, but to learn the fact; and hence it was not forgotten. Critical acumen is exerted in vain to uncover the past; the *past* cannot be *presented;* we cannot know what we are not. But one veil hangs over past, present,

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and future, and it is the province of the historian to find out not what was, but what is. Where a battle has been fought, you will find nothing but the bones of men and beasts; where a battle is being fought there are hearts beating. We will sit on a mound and muse, and not try to make these skeletons stand on their legs again. Does nature remember, think you, that they were men, or not rather that they are bones?

Ancient history has an air of antiquity; it should be more modern. It is written as if the spectator should be thinking of the backside of the picture on the wall, or as if the author expected the dead would be his readers, and wished to detail to them their own experience. Men seem anxious to accomplish an orderly retreat through the centuries, earnestly rebuilding the works behind, as they are battered down by the encroachments of time; but while they loiter, they and their works both fall a prey to the arch enemy. It has neither the venerableness of antiquity, nor the freshness of the modern. It does as if it would go to the beginning of things, which natural history might with reason assume to do; but consider the Universal History, and then tell us — when did burdock and plantain sprout first? It has been so written for the most part, that the times it describes are with remarkable propriety called *dark ages*. They are dark, as one has observed, because we are so in the dark about them. The sun rarely shines in history, what with the dust and confusion; and when we meet with any cheering fact which implies the presence of this luminary, we excerpt and modernize it. As when we read in the history of the Saxons, that Edwin of Northumbria "caused stakes to be fixed in the highways where he had seen a clear spring," and "brazen dishes were chained to them, to refresh the weary sojourner, whose fatigues Edwin had himself experienced." This is worth all Arthur's twelve battles.

But it is fit the past should be dark; though the darkness is not so much a quality of the past, as of tradition. It is not a distance of time but a distance of relation, which makes thus dusky its memorials. What is near to the heart of this generation is fair and bright still. Greece lies outspread fair and sunshiny in floods of light, for there is the sun and day-light in her literature and art, Homer does not

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allow us to forget that the sun shone — nor Phidias, nor the Parthenon. Yet no era has been wholly dark, nor will we too hastily submit to the historian, and congratulate ourselves on a blaze of light. If we could pierce the obscurity of those remote years we should find it light enough; only there is not our day. — Some creatures are made to see in the dark. — There has always been the same amount of light in the world. The new and missing stars, the comets and eclipses do not affect the general illumination, for only our glasses appreciate them. The eyes of the oldest fossil remains, they tell us, indicate that the same laws of light prevailed then as now. Always the laws of light are the same, but the modes and degrees of seeing vary. The gods are partial to no era, but steadily shines their light in the heavens, while the eye of the beholder is turned to stone. There was but the eye and the sun from the first. The ages have not added a new ray to the one, nor altered a fibre of the other.

T.

FRIENDSHIP.

FROM CHAUCER'S "ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE."

Love of friendship also there is
Which maketh no man done amis,
Of will knitté betwixt two,
That woll not breake for wele ne wo,
Which long is likely to contune,
Whan will and goods been in commune.
Grounded by God's ordinaunce,
Hoolé without discordaunce,
With hem holding commauncé
Of all her good in charité,
That there be none exceptioun,
Through chaunging of ententioun,
That each help other at her nede,

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And wisely hele both word and dede,
True of meaning, devoid of slouth,
For wit is nought without trouth:
So that the tone dare all his thought
Saine to his friend, and spare nought,
As to himselfe without dreding
To be discovered by wreiying,
For glad is that conjunction
Whan there is non suspection,
Whom they wold prove
That true and perfite weren in love:
For no man may be amiable,
But if he be so firme and stable
That fortune change him not ne blinde,
But that his friend alway him finde
Both poore and riché in o state:
For if his friend through any gate
Woll complaine of his poverté,
He should not bide so long, till he
Of his helping him require,
For good deed done through praiere
Is sold and bought too deare iwis
To herte that of great valour is.
For herte fulfilled of gentlenesse
Can evill demeane his distresse,
And man that worthy is of name
To asken often hath great shame.
A good man brenneth in his thought
For shame when he asketh ought,
He hath great thought, and dredeth aie
For his disease when he shall praie
His friend, least that he warned be
Till that he preve his stabilitie:
But when that he hath founden one
That trustie is and true as stone,
And assayed him at all,
And found him stedfast as a wall,
And of his friendship be certaine,

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He shall him shew both joy and paine,
And all that he dare thinke or say,
Without shame, as he well may,
For how should he ashamed be
Of such one as I told thee?
For whan he wote his secret thought,
The third shall know thereof right nought,
For twey in number is bet than three,
In everie counsaile and secree:
Repreve he dredeth never a dele,
Who that beset his wordes wele,
For everie wise man, out of drede,
Can keepe his tongue till he see nede.
And fooles cannot hold hir tongue,
A fooles bell is soone ronge;
Yet shall a true friend doe more
To helpe his fellow of his sore,
And succour him whan he hath need,
In all that he may done indeed,
And gladder that he him pleaseth
Than his felowe that he easeth,
And if he doe not his request,
He shall as muche him molest
As his felowe, for that he
Maie not fulfill his volunté
Fully, as he hath required;
If both the hertes love hath fired
Joye and woe they shall depart,
And take evenly each his part,
Halfe his annoy he shall have aie
And comforte what that he may,
And of this blisse part shall he,
If love woll departed be.

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RECORD OF THE MONTHS.

The Neighbors: a Story of Every Day Life. By Frederika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt.

No work of fiction that has appeared of late has met with so kindly a reception, on all hands, as this. In part this may be ascribed to our pleasure at getting a peep into the domestic life of a country hitherto little known to us, except in the broader, colder outline of history, but far more to the intrinsic merit of the work, its lively nature, wisdom, and gentle affectionate morality. The representation of character, if not deeply "motived" is faithful, and, though best in the range of such persons as Bear and his charming little wife, yet the bolder attempts in the sketches of Ma chère mère, Bruno, and Serena do not fail, if they do not entirely succeed. These persons are painted, not indeed as by one of their own rank, but as they may be seen from Fanny's point of view. The playfulness of the book seldom rises to wit, but is very light and pretty; the dew is on the grass, the insect on the wing, round the happy country home. The common sense is truly "the wisdom of nations," not the cold prudence of skepticism, but the net result of observations taken by healthy hearts and heads, educated in that golden mean which most harmoniously, if not most rapidly, unfolds the affections, the intellect, and the energies for active life.

The Last of the Barons. By Sir E. L. Bulwer.

In a very different temper from the Swedish novel is this new volume from Bulwer, even more melodramatic than his last. It has his usual merits of lively conception, and flexibility of talent; there is no better scene painter than Bulwer; no writer weaves his plot more skilfully. The incidents do not indeed grow necessarily out of the characters; only in the works of highest genius, only in Shakspeare, Cervantes, Goethe, do we find this merit; but they fit the characters very well, they allow free play to its gestures. We are sure to read the book through once, as sure never to touch it again. — It is sad to see this man, with such desire for a deeper, simpler life, and not without glimpses at its nature, yet never taking a path that could lead him one step nearer to it. Always he is beating the bushes for game that has fled, always is on the outskirts of truth. He began at the wrong end, and has never, with all his defiance of cant, clearly seen that "the misery of our age is that we must get rid of the false, to arrive at the true." The apprenticeship of Zanoni, the "large, fatherly heart" of Warwick are seen

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with an eye to the bystander, never simply for his own sake. How tedious the man of talent becomes when he would philosophize, would moralize, when he would enforce by a thousand repetitions what he supposes some great leading thought about "humanity," "democracy," the "Man of the Age." O fashionable writer, burn your books, burn off the ambitious crust from your life; be still and lonely in yourself a little while, be a child, then, perhaps you may grow to be a man, and know how to write about "humanity." But you will never pierce that secret, from without, as you hope. At present, all your talents, your industry, your quick perceptions, and your pains, for these, it must be confessed, are real, only serve to make you a more striking illustration of the falsities of your time.

Music Explained. By Francis James Fetis.

This little book brings just what is wanted by many among us, an account of the technical terms of the art, the scope and capabilities of the different instruments, and different kinds of composition. For it is not music explained, for that were an impossibility, but the modes of expression in music, defined and discriminated one from the other. It will be of use to the many who, with a pleasure in hearing music that they cannot let go, are continually disappointed and puzzled, because ignorance, as to the means and resources of the art, has occasioned their forming expectations which cannot be realized, and prevents their appreciating the degree in which expression is attained.

Music has been, in a sense, popular here, during the winter; that is to say, musical entertainments have drawn large audiences, but the frequent rudeness of talking during the finest performance, has shown that no small part of the audience were regardless of the divine expressions of thought they thus insulted, no less than of the feelings of those who might have enjoyed them, but for the neighborhood of these intruders. It ought to be understood that half a dollar buys a seat, and the privilege of hearing, but not that of making the same useless to all around. Strange, strange, that it should be necessary to say such things! Das versteht sich: that is understood of itself, say the Germans.

The Academy concerts have not satisfied the expectations excited by the ability with which they were conducted the previous winter. They have indeed repeated several times the fifth symphony of Beethoven, which is always heard with renewed delight, and the second symphony, but the Pastoral, not at all, and have given us no new piece from this master. The Jupiter was given only once; we cannot guess why; hearing it

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once, and coldly performed, as it seemed to be, it made no impression; but the course the academy has heretofore pursued, was to study and repeat fine compositions, till they were understood, both by the performers and hearers. This winter they have preferred to amuse the public with showy overtures, well enough in their way, but not adapted to raise or purify the taste of those who are so immediately pleased with them, or to gratify those who have any deep feeling of music. One concert was made up of overtures, which reminded us of Timon's feast, only substituting bottles of cider (we can't say Champagne) for the warm water which he had prepared to balk his hungry guests.

The Handel and Haydn society have given the Messiah, Mendelsohn's St. Paul, and Rossini's Stabat Mater, as well as is possible with such a lack of good solo singers. — The Stabat is a splendid and flowing composition, unworthy the theme, and unworthy the echoes that have answered to the sublime choruses of the Messiah, but full of life, of winged melody, and such excellencies as may be expected from Rossini. As Scott to Shakspeare is Rossini to Handel, so wide the gulf of difference, both as to depth of insight, and poetic power of representation; — but then again, wide as the distance between Bulwer and Scott is that between the imitators of Rossini and himself, the great green tree, blossoming full of vigor and joy, the fountain overflowing with enchanting, though superficial melody. It is Italy, it is Naples in its high coloring and profuse growths.

The younger Rakemann, who came to this country last autumn, has added a new and important page to our musical experiences. He has enjoyed the benefits of intercourse with the most wonderful pianists in this day of wonderful execution, and adds, to the great command of the instrument attainable by early and ardent study of their methods, a depth of feeling, range and force of expression far more admirable. He has a wide range, doing justice to delicate, to magnificent, or simple and solemn compositions. If it be possible that his genius be worthily developed in a country where is, as yet, no musical atmosphere, we hope he will remain to educate us for the enjoyment of his performance, and of the thoughts of his masters.

The Bible in Spain, or the Journeys, Adventures, and Imprisonments of an Englishman in an attempt to circulate the Scriptures in the Peninsula. By George Borrow. Author of "The Gipsies in Spain."

This is a charming book, full of free breezes, and mountain torrents, and pictures of romantic interest. Mr. Borrow is a self-sufficing man of free nature, his mind is always in the fresh air;

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he is not unworthy to climb the sierras and rest beneath the cork trees where we have so often enjoyed the company of Don Quixote. And he has the merit, almost miraculous to-day, of leaving us almost always to draw our own inferences from what he gives us. We can wander on in peace, secure against being forced back upon ourselves, or forced sideways to himself. It is as good to read through this book of pictures, as to stay in a house hung with Gobelin tapestry. The Gipsies are introduced here with even more spirit than in his other book. He sketches men and nature with the same bold and clear, though careless touch. Cape Finisterre and the entrance into Gallicia are as good parts as any to look at.

Paracelsus.

Mr. Browning was known to us before, by a little book called "Pippa Passes," full of bold openings, motley with talent like this, and rich in touches of personal experience. A version of the thought of the day so much less penetrating than Faust and Festus cannot detain us long; yet we are pleased to see each man in his kind bearing witness, that neither sight nor thought will enable to attain that golden crown which is the reward of life, of profound experiences and gradual processes, the golden crown of wisdom. The artist nature is painted with great vigor in Aprile. The author has come nearer that, than to the philosophic nature. There is music in the love of Festus for his friend, especially in the last scene, the thought of his taking sides with him against the divine judgment is true as poesy.

The Sleep Waker. A Tale. Translated from the German of Heinrich Zschokke.

We would call attention to this little tale, which is remarkably well translated. It is, in itself, very pleasing, and the natural affinities of character, as developed by means of the trance of animal magnetism, are treated with fineness of observation and sympathy. Nothing can be more graceful than the little scene in which the Rose is given, and the way in which it is made to bear on the conduct of the story. The sweet and sustained tone of the magnetized, the aloofness with which the soul regards the blemishes of its personal, temporal existence, are what may be divined by those who have ever seen so much as the smile which accompanies this sleep in the body, awaking into the spirit.

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The Life and Times of Girolamo Savonarola; illustrating the progress of the Reformation in Italy, during the Fifteenth Century. By JOHN A. HERAUD. London: Whittaker & Co. 1843. 12mo. pp. 420.

HISTORICAL records, as ordinarily presented, may raise in us the idea, that great minds are only permitted occasionally to appear, and but now and then, at long distant periods, one starts forth suddenly as a solitary, flitting meteor, leaving the welkin dark again. But were it possible, which we may safely affirm it is not, for the historian correctly to report the facts as they occurred, so that the reader shall be as well instructed as if he had been present, the course of humanity would give evidence of a very different law. God's spiritual dominion on earth is as continuously occupied by stars, as the material firmament. There is an unintermitted stream of inspiration and progress; and it is because it is observed only in part, and reported disjointedly, that we are insensible of the fact. Behind Shakspeare may be discovered a nebula of dramatic authors, whose success built up his, and whose genius aided the fame which eclipses their own. Milton is but the crowning stone until a happier poet shall carry the apex of sacred song one course higher.

Thus of Savonarola. Luther's eminence overshadows his fame; and the public mind having done justice to *the idea* of church reform, few readers, and fewer worshippers, are interested in apportioning shares of merit to the several persons who promoted it. Historic justice is, however, as beautiful in literature as pecuniary payment is needful in commerce. We, therefore, accept with gladness this effort to rescue the comparatively unknown Savonarola from undue obscurity. He was one link in that chain of intense minds which binds age to age, and man to man, which gives fresh evidence of the universal brotherhood of humanity, and which fails not to instruct us of that inmost and ruling Love, whose common paternity generates that brotherhood. Successively student, lover, monk, poet, reformer, priest, politician, prophet, enthusiast, contemplator, legislator, victim, martyr, he was undeviatingly the friend of man, the affectionate expounder of truth, the persevering writer, and the faithful servant of the most high, as far as consciousness was granted to him.

Born in times (1452) when the corruptions of the Church were quite or nearly at their height, such an ardent and true being must needs enter on a career ultimately involving his fate. The forms of virtue, always most rigidly maintained by man as he forgets the spirit in them, are yet sufficiently vivid to develop in such a soul the divine feelings of which they were originally the result.

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Passing, in his studies, through the subtleties of Aristotle, and the sublimities of Plato, to the divine intuitions in the New Testament Scriptures at a period when a sincere and faithful appeal to them was very rare, he became elevated to the position of the Italian Luther, antecedent in time to the German reformer, and as distinguished above him by more gentleness and nobler poetic tone. In practical tendency of being, the martyred Italian monk was no less eminent than the sturdy German student. The two qualities of divine love and moral action were united in him, without the intervention of a calculating rationality which not unfrequently deadens the holiest emotions. Hence his preference for the Dominican order. For the zeal he brought to that brotherhood could well employ the controversial learning they could teach him; and without an activity in "doing good" his soul could not be satisfied.

At the age of twenty-three years he abruptly quitted his paternal home at Ferrara, and entered the Dominican monastery at Bologna, as lay brother, where his talents and fervor were too justly appreciated to allow him the humble occupations he would have selected, and he was appointed to the highest offices for which nature and learning qualified him. His temperament, described as the "sanguine-choleric," rendered him equally susceptible of "hope and anger;" and such a nature, in connexion with an undefiled conscience and pure piety, aroused in him the highest indignation and energy, when he discovered that the brotherhood were as far estranged from holy principles and practices as the world he had quitted.

He hesitated long before he could accept the priestly office from hands so ill qualified to give it validity. Notwithstanding his poetic feelings, he was not a little opposed to the scientific music introduced into the Church, as he said, "by the devil to prevent mental devotion, and to delight the senses without producing spiritual fruits." He found no gospel commanding that we should keep in the church crosses of gold or silver, or other precious things, but he had found in the gospel, "I was an hungered and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink!" His tendencies were all favorable to a purely personal, rather than a ceremonial religion. And his then unprecedented study of the divine written oracle did not close his soul against the immediate presence of the same divine authority, — a fact doctrinally countenanced by every formal church only so long as its priesthood retains the exclusive power of interpreting the Spirit's voice. So far as Savonarola claimed the right of interpretation for himself, he may be considered as essentially a Protestant, and his memory has not remained unassailed on this ground. Contemplating all words

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and outward things from inward life, the defections of priests and people were alike manifest to him. His writings generally partake strongly of this mystic character. Spread over nearly thirty years, they are numerous and varied, chiefly, however, consisting of poems, epistles, sermons, and scripture paraphrases in Italian and Latin, a complete catalogue of which Mr. Heraud has now furnished.

Seven years were passed by Savonarola in his lay noviciate, travelling from place to place by the direction of his order, and teaching from cloister to cloister; thus carrying out the reforming idea with which he was so strongly impressed. He remained unspoiled even in the priestly office; the degradation in the Church having the effect rather of exciting him to firmer speech, than of quelling the truth within him. "Would you have your son a wicked man," he was wont to say, "make him a priest; O, how much poison will he swallow!" On the subject of prayer, he writes, "Those who will always use vocal and not mental prayer, act as if they chose to take medicine perpetually, and never to be cured. If it happen, by the grace of God, that the soul unites itself with him in such love and contemplation, that vocal prayer cannot longer be continued without hindering this contemplation, the suppliant should omit the remainder of his vocal, and continue his mental orisons, the great object of prayer being attained by such converse with God." — p. 82.

Savonarola continued his literary instructions subsequent to his ordination, his talents rendering him popular, and his lectures successful. In private remonstrance he was no less happy, and instances of conversion by his means are recorded. The monastery having removed to Florence during a war, he was selected to preach; and, although at the outset he entirely failed in the new capacity, he became, by diligent study and deeper inward communion, no less renowned in the pulpit than at the lecture-table. He exposed vices in the highest persons, assailed the wickedness of the most powerful, even in the pulpit of the church itself denouncing the crimes of its rulers with so much sincerity, truth, and eloquence, that the people hailed him as a prophet. This popular attribution, the means by which his fame and influence were spread abroad, he did not so distinctly explain or deny, but that it could be ultimately used, as it was used, for his accusation and death. He seems, indeed, rather to have confirmed the notion; and one of his contemporaries reports, "began to enumerate some mysteries about an impending destruction, although he concealed them under cover of sacred scripture, that impure men might be prevented from perceiving them, fearing lest the holy thing should be given to the dogs. The sword of the Lord," he repeatedly exclaimed, "will soon and suddenly come upon the earth."

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So long as no great or immediate danger threatened the authorities from such preaching, the talents and solemnity of the preacher ensured him respect and even promotion. He was chosen Prior of the Dominican monastery of San Marco at Florence, erected by Cosmo di Medici at great expense, and favored by a rich library. The great Lorenzo di Medici in vain endeavored to seduce him by acts of courtesy and munificence. He remained faithful to conscience, and even proceeded so far as to put himself in opposition to him, on account of the social evils resulting from aristocratic privileges which no benevolence can gloss.

"In person he was of middling stature, rather small than large, but erect and easy; fair, almost florid in complexion, with a high, bold forehead remarkably furrowed; his eyes were brilliant, and of such a blue as the ancients called *glauci*, shadowed by long, reddish, eyelashes; his nose was prominent and aquiline, which added much to his beauty; his face was rather plump than thin; his cheeks somewhat rounded, and a full underlip gave sweetness to his countenance; the face was well placed, and every other part of his person proportioned and firmly knit, exhibiting in all his gestures and movements an air of gentleness and gracefulness. His hands were bony, and so little covered with flesh, that when held against the light they seemed almost transparent; his long spreading fingers ended in very pointed nails. His carriage was upright; his manners grave, equal, resolute, tempered by humble courtesy, polished and agreeable in every action." — p. 141.

On the death of Lorenzo, political events succeeded, in which Savonarola bore an important part, and was enabled to carry some of his reformatory ideas into practice, at least as respected monasteries. Practical measures roused up enemies at Rome; accusations were brought against him, and after various vicissitudes he was cited to Rome for having predicted future events. Sickness and some apology to the Pope purchased his excuse, and on recovery he again entered the pulpit. The Pope, like Lorenzo, tried, without success, to attract him from his duty, by offer of a cardinalate, but he would have "no other red hat than that of martyrdom covered with his own blood." In every successive sermon his principles were developed in opposition to the vices of authority. His preaching was suspended, he was again cited to Rome, and put upon his defence. He vindicated himself, — was again ordered to preach. Proceeding in his reforming career, he proposed a council of the Church, and brought himself into such antagonism with the papal authority, that he was excommunicated. Again he was permitted to preach, and penned warm remonstrances to the Pope. He attacked more unsparingly than ever the depravity of the clergy. He declares,

"The scandal begins at Rome, and goes through the whole; they are worse than Turks and Moors. Begin only with Rome, and you will find that they have won all their spiritual benefices by simony. Many seek them for their children and brothers, who enter them with inso-

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lence and a thousand sins. Their covetousness is monstrous; they will do any thing for money. Their bells sound avarice, — call to nothing else but money and ease." — p. 322.

Conduct like this necessarily brought affairs to a crisis. He was committed to the merciless inquisition, and underwent the most cruel tortures, constantly refusing, in his restored moments, to sanction any doubtful expression like recantation, which might have escaped in the extremity of physical anguish, peculiarly painful in his case from mental sensibility and sanguine temperament.

Failing to obtain a genuine recantation, his persecutors fabricated one. His condemnation being determined on, sentence was pronounced, and with two of the fraternity, he was burnt to death in Florence, on the 22d of May, 1498.

These are the main incidents in a life which could not fail, under any circumstances, of being deeply influential, but whose fame has not until now acquired a place in English literature, although within the last six years no fewer than three elaborate biographies have appeared in Germany from the pens of Rudelbach, Maier, and Rapp. In the design of introducing to a further portion of the reading public a character so distinguished, we are indebted to Mr. Heraud for this work, the general reception of which, we hope, will induce further efforts in bringing out the spirit-chosen minds. The present volume, though in its pains-taking erudition it grows occasionally discursive, and in needless efforts to prove that the Roman Catholic Church is really the protestant establishment, becomes somewhat controversial, is yet a valuable addition to our standard literature. In his summary Mr. Heraud observes that,

"Religion with Savonarola was love, — commenced, contiued, ended in love. He was of the seraphic, rather than cherubic, nature. He was ever kindled and consumed with the zeal and energy of the affections; he unavoidably exhibits the soaring and glowing fire of an erotic spirit. He began life with an affair of the heart, in which he was disappointed, and commenced poet by composing amorous lyrics, which perished with the destruction of his hopes, and their elevation to celestial attachment, — then, too, his muse became devout, but still the lyre was attuned to lays of love. Virtue, truthfully severe, and benevolently active, was then the beauty he turned to woo; and he pursued it, under all circumstances, even to suffering and death. Hence it was, that his precepts and example became so attractive and generative. Multitudes caught the magnetic influence, — the flame spread from heart to heart, — enthusiasm was communicated from soul to soul." — p. 337.

"In his last perplexity, Savonarola conducted himself nobly, — not retracting, as is pretended, though still distinguishing, — willing to submit to constituted right; yet protesting against misconstituted wrong, — obedient to authority, but resisting its abuse. Savonarola, though weak in body, strong in spirit, manifested a dignity which compels us to confess, that his imitation of Jesus of Nazareth was so perfect, as scarcely to want any of the attributes which accredit the messengers of divine truth, except that of miraculous power." — p. 338.

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LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

HEIDELBERG, Jan. 5, 1843.

SCHELLING.

I DO not learn that Schelling is to give a course of lectures in Berlin this winter. Pamphlets and articles upon the points of difference between him and Hegel continue to make their appearance, and to find readers; among others, one by J. H. Fichte "Ueber die Christliche und Antichristliche Speculation der Gegenwart." A pamphlet entitled "Shelling's Vorlesungen in Berlin, Darstellung und Kritik der Hauptpunkte derselben, mit besonderer Beziehung auf das Verhältniss zwischen Christenthum und Philosophie, von Dr. J. Frauenstädt." This last will give you as good an idea as any of the world-famous philosopher, as he is actually talked about, and his first course of lectures in Berlin. On the 10th of August last, he concluded his lectures on the Philosophy of Mythology, in words like the following; "I conclude these lectures with satisfaction and inmost content. I have found in you, my hearers, during the last half year, no casual or unknown throng. In the great majority of you, gentlemen, I could see friends whom I had won by my previous lectures, the confidants of my real thoughts, as well as of my peculiar methods of unfolding philosophical subjects. Thus much I could gather from the particular attention and uninterrupted interest with which you have attended these lectures; to which I have been so fortunate as to attract gentlemen of superior attainments in science, and whom I prize in the highest degree. And now, at their conclusion, I present you all with my heartiest thanks for such interest; and you will allow me to add an expression of the wish which I cannot help cherishing, that I may further enjoy so beautiful a relation. Farewell."

The first article of the second volume of the "Jahrbuch der Deutschen Universitaten" contains a vindication of Schelling against all and sundry by G. Heine, from which I translate the following paragraphs.

"What Schelling taught in 1800, he still teaches. Man is the end and aim of creation, the spirit which moves in all, that to which all tends. But Schelling, who takes the history in its particulars, and does not attempt a solution by generalization, acknowledges, at the same time, that at the end of the Creation, the rest, which should be the result of this motion, did not by any means obtain; on the contrary, he sees a new process start up, and to understand this, is his next task. It would be more convenient indeed to deny the fact of this unrest; for it appears so absurd 'that the world should topple together like a cardhouse, by the capricious blow of man's folly.' Yet such a fall has taken place, and therefore nothing but ignorance of History and Revelation, or caprice, can elude it. A conscientious inquirer will seek to explain it. It was in relation to His Son that God permitted this fall. Man had by his own fault fallen under the power of that principle which he ought to keep at rest and in subjection within him. But in this estrangement from God he is followed by the second of the three *poten-*

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ces, as the unity of which God is God; and thereby is a struggle possible against that principle, whence results a new process. Without and before this struggle, there is no history; with it, comes the commencement of languages, nations, and religions. This new process does not take place in God, but in the consciousness of man; and it is a theogonic process in so far as by it God is replaced in the God-estranged. The historical fact of this process presents itself in Paganism; in which, accordingly, we find a real relation to real powers, an opposition, namely, for which the mediating or third *potence* is by its nature calculated. But the combatted principle must be abolished, not only in its operation, but in its ground and essence; and thereto this merely *natural potence* does not suffice. This can only effect the natural side of the principle. In order to affect its divine side, a divine *potence* is requisite. The *end* of this natural process is attained, when the intermediate *potence* has made itself master of the consciousness; as appears historically in the mysteries, which accordingly are the end of Mythology. There first where the same *potence* which at the end of creation was God in and with the Father, consequenly υἱὸς τοῦ Θεοῦ, but which was afterwards let down from this divinity through men, and so became υἱὸς τοῦ ἀνθρώπου, — there first when this *potence* has become Lord *besides* God, is the reduction of this hostile principle, in its ground and essence possible. For when it resigns this dominion (which it holds not as a ἁρπαγμόν, but as its rightful possession), this extradivine Divinity, this μορφὴν Θεοῦ, and ignoring all the thought of self, becomes obedient, obedient even to death, — then that excluding principle finds nothing which it can exclude, and can no more exist as the excluding and contrary, and of course is as to its essence abolished.

"It is Christ who has overcome this principle, while he was obedient even to death, and thereby proved himself a divine personality; that is, he actually became God; — no longer encompassed by the Father and restrained, but in free obedience and one with him, — as the doctrines of Christianity represent him. Christ has conquered the ἀρχάς, and placed the human consciousness in freedom over against them. Accordingly, while the mythological religion is blind, slavish, and merely natural, the Christian religion, on the contrary, is the free religion of the spirit. But in order to abolish that blind relation, revelation must further, in the first place, operate as a real thing, as authoritative force externally repressing error. This necessity called for the Church. This realism is the rock on which it is built. But the foundation is not the edifice itself; and so this Petrine or Catholic church must be followed by the Pauline, — the separation from blind recognition, freedom therefore from every recognition. But no halt can be made at this negative point; the positive presses unceasingly forwards, and so the Pauline Church must give way to the Church of John, to all-embracing love. The living and true God, whom Luther by faith laid hold of as of a strong tower, and proceeding from which set minds free, must be brought into the consciousness, after it is extricated from blind recognition, and by this means carried beyond its present limits. The true living God must be brought into the freed consciousness, and not a false idol, be its name ever so splendid, — be it called Reason or whatever else. Then only is the Reformation consummated, concluded. I think I do not hazard too much in saying that I find in what Schelling has brought us, and of which I here give a quite inadequate abstract, a con-

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firmation of the prophecy which Goethe uttered so early as 1811: 'I cannot entirely subscribe to his opinions,' said he with respect to Schelling, 'but it is clear to me that he is destined to introduce a new spiritual epoch in history.' Joyfully then do I greet in him the Consummator of the Reformation, the Prophet of the New Epoch."

HEGEL.

The Hegelians have heretofore been divided into numerous cliques, — Hegelians of the right, of the centre, of the left; of the extreme left and of the mountain, it may be, and I know not how many others; — but recently those of the right, the centre, and the left, have agreed to disagree peaceably on minor points, and work together for the assertion and defence of their common doctrines. In the negotiation of this treaty, Göschel represented the right, Marheineke and Gabler the centre, and Vatke and Michelet the left. The result is to be the establishment of a philosophical society of sixteen of the most eminent — and the publication of a Hegelian Journal under their superintendence. Meanwhile the *young* Hegelians, who have heretofore appeared as anxious as the others to quote chapter and verse in Hegel for their positions, have come boldly out, and declared that they shall not only feel bound to cite him in future, but shall occupy positions against which he made hostile demonstrations in his lectures. The most conspicuous of these are Ruge, the former Editor of the "Deutsche Jahrbucher," Strauss, Bruno Bauer, and Feuerbach.

GOETHE.

The publication of Goethe's Works has been completed by the addition of five new volumes. Volume 56th containing; Vermischte Gedichte; An Personen; Invectiven; Zahme Xenien; Nachträge zum Divan; Maximen und Reflexionen; Verschiedenes Einzelne; Reise der Söhne Megaprazons; Brief des Pastors au seinen Amtbruder; Zweiwichtige biblische Fragen. Vol. 57th; Das Lustspiel, Die Wette; Iphigenia in Prosa; Erwin und Elmire, und Claudine von Villa Bella in der frühesten Gestalt; Die ungleichen Hausgenossen; Zwei ältere Scenen aus dem Jahrmarktsfest zu Plundersweilern; Hanswurst's Hochzeit; Paralipomena zu Faust; Fragmente einer Tragödie, die Natürliche Tochter (schema der Fortsetzung); Pandora (desgleichen); Nausikaa. Vol. 58th; Die Metamorphose der Pflanzen; Beiträge zur Optik. Vol. 59th; Der Polemische Theil der Farbenlehre. Vol. 60th; Nachträge zur Farbenlehre, zur Mineralogie, und Geologie; Biographische Einzelnheiten; Chronologie der Entstehung Goethe'scher Schriften. This is published by Cotta, and is the authorized and protected edition. It is accompanied by an engraving of a picture of Goethe, in his 27th year. Many of the pieces contained in this edition were published in a double-columned octavo edition about five years ago — so that the first two volumes may not be new to your readers.

A third volume of Eckermann's Conversations with Goethe is soon to appear, fragments of which have already got into the Journals.

Theodor Mundt put forth last year a new edition of Frederick Schlegel's History of Literature, to which he has added a second volume, bringing it down to the present time. The readers of Aristotle will

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be interested to learn that Professor Spengel of Heidelberg proposes now to publish his researches in that direction, which, if as worthy of attention as the specimen he has given, will be a treasure to classical scholars. Drs. Liebig, Poggendorf, Wohler, and others are putting out a "Handwörtbuch der reinen und angewandten Chemie." — Seatsfield, the author of several works illustrative of American life, has lately reissued the same under the title of "Lebensbilder aus der westlichen Hemisphäre." He has quite a reputation here, and according to his German admirers, deserves to be spoken of in the same breath with Irving and Cooper. — Dana's "Two Years before the Mast" has been translated into German by a sailor, and published at Bremen. The notices of it are quite commendatory. Longfellow's Preface to his translation of the "Children of the Lord's Supper," and Extracts from recent articles in the North American Review, have been translated in the Berlin "Magazin für die Literature des Auslandes." — Finally Schlosser has written a favorable notice of Bancroft's third volume, in the "Heidelberger Jahrbucher."

The papers report that Tieck will never entirely recover from the apoplectic stroke of last summer. He lives at Potsdam, and is occasionally visited by the king, his health not allowing him to go out.

Among the many good things for which the world is indebted to the present king of Prussia, not the least important is the mission of Dr. Lepsius to Egypt. The death of Champollion before he had published the results of his investigations, and the imperfect accounts of them by his friend and companion, Rosellini, have rendered another mission necessary. Dr. Lepsius is the author of a work entitled, "Ueber die Tyrrhenischen Pelasger in Etrurien, und ueber die Verbreitung des Italienischen Münzsystems von Etrurien aus," and though he is still a young man, is already distinguished as one of the first scholars in Germany in these departments. He is attended by a corps of artists to assist him in copying and sketching. It is proposed to give particular attention to the Temple of Vulcan and the Plain of the Pyramids at Memphis. Other objects will be the Holy City of Abydos; This in the Thebais; the Koseir road to the Red Sea; the whole Delta; the Labyrinth near Lake Moeris, and the curiosities in its vicinity, especially a remarkable obelisk there; a certain valley in the Lybian Mountains behind Thebes; Some Egyptian monuments in Arabia Petræa, in the Oases, and in Nubia. He will afterward visit Athens, the Old Pelasgic Argos, the Pyramid sites at Cenchræa, Anabathmoi, where Danaus landed, and Constantinople; where he will copy the as yet undeciphered obelisk of Thuthmosis III. As inscriptions and sculptures probably commemorative of the conquests of Sesostris-Ramses are to be seen near Cape Babelmandel, near Beyroot in Syria, in Ionia near Smyrna, and in Thrace, we suppose these will not be neglected. The expedition arrived in Egypt about the middle of September last, having gone by way of England and Malta; at which last place they found something to copy. They were well received by the Pasha, to whom they brought letters and presents from the king of Prussia, and were promised every furtherance in the power of the vice regal government to bestow. The least estimate of the time to be spent in the enterprise is three years; and for the expenses of the first year the king has given 11,000 thalers.

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CATALOGUE OF BOOKS.

Mr. Alcott and Mr. Lane have recently brought from England a small but valuable library, amounting to about a thousand volumes, containing undoubtedly a richer collection of mystical writers than any other library in this country. To the select Library of the late J. P. Greaves, "held by Mr. Lane in trust for universal ends," they have added many works of a like character by purchase, or received as gifts. In their Catalogue, from which the following list is extracted, they say, "the titles of these books are now submitted, in the expectation that the Library is the commencement of an institution for the nurture of men in universal freedom of action, thought, and being." We print this list, not only because our respect is engaged to views so liberal, but because the arrival of this cabinet of mystic and theosophic lore is a remarkable fact in our literary history.

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